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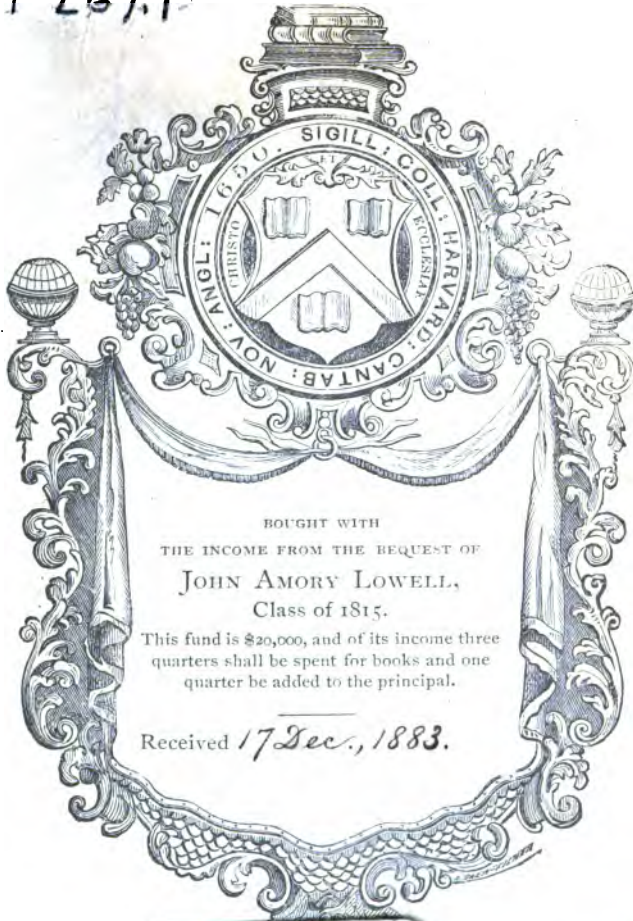
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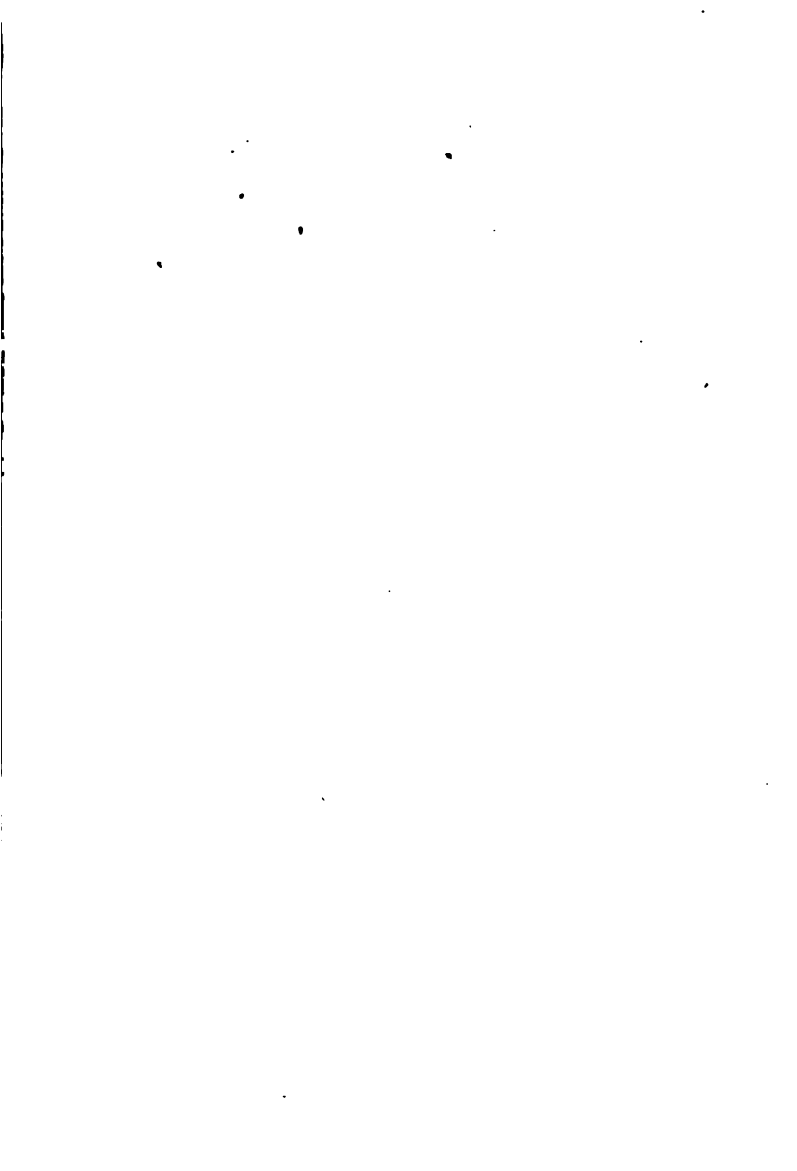


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11-144
3

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
About Locusts. "Chambers's Journal,"	511
Alcohol: Its Action and Uses. J. R. Gasquet,	597
American View of American Competition. Edward Atkinson,	345
American Churches, The Historical Aspect of the Dean Stauley,	641
An Imperial Pardon. F. A. S.,	64
Art Education in Great Britain. Sir Coutts Lindsey,	477
Artificial Somnambulism. Richard A. Proctor,	218
Association of Local Societies. The. J. Clifton Ward,	2-6
Atheism and the Church. G. H. Curteis,	217
Austin, Alfred. Farmhouse Dirge,	177
Atkinson, Edward. An American View of American Competition,	345
Baker, H. Barton. Theatrical Makeshifts and Blanders,	22
Bayne, Thomas. English Men of Letters.—Shelley,	153
Besant, Walter. Froissart's Love Story,	675
Biographies of the Season. "London Society,"	404
Black, Algernon. Charles Lamb,	310
Blackie, John Stuart. On a Radical Reform in the Method of Teaching the Classical Languages,	290
Blackie, W. G. Ferney in Voltaire's Time and Ferney To-day,	230
Buchanan, Robert. Sydney Dobell—A Personal Sketch,	338
Enbury, Clement. A Visit to the New Zealand Geysers,	761
Calculating Boys. Richard A. Proctor,	765
Chapters on Socialism. John Stuart Mill,	257
Chances of the English Opera, The. Francis Hueffer,	6-6
Christmas in Morocco. C. A. P. ("Sarcelle.")	75
Classical Education, On the Worth of a. Bonamy Price,	297
Cobbett, William: A Biography. Thomas Hughes,	326
Commercial Depression and Reciprocity. Bonamy Price,	578
Contemporary Life and Thought in France. G. Monod,	185
Contemporary Life and Thought in Russia. T. S.,	3 2
Contentment. C. C. Fraser-Tyler,	285
Cooper, Basil H. Fresh Assyrian Finds,	463
Count Fersen,	244
Coup d'Etat, A.	21
Critic on the Hearth, The. James Payn,	606
Cupid's Workshop. Somerville Gibney,	453
Curteis, G. H. Atheism and the Church,	217
Dallas, W. S. Entomology,	470
Defence of Lucknow, The. Alfred Tennyson,	385
Desprez, Frank. The Vaquero,	104
Difficulties of Socialism, The. John Stuart Mill,	283
Discoveries of Astronomers, The.—Hipparchus. Richard A. Proctor,	237
Dreamland.—A Last Sketch. Julia Kavanaugh,	181
English Men of Letters.—Shelley. Thomas Bayne,	153
English Opera, The Chances of. Francis Hueffer,	(2)
Entomology. W. S. Dallas,	471
Ewart, Henry C. The Schoolship Shaftesbury,	204
Farmhouse Dirge, A. Alfred Austin,	177
Ferney in Voltaire's Time and Ferney To-day. W. G. Blackie,	230
Forbes, Archibald. Plain Words About the Afghan Question,	454

	PAGE.
Fraser-Tyler, C. C. Contentment,	285
French Novels. "Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine,"	723
French Republic and the Catholic Church, The. John Morley,	561
Fresh Assyrian Finds. Basil H. Cooper,	4 3
Friends and Foes of Russia, The. W. E. Gladstone,	129
Froissart's Love Story. Walter Besant,	675
Future of India, The. Sir Erskine Perry,	1
Gasquet, J. R. Alcohol: Its Action and Uses,	597
Gibney, Somerville. Cupid's Workshop,	453
Gladstone, W. E. Greece and the Treaty of Berlin,	663
Gladstone, W. E. Probability as the Guide of Conduct,	513
Gladstone, W. E. The Friends and Foes of Russia,	129
Greece and the Treaty of Berlin. W. E. Gladstone,	663
Greece, The Progress of. R. C. Jebb,	366
Growth of London, The,	158
Hamlet, "Mr. Irving's." "Temple Bar,"	380
Happy Valley, The. L. A.,	32
Harrison, Frederic. On the Choice of Books,	414
Historical Aspect of the American Churches, The. Dean Stanley,	641
Homes and Haunts of the Italian Poets, The—Guarini. T. Adolphus Trollope,	85
Homes and Haunts of the Italian Poets, The.—Torquato Tasso. Frances Eleanor Trollope,	434
Hueffer, Francis. The Chances of the English Opera,	626
Hughes, Thomas. William Cobbett: A Biography,	326
Japp, Alex. H. Winter Morn in Country and Winter Morn in Town,	31
Jebb, R. C. The Progress of Greece,	366
Kavanagh, Julia. Dreamland: A Last Sketch,	181
Lamb, Charles. Algernon Black,	310
Languages, Classical, On a Radical Reform in the Method of Teaching the, John Stuart Blackie,	290
Leicester Square, Some Gossip About,	53
Lindsay, Sir Coutts. Art Education in Great Britain,	477
Manzoni's Hymn for Whitsunday. Dean Stanley,	637
Merivale, Herman C. The Royal Wedding,	508
Mill, John Stuart. The Difficulties of Socialism,	385
Mill, John Stuart. Chapters on Socialism,	257
Mivart, St. George. On the Study of Natural History,	609
Monod, G. Contemporary Life and Thought in France,	186
Morley, John. The French Republic and the Catholic Church,	561
Musical Cultus of the Present Day, The. H. Heathcote Statham,	687
On a Radical Reform in the Method of Teaching the Classical Languages. John Stuart Blackie,	290
On Being Knocked Down and Picked Up Again.—A Consolatory Essay,	209
On the Choice of Books. Frederic Harrison,	414
On the Study of Natural History. St. George Mivart,	609
On the Worth of a Classical Education. Bonamy Price,	297
Payn, James. The Critic on the Hearth,	636
Perry, Sir Erskine. The Future of India,	1
Philological Society's English Dictionary, The. "The Academy,"	639
Phœnicians in Greece, The. A. H. Sayce,	36
Plain Words About the Afghan Question. Archibald Forbes,	44
Price, Bonamy. Commercial Depression and Reciprocity,	578
Price, Bonamy. On the Worth of a Classical Education,	297
Probability as the Guide of Conduct. W. E. Gladstone,	513
Progress of Greece, The. R. C. Jebb,	366
Proctor, Richard A. Artificial Somnambulism,	348
Proctor, Richard A. Supposed Changes in the Moon,	111
Proctor, Richard A. Calculating Boys,	7 5
Proctor, Richard A. The Discoveries of Astronomers—Hipparchus,	237
Recollections of Thackeray,	126
Rose, Edward. Wagner as a Dramatist,	493

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
Royal Wedding, The. Herman C. Merivale,	578
Russia, The Friends and Foes of. W. E. Gladstone,	19
Sayce, A. H. The Phœnicians in Greece,	36
Schoolship Shaftesbury. Henry C. Ewart,	204
Schopenhauer on Men, Books and Music. "Fraser's Magazine,"	751
Some Gossip About Leicester Square	51
Socialism, Chapters on. John Stuart Mill,	257
Socialism, Difficulties of. John Stuart Mill,	388
Stanley, Dean. Mansoni's Hymn for Whitsunday,	637
Stanley, Dean. The Historical Aspect of the American Churches,	641
Statham, H. Heathcote. The Musical Cultus of the Present Day,	687
Supposed Changes in the Moon. Richard A. Proctor,	111
Sydney Dobell: A Personal Sketch. Robert Buchanan,	538
Tasso, Torquato. The Homes and Haunts of the Italian Poets. Frances Eleanor Trollope,	434
Tennyson, Alfred. The Defence of Lucknow,	845
Thackeray, Recollections of,	126
Theatrical Make-shifts and Blunders. H. Barton Baker,	22
Their Appointed Seasons. J. G. Wood,	603
Through the Ages: A Legend of a Stone Axe. "New Quarterly Magazine,"	557
Toilers in Field and Factory. "Time,"	483
Toilers in Field and Factory, No. II.—Characteristics. "Time,"	519
Transvaal, About the. "Chambers's Journal,"	330
Trollope, Frances Eleanor. The Homes and Haunts of the Italian Poets.—Torquato Tasso,	474
Trollope, T. Adolphus. The Homes and Haunts of the Italian Poets,	85
Two Modern Japanese Stories,	105
Valvedere, Adrian de. A Woman's Love—A Slavonian Study,	59
Vaquero, The. Frank Desprez,	104
Visit to the New Zealand Geysers, A. Clement Bunbury	761
Wagner as a Dramatist. Edward Rose,	493
Ward, J. Clifton. The Association of Local Societies,	286
Winter Morn in Country—Winter Morn in Town. Alex. H. Japp,	31
Woman's Love. A. A Slavonian Study. Adrian de Valvedere,	59
Wood, J. G. Their Appointed Seasons,	603



THE
LIBRARY MAGAZINE.

JANUARY, 1879.

THE FUTURE OF INDIA.

SPECULATION as to the political future is not a very fruitful occupation. In looking back to the prognostications of the wisest statesmen, it will be observed that they were as little able to foresee what was to come a generation or two after their death, as the merest dolt amongst their contemporaries. The Whigs at the beginning of the last century thought that the liberties of Europe would disappear if a prince of the House of Bourbon were securely fixed on the throne of Spain. The Tories in the last quarter of that century considered that if England lost her American provinces she would sink into the impotence of the Dutch Republic. The statesmen who assembled at the Congress of Vienna would have laughed any dreamer to scorn who should have suggested that in the lifetime of many of them Germany would become an empire in the hands of Prussia, France a well-organized and orderly republic, and the "geographical expression" of Italy vitalised into one of the great powers of Europe. Nevertheless, if politics is ever to approach the dignity of a science, it must justify a scientific character by its ability to predict events. The facts are too complicated, probably, ever to admit the application of exact deductive reasoning; and in the growth of civilised society new and unexpected forms are continually springing up: But though practical statesmen will not aim at results beyond the immediate future, it is impossible for men who pass their lives in the study of the difficult task of government to avoid speculations as to the future form of society to which national efforts should be directed. Some theory or other, therefore, is always present, consciously or unconsciously, to the mind of politicians.

With respect to British India it may be observed that very different views of policy prevail. Native writers in the Indian press view their exclusion from all the higher offices of Government, and the efforts of Manchester to transfer 800,000*l.* per annum raised on cotton goods to increased taxation in India, as a policy based on mere selfishness; and a Russian journal, apparently in good faith, assured its readers the

other day, that India pays into the British treasury an annual tribute of twenty to twenty-five millions sterling. On the other hand, some advanced thinkers amongst ourselves hold that India is a burden on our resources, and the cry of "Perish India!" so far as relates to its dependence on England, is considered to be not unsupported by sound reasoning. One of the ablest publicists of India, in a published letter to Sir George Campbell, has declared his conviction, after twenty years' experience in that country, that good government by the British in India is impossible.

It may be admitted that exaggerated notions as to the pecuniary value of India to England prevail, and it must also be confessed that, with all our self-complacency as to the benefits of British rule, we have to accuse ourselves of several shortcomings. Nevertheless, it may be affirmed with confidence that the national instinct as to the value of our possessions in the East coincides with the views of our most enlightened statesmen. My colleague, Colonel Yule, has pointed out, I think with entire justice, that the task which we have proposed to ourselves in India, unlike that of the Dutch in Java, is to improve and elevate the two hundred millions under our charge to the utmost extent of our powers. The national conscience is not altogether satisfied with the mode in which some of our possessions have been acquired, but impartial inquiry demonstrates that unless a higher morality had prevailed than has ever yet been witnessed amongst the sons of men, the occasions for conquest and acquisition of territory that have presented themselves to the British during the last hundred years would not have been foregone by any nation in the world. But the feeling I allude to quickens the sense of our obligations to the inhabitants of India. Having undertaken the heavy task of their government, it is our duty to demonstrate to posterity that under British rule we have enabled them to advance in the route of civilization and progress. We recognise that in all probability so distant and extensive an empire cannot permanently remain in subjection to a small island in the West, and therefore our constant task is to render the population of India at some day or other capable of self-government. Is such a problem susceptible of a favourable solution? I propose to discuss this question in the following pages.

I.

The late Sir George Lewis once observed to me that in his opinion, it was labour lost to endeavour to make anything of the Hindus. They were a race doomed to subjection whenever they came into collision with peoples more vigorous than themselves. They possessed, in short, none of the elements which are requisite for self-government. Any opinion of that philosophic observer is entitled to grave consideration, and undoubtedly there is much in the history of the past that tends to justify the above desponding conclusion. The Persians, the Greeks, the Parthians, the Huns, the Arabs, the Ghaznvides, the Afghans, the Moguls, the Persians a second time,

and the British have successfully entered India and made themselves masters of the greater part of it. But Sir George had never been called upon to make any particular study of Indian history, nor indeed was it open to him during the earlier period of his life, which was devoted exclusively to study, to acquire the knowledge of India which later tradition and research have brought to light. It is possible that a closer attention to what has occurred in the past may enable us to regard the future in a more favourable aspect. It will, I think, be found, after such a study, that more intrinsic vitality and greater recuperative power exist amongst the Hindu race than they have been generally accredited with. Unfortunately the ancient and copious literature of the Hindus presents extremely little of historic value. The tendency of the Indian mind to dreamy speculations on the unseen and the unknown, to metaphysics, and to poetry, has led to a thorough disregard of the valuable offices of history. Accordingly, we find in their great epic poems, which date back, according to the best orientalists, at least seven centuries before Christ, the few historical facts which are mentioned so enveloped in legends, so encumbered with the grossest exaggerations, that it requires assiduous scholarship to extract a scintilla of truth from their relations.

Our distinguished countrymen, Sir William Jones and Mr. Colebrooke, led the way in applying the resources of European learning to the elucidation of the Sanscrit texts. And the happy identification, by the former, of the celebrated Chandragupta of the Hindus with the monarch of Pataliputra, Sandracottus, at whose court Megasthenes resided for seven years in the third century before Christ, laid the first firm foundation for authentic Indian history. Since that period the researches of oriental scholars following up the lines laid down by their illustrious predecessors; the rock inscriptions which have been collected from various parts of India, the coins, extending over many ages, of different native dynasties—all these compared together enable a student even as sceptical as Sir George Lewis to form a more favourable idea of the Hindus in their political capacity than he was disposed to take.

Early European inquirers into Hindu antiquity, with the natural prejudice in favour of their studies in a hitherto unknown tongue, were disposed to lend far too credulous an ear to the gross exaggerations and reckless inaccuracies of the "Māhabhārat" and kindred works. James Mill on the other hand, who was a Positivist before Auguste Comte had begun to write, rejected with scorn all the allusions to the past in these ancient writers as entirely fabulous. Careful scholarship, however, working on the materials of the past which every day's discoveries are increasing, demonstrates that much true history is to be gathered from the works of the Sanscrit writers.

The celebrated granite rock of Girnar* in the peninsula of Guzerat

* This rock on its eastern face contains the decrees of Asoka, who began to reign 263 B.C.; on the western face is the inscription of Rudradāman, one of the Satrap-rulers under an Indian Greek dynasty, circa 90 B.C.; and the northern face presents the inscription of Skandagupta, 240 A.D.

presents in itself an authentic record of three distinct dynasties separated from one another by centuries. And we owe to what may be justly called the genius of James Prinsep the decipherment of those inscriptions of Asoka which have brought to the knowledge of Europe a Hindu monarch of the third century before our era, who, whilst he has been equalled by few in the extent of his dominions, may claim superiority over nearly every king that ever lived, from his tender-hearted regard for the interests of his people, and from the wide principles of toleration which he inculcated.

Horace Wilson, who may be safely cited as the most calm and judicious oriental scholar of our times, asserts that there is nothing to shock probability in supposing that the Hindu dynasties, of whom we trace vestiges, were spread through twelve centuries anterior to the war of the *Māhabhārat*.* This leads us back to dates about 2600 years B.C. We have, therefore, the astounding period of over four thousand years during which to glean facts relating to the Hindu race and their capacity for government, such as may form foundation for conclusions as to the future. The characteristics which have most impressed themselves on my mind after such study of Indian records as I have been able to bestow are, first, the very early appearance of solicitude for the interest and welfare of the people, as exhibited by Hindu rulers, such as has rarely or never been exhibited in the early histories of other nations; secondly, the successful efforts of the Hindu race to re-establish themselves in power on the least appearance of decay in the successive foreign dynasties which have held rule among them. It is only with the latter phenomenon that I propose now to deal, and a rapid retrospect may be permitted.

We learn from European records that Cyrus made conquests in India in the sixth century B.C., and the famous inscription of his successor Darius includes Sind and the modern Afghanistan amongst his possessions. But when Alexander entered India two centuries later he found no trace of Persian sway, but powerful Indian princes. Taxiles, Abisares, and the celebrated Porus ruled over large kingdoms in the Panjāb. The latter monarch, whose family name Paura is recorded in the *Māhabhārat*, is described by the Greek writers to have ruled over 300 cities, and he brought into the field against Alexander more than 2,000 elephants, 400 chariots; 4,000 cavalry, and 50,000 foot. Against this force Alexander was only able to bring 16,000 foot and 5,000 horse; but the bulk of the troops were Macedonians, and the leader was the greatest general whom the world has seen. We have full particulars of the celebrated battle which ensued, and which ended in the complete discomfiture of Porus. The conduct of this Indian king, however, in the battle extorted the admiration of the Greek historians. He received nine wounds during the engagement, and was the last to leave the field, affording, as Arrian remarks, a noble contrast to Darius the Second, who was the first to fly amongst his host in his similar conflict with the Greeks. Alexander, as

* Preface to *Vishnu Purana*.

in the Macedonian conquests generally, left satraps in possession of his Indian acquisitions. But a very few years ensued before we find a native of India had raised up a mighty kingdom, and all trace of Greek rule in the Punjab disappears. Chandragupta, or Sandracottus, is said by a Greek writer to have seen Alexander in person on the Hydaspes. Justin relates that it was he who raised the standard of independence before his fellow-countrymen, and successfully drove out Alexander's satraps. He founded the Maurya dynasty, and the vast extent of the kingdom ruled over by his grandson Asoka is testified by the edicts which the latter caused to be engraved in various parts of his dominions. They also record the remarkable fact of his close alliance with the Greek rulers of Syria, Egypt, Macedon, Cyrene and Epirus. We next find that one of the Greek princes who had established an independent dynasty in Bactria, Euthydemus, invaded India, and made several conquests, but he also was met in the field and overcome by Galoka, son of Asoka, who for some time added Cashmir to his possessions. The Bactrian dynasty was put an end to by Mithridates, 140 B.C., and consequently the Greeks were driven eastwards, and they planted themselves in various parts of India. We find clear traces of them in Guzerat, where the town of Junaghur (Javanaghur) still records the name of the Greeks who founded the city. The coins and inscriptions of the Sinha rulers of Guzerat furnish us with some particulars as to the Greek holdings at this period, and they seem to have extended from the Jumna on the east to Guzerat and Kutch on the west. The Macedonians seem here, as elsewhere, to have placed natives at the head of their district administrations, and the Sinha rulers call themselves Satraps and Maha Rajahs, and use Greek legends on their coins, but evidently they soon acquired complete independence. Simultaneously or nearly so with these Indo-Greek principalities, we find invasions of India by the race commonly called Scythians, but more accurately Jutchi, Sacæ, and White Huns. These also formed independent kingdoms. But again native leaders of enterprise arose who put an end to foreign dominion. Vikramadit, who founded an era 57 B.C., and whose exploits have made a deep impression upon the native mind, is thought to be one of the Hindu leaders who succeeded in expelling a foreign dynasty. And it would appear that towards the middle of the third century after Christ all foreign dominion had disappeared from the soil of India, except perhaps some small settlements of Jutchi, on the banks of the Indus; and except the temporary conquest of Sind by the Arabs in the seventh century, from which they were soon expelled by the Sunna Rajputs. Thus, during a period of 600 years, we have encountered a series of invasions and conquests of portions of India by foreign rulers, but all successively driven out by the energy of native leaders. Thereupon followed the establishment of native dynasties all over India. It was chiefly during the 700 years that now ensued, up to the invasion of India by Mahmud of Ghazni, that the great works of Sanscrit literature

* Elphinstone, *History of India*, vol. 1. p. 511.

in poetry, grammar, algebra, and astronomy, appeared. During this period also the Rajputs, who have been well called the Normans of the East, seem to have found their way to nearly every throne in India. Their acquisition of power has never been fully traced, and probably the materials are wanting for any full or accurate account of it; but the subject is well worthy the attention of an Indian student.

The Mahomedan conquests which, with the fanaticism and savage intolerance introduced by them, commenced A. D. 1001, seem to have exercised most depressing effects on the Hindu mind. But here again we meet with the same phenomenon. So soon as the Mussulman rule becomes enfeebled, a native chief rises up who is enabled to rally his countrymen around him and form a dynasty. Sivaji in 1660-80 established an independency which his successors, as mayors of the palace, enlarged into a kingdom, out of which arose the native powers of Sindia, of the Gaekwar, and of the Bhonslas of Berar. Exactly the same occurrence has been witnessed in the present century by the success of Ranjit Sing in forming an independent principality in the Panjáb. This remarkable man, who was absolutely illiterate, by his own energy of character raised himself from the head of a small Sikh clan to the head of a kingdom with a revenue of two and a half millions sterling.* We may be sure that, if the British had not been in force, natives of soldierly qualities like Jung Bahádar of Nepal, or Tantia-Topi of the mutinies, would have carved out in the present day kingdoms for themselves in other parts of India.

II.

It may be thought that in the preceding sketch I have been aiming at the conclusion that British dominion is in danger of extinction either by foreign invasion or internal insurrection. Nothing is more foreign from my views. I firmly believe that British rule in the East was never so strong, never so able to protect itself against all attacks from without or from within, as at the present moment. In a foreign dominion such as ours, where unforeseen contingencies may any day arise, and where a considerable amount of disaffection must always exist, constant watchfulness on the part of Government is no doubt required; but this position is thoroughly recognised by all statesmen who occupy themselves with Indian affairs. I do not for a moment delude myself with the idea that we have succeeded in gaining the affections of the natives. No foreign rulers who have kept themselves apart as a separate caste from the conquered nation have succeeded in accomplishing this feat. There is something of incompatibility between the European and Asiatic, which seems to forbid easy amalgamation. Lord Stowell, in one of his fine judgments, has pointed out the constant tendency of Europeans in the East to form themselves into separate communities, and to abstain from all social intercourse with the natives around them, and he illustrates his position with the happy quotation—

Scyllis amara suam non intermiscuit undam.

* See Aitcheson, *Treaties*, vol. vi. p. 18.

The English perhaps are distinguishable among all European nations by the deep-rooted notion of self-superiority which their insular position and great success in history have engendered. The southern races of Europe, the Spanish and Portuguese, have shown no reluctance to intermix freely with the native races of America, India, and the Philippines, such as has always been exhibited by inhabitants of the British Isles when expatriated to the East or West. But where race, color, religion, prejudice intervene to prevent social intercourse between the English in India and the natives, what a wide gulf is placed between them!

In justice, however, it must be stated that, although the haughtiness of demeanour and occasional brutality in manners which the *aristocratie de peau* sometimes engenders in our countrymen are much to be deprecated, the estrangement which exists in India between the English and the natives is not wholly, nor even principally, attributable to the former. A Hindu of very humble caste would think himself polluted if he sat down to dinner with the European governor of his Presidency. In this instance, as in so many others, Hindu opinions have permeated the whole native community; and other races transplanted to India, such as Mahomedans and Parsis, are equally exclusive in their social life. When I was in Bombay I made an attempt to break through the barrier which the latter caste had voluntarily erected for themselves. Sir Jamshedji Jijibhai, an able, self-raised man, was then the acknowledged head of the Parsi community, and was distinguished for his benevolence and enlightened views. I endeavored to persuade him to set his countrymen an example, and to come to a dinner at which I would assemble the chief authorities of the island; and I proposed to him as an inducement that he should send his own cook, who should prepare for him his wonted fare. But the step was too startling a one for him, though I was glad to find that his son, the second baronet, was able to get over his prejudices on his visit, some years after, to London. A ludicrous example of the same exclusive feeling has been related in connection with a Governor-General. His lordship, desirous to break down any notion of social inferiority on the part of a distinguished native who was paying him a visit, placed his arm round his neck as they walked up and down a verandah engaged in familiar conversation. The high-bred Oriental made no sign, but as soon as he could extricate himself from the embraces of his Excellency, he hastened home to wash away the contamination of a Mlecha's touch.

It may also be observed that the mutual repugnance of the two races to such close social intercourse as intermarriage, for example, would produce, gives rise to two excellent results. First, there is every reason to suppose, judging by what we see of the native Portuguese in India, that the English and Hindu would make, in the language of breeders, a very bad cross; and it is therefore satisfactory to find that English rulers in India, unlike the Normans in England, or the Moguls in India, have never intermarried with the natives of the country. The second result is closely connected with the first. What has led to the downfall

of previous foreign dynasties has been that the invaders of the country had become effeminate by their long possession of power, and had lost the original energy and vigour which had enabled their predecessors to gain a throne. The constant recruitment of English rulers from their fatherland wholly prevents this cause of internal decay from making its appearance among the British.

It is not, then, by our hold on the affections of the people that we maintain our dominion in India. The strength and probable endurance of our rule are based on our real power, on our endeavours to do justice, on our toleration. The memory of the excesses committed under Mussulman rule has probably become dim with the great bulk of the people, but it is very vivid among educated Hindus. A strong conviction prevails among them that if British rule were to disappear in India, the same rise of military adventurers, the same struggles for power, and the same anarchy as prevailed during the first half of the last century would again appear. The latest expression of Hindu opinion on this subject which I have met with is contained in a pamphlet published in the present year by Mr. Dadoba Pandurang.* He is an aged scholar, and though not a Brahmin, well versed in the Vedas, but, above all, he is distinguished by his devout views and by his desire to elevate and improve his fellow-countrymen. He writes :—

If there is a manifestation of the hand of God in history, as I undoubtedly believe there is, nothing to my imagination appears more vivid and replete with momentous events calculated for the mutual welfare and good of both countries than this political union of so large, important, rich, and interesting a country as Hind in the further south-east with a small but wisely governed island of Great Britain in the further north-west. . . . Let us see what England has done to India. England, besides governing India politically, has now very wisely commenced the important duty of educating the millions of her Indian children, and of bringing them up to the standard of enlightenment and high civilization which her own have obtained. She has already eradicated, I should add here, to the great joy of Heaven, several of the most barbarous and inhuman practices, such as Sutti,† infanticide, Charak Puja ‡ and what not, which had for ages been prevalent among a large portion of the children of this her new acquisition. These practices, which had so long existed at the dictation of an indigenous priesthood, except for the powerful interference of England could not have been abolished.

Opinions like these, I am persuaded, prevail throughout the educated community, and the presence of British rule amongst them is recognised as indispensable in the present state of Hindu society.

III.

With respect to a successful invasion of India, it must be confessed that the English mind has always been keenly susceptible of alarm. The wide plains of Hindustan, which offer so ready an access to aggressive armies, the absence of fortified places, and the frequency with which India has been won and lost in a single pitched battle, all tend to encourage the belief that some day or other British domination will be in

* *A Hindu Gentleman's Reflections.* Spiers, London, 1878.

† Widow-burning.

‡ The swing-sacrifice.

danger from some incursion of this sort. It may be observed that for nearly a century past the English nation has been subjected to periodic fits of Indian panic. Sir John Kaye, in his "History of the Afghan War," states that in 1797 the whole of India was kept "in a chronic state of unrest" from the fears of an Afghan descent upon the plains of Hindustan. In 1800 the Emperor Paul of Russia and Napoleon conceived "a mad and impracticable scheme of invasion," which greatly increased local alarm. In 1809 these fears assumed even larger proportions when an alliance between Napoleon and Persia was on foot with a view to the proposed invasion; and the mission to Persia under Sir John Malcolm was inaugurated. In 1838 Russia took the place which Zeman Shah, Persia, and Napoleon had previously occupied, and the disastrous invasion of Afghanistan was commenced by Lord Auckland from his mountain retreat at Simla.

Since that period the suspicions of the nation have been continually directed against Russia by a small but able party, who, from their chiefy belonging to the Presidency of Bombay, have been termed the Bombay school. The late General John Jacob was the originator of the anti-Russian policy inculcated by them. He was a man of great ability and original views, and, if he had moved in a wider sphere, he might have left a name equal to that of the most illustrious of his countrymen in India. But he passed the greater part of his life on the barren wastes of Sind, and rarely came in contact with superior minds. In 1856 General Jacob addressed a singularly able paper to Lord Canning, then Governor-General, and which Sir Lewis Pelly afterwards published to the world.* This was just at the close of the Crimean War, when England was about to undertake an expedition against Persia to repel her aggression on Herát. It was Jacob's firm conviction that, unless India interposed, Russia, having Persia completely under her control, could, whenever she pleased, take possession not only of Herát, but of Candahar, and thus find an entrance to the plains of India, on which our dominion was to disappear. To thwart this contingency, and render the approach of a European army towards our frontier impossible, he would, as an ultimate measure, garrison Herát with twenty thousand troops, but in the first instance would occupy Quetta. These proposals were carefully considered by Lord Canning's Government, but were rejected.

The same arguments were brought forward eleven years later by Sir Bartle Frere, whilst Governor of Bombay, and were laid before the Government of India. That Government was then remarkably strong, consisting of Lord Lawrence, Sir William Mansfield (Lord Sandhurst), Sir Henry Maine, Mr. Massey, and Major-General Sir Henry Durand; but the proposals to improve our frontier by extending our dominions westward, and by the annexation of independent foreign territory, were unanimously disapproved of.

* *Views and Opinions of General John Jacob.* London, 1858.

About the same time that Sir Bartle Frere was endeavouring to stimulate the Government of India to occupy Quetta, my distinguished colleague and friend, Sir Henry Rawlinson, published two articles in the "Quarterly Review,"* in which he called the attention of the public to the rapidly increasing extension of the Russian dominions in the direction of our Indian frontier, and to the necessity of maintaining outworks such as Herát and Candahar for the protection of our Eastern Empire. But he raised the question in a more solemn form in the confidential memorandum which he transmitted to the Government of India in 1868, and which he afterwards published in 1875,† with additional matter, forming a complete conspectus of the aggressive policy to be adopted to guard against a Russian invasion. The views of the Government of India on these papers have not, I believe, been given to the world, but it is well known in Indian circles that the masterly activity therein advocated did not find acceptance.

At the present moment Russophobia is raging to a greater extent than at any previous period; but this is ground on which for the present I am precluded from entering. It is gratifying to observe, however, that in the great conflict of opinion which, as it will be seen, has thus been raging for the last forty years, as to the best method of protecting our north-western frontier from an invading foe, both schools have ultimately agreed on one conclusion, namely, that a successful invasion of India by Russia is in nowise probable. The one side would avert any possibility of an attack by the occupation of Afghanistan, the Suliman mountains, and probably the Hindu Kush; the other would husband the resources of India, and not waste blood and treasure in anticipation of a conflict that may possibly never occur, and that certainly never will occur without years of warning to the nation.

I cannot pursue this interesting question further at a moment when the whole question of our policy on the Indian frontier is ripening for discussion, and when the materials on which a sound conclusion can be drawn are not yet laid before the public. It is sufficient for my present purpose to repeat that the probability of British dominion in the East being terminated by a Russian invasion is rejected on all sides.

IV.

If the views which have been now put forward are at all sound, we may perhaps conclude that whilst our Indian empire requires on the part of its rulers the utmost watchfulness to guard against dangers and contingencies which may at any moment arise, yet that with ordinarily wise government we may look forward to a period of indefinitely long duration during which British dominion may flourish. That sooner or later the links which connect England with India will be severed, all history teaches us to expect; but when that severance occurs, if the growing spirit of philanthropy and increasing sense of national morality

* October 1865, and October 1866. † *England and Russia in the East.* Murray.

which characterise the nineteenth century continue, we may fairly hope that the Englishman will have taught the Hindus how to govern themselves. It is England's task, as heretofore, "to teach other nations how to live." A very long period, however, is required before the lesson can be fully learned, and the holders of Indian securities need not fear that the reversionary interests of their grandchildren will be endangered. Our rule in India dates back little more than a century; and although from the first a wise spirit of toleration and an eminent desire to do justice have prevailed, it is only within the last thirty or forty years that any serious attempts to elevate the character of the nation have been manifested.

The educational movement, which is silently producing prodigious changes in India, received its first impulse from England, and the clause in the Act of Parliament* which recognised the duty of educating the masses, enabled men like Lord Macaulay, Sir Edward Ryan, and others, to lay the foundations of a system which has since established itself far and wide. But the Court of Directors never took heartily to this great innovation of modern times, and it was only under the direction of English statesmanship that the Indian authorities were induced to act with vigour in this momentous undertaking. Sir Charles Wood's celebrated minute on education, in 1858, laid the foundation of a national system of education, and the principles then inculcated have never since been departed from. Some generations will require to pass before the Oriental mind is enabled to substitute the accurate forms of European thought for the loose speculations that have prevailed through long centuries. But already happy results are appearing, and in connection with the subject of this article it may be noticed as a most hopeful sign of the future that our English schools are turning out native statesmen by whom all our best methods of government are being introduced into the dominions of native princes.

The administration reports of some of these gentlemen may vie with those of our best English officers; and the names of Sir Dinkar Rao, Sir Madava Rao, Sir Salar Jung, and others, give full indication that among the natives of India may be found men eminently qualified for the task of government. Wittingly or unwittingly, English officials in India are preparing materials which some day or other will form the groundwork for a native empire or empires. I was thrown closely into contact with the Civil Service whilst I was in India, for I employed all my vacations in travelling through the country, mostly at a foot's pace. Everywhere I went I found a cultivated English gentleman exerting himself to the best of his ability to extend the blessings of civilisation—justice, education, the development of all local resources. I firmly believe that no government in the world has ever possessed a body of administrators to vie with the Civil Service of India. Nor do I speak only of the service as it existed under the East India Company, for, from all

that I have heard and observed, competition supplies quite as good servants of the State as did in earlier days the patronage of the Court of Directors. The truth is, that the excellence of the result has been attributable in nowise to the mode of selection, but to the local circumstances which call forth in either case, in the young Englishman of decent education and of the moral tone belonging to the middle classes of this country, the best qualities of his nature. But in these energetic, high-principled, and able administrators we have a danger to good government which it is necessary to point out. Every Englishman in office in India has great power, and every Englishman, as the late Lord Lytton once observed to me, is in heart a reformer. His native energy will not enable him to sit still with his hands before him. He must be improving something. The tendency of the English official in India is to over-reform, to introduce what he may deem improvements, but which turn out egregious failures, and this, be it observed, amongst the most conservative people of the world. Some of the most carefully devised schemes for native improvement have culminated in native deterioration. A remarkable illustration of this position is afforded by the late inquiry into the causes of the riots among the cultivators of the Deccan. It has been one of the pretensions of British administration that they have instituted for the first time in India pure and impartial courts of justice. And the boast is well founded. In the Presidency of Bombay also the Government has substituted long leases of thirty years on what may be called Crown Lands for the yearly holdings formerly in vogue. They have also greatly moderated the assessment. The result has been that land in the Bombay Presidency from being unsaleable has acquired a value of from ten to twenty years' purchase. But the effect of these two measures upon the holders of these lands has been disastrous. Finding themselves possessed of property on which they could raise money with facility, they have indulged this national propensity out of all proportion to their means; and the money-lenders in their turn drag the improvident borrowers before a court of justice, and obtain decrees upon the indisputable terms of the contract, which no judge feels competent to disregard.

Another danger of the same sort arises from the short term of office which is allowed to officials in the highest places in India. When the Portuguese had large dominions in India, they found that their Viceroy, if permitted to remain a long time in the East, became insubordinate, and too powerful for the Government at Lisbon to control. They accordingly passed a law limiting the tenure of office to five years. This limitation seems to have been adopted tacitly in our Eastern administrative system, and has undoubtedly been observed for more than a century. But the period of five years is very short to enable either a Governor-General, or Governor, or member of Council to leave his mark on the country; and there is a temptation to attempt something dazzling which would require for its proper fulfilment years to elaborate, but which, if not passed at the moment, would fail to illustrate the era.

It is needless to observe that a series of ill-considered changes, a constant succession of new laws to be followed by amended laws in the next session, attempts to change manners and practices (not immoral in themselves) that have prevailed for centuries, all tend to make a government, especially a foreign government, odious. But there is one other rock which it is above all essential to avoid when we are considering the problem how best to preserve the duration of British government for the benefit of India. Every ardent administrator desires improvements in his own department; roads, railways, canals, irrigation, improved courts of justice, more efficient police, all find earnest advocates in the high places of government. But improved administration is always costly, and requires additional taxation. I fear that those in authority too often forget that the wisest rulers of a despotic government have always abstained from laying fresh burdens on the people. It is, in fact, the chief merit of such a government that the taxes are ordinarily light, and are such as are familiarised by old usage. New taxes imposed without the will, or any appeal to the judgment, of the people create the most dangerous kind of disaffection. But if this is true generally, it is especially true in India, where the population is extremely poor, and where hitherto the financier has not been enabled to make the rich contribute their due quota to the revenue of the country.

It has been said by some that we have not yet reached the limits of taxation in India, but to them I would oppose the memorable saying of Lord Mayo towards the close of his career. "A feeling of discontent and dissatisfaction existed," in his opinion, "among every class, both European and native, on account of the constant increase of taxation that had for years been going on;" and he added: "The continuance of that feeling was a political danger, the magnitude of which could hardly be over-estimated." The Earl of Northbrook quoted and fully endorsed this opinion in his examination before the House of Commons in the present year.*

But although this constant aim at improvement among our English administrators too often leads to irritating changes, harassing legislation, and new fiscal charges on the people, causes are at work which tend to eliminate these obstacles to good and stable government. In our experimental application of remedies to evils patent on the surface, our blunders have chiefly arisen from our ignorance of the people. Institutions that had been seen to work well in Europe might, it was thought, be transplanted safely to India. Experience alone could teach that this is often a grievous error; but experience is being daily afforded by our prolonged rule, and by our increasing acquaintance with the habits, wants, and feelings of the people. The tendency also to change and improvement, which I have before observed upon as leading to ill-considered measures, operates here beneficially, for there is never any hesitation in a local government to reverse the proceedings of its predecessors when found to work injuriously for the community.

* *Report on East India Public Works*, p. 85.

But the most cheering symptom of future good government in India is the increased disposition of British rulers to associate natives of character and ability with themselves in high offices of administration. Parliament so long ago as 1833 laid down the principle that no native shall by reason of his religion, place of birth, or colour, be disabled from holding any office. Her gracious Majesty also in 1858 proclaimed her will "that so far as may be, our subjects, of whatever race or creed, be impartially admitted to offices in our service, the duties of which they may be qualified by their education, ability, and integrity duly to discharge."

Many obstacles have hitherto prevailed, chiefly arising out of the vested interests of a close Civil Service, to prevent full operation being given to a policy so solemnly laid down. But it is no breach of official propriety to announce that Lord Cranbrook has earnestly taken up the proposals of the present Viceroy to clear away the difficulties which have hitherto intervened, and has sent out a despatch to India which it may be fairly anticipated will meet the aspirations of educated natives, and will greatly strengthen the foundations of British government in the East.

It will thus be seen that several factors are at work which cannot fail, under the continued rule of the British Government, to have most beneficial effects on the national character of India. A system of education is being established which is opening a door for the introduction of all the knowledge accumulated in Europe, and which sooner or later must greatly dissipate that ignorance which is at the bottom of so many obstacles to good government in the East. Equality before the law and the supremacy of law have been fully brought home to the cognisance of every inhabitant of India, and they form a striking contrast, fully appreciated by the Hindus, to the arbitrary decisions and the race prerogatives which characterised their former Mahomedan rulers. Continuous efforts at improvement are witnessed in every zillah of India, and if they sometimes fail in their operation it is still patent that the permanent welfare of the people is the constant aim and object of Government. Moreover, the ready ear tendered to any expression of a grievance, the minute subjection of every act of authority in India, from the deputy magistrate up to the Governor-General, to the scrutiny of the Home Government, secure to the meanest inhabitant of India a hearing, and inspire the consciousness that he also is a member of the State, and that his rights and interests are fully recognised. The association of natives with ourselves in the task of government, which has been commenced in the lower branches of the judicial administration with the greatest success, and which is now about to be attempted on a larger scale, as I have before noted, is also a fact of the greatest gravity. On the whole, after very close attention to Indian administration for nearly forty years, of which about twelve were spent in the country itself in a position where I was enabled to take an impartial view of what was going on around me, I am of opinion that a bright future presents itself, and, if

I could see my way more clearly on the very important questions of caste and of the future religion of India, I should say a brilliant future, in which perhaps for centuries to come the supremacy of England will produce the happiest results in India

V.

But I must not close this article without reference to the very different views which have been lately put forth in this Review under the sensational title of the "Bankruptcy of India." Mr. Hyndman, after much study of Indian statistics, has arrived at the conclusion that "India has been frightfully impoverished under our rule, and that the process is going on now at an increasingly rapid rate." The revenue raised by taxation is about 36,000,000*l.*, and "is taken absolutely out of the pockets of the people," three-fourths of whom are engaged in agriculture. The increase of 12,000,000*l.* in the revenue which has occurred between 1857 and 1876 "comes almost entirely out of the pockets of the cultivators," and "the greater part of the increase of the salt, stamps, and excise is derived from the same source." The cost of maintaining a prisoner in the cheapest part of India is 5*s.* a head, or, making allowance for children, 4*s.*; but the poor cultivator "has only 31*s.* 6*d.*, from which he must also defray the charges "for sustenance of bullocks, the cost of clothing, repairs to implements, house, &c., and for taxation."

He states the debt of India to be "enormous," amounting to 220,000,000*l.* sterling, principally accumulated in the last few years. The railways have been constructed at ruinous cost, for which the "unfortunate ryot has had to borrow an additional five or ten or twenty rupees of the native money-lender at 24, 40, 60 per cent., in order to pay extra taxation." Irrigation works "tell nearly the same sad tale. Here again millions have been squandered—squandered needlessly." Moreover, the land is fast becoming deteriorated or is being worse cultivated. In short, through a long indictment of twenty-three pages, of which I omit many counts, he cannot find a single act of British administration that meets his approval. All is naught. It is true that the Civil Service of India is composed of men who have gained their posts by means of the best education that England can supply, and who from an early period of manhood have devoted their lives to the practical solution of the many difficult problems which Indian administration presents. But Mr. Hyndman finds fault with them all.

The article itself is couched in such an evident spirit of philanthropy that one feels unwilling to notice pointedly the blunders, the exaggerations, and the inaccuracies into which the writer has fallen. But Mr. Hyndman has entered the lists so gallantly with a challenge to all the Anglo-Indian world, that he of course expects to encounter some hard knocks, writing, as he does, on a subject with which he has no practical acquaintance. He has already received "a swashing blow" respecting the agricultural statistics on which he bases the whole of his argument. On data supplied to him by an able native writer, whom I know intimately and for whom I have the

highest respect, he has drawn conclusions which are so manifestly absurd, that all practically acquainted with the subject are tempted to throw aside his article as mere rubbish. But Mr. Dádobhai, like himself, has no knowledge of the rural life of India, or of agriculture generally, or of the practical business of administration. He is a man who has passed his whole life in cities, an excellent mathematician, of unwearied industry, and distinguished, even among his countrymen, for his patriotic endeavours to improve their condition. But the mere study of books and of figures—especially of the imperfect ones which hitherto have characterised the agricultural statistics of India—is not sufficient to constitute a great administrator; and when Mr. Dádobhai, after making himself prominent by useful work in the municipality of Bombay, was selected to fill the high office of Prime Minister to the Gaekwar of Baroda, he was not deemed by his countrymen to have displayed any great aptitude in statesmanship.*

The alarming picture drawn by Mr. Hyndman on data thus supplied attracted the attention of the greatest authority in England on agricultural matters; for intrinsic evidence clearly shows that the letters signed "C.," which appeared in the *Times* of the 5th of October and the 9th of October, can proceed from no other than Mr. Caird. His refutation of Mr. Hyndman's pessimist views is so short, that I give the pith of it here:—

The conclusions arrived at are so startling that though, like Mr. Hyndman, I have never been in India, I, as an alarmed Englishman, have tried to test the strength of the basis upon which they rest. The only *data* I have at hand are taken from the figures in the last year's report of the Punjab. The number of cultivated acres there agrees with those quoted by Mr. Hyndman—say 21,000,000 acres—and I adopt his average value of 1*l.* 14*s.* per acre.

The Government assessment is 1,905,000*l.*, to pay which one-sixth of the wheat crop [the produce of 1,120,000] would have to be sold and exported. There would remain for consumption in the country the produce of 5,500,000 acres of wheat and of 12,000,000 acres of other grain, the two sufficing to yield for a year 2 lb. per head per day for the population of 17,000,000, which is more than double the weight of corn eaten by the people of this country. Besides this, they would have for consumption their garden vegetables and milk; and beyond it the money value of 845,000 acres of oil-seed, 720,000 acres of cotton and hemp, 391,000 acres of sugar-

* The career of Mr. Dádobhai Naoroji illustrates in a remarkable manner the operation of the system of education introduced under our government. A Parsi, born in Bombay of very poor parents, he received his education at the Elphinstone College, where he displayed so much intelligence that in 1845 an English gentleman, desirous to open up a new career for educated natives, offered to send him to England to study for the bar if any of the wealthy merchants of his community would pay half the expenses. But in those days the Parsis, like the Hindus, dreaded contact with England, and the offer fell to the ground. Dádobhai continued at the College, where he obtained employment as a teacher, and subsequently became professor of mathematics, no native having previously filled such a post. In 1845 he left scholastics and joined the first native mercantile house established in London. This firm commenced with great success, and Dádobhai no sooner found himself master of 5,000*l.* than he devoted it to public objects in his native city. The house of Messrs. Cama subsequently failed, and Dádobhai returned to Bombay, where, as above noted, he took an active part in municipal affairs, and was subsequently appointed Dewan to the Gaekwar. He is now carrying on business as a merchant on his own account in London.

cane, 120,000 acres of indigo, 69,000 acres of tobacco, 88,000 acres of spices, drugs, and dyes, 19,000 acres of poppy, and 8,800 acres of tea; the aggregate value of which, without touching the corn, would leave nearly twice the Government assessment.

Mr. Hyndman has committed the error of arguing from an English money value at the place of production upon articles of consumption, the true value of which is their food-sustaining power to the people who consume them.

When an argument is thus found so completely *pecher par sa base*, it is needless to pursue it further. But I conceive that Mr. Hyndman, when studying this overwhelming refutation, must feel somewhat conscience-stricken when he reperuses such sentences of his own as the following:—"In India at this time, millions of the ryots are growing wheat, cotton, seeds, and other exhausting crops, and send them away because these alone will enable them to pay their way at all. They are themselves, nevertheless, eating less and less of worse food each year, in spite, or rather by reason, of the increasing exports." Thus a farmer is damaged by finding new markets for his produce! And he sells his wheat, which is the main produce of his arable land in those parts of India where it flourishes, to buy some cheaper grain which his land does not grow! The youngest assistant in a collector's establishment could inform Mr. Hyndman that the food of the agricultural population of India consists of the staple most suitable to the soil of the district: in the Punjab wheat, in Bengal and all well-watered lowlands rice, on the tablelands of the Deccan jowári (*holcus sorghum*) and bíjri (*panicum spicatum*), on the more sterile plateau of Southern India the inferior grain rági (*avesyne coracruua*).

It must have been under the dominion of the idea produced by Mr. Dádóbbhai's statistics as to the thoroughly wretched state of the agricultural population of India that Mr. Hyndman has been led into exaggerated statements which his own article shows he knew to be inaccurate. A dreadful case of misgovernment existed in India, and, thoroughly to arouse his countrymen to the fact, it was necessary to pile up the agony. Thus, in one part of his article he states that the "enormous debt" of India amounts to 220,000,000*l.*, but in a later portion he admits that it is only 127,000,000*l.*, and he knows full well that the amount of 100,000,000*l.* of guaranteed railway debt is not only not a present debt due from Government, but is a very valuable property, which will probably bring in some millions of revenue when they exercise their right of buying up the interests of the several guaranteed companies.

Again, he speaks throughout his article of the excessive taxation imposed on the poor, half-starved cultivators; and he gives the following table as showing the amount "taken absolutely out of the pockets of the people:"—

Land revenue	- - - - -	£21,500,000
Excise	- - - - -	2,500,000
Salt	- - - - -	6,240,000
Stamps	- - - - -	2,830,000
Customs	- - - - -	2,720,000

He thus maintains that the portion of the rent paid to Government for occupation of the land is a tax upon the cultivator, which is about as

true as to state that the 67,000,000*l.* rental in the United Kingdom is a special tax on the farmers of this country. The amount derived from excise is chiefly produced by the sale of intoxicating liquors, the use of which is forbidden by the social and religious views of the natives; and any contribution to the revenue under this head is nearly a voluntary act on the part of the transgressor. The revenue from stamps proceeds chiefly from what may be called taxes on justice; they are, in my opinion, extremely objectionable, but weighty objections may be urged against nearly every tax, and a large portion of this tax falls on the wealthier class of suitors. The amount contributed by the population under the head of customs, although it may take money out of the pocket of the rayat, actually adds to his store; for, unless he could buy in the bazaar a piece of Manchester long-cloth cheaper than an article of domestic manufacture, it is manifest that he would select the latter. There remains only the single article of salt on which the cultivator undoubtedly is taxed, and which forms the sole tax from which he cannot escape. This tax also is extremely objectionable in theory, more perhaps than in practice, for it amounts to about $7\frac{1}{2}d.$ per head. But even if we take the whole amount of taxation as shown by Mr. Hyndman, excluding the land revenue or rental of the land, the average per head is only $1s. 6d.$, of which more than one-third can be avoided at the pleasure of any individual consumer. It is not, then, a misstatement to aver that the population of India is more lightly taxed than any population in the world living under an orderly government.

I have thus far thought it my duty to expose what I believe to be grave errors in Mr. Hyndman's sensational article. But I should do him great injustice if I did not admit that he has brought out in vivid colours some very important facts. It is true that these facts are well known to Indian administrators, but they are facts disagreeable to contemplate, and are therefore slurred over willingly; but they have such important bearing on the proceedings of Government in India that they cannot be too frequently paraded before the public eye.

The first of these truths is the undeniable poverty of the great bulk of the population. But here Mr. Hyndman does not appear to me to have taken full grasp of the fact, or to have ascertained its causes. The dense population of India, amounting in its more fertile parts to six and seven hundred per square mile, is almost exclusively occupied in agricultural pursuits. But the land of India has been farmed from time immemorial by men entirely without capital. A farmer in this country has little chance of success unless he can supply a capital of $10l.$ to $20l.$ an acre. If English farms were cultivated by men as deficient in capital as the Indian rayats, they would be all thrown on the parish in a year or two. The founder of a Hindu village may, by aid of his brethren and friends, have strength enough to break up the jungle, dig a well, and with a few rupees in his pocket he may purchase seed for the few acres he can bring under the plough. If a favourable harvest ensue, he has a large surplus, out of which he pays the *jamma* or rent

to Government. But on the first failure of the periodical rains his withered crops disappear, he has no capital wherewith to meet the Government demand, to obtain food for his family and stock, or to purchase seed for the coming year. To meet all these wants he must have recourse to the village money-lender, who has always formed an indispensable member of a Hindu agricultural community as the ploughman himself.

From time immemorial the cultivator of the soil in India has lived from hand to mouth, and when his hand could not supply his mouth from the stores of the last harvest he has been driven to the local *saukár* or money-lender to obtain the means of existence. This is the first great cause of India's poverty. The second is akin to it, for it exists in the infinite divisibility of property which arises under the Hindu system of succession, and which throws insuperable obstructions to the growth of capital. The rule as to property in Hindu life is that all the members of a family, father, grandfather, children, and grandchildren, constitute an undivided partnership, having equal shares in the property, although one of them, generally the eldest, is recognised as the manager. It is in the power of any member to sever himself from the family group, and the tendency of our Government has been to encourage efforts of what may be called individualism. But the new stock is but the commencement of another undivided family, so strong is the Hindu feeling in favour of this time-honoured custom. It is obvious that where the skill, foresight, and thriftiness required for the creation of capital may be thwarted by the extravagance or carelessness of any one of a large number of partners, its growth must be seriously impeded.

It will be seen, if the above arguments are sound, that the obstructions which oppose themselves to the formation of capital arise out of immemorial usages, and are irremediable by any direct interference of Government. But whatever may be the causes of this national poverty, the fact is undoubted, and it cannot be too steadily contemplated by those who desire to rely on fresh taxation for their favourite projects, whether it be for improved administration, for magnificent public works, or for the extension of our dominions. Mr. Hyndman also points out the great expensiveness of a foreign government, and his remarks on this subject are undoubtedly true. The high salaries required to tempt Englishmen of suitable qualifications to expatriate themselves for the better part of their lives, and the heavy dead weight of pensions and furlough charges for such officials, form, no doubt, a heavy burden on the resources of India. The costliness of a European army is, of course, also undoubtedly great. But these are charges which, to a less or greater degree, are inseparable from the dominion of a foreign government. The compensation for them is to be found in the security they provide against a foreign invader or against internal disturbances, and the protection they afford, in a degree hitherto unknown in India, to life, property, and character. But Mr. Hyndman's

diatribes are useful in pointing to the conclusion that all the efforts of Government should be directed towards the diminution of these charges, where compatible with efficiency, and his striking contrast of the home military charges in 1862-63, which then amounted to 28% 3s., and now have risen in the present year to 66%, deserves most serious consideration.

There is only one other statement of Mr. Hyndman which I desire to notice. He declares the general opinion of the natives to be that life, as a whole, has become harder since the English took the country, and he adds his own opinion that the fact is so. Mr. Hyndman, as we have seen, knows but little of the actual life of the agricultural population, and of their state under native rule he probably knows less. But I am inclined to think he fairly represents a very prevailing belief amongst the natives. A vivid indication of this native feeling is given in the most instructive work on Hindu rural life that I have ever met with.* Colonel Sleeman thus recounts a conversation he held with some natives in one of his rambles :-

I got an old landowner from one of the villages to walk on with me a mile and put me in the right road. I asked him what had been the state of the country under the former government of the Jāts and Mahrattas, and was told that the greater part was a wild jungle. "I remember," said the old man, "when you could not have got out of the road hereabouts without a good deal of risk. I could not have ventured a hundred yards from the village without the chance of having my clothes stripped off my back. Now the whole country is under cultivation, and the roads are safe. Formerly the governments kept no faith with their landowners and cultivators, exacting ten rupees where they had bargained for five whenever they found their crops good. But in spite of all this *zulm* (oppression) there was then more *burkul* (blessings from above) than now; the lands yielded more to the cultivator."

Colonel Sleeman on the same day asked a respectable farmer what he thought of the latter statement. He stated: "The diminished fertility is owing, no doubt, to the want of those salutary fallows which the fields got under former governments, when invasions and civil wars were things of common occurrence, and kept at least *two-thirds of the land waste*."

The fact is that, under an orderly government like ours, the causes alluded to above as impeding the growth of capital become very much aggravated. Population largely increases, waste lands are brought under the plough, grazing grounds for stock disappear, and the fallows, formerly so beneficial in restoring fertility to the soil, can no longer be kept free from cultivation. All these considerations form portions of the very difficult problems in government which day by day present themselves to the Indian administrator. But does Mr. Hyndman think they are to be solved by recurrence to the native system of government; by the substitution of a local ruler, sometimes paternal, more frequently the reverse, for the courts of justice which now administer the law which can be read and understood by all; by civil contracts being enforced by the armed servant of the creditor, instead of by the

officers of a court acting under strict surveillance; by the land assessment being collected year by year through the farmers of the revenue according to their arbitrary will, instead of being payable in a small moderate* sum, unalterable for a long term of years? If he thinks this—and his allusion to the system of the non-regulation provinces favours the conclusion—he will not find, I think, an educated native in the whole of India who will agree with him.

There are great harshnesses in our rule, there is a rigidity and exactitude of procedure which is often distasteful to native opinion, there are patent defects arising out of our attempts to administer justice, there is great irritation at our constant and often ill-conceived experiments in legislation, there is real danger in the fresh burdens we lay upon the people in our desire to carry out apparently laudable reforms. But with all these blemishes, which have only to be distinctly perceived to be removed from our administrative system, the educated native feels that he is gradually acquiring the position of a freeman, and he would not exchange it for that which Mr. Hyndman appears to desiderate.

E. PERRY, in *Nineteenth Century*.

A COUP D'ÉTAT.

I^r little seeds by slow degree
Put forth their leaves and flowers unheard,
Our love had grown into a tree,
And bloomed without a single word

I haply hit on six o'clock,
The hour her father came from town;
I gave his own peculiar knock,
And waited slyly, like a clown.

The door was open. There she stood,
Lifting her mouth's delicious brim.
How could I waste a thing so good!
I took the kiss she meant for him.

A moment on an awful brink—
Deep breath, a frown, a smile, a tear;
And then, "O Robert, don't you think
That that was rather—*cavalier*?"

[*London Society*.]

* So long ago as the period when Colonel Sleeman wrote, the principle was fully established as to the moderation to be observed in the Government assessment. He says: "We may rate the Government share at one-fifth as the maximum and one-tenth as the minimum of the gross produce." (*Rambles of an Indian Official*, vol. i. p. 251.) In the Blue Book laid before Parliament last Session on the Deccan riots, it will be seen that the Government share in the gross produce of those districts where a high assessment was supposed to have created the disturbances was only one-thirteenth.

THEATRICAL MAKE-SHIFTS AND BLUNDERS.

It is a generally received opinion that all stage wardrobes are made up of tawdry rags, and that the landscapes and palaces that look so charming by gaslight are but mere daubs by day. But there are wardrobes and wardrobes, scenery and scenery. The dresses used for some great "get up" at the opera houses, or at the principal London and provincial theatres, are costly and magnificent; the scenery, although painted for distance and artificial light, is really the product of artists of talent, and there is an attention to reality in all the adjuncts that would quite startle the believers in the tinsel and tawdry view. A millionaire might take a lesson from the stage drawing-rooms of the Prince of Wales and the Court theatres, and no cost is spared to procure the *real* article, whatever it may be, that is required for the scene. These minutiae of realism, however, are quite a modern idea, dating no farther back than the days of Boucicault and Fechter. Splendid scenery and gorgeous dresses for the legitimate dramas were introduced by John Kemble, and developed to the utmost extent by Macready and Kean; but it was reserved for the present decade to lavish the same attention and expenses upon the *petite* drama. Half a century ago the property maker manufactured the stage furniture, the stage books, the candelabra, curtains, cloths, pictures, &c., out of papier mache and tinsel; and the drawing-room or library of a gentleman's mansion thus presented bore as much resemblance to the reality as sea-side furnished lodgings do to a ducal palace. Before the Kemble time a green baize, a couple of chairs and a table, sufficed for all furnishing purposes, whether for an inn or a palace.

In these days of "theatrical upholstery," we can scarcely realize the shabbiness of the stage of the last century. There were a few handsome suits for the principal actors, but the less important ones were frequently dressed in costumes that had done service for fifty years, until they were worn threadbare and frequently in rags. Endeavour to realize upon the modern stage such a picture as this given by Tate Wilkinson, of his appearance at Covent Garden as "The Fine Gentleman," in "Lethe." "A very short old suit of clothes, with a black velvet ground, and broad, gold flowers as dingy as the twenty-four letters on a piece of gingerbread; it had not seen the light since the first year Garrick played 'Lothario,' at the theatre. Bedecked in that sable array for the modern 'Fine Gentleman,' and to make the appearance complete, I added an old red surtout, trimmed with a dingy white fur, and a deep skinned cape of the same hue, borrowed by old Giffard, I was informed, at Lincoln's Inn Fields Theatre, to play 'King Lear' in." When West Digges appeared at the Hay-

market as Cardinal Wolsey, it was in the identical dress that Barton Booth had worn in Queen Anne's time: a close-fitting habit of gilt leather upon a black ground, black stockings, and black gauntlets. No wonder Foote, who was in the pit, exclaimed, upon the appearance of this extraordinary figure, "A Roman sweep on May-day!" When Quin played the youthful fascinating Chamout, in Otway's "Orphan," he wore a long grisly half-powdered periwig, hanging low down each side his breast and down his back, a huge scarlet coat and waistcoat, heavily trimmed with gold, black velvet breeches, black silk neckcloth, black stockings, a pair of square-toed shoes, with an old-fashioned pair of stone buckles, stiff high-topped white gloves, with a broad old scolloped lace hat. Such a costume upon a personage not in his first youth, and more than inclined to obesity, must have had an odd effect. But then, as is well known, Garrick played "Macbeth" in a scarlet coat and powdered wig; John Kemble performed "Othello" in a full suit of British scarlet regimentals, and even when he had gone so far as to dress "Macbeth" as a highlander of 1745, wore in his bonnet a tremendous hearse plume, until Scott plucked it out, and placed an eagle's feather there in its stead. The costumes of the ladies were almost more absurd. Whether they appeared as Romans, Greeks, or females of the Middle Ages, they dressed the same—in the huge hoop, and powdered hair raised high upon the head, heavy brocaded robes that required two pages to hold up, without whose assistance they could scarcely have moved; and servants were dressed quite as magnificently as their mistresses.

In scenery there was no attempt at "sets;" a drop, and a pair of "flats," dusty and dim with age, were all the scenic accessories; and two or three hoops of tallow candles, suspended above the stage, were all that represented the blaze of gas and lime-light to which we are accustomed. The candle-snuffer was a theatrical post of some responsibility in those days. Garrick was the first who used concealed lights. The uncouth appearance of the stage was rendered still worse on crowded nights by ranges of seats raised for spectators on each side. The most ridiculous *contretemps* frequently resulted from this incongruity. Romeo, sometimes, when he bore out the body of Juliet from the solitary tomb of the Capulets, had to almost force his way through a throng of beaux, and Macbeth and his lady plotted the murder of Duncan amidst a throng of people.

One night, Hamlet, upon the appearance of the Ghost, threw off his hat, as usual, preparatory to the address, when a kind-hearted dame, who had heard him just before complain of its being "very cold," picked it up and good-naturedly clapped it upon his head again. A similar incident once happened during the performance of Pizarro. Elvira is discovered asleep upon a couch, gracefully covered by a rich velvet cloak; Valverde enters, kneels and kisses her hand; Elvira awakes, rises and lets fall the covering, and is about to indignantly re-pulse her unwelcome visitor, when a timid female voice says: "Please,

ma'am, you've dropped your mantle," and a timid hand is trying to replace it upon the tragedy queen's shoulders. Of another kind, but very much worse, was an accident that befell Mrs. Siddons at Edinburgh, at the hands of another person who failed to distinguish between the real person and the counterfeit. Just before going on for the sleep-walking-scene, she had sent a boy for some porter, but the cue for her entrance was given before he returned. The house was awed into shuddering silence as, in a terrible whisper, she uttered the words "Out, out, damned spot!" and with slow mechanical action rubbed the guilty hands; when suddenly there emerged from the wings a small figure holding out a pewter pot, and a shrill voice broke the awful silence with "Here's your porter, mum." Imagine the feelings of the stately Siddons! The story is very funny to read, but depend upon it the incident gave her the most cruel anguish.

It is not, however, to the uninitiated outsiders alone we are indebted for ludicrous stage contretemps; the experts themselves have frequently given rise to them. All readers of Elia will remember the name of Bensley, one of "the old actors" upon whom he discourses so eloquently—a grave precise man, whose composure no accident could ruffle, as the following anecdote will prove. One night, as he was making his first entrance as Richard III., at the Dublin Theatre, his wig caught upon a nail in the side scene, and was dragged off. Catching his hat by the feather, however, he calmly replaced it as he walked to the centre of the stage, but left his *hair* still attached to the nail. Quite unmoved by the occurrence, he commenced his soliloquy; but so rich a subject could not escape the wit of an Irish audience. "Bensley, darlin'," shouted a voice from the gallery, "put on your jaisey!" "Bad luck to your politics, will you suffer a *whig* to be hung?" shouted another. But the tragedian, deaf to all clamour, never faltered, never betrayed the least annoyance, spoke the speech to the end, stalked to the wing, detached the wig from the nail, and made his exit with it in his hand.

Novices under the influence of stage fright will say and do the most extraordinary things. Some years ago, I witnessed a laughable incident during the performance of "Hamlet" at a theatre in the North. Although a very small part, consisting as it does of only one speech, the "Second Actor" is a very difficult one, the language being peculiarly cramped. In the play scene he assassinates the player king by pouring poison into his ear. The speech preceding the action is as follows:

Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time agreeing;
 Confederate season, else no creature seeing;
 Thou mixture rank, of midnight weeds collected,
 With Hecate's ban thrice blasted, thrice infected,
 Thy natural magic and dire property
 On wholesome life usurp immediately.

Upon which follows the stage direction—"Pours poison into his ear."

In a play of so many characters as Hamlet, such a part, in a second-class theatre, can be given only to a very inferior performer. The one

to whom it was entrusted on the present occasion was a novice. Muffled in a black coat and a black slouched hat, and with a face half hidden by burnt cork, he looked a most villainous villain, as he strolled on and gazed about in the most approved melo-dramatic fashion. Then he began, in a strong north country brogue, —

Thoughts black, hands apt, —

then his memory failed him, and he stuck fast. The prompter whispered "drugs fit;" but stage fright had seized him, and he could not take the word. He tried back, but stuck again at the same place. Half-a-dozen people were all prompting him at the same time now, but all in vain. At length one more practical than the rest whispered angrily, "Pour the poison in his ear and get off." The suggestion restored a glimmering of reason to the trembling, perspiring wretch. He could not remember the words of Shakespeare, so he improvised a line. Advancing to the sleeping figure, he raised the vial in his hand, and in a terribly tragic tone shouted, "Into his ear-hole this I'll *power!*"

Some extraordinary and agonising mistakes, for tragedians, have been made in what are called the flying messages in "Richard III." and "Macbeth," by novices in their nervousness, mixing up their own parts with the context; as when Catesby rushed on and cried, "My lord, the Duke of Buckingham's taken." There he should have stopped while Richard replied, "Off with his head! so much for Buckingham!" But in his flurry the shaking messenger added, "and they've cut off his head!" With a furious look at having been robbed of one of his finest "points," the tragedian roared out, "Then, damn you, go and stick it on again!" Another story is told of an actor playing one of the officers in the fifth act of "Macbeth." "My lord," he has to say, "there are ten thousand —" "Geese, villain," interrupts Macbeth. "Ye—cs, my lord!" answered the messenger, losing his memory in his terror.

But a far more dreadful anecdote is related of the same play. A star was playing the guilty Thane in a very small company, where each member had to sustain three or four different characters. During the performance the man appointed to play the first murderer was taken ill. There was not another to be spared, and the only resource left was to send on a supernumerary, supposed to be intelligent, to stand for the character. "Keep close to the wing," said the prompter; "I'll read you the words, and you can repeat them after me." The scene was the banquet: the supper was pushed on, and Macbeth, striding down the stage, seized his arm and said in a stage whisper, "There's blood upon thy face." "'Tis Banquo's, then," was the prompt. Lost and bewildered—having never spoken in his life before upon the stage—by the trag-dian's intense yet natural tones, the fellow, imitating them in the most confidential manner, answered, "Is there, by God?" put his hand up to his forehead, and, finding it stained with rose pink, added, "Then the property man's served me a trick!"

Once upon a time I was present at the performance of the celebrated dog piece, "The Forest of Bondy," in a small country theatre. The plot

turns upon a well-known story, the discovery of a murder through the sagacity of the victim's dog. The play-bill descanted most eloquently upon the wonderful genius of the "highly trained" animal, and was sufficient to raise expectation on tip-toe. Yet it had evidently failed to impress the public of this town, their experiences probably having rendered them sceptical of such pufferies, for the house was miserably bad. The first entrance of "the celebrated dog Cæsar," however, in attendance upon his master, was greeted with loud applause. He was a fine young black Newfoundland, whose features were more descriptive of good nature than genius. He sat on his haunches and laughed at the audience, and pricked up his ears at the sound of a boy munching a biscuit in the pit. I could perceive he was a novice, and that he would forget all he had been taught when he came to the test. While Aubrey, the hero, is passing through a forest at night, he is attacked by two ruffians, and after a desperate combat is killed; the dog is supposed to be kept out of the way. But in the very midst of the fight, Cæsar, whose barking had been distinctly heard all the time, rushed on the stage. Far from evincing any ferocity towards his master's foes, he danced about with a joyous bark, evidently considering it famous fun. Aubrey was furious, and kicked out savagely at his faithful "dawg," thereby laying himself open to the swords of his adversaries, who, however, in consideration that the combat had not been long enough, generously refused the advantages. "Get off, you beast!" growled Aubrey, who evidently desired to fight it out without canine interference. At length, when the faltering applause from the gallery began to show that the gods had had enough of it, the assassins buried their swords beneath their victim's arms, and he expired in great agony; Cæsar looking on from the respectful distance to which his master's kick had sent him, with the unconcern of a person who had seen it all done at rehearsal and knew it was all sham, but with a decided interest of eye and ear in the direction of the biscuit-muncher. In the next act he was to leap over a stile and ring the bell at a farm house, and, having awakened the inhabitants, seize a lantern which is brought out, and lead them to the spot where the villain has buried his master. After a little prompting Cæsar leaped the stile and went up to the bell, round the handle of which was twisted some red cloth to imitate meat; but there never was a more matter-of-fact dog than this; he evidently hated all shams, even artistic ones; and after a sniff at the red rag he walked off disgusted, and could not be induced to go on again; so the people had to rush out without being summoned, carry their own lantern, and find their way by a sort of canine instinct, or scent, to the scene of the murder. But Cæsar's delinquencies culminated in the last scene, where, after the chief villain, in a kind of lynch law trial, has stoutly asserted his innocence, the sagacious "dawg" suddenly bounds upon the stage, springs at his throat, and puts an end to his infamous career. Being held by the collar, and incited on, in the side scene, Cæsar's deep bark sounded terribly ferocious, and seemed to foreshadow a bloody catastrophe; but his bark proved worse than his

bite, for when released he trotted on with a most affable expression of countenance, his thoughts still evidently bent upon biscuits; in vain did the villain show him the red pad upon his throat and invite him to seize it. Caesar had been deceived once, and scorned to countenance an imposition. Furious with passion, the villain rushed at him, drew him up on his hind legs, clasped him in his arms, then fell upon the stage and writhed in frightful agonies, shrieking, "Mussy, mussy, take off the dawg!" and the curtain fell amidst the howls and hisses of the audience.

Another laughable dog story, although of a different kind, was once related to me by a now London actor. In a certain theatre in one of the great northern cities business had been so bad for some time that salaries were very irregularly paid. It is a peculiarity of the actor that he is never so jolly, so full of fun, and altogether so vivacious, as when he is impecunious. In prosperity he is dull and melancholy; the yellow dress seems to weigh down his spirit, to stultify it; empty his pockets, and it etherialises him. At the theatre in question, the actors amused themselves if they failed to amuse the audience. Attached to this house was a mongrel cur, whom some of them had taught tricks to while away the tedium of long waits. "Jack"—such was his name—was well known all round the neighbourhood, and to most of the *habitués* of the house. Among his other accomplishments he could simulate death at command, and could only be recalled to life by a certain piece of information to be presently mentioned. One night the manager was performing "The Stranger" to about half-a-dozen people. Francis was standing at the wing waiting for his cue when his eye fell upon Jack, who was standing just off the stage on the opposite side; an impish thought struck him—he whistled—Jack pricked up his ears, and Francis slapped his leg and called him. Obedient to the summons Jack trotted before the audience, but as he reached the centre of the stage the word "dead!" struck upon his ear. The next moment he was stretched motionless with his two hind legs sticking up at an angle of forty-five degrees. The scene was the one in which the Stranger relates to Baron Steinfort the story of his wrongs, and he had come to the line, "My heart is like a close-shut sepulchre," when a burst of laughter from the front drew his attention to Jack. He saw the trick that had been played in an instant. "Get off, you brute!" he growled, giving the animal a kick. But Jack was too highly trained to heed such an admonition, having learned beforehand that the kicking was not so bad as the flogging he would get for not performing his part correctly. "Don't tha' kick poor Jack," called out a rough voice, "give us the word." "Ay, ay, give us the word," echoed half-a-dozen voices. The manager knew better than to disregard the advice of his patrons, and ground out between his teeth, "There's a policeman coming." At that "open Sesame" Jack was up and off like a shot. It must have been one of the finest bits of burlesque to have seen that black-ringed, wiggled, sallow, dyspeptic, tragic-looking individual, repeating the clown's formula over a mangy cur.

The failure or forgetfulness of stage properties is frequently a source of ludicrous incidents. People are often killed by pistols that will not fire, or stabbed with the butt ends. In some play an actor has to seize a dagger from a table and stab his rival. One night the dagger was forgotten and no substitute was there, *except a candle*, which the excited actor wrenched from the candlestick, and madly plunged *at* his opponent's breast; but it effected its purpose, for the victim expired in strong convulsions. It is strange how seldom the audience perceive such *contresens*, or notice the extraordinary and ludicrous slips of the tongue that are so frequent upon the stage.

A playbill is not always the most truth-telling publication in the world. Managers, driven to their wits' ends to draw a sluggish public, often announce entertainments which they have no means of producing properly, or even at all, and have to exercise an equal amount of ingenuity to find substitutes, or satisfy a deluded audience. Looking through some manuscript letters of R. B. Peake's the other day, I came across a capital story of Bunn. While he was manager of the Birmingham Theatre, Power, the celebrated Irish comedian, made a starring engagement with him. It was about the time that the dramatic version of Mrs. Shelley's "Frankenstein"—done, I believe, by Peake himself—was making a great sensation, and Power announced it for his benefit, playing "the Monster" himself. The manager, however, refused to spend a penny upon the production. "You must do with what you can find in the theatre," he said. There was only one difficulty. In the last scene Frankenstein is buried beneath an avalanche, and among the stage scenery of the Theatre Royal, Birmingham, there was nothing resembling an avalanche to be found, and the *AVALANCHE* was the one prodigious line in the playbill. Power was continually urging this difficulty, but Bunn always eluded it with, "Oh, we shall find something or other." At length it came to the day of performance, and the problem had not yet been solved.

"Well, we shall have to change the piece," said Power.

"Pooh, pooh! nonsense!" answered the manager.

"There is no avalanche, and it is impossible to be finished without."

"Can't you cut it out?"

"Impossible."

The manager fell into a brown study for a few moments. Then suddenly brightening up, he said, "I have it; but they must let the green curtain down instantly on the extraordinary effect. Hanging up in the flies is the large elephant made for 'Blue Beard;' we'll have it whitewashed."

"What?" exclaimed Power.

"We'll have it whitewashed," continued the manager coolly; "what is an avalanche but a vast mass of white? When Frankenstein is to be annihilated, the carpenters shall shove the whitened elephant over the flies—destroy you both in a moment—and down comes the curtain."

As there was no other alternative, Power e'en submitted. The

whitened elephant was "shoved" over at the right moment, the effect was appalling from the front, and the curtain descended amidst loud applause.

Not quite so successful was a hoax perpetrated by Elliston, during his management of the Birmingham Theatre, many years previously. Then, also, business had been very bad, and he was in great difficulties. Let us give the managers their due. They do not, as a rule, resort to swindles except under strong pressure; then they soothe their consciences with the reflection that as an obtuse and ungrateful public will not support their legitimate efforts, it deserves to be swindled. And a very good reflection it is—from a managerial point of view. No man was more fertile in expedients than Robert William Elliston; so after a long continuance of empty benches, the walls and boardings of the town were one morning covered with glaring posters announcing that the manager of the Theatre Royal had entered into an engagement with a BOHEMIAN of extraordinary strength and stature, who would perform some astonishing evolutions with a stone of upwards of a ton weight, which he would toss about as easily as another would a tennis-ball. What all the famous names of the British drama and all the talents of its exponents had failed to accomplish, was brought about by a stone, and on the evening announced for its appearance the house was crammed to the ceiling. The exhibition was to take place between the play and the farce, and scarcely had the intellectual audience patience to listen to the piece, so eager were they for the noble entertainment that was to follow. At length, much to their relief, the curtain fell. The usual interval elapsed, the house became impatient, impatience soon merged into furious clamour. At length, with a pale, distraught countenance, Elliston rushed before the curtain. In a moment there was a breathless silence.

"The Bohemian has deceived me!" were his first words. "That I could have pardoned; but he has deceived you, my friends, *you*;" and his voice trembled, and he hid his face behind his handkerchief and seemed to sob.

Then, bursting forth again, he went on: "I repeat, he has deceived me; he is not here."

A yell of disappointment burst from the house.

"The man," continued Elliston, raising his voice, "of whatever name or nation he may be, who breaks his word, commits an offence which——" The rest of this Joseph Surface sentiment was drowned in furious clamour, and for some minutes he could not make himself heard, until he drew some letters from his pocket, and held them up.

"Here is the correspondence," he said. "Does any gentleman here understand German? If so, will he oblige me by stepping forward?"

The Birmingham public were not strong in languages in those days, it would seem, for no gentleman stepped forward.

"Am I, then, left alone?" he exclaimed in tragic accents. "Well, I will translate them for you."

Here there was another uproar, out of which came two or three voices, "No, no." Like Buckingham, he chose to construe the two or three into "a general acclaim."

"Your commands shall be obeyed," he said bowing, and pocketing the correspondence. "I *will not* read them. But my dear patrons, your kindness merits some satisfaction at my hands; your consideration shall not go unrewarded. You shall not say you have paid your money for nothing. Thank heaven, I can satisfy you of my own integrity, and present you with a portion of the entertainment you have paid to see. The Bohemian, the villain, is not here. But the *stone* is, and YOU SHALL SEE IT." He winked at the orchestra, which struck up a lively strain, and up went the curtain, disclosing a huge piece of sand rock, upon which was stuck a label, bearing the legend in large letters, "THIS IS THE STONE."

It need scarcely be added that the Bohemian existed only in the manager's brain. But it is a question whether the audience which could be only brought together by such an exhibition did not deserve to be swindled.

An equally good story is told of his management at Worcester. For his benefit he had announced a grand display of fireworks! No greater proof of the gullibility of the British public could be adduced than their swallowing such an announcement. The theatre was so small that such an exhibition was practically impossible. A little before the night Elliston called upon the landlord of the property, and in the course of conversation hinted at the danger of such a display, as though the idea had just struck him; the landlord took alarm, and, as Elliston had anticipated, forbade it. Nevertheless the announcements remained on the walls, and on the night the theatre was crowded. The performance proceeded without any notice being taken by the management of the fireworks, until murmurs swelled into clamour and loud cries. Then with his usual kingly air, Elliston came forward and bowed. He had made, he said, the most elaborate preparation for a magnificent pyrotechnic display; he had left nothing undone, but at the last moment came the terrible reflection, would it not be dangerous? Would there not be collected within the walls of the theatre a number of lovely young tender girls, of respectable matrons, to do him honour? What if the house should catch fire—the panic, the struggle for life—ah, he shuddered at the thought! Then, too, he thought of the property of that worthiest of men, the landlord—he rushed to consult him—and he now called upon him—there he was, seated in the stage box—to publicly state, for the satisfaction of the distinguished audience he saw before him, that he had forbidden the performance from considerations of safety. The landlord, a very nervous man, shrank to the back of his box, scared by every eye in the house being fixed upon him; but the audience, thankful for the terrible danger they had escaped, burst into thunders of applause.

The stories are endless of the shifts and swindles to which country

managers, at their wits' end, have had to resort to attract a sluggish public. How great singers have been advertised that never heard of such an engagement, and even forged telegrams read to an expectant audience, to account for their non-appearance. How prizes have been distributed on benefit nights—to people who gave them back again. How audiences, the victims of some false announcement, have been left waiting patiently for the performance to commence, while the manager was on his way to another town with their money in his pocket. But there is a great sameness about such stories, and one or two are a specimen of all.

H. BARTON BAKER, in *Belgravia*.

I.—WINTER-MORN IN THE COUNTRY.

THE Sabbath of all Nature! Stillness reigns
 For snow has fallen, and all the land is white.
 The cottage-roofs slant grey against the light,
 And grey the sky, nor cloud nor blue obtains.

The sun is moonlike, as a maiden feigns
 To veil her beauty, yet sends glances bright
 That fill the eye, and make the heart delight,
 Expectant of some wonder. Lengthened trains

Of birds wing high, and straight the smoke ascends.
 All things are fairy-like: the trees empearled
 With frosty gem-work, like to trees in dream.

Beneath the weight the slender cedar bends
 And looks more ghost-like! 'Tis a wonder-world,
 Wherein, indeed, things are not as they seem.

II.—WINTER-MORN IN TOWN.

THROUGH yellow fog all things take spectral shapes:
 Lamps dimly gleam, and through the window pane
 The light is shed in short and broken lanes;
 And "darkness visible" pants, yawns, and gapes.

From roofs the water drips, as from high capes,
 Half-frozen as it falls. Like cries of pain
 Fog-signals faintly heard, and then again
 Grave warning words to him who rashly apes

The skater, nearer. All is muffled fast
 In dense dead coils of vapour, nothing clear—
 The world disguised in mumming masquerade.

O'er each a dull thick clinging veil is cast,
 And no one is what fain he would appear:
 Nor any well-marked track on which to tread,

ALEX. H. JAFF, in *Belgravia*.

THE HAPPY VALLEY.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE HIMALAYAS.

THE privilege which the families of officers in the service of the State may be said exclusively to possess, of reproducing in Upper India—and especially in the Himalayan stations, and valley of Dhera Dhoon—the stately or cottage homes of England, is perhaps one, to a great extent, unfamiliar to their relatives at home; and it is scarcely too much to say that the general public, which, as a rule, considers the Indian climate an insuperable barrier to all enjoyment, has but a faint idea of that glorious beauty, which is no “fading flower,” in this “Happy Valley,” with its broad belt of virgin forest, that lies between the Himalayas proper and the sharp ridges of the wild Sewalic range. The latter forms a barrier between the sultry plains and the cool and romantic retreats, where the swords of our gallant defenders may be said to rest in their scabbards, and where, surrounded by the pleasures of domestic life, health and happiness may, in the intervals of piping times of peace, be enjoyed to their fullest extent.

In such favoured spots the exile from home may live, seemingly, for the present only; but, in truth, it is not so, for even under such favoured circumstances the tie with our natal place is never relaxed, and the hope of future return to it adds just that touch of pensiveness—scarcely sadness—which is the delicate neutral tint that brings out more forcibly the gorgeous colours of the picture.

The gaieties of the mountain stations of Mussoorie and Landour were now approaching their periodical close, in the early part of October, when the cold season commences. The attractive archery meetings on the green plateaux of the mountain-spurs had ceased, and balls and sumptuous dinner-parties were becoming fewer and fewer; while daily one group of friends after another, “with lingering steps and slow,” on rough hill-ponies or in quaint jam-pans, were wending their way some six or seven thousand feet down the umbrageous mountain-sides, watched from above by those who still lingered behind, until they seemed like toilsome emnets in the far distance.

Now that our summer companions were gone we used to while away many an hour with our glasses, scanning in that clear atmosphere the vast plains stretched out beneath us like a rich carpet of many colours, but in which forms were scarcely to be traced at that distance. Here, twisted silver threads represented some great river; there, a sprinkling of rice-like grains, the white bungalows of a cantonment; while occasionally a sombre mass denoted some forest or mango tope. Around us, and quailing under fierce gusts of wind from the passes of the snowy range

rising in peaks to nearly twice the altitude of the Alps, the gnarled oaks, now denuded of their earlier garniture of parasitical ferns, that used to adorn their mossy branches with Nature's own point lace, seemed almost conscious of approaching winter.

Landour, now deserted, save by a few invalid soldiers and one or two resident families, had few attractions. The snow was lying deep on the mountain-sides, and blocking up the narrow roads. But winter in the Himalayas is a season of startling phenomena; for it is then that thunder storms of appalling grandeur are prevalent, and to a considerable extent destructive. During the night, amidst the wild conflict of the elements, would, not unfrequently, be heard the bugles of the soldiers' Sanatorium, calling to those who could sleep to arouse themselves, and hasten to the side of residents whose houses had been struck by the electric fluid.

Still, we clung to our mountain-home to the last, although we knew that summer awaited us in the valley below, and that in an hour and a half we might with ease exchange an almost hyperborean climate for one where summer is perennial, or seems so—for the rainy season is but an interlude of refreshing showers.

At length an incident occurred which somewhat prematurely influenced our departure.

As we were sitting at an early breakfast one morning with the children, Khalifa, a favourite domestic, and one who rarely failed to observe that stately decorum peculiar to Indian servants, rushed wildly into the room, with every appearance of terror, screaming, "Janwar! Burra janwar, sahib!"* at the same time pointing to the window.

We could not at first understand what the poor fellow meant; but on looking out, were not a little disconcerted at the sight which presented itself.

Crouched on the garden-wall was a huge spotted animal of the leopard species. It looked, however, by no means ferocious, but, on the contrary, to be imploring compassion and shelter from the snowstorm. Still, notwithstanding its demure cat-like aspect, its proximity was by no means agreeable. With a strange lack of intelligence, the brute, instead of avoiding the cold, had evidently become bewildered, and crawled up the mountain side. As we could scarcely be expected to extend the rites of hospitality to such a visitor, the harmless discharge of a pistol insured his departure at one bound, and with a terrific growl.

Wild beasts are rarely seen about European stations. Those who like them must go out of their way to find them. But perhaps stupefied by cold while asleep, and pinched by hunger, as on the present occasion, they may lose their usual sagacity.

Having got rid of our unwelcome visitor, we determined at once to leave our mountain-home.

The servants were only too glad to hasten our departure, and in the

* "Wild beast! Big wild beast, sir!"

course of an hour everything was packed up, and we were ready for the descent into the plains.

Notwithstanding the absence of a police force, robberies of houses are almost unknown; and therefore it was only necessary for us to draw down the blinds and lock the main door, leaving the furniture to take care of itself.

The jam-pans and little rough ponies were ready; the servants, although shivering in their light clothing, more active than I had ever before seen them; and in the course of another hour we were inhaling the balmy air of early summer.

The pretty little hotel of Rajpore, at the base of the mountain, was now reached; and before us lay the broad and excellent road, shaded with trees, which, in the course of another twenty minutes, brought us to the charming cantonment of Deyrah. All Nature seemed to be rejoicing; the birds were singing; the sounds of bubbling and splashing waters (mountain-streams diverted from their natural channels, and brought into every garden), and hedges of the double pink and crimson Bareilly rose* in full bloom, interspersed with the oleander, and the mehndi (henna of Scripture) with its fragrant clusters, filling the air with the perfume of mignonette, presented a scene of earthly beauty which cannot be surpassed.

"How stupid we were," I remarked, looking back at our late home, now a mere black speck on the top of the snowy mountain far above—"how very foolish and perverse to have fancied ourselves more English in the winter up there, when we might all this time have been leading the life of Eden, in this enchanting spot!"

"Indeed we were," replied my companion. "But it is the way with us in India. We give a rupee for an English daisy, and cast aside the honeyed champah."

In India there is no difficulty in housing oneself. No important agents are necessary, and advertising is scarcely known. Accordingly, without ceremony, we took quiet possession of the first vacant bungalow which we came to, and our fifteen domestics did not seem to question for a moment the propriety of the occupation. Under our somewhat despotic government, are not the sahib lög† above petty social observances?

While A. was busily employed getting his guns ready and preparing for shikari in the adjacent forest and jungles, which swarm with peafowl, partridges, quail, pigeons, and a variety of other game, my first care was to summon the resident mali (gardener), and ascertain how the beautiful and extensive garden of which we had taken possession ‡ might be further stocked.

"Mem sahib,"§ said the quiet old gardener, with his hands in a supplicatory position, "there is abundance here of everything—aloo, lal

* A remarkable plant. It is in constant bloom. On every spray there is a central crimson blossom, which only lasts one day, surrounded by five or six pink ones, which remain for many days.

† Dominant class.

‡ House-rent is paid monthly in India, in arrear.

§ My lady.

egg, anjir, padina, baingan, piyaz, khira, shalgham, kobs, ajmud, khar-buza, amb, amrut, anar, narangi—”*

“Stay!” I interrupted; “that is enough.”

But the old mali had something more to add:

“Mem sahib, all is your own, and your slave shall daily bring his customary offering, and flowers for the table; and the protector of the poor will not refuse bakshees for the bearer.”

I promised to be liberal to the poor old man, and then proceeded to inspect the flower-garden.

Here I was surprised to find a perfect fraternisation between the tropical flora and our own. Amongst flowers not unfamiliar to the European were abundance of the finest roses, superb crimson and gold poincianas, the elegant hybiscus, graceful ipomœas, and convolvuli of every hue, the purple amaranth, the variegated double balsam, the richest marigolds, the pale-blue clusters of the plantago, acacias, jasmînes, oranges, and pomegranates, intermixed with our own pansies, carnations, cinerarias, geraniums, fuchsias, and a wealth of blossoms impossible to remember by name.

“If there is a paradise on earth, it is this, it is this!”

Far more beautiful to the homely eye are such gardens than those of Shalimar and Pinjore, with their costly marble terraces, geometrical walks, fountains and cascades falling over sculptured slabs.

Nor are we in India confined to the enjoyment of Nature. Art † finds its way to us from Europe, and literature here receives the warmest welcome. Our pianos, our musical-boxes—our costly and richly bound illustrated works, fresh from England—the most thrilling romances of fiction, and all the periodicals of the day, are regularly accumulated in these charming Indian retreats, and keep up the culture of the mind in a valley whose “glorious beauty” is, as I have said, no “fading flower,” but the home of the missionary, and the resort of the war-worn soldier or truth-loving artist.

Nor is this all. Around Deyrah is some of the most exquisitely beautiful cave scenery, comparatively unknown even to Europeans; such, for example, as the wondrous natural tunnel, whose sides shine with the varied beauty of the most delicate mosaics, and are lit up by rents in the hill above; the “dropping cave” of Sansadhara, “bosomed high in tufted trees;” and the strange ancient shrines sculptured in the romantic glen of Tope-Kesur-Mahadeo.

Of these, Sansadhara has lately been made the subject of a beautiful photograph, which, however, fails to convey the exquisite charm of the original; but the natural tunnel and Tope-Kesur-Mahadeo have never been presented by the artist to the public, although there are unique sketches of them in the fine collection of a lady ‡ who, as the wife of a

* Potato, spinach, fig, mint, egg-plant, onion, cucumber, turnip, cabbage, parsley, melon, mango, guava, pomegranate, orange.

† There is no intention of disparaging beautiful native art.

‡ Lady Gomm.

former Indian Commander-in-Chief, had opportunities afforded to few of indulging her taste.

One might exhaust volumes in attempting to describe such scenes, and even then fail to do them the faintest justice. The Alps, with all their beauty, lose much of their grandeur after one has been in daily contemplation of the majestic snowy range of the Himalayas, while the forests and valleys that skirt its base have no counterpart in Europe. In these partial solitudes we lose much of our conventionality. The mind is to a certain extent elevated by the grand scale on which Nature around is presented. The occasional alarm of war teaches the insecurity of all earthly happiness. Our life is subject to daily introspection, and before the mind's eye is the sublime prospect, perhaps at no very distant period, of a Christian India rising from the ruins of a sensuous idolatry in immortal beauty.

L. A., in *London Society*.

THE PHOENICIANS IN GREECE.

HERODOTUS begins his history by relating how Phœnician traders brought "Egyptian and Assyrian wares" to Argos and other parts of Greece, in those remote days when the Greeks were still waiting to receive the elements of their culture from the more civilized East. His account was derived from Persian and Phœnician sources, but, it would seem, was accepted by his contemporaries with the same unquestioning confidence as by himself. The belief of Herodotus was shared by the scholars of Europe after the revival of learning, and there were none among them who doubted that the civilization of ancient Greece had been brought from Asia or Egypt, or from both. Hebrew was regarded as the primæval language, and the Hebrew records as the fountain-head of all history; just as the Greek vocabulary, therefore, was traced back to the Hebrew lexicon, the legends of primitive Greece were believed to be the echoes of Old Testament history. *Ex Oriente lux* was the motto of the inquirer, and the key to all that was dark or doubtful in the mythology and history of Hellas was to be found in the monuments of the Oriental world.

But the age of Creuzer and Bryant was succeeded by an age of scepticism and critical investigation. A reaction set in against the attempt to force Greek thought and culture into an Asiatic mould. The Greek scholar was repelled by the tasteless insipidity and barbaric exuberance of the East; he contrasted the works of Phidias and Praxiteles, of Sophocles and Plato, with the monstrous creations of India or Egypt, and the conviction grew strong within him that the Greek could never have learnt his first lessons of civilization in such a school as this. Between the East and the West a sharp line of division was drawn, and to look for the origin of Greek culture beyond the bound-

aries of Greece itself came to be regarded almost as sacrilege. Greek mythology, so far from being an echo or caricature of Biblical history and Oriental mysticism, was pronounced to be self-evolved and independent, and K. O. Müller could deny without contradiction the Asiatic origin even of the myth of Aphrodite and Adonis, where the name of the Semitic sun-god seems of itself to indicate its source. The Phœnician traders of Herodotus, like the royal maiden they carried away from Argos, were banished to the nebulous region of rationalistic fable.

Along with this reaction against the Orientalizing school which could see in Greece nothing but a deformed copy of Eastern wisdom went another reaction against the conception of Greek mythology on which the labours of the Orientalizing school had been based. Key after key had been applied to Greek mythology, and all in vain; the lock had refused to turn. The light which had been supposed to come from the East had turned out to be but a will-o'-the-wisp; neither the Hebrew Scriptures nor the Egyptian hieroglyphics had solved the problem presented by the Greek myths. And the Greek scholar, in despair, had come to the conclusion that the problem was insoluble; all that he could do was to accept the facts as they were set before him, to classify and repeat the wondrous tales of the Greek poets, but to leave their origin unexplained. This is practically the position of Grote; he is content to show that all the parts of a myth hang closely together, and that any attempt to extract history or philosophy from it must be arbitrary and futile. To deprive a myth of its kernel and soul, and call the dry husk that is left a historical fact, is to mistake the conditions of the problem and the nature of mythology.

It was at this point that the science of comparative mythology stepped in. Grote had shown that we cannot look for history in mythology, but he had given up the discovery of the origin of this mythology as a hopeless task. The same comparative method, however, which has forced nature to disclose her secrets has also penetrated to the sources of mythology itself. The Greek myths, like the myths of the other nations of the world, are the forgotten and misinterpreted records of the beliefs of primitive man, and of his earliest attempts to explain the phenomena of nature. Restore the original meaning of the language wherein the myth is clothed, and the origin of the myth is found. Myths, in fact, are the words of a dead language to which a wrong sense has been given by a false method of decipherment. A myth, rightly explained, will tell us the beliefs, the feelings, and the knowledge of those among whom it first grew up; for the evidences and monuments of history we must look elsewhere.

But there is an old proverb that "there is no smoke without fire." The war of Troy or the beleaguerment of Thebes may be but a repetition of the time-worn story of the battle waged by the bright powers of day round the battlements of heaven; but there must have been some reason why this story should have been specially localized in the Troad and at Thebes. Most of the Greek myths have a background in space

and time ; and for this background there must be some historical cause. The cause, however, if it is to be discovered at all, must be discovered by means of those evidences which will alone satisfy the critical historian. The localization of a myth is merely an indication or sign-post pointing out the direction in which he is to look for his facts. If Greek warriors had never fought in the plains of Troy, we may be pretty sure that the poems of Homer would not have brought Achilles and Agamemnon under the walls of Ilium. If Phœnician traders had exercised no influence on primæval Greece, Greek legend would have contained no references to them.

But even the myth itself, when rightly questioned, may be made to yield some of the facts upon which the conclusions of the historian are based. We now know fairly well what ideas, usages, and proper names have an Aryan stamp upon them, and what, on the other hand, belong rather to the Semitic world. Now there is a certain portion of Greek mythology which bears but little relationship to the mythology of the kindred Aryan tribes, while it connects itself very closely with the beliefs and practices of the Semitic race. Human sacrifice is very possibly one of these, and it is noticeable that two at least of the legends which speak of human sacrifice—those of Athamas and Busiris—are associated, the one with the Phœnicians of Thebes, the other with the Phœnicians of the Egyptian Delta. The whole cycle of myths grouped about the name of Herakles points as clearly to a Semitic source as does the myth of Aphrodite and Adonis ; and the extravagant lamentations that accompanied the worship of the Akhæan Demeter (Herod. v. 61) come as certainly from the East as the olive, the pomegranate, and the myrtle, the sacred symbols of Athena, of Hera, and of Aphrodite.*

Comparative mythology has thus given us a juster appreciation of the historical inferences we may draw from the legends of prehistoric Greece, and has led us back to a recognition of the important part played by the Phœnicians in the heroic age. Greek culture, it is true, was not the mere copy of that of Semitic Asia, as scholars once believed, but the germs of it had come in large measure from an Oriental seed-plot. The conclusions derived from a scientific study of the myths have been confirmed and widened by the recent researches and discoveries of archæology. The spade, it has been said, is the modern instrument for reconstructing the history of the past, and in no department in history has the spade been more active of late than in that of Greece. From all sides light has come upon that remote epoch around which the mist of a fabulous antiquity had already been folded in the days of Herodotus ; from the islands and shores of the Ægean, from the tombs of Asia Minor and Palestine, nay, even from the temples and palaces of Egypt and Assyria, have the materials been exhuned for sketching in something like clear outline the origin and growth of Greek civilization. From nowhere, however, have more im-

* See E. Curtius : Die griechische Götterlehre vom geschichtlichen Standpunkt, in *Preussische Jahrbucher*, xxxvi. pp. 1—17. 1875.

portant revelations been derived than from the excavations at Mykenæ and Spata, near Athens, and it is with the evidence furnished by these that I now propose mainly to deal. A personal inspection of the sites and the objects found upon them has convinced me of the groundlessness of the doubts which have been thrown out against their antiquity, as well as of the intercourse and connection to which they testify with the great empires of Babylonia and Assyria. Mr. Poole has lately pointed out what materials are furnished by the Egyptian monuments for determining the age and character of the antiquities of Mykenæ.* I would now draw attention to the far clearer and more tangible materials afforded by Assyrian art and history.

Two facts must first be kept well in view. One of these is the Semitic origin of the Greek alphabet. The Phœnician alphabet, originally derived from the alphabet of the Egyptian hieroglyphics, and imported into their mother-country by the Phœnician settlers of the Delta, was brought to Greece, not probably by the Phœnicians of Tyre and Sidon, but by the Aramæans of the Gulf of Antioch, whose nouns ended with the same "emphatic aleph" that we seem to find in the Greek names of the letters, *alpha*, *beta*, *gamma*, (*gamla*). Before the introduction of the simpler Phœnician alphabet, the inhabitants of Asia Minor and the neighbouring islands appear to have used a syllabary of some seventy characters, which continued to be employed in conservative Cyprus down to a very late date; but, so far as we know at present, the Greeks of the mainland were unacquainted with writing before the Aramæo-Phœnicians had taught them their phonetic symbols. The oldest Greek inscriptions are probably those of Thera, now Santorin, where the Phœnicians had been settled from time immemorial; and as the forms of the characters found in them do not differ very materially from the forms used on the famous Moabite Stone, we may infer that the alphabet of Kadmus was brought to the West at a date not very remote from that of Mesha and Ahab, perhaps about 800 B.C. We may notice that Thera was an island and a Phœnician colony, and it certainly seems more probable that the alphabet was carried to the mainland from the islands of the Ægean than that it was disseminated from the inland Phœnician settlement at Thebes, as the old legends affirmed. In any case, the introduction of the alphabet implies a considerable amount of civilizing force on the part of those from whom it was borrowed; the teachers from whom an illiterate people learns the art of writing are generally teachers from whom it has previously learnt the other elements of social culture. A barbarous tribe will use its muscles in the service of art before it will use its brains; the smith and engraver precede the scribe. If, therefore, the Greeks were unacquainted with writing before the ninth century, B.C., objects older than that period may be expected to exhibit clear traces of Phœnician influence, though no traces of writing.

* *Contemporary Review*, January, 1878.

The other fact to which I allude is the existence of pottery of the same material and pattern on all the prehistoric sites of the Greek world, however widely separated they may be. We find it, for instance, at Mykenæ and Tiryns, at Tanagra and Athens, in Rhodes, in Cyprus, and in Thera, while I picked up specimens of it in the neighbourhood of the Treasury of Minyas and on the site of the Acropolis at Orchomenus. The clay of which it is composed is of a drab colour, derived, perhaps in all instances, from the volcanic soil of Thera and Melos, and it is ornamented with geometrical and other patterns in black and maroon-red. After a time the patterns become more complicated and artistic; flowers, animal forms, and eventually human figures, take the place of simple lines, and the pottery gradually passes into that known as Corinthian or Phœniko-Greek. It needs but little experience to distinguish at a glance this early pottery from the red ware of the later Hellenic period.

Phœnicia, Keft as it was called by the Egyptians, had been brought into relation with the monarchy of the Nile at a remote date, and among the Semitic settlers in the Delta or "Isle of Caphtor" must have been natives of Sidon and the neighbouring towns. After the expulsion of the Hyksos, the Pharaohs of the eighteenth and nineteenth dynasties carried their arms as far as Mesopotamia and placed Egyptian garrisons in Palestine. A tomb-painting of Thothmes III. represents the Kefa or Phœnicians, clad in richly-embroidered kilts and buskins, and bringing their tribute of gold and silver vases and earthenware cups, some in the shape of animals like the vases found at Mykenæ and elsewhere. Phœnicia, it would seem, was already celebrated for its goldsmiths' and potters' work, and the ivory the Kefa are sometimes made to carry shows that their commerce must have extended far to the east. As early as the sixteenth century B.C., therefore, we may conclude that the Phœnicians were a great commercial people, trading between Assyria and Egypt and possessed of a considerable amount of artistic skill.

It is not likely that a people of this sort, who, as we know from other sources, carried on a large trade in slaves and purple, would have been still unacquainted with the seas and coasts of Greece where both slaves and the murex or purple-fish were most easily to be obtained. Though the Phœnician alphabet was unknown in Greece till the ninth century B.C., we have every reason to expect to find traces of Phœnician commerce and Phœnician influence there at least five centuries before. And such seems to be the case. The excavations carried on in Thera by MM. Fouqué and Gorceix,* in Rhodes by Mr. Newton and Dr. Saltzman, and in various other places such as Megara, Athens, and Melos, have been followed by the explorations of Dr. Schliemann at Hissarlik, Tiryns, and Mykenæ, of General di Cesnola in Cyprus, and of the Archæological Society of Athens at Tanagra and Spata.

* See Fouqué's *Mission Scientifique à l'île de Santorin* (Archives des Missions 2^e série, iv. 1867); Gorceix in the *Bulletin de l'École française d'Athènes*, i.

The accumulations of prehistoric objects on these sites all tell the same tale, the influence of the East, and more especially of the Phœnicians, upon the growing civilization of early Greece. Thus in Thera, where a sort of Greek Pompeii has been preserved under the lava which once overwhelmed it, we find the rude stone hovels of its primitive inhabitants, with roofs of wild olive, filled with the bones of dogs and sheep, and containing stores of barley, spelt, and chickpea, copper and stone weapons, and abundance of pottery. The latter is for the most part extremely coarse, but here and there have been discovered vases of artistic workmanship, which remind us of those carried by the Kefa, and may have been imported from abroad. We know from the tombs found on the island that the Phœnicians afterwards settled in Thera among a population in the same condition of civilization as that which had been overtaken by the great volcanic eruption. It was from these Phœnician settlers that the embroidered dresses known as Theraean were brought to Greece; they were adorned with animals and other figures, similar to those seen upon Corinthian or Phœniko-Greek ware.

Now M. Fr. Lenormant has pointed out that much of the pottery used by the aboriginal inhabitants of Thera is almost identical in form and make with that found by Dr. Schliemann at Hissarlik, in the Troad, and he concludes that it must belong to the same period and the same area of civilization. There is as yet little, if any, trace of Oriental influence; a few of the clay vases from Thera, and some of the gold workmanship at Hissarlik, can alone be referred, with more or less hesitation, to Phœnician artists. We have not yet reached the age when Phœnician trade in the West ceased to be the sporadic effort of private individuals, and when trading colonies were established in different parts of the Greek world; Europe is still unaffected by Eastern culture, and the beginnings of Greek art are still free from foreign interference. It is only in certain designs on the terra-cotta discs, believed by Dr. Schliemann to be spindle-whorls, that we may possibly detect rude copies of Babylonian and Phœnician intaglios.

Among all the objects discovered at Hissarlik, none have been more discussed than the vases and clay images in which Dr. Schliemann saw a representation of an owl-headed Athena. What Dr. Schliemann took for an owl's head, however, is really a rude attempt to imitate the human face, and two breasts are frequently moulded in the clay below it. In many examples the human countenance is unmistakable, and in most of the others the representation is less rude than in the case of the small marble statues of Apollo (?) found in the Greek islands, or even of the early Hellenic vases where the men seem furnished with the beaks of birds. But we now know that these curious vases are not peculiar to the Troad. Specimens of them have also been met with in Cyprus, and in these we can trace the development of the owl-like head into the more perfect portraiture of the human face.* In conservative Cyprus there

* See, for example, Di Cesuola's *Cyprus*, pp. 461, 462.

was not that break with the past which occurred in other portions of the Greek world.

Cyprus, in fact, lay midway between Greece and Phœnicia, and was shared to the last between an Aryan and a Semitic population. The Phœnician element in the island was strong, if not preponderant; Paphos was a chief seat of the worship of the Phœnician Astarte, and the Phœnician Kitium, the Chittim of the Hebrews, took first rank among the Cyprian towns. The antiquities brought to light by General di Cesnola are of all ages and all styles—prehistoric and classical, Phœnician and Hellenic, Assyrian and Egyptian—and the various styles are combined together in the catholic spirit that characterized Phœnician art.

But we must pause here for a moment to define more accurately what we mean by Phœnician art. Strictly speaking, Phœnicia had no art of its own; its designs were borrowed from Egypt and Assyria, and its artists went to school on the banks of the Nile and the Euphrates. The Phœnician combined and improved upon his models; the impulse, the origination came from abroad; the modification and elaboration were his own. He entered into other men's labours, and made the most of his heritage. The sphinx of Egypt became Asiatic, and in its new form was transplanted to Nineveh on the one side and to Greece on the other. The rosettes and other patterns of the Babylonian cylinders were introduced into the handiwork of Phœnicia, and so passed on to the West, while the hero of the ancient Chaldean epic became first the Tyrian Melkarth, and then the Herakles of Hellas. It is possible, no doubt, that with all this borrowing there was still something that was original in Phœnician work; such at any rate seems to be the case with some of the forms given to the vases; but at present we have no means of determining how far this originality may have extended. In Assyria, indeed, Phœnician art exercised a great influence in the eighth and seventh centuries B. C.; but it had itself previously drawn its first inspiration from the empire of the Tigris, and did but give back the perfect blossom to those from whom it had received the seed. The workmanship of the ivories and bronze bowls found at Nineveh by Mr. Layard is thoroughly Phœnician; but it cannot be separated from that of the purely Assyrian pavements and bas-reliefs with which the palaces were adorned. The Phœnician art, in fact, traces of which we find from Assyria to Italy, though based on both Egyptian and Assyrian models, owed far more to Assyria than it did to Egypt. In art, as in mythology and religion, Phœnicia was but a carrier and intermediary between East and West; and just as the Greek legends of Aphrodite and Adonis, of Herakles and his twelve labours, and of the other borrowed heroes of Oriental story came in the first instance from Assyria, so did that art and culture which Kadmus the Phœnician handed on to the Greek race.

But Assyria itself had been equally an adapter and intermediary. The Semites of Assyria and Babylonia had borrowed their culture and civilization from the older Accadian race, with its agglutinative lan-

guage, which had preceded them in the possession of Chaldea. So slavishly observant were the Assyrians of their Chaldean models that in a land where limestone was plentiful they continued to build their palaces and temples of brick, and to ornament them with those columns and pictorial representations which had been first devised on the alluvial plains of Babylonia. To understand Assyrian art, and track it back to its source, we must go to the engraved gems and ruined temples of primæval Babylonia. It is true that Egypt may have had some influence on Assyrian art, at the time when the eighteenth dynasty had pushed its conquests to the banks of the Tigris; but that influence does not seem to have been either deep or permanent. Now the art of Assyria is in great measure the art of Phœnicia, and that again the art of prehistoric Greece. Modern research has discovered the prototype of Herakles in the hero of a Chaldean epic composed it may be, four thousand years ago; it has also discovered the beginnings of Greek columnar architecture and the germs of Greek art in the works of the builders and engravers of early Chaldea.

When first I saw, five years ago, the famous sculpture which has guarded the Gate of Lions at Mykenæ for so many centuries, I was at once struck by its Assyrian character. The lions in form and attitude belong to Assyria, and the pillar against which they rest may be seen in the bas-reliefs brought from Nineveh. Here, at all events, there was clear proof of Assyrian influence; the only question was whether that influence had been carried through the hands of the Phœnicians or had travelled along the highroad which ran across Asia Minor, the second channel whereby the culture of Assyria could have been brought to Greece. The existence of a similar sculpture over a rock-tomb at Kumbet in Phrygia might seem to favour the latter view.

The discoveries of Dr. Schliemann have gone far to settle the question. The pottery excavated at Mykenæ is of the Phœnician type, and the clay of which is composed has probably come from Thera. The terra-cotta figures of animals and more especially of a goddess with long robe, crowned head, and crescent-like arms, are spread over the whole area traversed by the Phœnicians. The image of the goddess in one form or another has been found in Thera and Melos, in Naxos and Paros, in Ios, in Sikinos, and in Anaphos, and M. Lenormant has traced it back to Babylonia and to the Babylonian representation of the goddess Artemis-Nana.* At Tanagra the image has been found under two forms, both, however, made of the same clay and in the same style as the figures from Mykenæ. In one the goddess is upright, as at Mykenæ, with the *polos* on her head, and the arms either outspread or folded over the breast; in the other she is sitting with the arms crossed. Now among the gold ornaments exhumed at Mykenæ are some square pendants of gold which represent the goddess in this sitting posture.†

The animal forms most commonly met with are those of the lion,

* *Gazette Archéologique*, ii. 1, 3. † See Schliemann's *Mycenæ and Tiryns*, pl. 273.

the stag, the bull, the cuttle-fish, and the murex. The last two point unmistakably to a seafaring race, and more especially to those Phœnician sailors whose pursuit of the purple-trade first brought them into Greek seas. So far as I know, neither the polypus nor the murex, nor the butterfly which often accompanies them have been found in Assyria or Egypt, and we may therefore see in them original designs of Phœnician art. Mr. Newton has pointed out that the cuttle-fish (like the dolphin) also occurs among the prehistoric remains from Ialysos in Rhodes, where, too, pottery of the same shape and material as that of Mykenæ has been found, as well as beads of a curious vitreous substance, and rings in which the back of the chaton is rounded so as to fit the finger. It is clear that the art of Ialysos belongs to the same age and school as the art of Mykenæ; and as a scarab of Amenophis III. has been found in one of the Ialysian tombs, it is possible that the art may be as old as the fifteenth century B.C.

Now Ialysos is not the only Rhodian town which has yielded prehistoric antiquities. Camirus also has been explored by Messrs. Biliotti and Saltzmann; and while objects of the same kind and character as those of Ialysos have been discovered there, other objects have been found by their side which belong to another and more advanced stage of art. There are vases of clay and metal, bronze bowls, and the like, which not only display high finish and skill, but are ornamented with the designs characteristic of Phœnician workmanship at Nineveh and elsewhere. Thus we have zones of trees and animals, attempts at the representation of scenery, and a profusion of ornament, while the influence of Egypt is traceable in the sphinxes and scarabs, which also occur plentifully. Here, therefore, at Camirus, there is plain evidence of a sudden introduction of finished Phœnician art among a people whose art was still rude and backward, although springing from the same germs as the art of Phœnicia itself. Two distinct periods in the history of the Ægean thus seem to lie unfolded before us; one in which Eastern influence was more or less indirect, content to communicate the seeds of civilization and culture, and to import such objects as a barbarous race would prize; and another in which the East was, as it were, transported into the West, and the development of Greek art was interrupted by the introduction of foreign workmen and foreign beliefs. This second period was the period of Phœnician colonization as distinct from that of mere trading voyages—the period, in fact, when Thebes was made a Phœnician fortress, and the Phœnician alphabet diffused throughout the Greek world. It is only in relics of the later part of this period that we can look for inscriptions and traces of writing, at least in Greece proper; in the islands and on the coast of Asia Minor, the Cypriote syllabary seems to have been in use, to be superseded afterwards by the simpler alphabet of Kadmus. For reasons presently to be stated, I would distinguish the first period by the name of Phrygian.

Throughout the whole of it, however, the Phœnician trading ships

must have formed the chief medium of intercourse between Asia and Europe. Proof of this has been furnished by the rock tombs of Spata, which have been lighted on opportunely to illustrate and explain the discoveries at Mykenæ. Spata is about nine miles from Athens, on the north-west spur of Hymettos, and the two tombs hitherto opened are cut in the soft sandstone rock of a small conical hill. Both are approached by long tunnel-like entrances, and one of them contains three chambers, leading one into the other, and each fashioned after the model of a house. No one who has seen the objects unearthed at Spata can doubt for a moment their close connection with the Mykenæan antiquities. The very moulds found at Mykenæ fit the ornaments from Spata, and might easily have been used in the manufacture of them. It is more especially with the contents of the sixth tomb, discovered by Mr. Stamatakî in the *enceinte* at Mykenæ after Dr. Schliemann's departure, that the Spata remains agree so remarkably. But there is a strong resemblance between them and the Mykenæan antiquities generally, in both material, patterns, and character. The cuttle-fish and the murex appear in both; the same curious spiral designs, and ornaments in the shape of shells or rudely-formed oxheads; the same geometrical patterns; the same class of carved work. An ivory in which a lion, of the Assyrian type, is depicted as devouring a stag, is but a reproduction of a similar design met with among the objects from Mykenæ, and it is interesting to observe that the same device, in the same style of art, may be also seen on a Phœnician gem from Sardinia.* Of still higher interest are other ivories, which, like the antiquities of Camirus, belong rather to the second than to the first period of Phœnician influence. One of these represents a column, which, like that above the Gate of Lions, carries us back to the architecture of Babylonia, while others exhibit the Egyptian sphinx, as modified by Phœnician artists. Thus the handle of a comb is divided into two compartments—the lower occupied by three of these sphinxes, the upper by two others, which have their eyes fixed on an Assyrian rosette in the middle. Similar sphinxes are engraved on a silver cup lately discovered at Palestrina, bearing the Phœnician inscription, in Phœnician letters, "Eshmun-ya'ar, son of Ashta'."† Another ivory has been carved into the form of a human side face, surmounted by a tiara of four plaits. On the one hand the arrangement of the hair of the face, the whisker and beard forming a fringe round it, and the two lips being closely shorn, reminds us of what we find at Palestrina; on the other hand, the head-dress is that of the figures on the sculptured rocks of Asia Minor, and of the Hittite princes of Carchemish. In spite of this Phœnician colouring, however, the treasures of Spata belong to the earlier part of the Phœnician period, if not to that which I have called Phrygian: there is as yet no sign of writing, no trace of the use of iron. But we seem to be approaching the close

* Given by La Marmora in the *Memorie della Reale Accademia delle Scienze di Torino* (1854), vol. xiv., pl. 2, fig. 63.

† Given in the *Monumenti d. Istituto Romano*; 1876.

of the bronze age in Greece—to have reached the time when the lions were sculptured over the chief gateway of Mykenæ, and the so-called treasuries were erected in honour of the dead.

Can any date be assigned, even approximately, to those two periods of Phœnician influence in Greece? Can we localize the era, so to speak, of the antiquities discovered at Mykenæ, or fix the epoch at which its kings ceased to build its long-enduring monuments, and its glory was taken from it? I think an answer to these questions may be found in a series of engraved gold rings and prisms found upon its site—the prisms having probably once served to ornament the neck. In these we can trace a gradual development of art, which in time becomes less Oriental and more Greek, and acquires a certain facility in the representation of the human form.

Let us first fix our attention on an engraved gold chaton found, not in the tombs, but outside the *enceinte* among the ruins, as it would seem, of a house.* On this we have a rude representation of a figure seated under a palm-tree, with another figure behind and three more in front, the foremost being of small size, the remaining two considerably taller and in flounced dresses. Above are the symbols of the sun and crescent-moon, and at the side a row of lions' heads. Now no one who has seen this chaton, and also had any acquaintance with the engraved gems of the archaic period of Babylonian art, can avoid being struck by the fact that the intaglio is a copy of one of the latter. The characteristic workmanship of the Babylonian gems is imitated by punches made in the gold which give the design a very curious effect. The attitude of the figures is that common on the Chaldean cylinders; the owner stands in front of the deity, of diminutive size, and in the act of adoration, while the priests are placed behind him. The latter wear the flounced dresses peculiar to the early Babylonian priests; and what has been supposed to represent female breasts, is really a copy of the way in which the breast of a man is frequently portrayed on the cylinders.† The palm-tree, with its single fruit hanging on the left side, is characteristically Babylonian; so also are the symbols that encircle the engraving, the sun and moon and lions' heads. The chaton of another gold ring, found on the same spot, is covered with similar animal heads. This, again, is a copy of early Babylonian art, in which such designs were not unfrequent, though, as they were afterwards imitated by both Assyrian and Cyprian engravers, too much stress must not be laid on the agreement.‡ The artistic posi-

* Schliemann: Mycenæ and Tiryns, p. 530.

† See, for instance, the example given in Rawlinson's Ancient Monarchies (1st edit.), i. p. 118, where the flounced priest has what looks like a woman's breast. Daucing boys and men in the East still wear these flounces, which are variously coloured (see Loftus: Chaldaea and Susiana, p. 22; George Smith: Assyrian Discoveries, p. 130).

‡ See, for example, Layard: Nineveh and Babylon, pp. 604, 606; Di Cesnola: Cyprus, pl. 81, No. 7; pl. 82, No. 19. A copy of the Mykenæan engraving is given in Schliemann's Mycenæ and Tiryns, pl. 531.

tion and age of the other ring, however, admits of little doubt. The archaic period of Babylonian art may be said to close with the rise of Assyria in the fourteenth century B.C.; and though archaic Babylonian intaglios continued to be imported into the West down to the time of the Romans, it is not likely that they were imitated by Western artists after the latter had become acquainted with better and more attractive models. I think, therefore, that the two rings may be assigned to the period of archaic Babylonian power in western Asia, a period that begins with the victories of Naram-Sin in Palestine in the seventeenth century B.C. or earlier, and ends with the conquest of Babylon by the Assyrians and the establishment of Assyrian supremacy. This is also the period to which I am inclined to refer the introduction among the Phœnicians and Greeks of the column and of certain geometrical patterns, which had their first home in Babylonia.* The lentoid gems with their rude intaglios, found in the islands, on the site of Heræum, in the tombs of Mykenæ and elsewhere, belong to the same age, and point back to the loamy plain of Babylonia where stone was rare and precious, and whence, consequently, the art of gem-cutting was spread through the ancient world. We can thus understand the existence of artistic designs and other evidences of civilizing influence among a people who were not yet acquainted with the use of iron. The early Chaldean Empire, in spite of the culture to which it had attained, was still in the bronze age; iron was almost unknown, and its tools and weapons were fashioned of stone, bone, and bronze. Had the Greeks and the Phœnicians before them received their first lessons in culture from Egypt or from Asia Minor, where the Khalybes and other allied tribes had worked in iron from time immemorial, they would probably have received this metal at the same time. But neither at Hissarlik nor at Mykenæ is there any trace of an iron age.

The second period of Western art and civilization is represented by some of the objects found at Mykenæ in the tombs themselves. The intaglios have ceased to be Babylonian, and have become markedly Assyrian. First of all we have a hunting scene, a favourite subject with Assyrian artists, but quite unknown to genuine Hellenic art. The disposition of the figures is that usual in Assyrian sculpture, and, like the Assyrian king, the huntsman is represented as riding in a chariot. A comparison of this hunting scene with the bas-reliefs on the tombstones which stood over the graves shows that they belong to the same age, while the spiral ornamentation of the stones is essentially Assyrian. Equally Assyrian, though better engraved, is a lion on one of the gold prisms, which might have been cut by an Assyrian workman, so true is it to its Oriental model, and after this I would place the representation

* More especially the examples in Rawlinson's *Ancient Monarchies*, iii. p. 403, and i. 413. For Mykenæan examples see Schliemann's *Mykenæ and Tiryns*, pp. 149, 152, &c. Some of the more peculiar patterns from Mykenæ resemble the forms assumed by the "Hamathite" hieroglyphics in the unpublished inscription copied by Mr. George Smith from the back of a mutilated statue at Jerablûs (Carchemish).

of a struggle between a man (perhaps Herakles) and a lion, in which, though the lion and attitude of the combatants are Assyrian, the man is no longer the Assyrian hero Gisdhubar, but a figure of more Western type. In another intaglio, representing a fight between armed warriors, the art has ceased to be Assyrian, and is struggling to become native. We seem to be approaching the period when Greece gave over walking in Eastern leading-strings, and began to step forward firmly without help. As I believe, however, that the tombs within the *enceinte* are of older date than the Treasuries outside the Acropolis, or the Gate of Lions which belongs to the same age, it is plain that we have not yet reached the time when Assyro-Phœnician influence began to decline in Greece. The lions above the gate would alone be proof to the contrary.

But, in fact, Phœnician influence continued to be felt up to the end of the seventh century B.C. Passing by the so-called Corinthian vases, or the antiquities exhumed by General di Cesnola in Cyprus, where the Phœnician element was strong, we have numerous evidences of the fact from all parts of Greece. Two objects of bronze discovered at Olympia may be specially signalized. One of these is an oblong plate, narrower at one end than at the other, ornamented with *repousse* work, and divided into four compartments. In the first compartment are figures of the nondescript birds so often seen on the "Corinthian" pottery; in the next come two Assyrian gryphons standing, as usual, face to face; while the third represents the contest of Herakles with the Kentaur, thoroughly Oriental in design. The Kentaur has a human forefront, covered, however, with hair; his tail is abnormally long, and a three-branched tree rises behind him. The fourth and largest compartment contains the figure of the Asiatic goddess with the four wings at the back, and a lion, held by the hind leg, in either hand. The face of the goddess is in profile. The whole design is Assyro-Phœnician, and is exactly reproduced on some square gold plates, intended probably to adorn the breast, presented to the Louvre by the Duc de Luynes. The other object to which I referred is a bronze dish, ornamented on the inside with *repousse* work, which at first sight looks Egyptian, but is really that Phœnician modification of Egyptian art so common in the eighth and seventh centuries B.C. An inscription in the Aramaic characters of the so-called Sidonian branch of the Phœnician alphabet is cut on the outside, and reads: "Belonging to Neger, son of Miga."* As the word used for "son" is the Aramaic *bar* and not the Phœnician *ben*, we may conclude that the owner of the dish had come from northern Syria. It is interesting to find a silver cup embossed with precisely the same kind of design, and also bearing an inscription in Phœnician letters, among the treasures discovered in a tomb at Palestrina, the ancient Præneste, more than a year ago. This inscription is even briefer than the other: "Eshmunya'ar son of 'Ashtâ,"† where, though *ben* is employed, the father's name has

* L N G R . B R . M I G A ' .

† A S H M N Y A ' R . B N A ' S H T A .

an Aramaic form. Helbig would refer these Italian specimens of Phœnician skill to the Carthaginian epoch, partly on the ground that an African species of ape seems sometimes represented on them;* in this case they might be as late as the fifth century before the Christian era.

During the earlier part of the second period of Phœnician influence, Phœnicia and the Phœnician colonies were not the only channel by which the elements of Assyrian culture found their way into the West. The monuments and religious beliefs of Asia Minor enable us to trace their progress from the banks of the Euphrates and the ranges of the Taurus, through Cappadocia and Phrygia, to the coasts and islands of the Ægean. The near affinity of Greek and Phrygian is recognized even by Plato;† the legends of Midas and Gordius formed part of Greek mythology, and the royal house of Mykenæ was made to come with all its wealth from the golden sands of the Paktolus; while on the other hand the cult of Mā, of Attys, or of the Ephesian Artemis points back to an Assyrian origin. The sculptures found by Perrot ‡ and Texier constitute a link between the prehistoric art of Greece and that of Asia Minor; the spiral ornaments that mark the antiquities of Mykenæ are repeated on the royal tombs of Asia Minor; and the ruins of Sardis, where once ruled a dynasty derived by Greek writers from Ninus or Nineveh, "the son of Bell," the grandson of the Assyrian Herakles,§ may yet pour a flood of light on the earlier history of Greece. But it was rather in the first period, which I have termed Phrygian, than in the second, that the influence of Asia Minor was strongest. The figure of the goddess riding on a leopard, with mural crown and peaked shoes, on the rock-tablets of Pterium,|| is borrowed rather from the cylinders of early Babylonia than from the sculptures of Assyria; and the Hissarlik collection connects itself more with the primitive antiquities of Santorin than with the later art of Mykenæ and Cyprus. We have already seen, however, the close relationship that exists between some of the objects excavated at Mykenæ and what we may call the pre-Phœnician art of Ialysos,—that is to say, the objects in which the influence of the East is indirect, and not direct. The discovery of metallurgy is associated with Dodona, where the oracle long continued to be heard in the ring of a copper chaldron, and where M. Karapanos has found bronze plates with the geometrical and circular patterns which distinguish the earliest art of Greece; now Dodona is the seat of primæval Greek civilization, the land of the Selloi or Helloi, of the Graioi themselves, and of Pelasgian Zeus, while it is to the north that the legends of Orpheus, of Musesus, and of other early civilizers looked back. But even at Dodona we may detect traces of Asiatic influence in the part played there by the doves, as well as in the story of Deucalion's deluge, and it may, perhaps, be not too rash to conjecture

* Annali d. Istituto Romano, 1876.

† Kratylus, 410 A.

‡ Exploration Archéologique de la Galatie et de la Bithynie.

§ See Herodotus, i. 7.

|| Texier: Description de l'Asie Mineure, l. 1, pl. 78.

that even before the days of Phœnician enterprise and barter, an echo of Babylonian civilization had reached Greece through the medium of Asia Minor, whence it was carried, partly across the bridge formed by the islands of the Archipelago, partly through the mainland of Thrace and Epirus. The Hittites, with their capital at Carchemish, seem to have been the centre from which this borrowed civilization was spread northward and westward. Here was the home of the art which characterizes Asia Minor, and we have only to compare the bas-relief of Pterium with the rock sculptures found by Mr. Devis associated with "Hamathite" hieroglyphics at Ibreez, in Lycaonia,* to see how intimate is the connection between the two. These hieroglyphics were the still undeciphered writing of the Hittite tribes, and if, as seems possible, the Cypriote syllabary were derived from them, they would be a testimony to the western spread of Hittite influence at a very early epoch. The Cypriote characters adopted into the alphabets of Lycia and Karia, as well as the occurrence of the same characters on a hone and some of the terra-cotta discs found by Dr. Schliemann at Hissarlik, go to show that this influence would have extended, at any rate, to the coasts of the sea.

The traces of Egyptian influence, on the contrary, are few and faint. No doubt the Phœnician alphabet was ultimately of Egyptian origin, no doubt, too, that certain elements of Phœnician art were borrowed from Egypt, but before these were handed off to the West, they had first been profoundly modified by the Phœnician settlers in the Delta and in Canaan. The influence exercised immediately by Egypt upon Greece belongs to the historic period; the legends which saw an Egyptian emigrant in Kekrops or an Egyptian colony in the inhabitants of Argos were fables of a late date. Whatever intercourse existed between Egypt and Greece in the prehistoric period was carried on, not by the Egyptians, but by the Phœnicians of the Delta; it was they who brought the scarabs of a Thothmes or an Amenophis to the islands of the Ægean, like their descendants afterwards in Italy, and the proper names found on the Egyptian monuments of the eighteenth and nineteenth dynasties, which certain Egyptologists have identified with those of Greece and Asia Minor, belong rather, I believe, to Libyan and Semitic tribes.† Like the sphinxes at Spata, the indications of intercourse with Egypt met with at Mykenæ prove nothing more than the wide extent of Phœnician commerce and the existence of Phœnician colonies at the mouths of the Nile. Ostrich-eggs covered with stucco dolphins have been found not only at Mykenæ, but also in the grotto of Polledrara near Vulci in Italy; the Egyptian porcelain excavated at Mykenæ is painted to represent the fringed dress of an Assyrian or a

* Transactions of the Society of Biblical Archæology, iv. 2, 1876.

† I have given the reasons of my scepticism in the *Academy*, of May 30, 1874. Brugsch Bey, the leading authority on the geography of the Egyptian monuments, would now identify those names with those tribes in Kolchis, and its neighbourhood.

Phœnician, not of an Egyptian; and though a gold mask belonging to Prince Kha-em-Uas, and resembling the famous masks of Mykenæ, has been brought to the Louvre from an Apis chamber, a similar mask of small size was discovered last year in a tomb on the site of Aradus. Such intercourse, however, as existed between Greece and the Delta must have been very restricted; otherwise we should surely have some specimens of writing, some traces of the Phœnician alphabet. It would not have been left to the Aramæans of Syria to introduce the "Kadmian letters" into Greece, and Mykenæ, rather than Thebes, would have been made the centre from which they were disseminated. Indeed, we may perhaps infer that even the coast of Asia Minor, near as it was to the Phœnician settlements at Kamirus and elsewhere, could have held but little intercourse with the Phœnicians of Egypt from the fact that the Cypriote syllabary was so long in use upon it, and that the alphabets afterwards employed were derived only indirectly from the Phœnician through the medium of the Greek.

One point more now alone needs to be noticed. The long-continued influence upon early Greek culture which we ascribe to the Phœnicians cannot but have left its mark upon the Greek vocabulary also. Some at least of the names given by the Phœnicians to the objects of luxury they brought with them must have been adopted by the natives of Hellas. We know that this is the case with the letters of the alphabet; is it also the case with other words? If not, analogy would almost compel us to treat the evidences that have been enumerated of Phœnician influence as illusory, and to fall back upon the position of O. K. Müller and his school. By way of answer I would refer to the list of Greek words, the Semitic origin of which admits of no doubt, lately given by Dr. August Müller in Bezenberger's "Beitrage zur Kunde der indogermanischen Sprachen."* Amongst these we find articles of luxury like "linen," "shirt," "sackcloth," "myrrh," and "frankincense," "galbanum" and "cassia," "cinnamon" and "soap," "lyres" and "wine-jars," "balsam" and "cosmetics," as well, possibly, as "fine linen" and "gold," along with such evidences of trade and literature as the "pledge," "the writing tablet," and the "shekel." If these were the only instances of Semitic tincture, they would be enough to prove the early presence of the Semitic Phœnicians in Greece. But we must remember that they are but samples of a class, and that many words borrowed during the heroic age may have dropped out of use or been conformed to the native part of the vocabulary long before the beginning of the written literature, while it would be in the lesser known dialects of the islands that the Semitic element was strongest. We know that the dialect of Cyprus was full of importations from the East.

In what precedes I have made no reference to the Homeric poems, and the omission may be thought strange. But Homeric illustrations of the presence of the Phœnicians in Greece will occur to every one, while

both the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* in their existing form are too modern to be quoted without extreme caution. A close investigation of their language shows that it is the slow growth of generations; Æolic formulæ from the lays first recited in the towns of the Troad are embodied in Ionic poems where old Ionic, new Ionic, and even Attic jostle against one another, and traditional words and phrases are furnished with mistaken meanings or new forms coined by false analogy. It is difficult to separate the old from the new, to say with certainty that this allusion belongs to the heroic past, this to the Homer of Theopompus and Euphorion, the contemporary of the Lydian Gyges. The art of Homer is not the art of Mykenæ and of the early age of Phœnician influence; iron is already taking the place of bronze, and the shield of Akhilles or the palace of Alkinous bear witness to a developed art which has freed itself from its foreign bonds. Six times are Phœnicia and the Phœnicians mentioned in the *Odyssey*, once in the *Iliad*;* elsewhere it is Sidon and the Sidonians that represented them, never Tyre.† Such passages, therefore, cannot belong to the epoch of Tyrian supremacy, which goes back, at all events, to the age of David, but rather to the brief period when the Assyrian king Shalmaneser laid siege to Tyre, and his successor Sargon made Sidon powerful at its expense. This, too, was the period when Sargon set up his record in Cyprus, "the isle of Yavnan" or the Ionians, when Assyria first came into immediate contact with the Greeks, and when Phœnician artists worked at the court of Nineveh and carried their wares to Italy and Sardinia. But it was not the age to which the relics of Mykenæ, in spite of paradoxical doubts, reach back, nor that in which the sacred bull of Astarte carried the Phœnician maiden Europa to her new home in the west.

A. H. SAYCE, in *Contemporary Review*.

* *Phœnicia*, Od. iv. 83; xiv. 201. *Phœnicians*, Od. xiii. 272; xv. 415. *A Phœnician*, Od. xiv. 288. *A Phœnician woman*, Od. xiv. 288; II. xiv. 321.

† *Sidon, Sidonia*, II. vi. 291; Od. xiii. 285; xv. 425. *Sidonians*, II. vi. 290; Od. iv. 84, 618; xv. 118.

SOME GOSSIP ABOUT LEICESTER SQUARE.

In old-world London, Leicester Square played a much more important part than it does to-day. It was then the chosen refuge of royalty and the home of wit and genius. Time was when it glittered with throngs of lace-bedizened gallants; when it trembled beneath the chariot-wheels of Beauty and Fashion; when it re-echoed with the cries of jostling chairmen and link-boys; when it was trodden by the feet of the greatest men of a great epoch—Newton and Swift, Hogarth, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and a host of others more or less distinguished. Mr. Tom Taylor, in his interesting work entitled "Leicester Square," tells us that the vicissitudes of a London quarter generally tend downwards through a regular series of decades. It is first fashionable; then it is professional; then it becomes a favourite locality for hotels and lodging-houses; then the industrial element predominates, and then not infrequently a still lower depth is reached. Leicester Square has been no exception to this rule. Its reputation in fact was becoming very shady indeed, when the improvement of its central inclosure gave it somewhat of a start upwards and turned attention to its early history.

Of old, many of these grand doings took place at Leicester House, which was the first house in the Square. It was built by Robert Sidney, Earl of Leicester, a staunch Royalist, somewhere about 1636. His sons, Viscount Lisle and the famous Algernon Sidney, grew up less of Royalists than he was; and to Leicester House, with the sanction and welcome of its head, came many of the more prominent Republicans of the day, Vane and Neville, Milton and Bradshaw, Ludlow and Lambert. The cream of history lies not so much in a bare notation of facts as in the little touches of nature and manners which reproduce for us the actual human life of a former age, and much of this may be gleaned from the history of the Sidneys. They were an interesting family, alike from their rank, their talents, their personal beauty, and the vicissitudes of their fortunes. The Countess was a clever managing woman; and her letters to her absent lord when ambassador in France convey to us many pleasant details of the home-life at Leicester House. Still more charming is it to read the pretty little billets addressed to the Earl by his elder girls. Of these six beautiful daughters of the house of Sidney, four were married and two died in the dawn of early womanhood. Of the younger of these, Lady Elizabeth, the father has a touching entry in his journal. After narrating her death, he adds: "She had to the last the most angelical countenance and beauty, and the most heavenly disposition and temper of mind that I think were ever seen in so young a creature."

With her death the merry happy family life at Leicester House drew

to a close. The active bustling mother, whose influence had brought the different jarring chords into harmony, died a few months afterwards; and the busy years as they sped onwards, while consummating the fall of Charles and consolidating the power of Cromwell, also put great and growing disunion between the Sidney brothers. At the Restoration, Algernon was in exile; Lord Lisle's stormy temper had alienated him from his father; the Earl's favourite son-in-law was dead; of the three who remained he was neither proud nor fond; and lonely and sick at heart, he grew weary of the splendid home from which the fair faces of his handsome children had gone for ever, and made preparations to leave it. He was presented to Charles II.; and immediately afterwards retired to Penshurst in Kent; and Leicester House was let, first to the ambassadors of the United Provinces; and then to a more remarkable tenant, Elizabeth Stewart, the ill-fated Princess and Queen of Bohemia. She had left England in 1613 a lovely happy girl, the bride of the man she loved, life stretching all rainbow-hued before her. She returned to it a weary haggard woman of sixty-five, who had drunk to the dregs of every possible cup of disappointment and sorrow. Her presence was very unwelcome, as that of the unfortunate often is. Charles II., her nephew, was very loath indeed to have the pleasure of receiving her as a guest; but she returned to London whether he would or not, and Leicester house was taken for her. There she languished for a few months in feeble and broken health, and there, on the anniversary of her wedding-day, she died.

The house immediately to the west of Leicester House belonged to the Marquis of Aylesbury; but in 1698 it was occupied by the Marquis of Carmarthen, who was appointed by King William III. cicerone and guide to Peter the Great when he came in the January of that year to visit England. Peter's great qualities have long been done full justice to; but in the far-off January of 1698 he appeared to the English as by no means a very august-looking potentate; he had the manners and appearance of an unkempt barbarian, and his pastimes were those of a coal-heaver. His favourite exercise in the mornings was to run a barrow through and through Evelyn's trim holly-hedges at Deptford; and the state in which he left his pretty house there is not to be described. His chief pleasure, when the duties of the day were over, was to drink all night with the Marquis in his house at Leicester Fields, the favourite tipples of the two distinguished toppers being brandy spiced with pepper; or sack, of which the Czar is reported to have drunk eight bottles one day after dinner. Among other sights in London, the Marquis took him to see Westminster Hall in full term. "Who are all these men in wigs and gowns?" he asked. "Lawyers," was the answer. "Lawyers!" he exclaimed. "Why, I have only two in my dominions, and when I get back, I intend to hang one of them."

In January 1712 Leicester House, which was then occupied by the imperial resident, received another distinguished visitor in the person of Prince Eugene, one of the greatest captains of the age. In appear-

ance he was a little sallow wizened old man, with one shoulder higher than the other. A soldier of fortune, whose origin was so humble as to be unknown, his laurels were stained neither by rapacity nor self-seeking; and in all the vicissitudes of his eventful life he bore himself like a hero, and a gentleman in the truest and fullest acceptation of the word. Dean Swift was also at this time in lodgings in Leicester Fields, noting with clear acute unpitying vision the foibles and failings of all around him, and writing to Stella from time to time after his cynical fashion, "how the world is going mad after Prince Eugene, and how he went to court also, but could not see him, the crowd was so great."

A labyrinth of courts, inns, and stable-yards had gradually filled up the space between the royal mews and Leicester Fields; and between 1680 and 1700 several new streets were opened through these; one reason for the opening of them being the great influx of French refugees into London, on the occasion of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1685. Many of these exiles settled in and around Leicester Fields, and for their use several chapels were built. The neighbourhood has ever since been a resort of French immigrants.

In one of these streets opening into Leicester Square, St. Martin's Street, Sir Isaac Newton lived for the last sixteen years of his life. The house in which he lived looks dingy enough now; but in those days it was considered a very good residence indeed, and like Leicester House was frequented by the best company in the fashionable world. The genius and reputation of its master attracted scientific and learned visitors; and the beauty of his niece, Mrs. Catharine Barton, drew to her feet all the more distinguished wits and beaux of the time.

Between 1717 and 1760 Leicester House became what Pennant calls "the pouting-place of princes," being for almost all that time in the occupation of a Prince of Wales who was living in fierce opposition to the reigning king. In 1718 the Prince of Wales having had a furious quarrel with his father George I., on the occasion of the christening of the Prince's son George William, left St. James's, and took Leicester House at a yearly rent of five hundred pounds; and until he succeeded to the throne in 1727, it was his town residence.

Here he held his court—a court not by any means strait-laced; a gay little court at first; a court whose selfish intrigues and wild frolics and madcap adventures and humdrum monotony live for us still in the sparkling pages of Horace Walpole; or are painted in with vivid clearness of touch and execution, but with a darker brush, by Hervey, Pope's Lord Fanny, who was a favourite with his mistress the handsome accomplished Caroline, Princess of Wales. Piloted by one or other of these exact historians, we enter the chamber of the gentlewomen-in-waiting, and are introduced to the maids-of-honour, to fair Mary Lepell, to charming Mrs. Bellenden, to pensive, gentle Mrs. Howard. We see them eat Westphalia ham of a morning, and then set out with their royal master for a helter-skelter ride over hedges and ditches, on borrowed hacks. No wonder Pope pitied them; and on their return, who

should they fall in with but that great poet himself! They are good to him in their way, these saucy charming maids-of-honour, and so they take the frail little man under their protection and give him his dinner; and then he finishes off the day, he tells us, by walking three hours in the moonlight with Mary Lepell. We can imagine the affected compliments he paid her and the burlesque love he made to her; and the fun she and her sister maids-of-honour would have laughing over it all, when she went back to Leicester House and he returned to his pretty villa at Twickenham.

As the Prince grew older his court became more and more dull, till at last it was almost deserted, when on the 14th of June 1727 the loungers in its half-empty chambers were roused by sudden news—George I. was dead; and Leicester House was thronged by a sudden rush of obsequious courtiers, among whom was the late king's prime-minister, bluff, jolly, coarse Sir Robert Walpole. No one paid any attention to him, for every one knew that his disgrace was sealed; the new king had never been at any pains to conceal his dislike to him. Sir Robert, however, knew better; he was quite well aware who was to be the real ruler of England now; and he knew that the Princess Caroline had already accepted him, just as she accepted La Walmoden and her good Howard; and so all alone in his corner he chuckled to himself as he saw the crowd of sycophants elbow and jostle and push poor Lady Walpole as she tried to make her way to the royal feet. Caroline saw it too, and with a flash of half-scornful mischief lighting up her shrewd eyes, said with a smile: "Sure, there I see a friend." Instantly the human stream parted, and made way for her Ladyship.

In 1728 Frederick, the eldest son of George and Caroline, arrived from Hanover, where he had remained since his birth in 1707. It was a fatal mistake; he came to England a stranger to his parents, and with his place in their hearts already filled by his brother. It was inevitable that where there was no mutual love, distrust and alienation should come, as in no long time they did, with the result that the same pitiful drama was played out again on the same stage. In 1743 Frederick Prince of Wales took Leicester House and held his receptions there. He was fond of gaiety, and had a succession of balls, masques, plays, and supper-parties. His tastes, as was natural considering his rearing, were foreign, and Leicester House was much frequented by foreigners of every grade. Desnoyers the dancing-master was a favourite habitué, as was also the charlatan St-Germain. In the midst of all this fiddling and buffoonery the Prince fell ill; but not so seriously as to cause uneasiness to any one around him; consequently all the world was taken by surprise when he suddenly died one morning in the arms of his friend the dancing-master. After his death his widow remained at Leicester House, and like a sensible woman as she was, made her peace with the king her father-in-law, who ever afterwards shewed himself very kind and friendly to her.

In October 1760 George III. was proclaimed king; and again a crowd

of courtiers thronged to Leicester House to kiss the hand of the new sovereign. For six years longer the Princess of Wales continued to live at Leicester House; and there in 1765 her youngest son died, and the following year she removed to Carlton House.

While the quarrel between George II. and Frederick was at its fiercest, the central inclosure of Leicester Square was re-arranged very elegantly according to the taste of the day; and an equestrian statue of George I., which had belonged to the first Duke of Chandos and had been bought at the sale of his effects, was set up in front of Leicester House, where it remained, a dazzling object at first, in all the glory of gilding, which passed with the populace for gold; but latterly a most wretched relic of the past, an eyesore, which was removed in 1874 in the course of Baron Grant's improvements.

Leicester Square had other tenants beside Sir Isaac Newton, compared with whom courtiers and gallants and fine gentlemen and ladies look very small indeed. Hogarth lived in this street, and so did Sir Joshua Reynolds. Hogarth's house was the last but two on the east side of the Square. Here he established himself, a young struggling man, with Jane Thornhill, the wife with whom he had made a stolen love-match. In this house, with the quaint sign of the Golden Head over the door, he worked, not as painters generally do, at a multitude of detached pieces, but depicting with his vivid brush a whole series of popular allegories on canvas. When he became rich, as in process of time he did, he had a house at Chiswick; but he still retained the Golden Head as his town-house, and in 1764 returned to it to die.

In No. 47 Sir Joshua Reynolds lived, and painted those charming portraits which have immortalised for us all that was most beautiful and famous in his epoch. He was a kindly genial lovable man, fond of society, and with a liking for display. He had a wonderful carriage, with the four seasons curiously painted in on the panels, and the wheels ornamented with carved foliage and gilding. The servants in attendance on this chariot wore silver-laced liveries; and as he had no time to drive in it himself, he made his sister take a daily airing in it, much to her discomfort, for she was a homely little lady with very simple tastes. He was a great dinner-giver; and as it was his custom to ask every pleasant person he met without any regard to the preparation made to receive them, it may be conjectured that there was often a want of the commonest requisites of the dinner-table. Even knives, forks, and glasses could not always be procured at first. But although his dinners partook very much of the nature of unceremonious scrambles, they were thoroughly enjoyable. Whatever was wanting, there was always cheerfulness and the pleasant kindly interchange of thought. In July 1792 Sir Joshua died in his own house in Leicester Square; and within a few hours of his death, an obituary notice of him was written by Burke, the manuscript of which was blotted with his tears.

In No. 28, on the eastern side of the Square, the celebrated anatomist John Hunter lived. Like most distinguished men of the day, he sat to

Sir Joshua Reynolds for his portrait ; but was so restless and preoccupied that he made a very bad sitter. At last one day he fell into a reverie. The happy moment had come ; Sir Joshua, with his instinctive tact, caught the expression and presented to us the great surgeon in one of his most characteristic attitudes. The other celebrated surgeons, Cruickshank and Charles Bell, also lived in this Square. The house in which Bell resided for many years was large and ruinous, and had once been inhabited by Speaker Onslow. Here he set up his Museum, and began to lecture on anatomy, having for a long time, he writes, scarcely forty pupils to lecture to.

During all the later portion of its history Leicester Square has been famous for shows. In 1771 Sir Ashton Lever exhibited a large and curious Museum in Leicester House. In 1796 Charles Dibdin built at Nos. 2 and 3, on the east side of Leicester Square, a small theatre in which he gave an entertainment consisting of an interesting medley of anecdote and song. In 1787 Miss Linwood opened her gallery of pictures in needlework, an exhibition which lasted forty-seven years, for the last thirty-five of which it was exhibited at Savile House, a building which was destroyed by fire in 1865.

After Miss Linwood's, one of the best shows in Leicester Square was Burford's Panorama, which is now numbered with the things that were, its site being occupied by a French chapel and school. In 1851 a new show was inaugurated by Mr. Wylde the geographer. It consisted of a monster globe sixty feet in diameter, which occupied the central dome of a building erected in the garden of the Square. The world was figured in relief on the inside of it, and it was viewed from several galleries at different elevations. It was exhibited for ten years, and was then taken down by its proprietor, owing to a dispute concerning the ownership of the garden. Out of this case, which was decided in 1867, the proceedings originated which resulted in the purchase and renovation of the garden by Baron Grant, who having once more made it trim and neat, handed it over to the Board of Works.—*Chambers's Journal*.

A WOMAN'S LOVE.

A SLAVONIAN STUDY.

THOSE races that have not undergone the beneficial and domesticating influences of civilisation, and that are isolated from the more cultured nations, possess to an excess the different qualities or impulses inherent to our nature. Amongst the emotions that move the heart of man, love is certainly the one that has the greatest empire over him; it rules the soul so imperiously that all the other passions are crushed by it. It makes cowards of the bravest men, and gives courage to the timid. Love is, indeed, the great motive-power of life.

Our passions and our emotions are, however, more subdued than those of the semi-civilised nations; for, in the first place, we undergo the softening influences of education, and secondly, we are more or less under the restraint of the rules which govern society. Besides this, our mind is usually engrossed by the numerous cares which our state of living necessitates; for we are not like them, contented with little; on the contrary, instead of being satisfied with what is necessary, we require luxuries and superfluities, the procurement of which takes up a considerable portion of our energy and our mental activity.

The Slavonians, and more especially those belonging to the southern regions, such as the Dalmatians and Montenegrins, are, as a general rule, very passionate; ardent in their affections, they are likewise given to anger, resentment, and hatred, the generic sister passion of love.

The Slavonian women are, however, not indolent, nor do they ever indulge in idle dreams; for they are not only occupied with the household cares, but they also take a share, and not the smallest or the slightest, of those toils which in other countries devolve upon the men alone. They therefore, in the manly labours of the field, not only get prematurely old, but they hardly ever possess much grace, slenderness, or delicate complexions. No Slavonian woman, for instance, is ever *maignonne*. They, in compensation, acquire in health, and perhaps in real æsthetic beauty of proportions, what they lose in prettiness or delicacy of appearance, consequently they never suffer from vapours or from the numerous nervous complaints to which the generality of our ladies are subjected; the natural result of this state of things is *mens sana in corpore sano*; this is doubtless the reason why Slavonian women are, as a general rule, fond mothers and faithful wives.

They are certainly not endowed with that charming refinement, the *morbidezza* of manners which but too often is but a mask covering a morbid selfish disposition, a hypocritical and false nature. Though igno-

rant, they are neither void of natural good sense nor wit; they only want that smattering of worldly knowledge which the contact of society imparts, and which but too often covers nothing but frivolity, gross ignorance, and conceit. Their conversation is, perhaps, not peculiarly attractive; for being simple and artless, speech was not given to them as a means of disguising their thoughts; their lips only disclose the fullness of their hearts. Conversation is, besides, a gift conferred to few; and even in our polite circles not many persons can converse in an interesting manner, and fewer can be witty without backbiting; moreover, if man were suddenly to become transparent, would he not have to blush for the frivolous demonstrations of friendship daily interchanged in our artificial state of society?

The different amusements that absorb so much of our time and occupy our minds are unknown in Slavonian countries; the daily occupations and the details of the toilet do not captivate the whole attention; so that when a simple affection is awakening in the heart of a man or of a woman, it by degrees pervades the whole soul and the whole mind, and a strong and ardent passion usually ensues. Moreover, amongst those simple-minded sincere people flirtations are generally unknown; yet when they do love, their affections are genuine; they never exchange amongst each other those false coins bearing Cupid's effigy, and known as coquetry; for their lips only utter what their hearts really feel. People there do not delight in playing with the fire of love, or trying how far they can with impunity make game of sentiments which should be held sacred. Amongst the virile maidens of Slavonia many of them therefore have virgin hearts, that is to say, artless souls, fresh to all the tender sentiments; the reason of this is, that from the age of fifteen they do not trifle with their affections until they have become so callous and sceptical that marriage is merely wealth or a position in life. Men do not first waste away all the tender emotions which the human heart is capable of, and then settle down into a *mariage de raison*.

The following story, which happened about a century ago, will serve as an illustration of the power of love amongst the Slavonians; it is, indeed, a kind of repetition of the fate which attended the lovers of Sestos and Abydos. This, however, is no legend, but an historical fact; the place where this tragedy happened was the island of St. Andrea, situated between those of Malfi and Stagno, not far from the town of Ragusa.

Though no Musæus has immortalised this story by his verses, it is, however, recorded in the "Revista Dalmata" (1859), in the "Annuario Spalatino" of the same year, as well as other Slavonian periodicals.

The hero of this story, whose Christian name was Teodoro, belonged to one of the wealthiest patrician families of Ragusa, his father being, it is said, Rector of the Republic. He was a young man of a grave character, but withal of a gentle and tender disposition; he not only possessed great talents, but also great culture, for his time was entirely given up to study.

One day, the young patrician having gone from the island of St. An-

drea, where he had been staying at the Benedictine convent, to one of the other two neighboring islands, he in the evening wished to return to his abode. He met upon the beach a young girl who was carrying home some baskets of fish. Having asked her if she knew of anybody who would take him across to the island of St. Andrea, the young girl proffered her services, which the young and bashful patrician reluctantly accepted.

The young girl was as beautiful, as chaste, and as proud as the Arrabiata of Paul Heyse; and for the first time Teodoro felt a new and vague feeling awake in his bosom. He began to talk to the girl, asking her a thousand questions about herself, about her home; and the young girl doubtless told him that she was an orphan, and that she lived with her brothers. Instead of returning to his family, the young nobleman remained at the Benedictine convent, with the purpose of studying in retirement; his mind, however, was not entirely engrossed by his books, and his visits to the island where Margherita lived daily became more frequent.

The love which had kindled in his heart found an echo in the young girl's bosom, and instead of endeavouring to suppress their feelings they yielded to the charms of this saintly affection, to the rapture of loving and being loved. In a few days their mutual feelings had made such progress that the young man promised the *barcarinola* to marry her. His noble character and his brave spirit made him forget that he could not with impunity break the laws of the society amongst which he lived; for that society, which would have smiled had he seduced the young girl and made her his mistress, would nevertheless have been scandalised had he taken her for his lawful wife.

Peccadilloes are overlooked, and it is almost better in high life to be a knave than a fool; it was, indeed, a quixotic notion for a patrician to marry a plebeian, an unheard of event in the annals of the aristocratic republic of Ragusa. The difficulties which our hero was to encounter were therefore insurmountable.

In the midst of his thoughtless happiness our young lover was suddenly summoned back to his home; for whilst Teodoro was supposed to be deeply engaged in his studies his father, without the young man's knowledge, and not anticipating any opposition, promised his son in marriage to the daughter of one of his friends, a young lady of great wealth and beauty. This union had, it is true, been concerted when the children were mere babes, and it had until then been a bond between the two families. The young lady being now of a marriageable age, and having concentrated all her affections on the young man she had always been taught to regard as her future husband, she now looked forward with joy for the anticipated event.

Teodoro was therefore summoned back home to assist at a great festivity given in honour of his betrothal; he at once hastened back to Ragusa, in order to break off the engagement contracted for him. Vainly, however, did he try to remonstrate, first with his father and

then with his mother. He avowed that he had no inclination for matrimony, that he felt no love for this young lady, nothing but a mere brotherly affection, and that he could not cherish her as his wife; he found, nevertheless, both his parents inexorable. It was too late; the father had given his word to his friend; a refusal would prove an insult, which would provoke a rupture between these two families; no option was left but to obey.

Teodoro thereupon retired to his own room, where he remained in the strictest confinement, refusing to see any one. The evening of that eventful day, the guests were assembled; the bride and her family had already arrived; the bridegroom, nevertheless, was missing. This was indeed a strange breach of good manners, and numerous comments were whispered from ear to ear. The father sent at last a peremptory order to his undutiful son to come at once to him. The young man ultimately made his appearance, attired like Hamlet at his stepfather's court, in a suit of deep mourning, whilst his long hair, which formerly fell in ringlets over his shoulders, was all clipped short. In this strange accoutrement he came to acquaint his father before the whole assembly that he had decided to forego the pleasure, the pomp and vanity of this world, to renounce society, and take up his abode in a convent, where he intended passing his days in study and meditation.

The scene of confusion which followed this unexpected declaration can be imagined. The guests all wished to retire: the first person, however, to leave the house was Teodoro, expelled by his father and bearing with him the paternal malediction. Thus this day of anticipated joy ended in disappointment and humiliation. The discarded bride was borne away by her parents, and it is said that her delicate health never recovered from this unexpected blow.

That very night the young man retired to the Benedictine convent upon the island of St. Andrea, with the firm resolution of passing his life in holy seclusion. When a few days had passed, his love proved, nevertheless, stronger than his will, and he could not refrain from going to see his Margherita, and informing her of all that had happened, telling her that he had been driven from home, and that he had taken refuge at the convent, where he intended passing his life in a state of holy celibacy. Notwithstanding all his good intentions, the sight of the young girl proved too great a temptation, her beauty overcame his resolutions, and he swore to her that he would brave his parents' opposition, as well as the anger of his cast, and that he would marry her in spite of his family and of the whole world.

He thus continued seeing this young girl, till at last the fishermen, her brothers, having found out why this young patrician visited the island so often, severe and jealous like all their countrymen, they waylaid him, and threatened to kill him if he were once more caught upon these shores. The prior of the Benedictines, finding besides that his *protégé*, far from coming to seek peace and tranquillity within the walls of his convent, was, on the contrary, an object of scandal, expressed his inten-

tion to expel him, should he not discontinue his visits to the neighbouring island, and reform.

Every new difficulty seemed to give fresh courage to the lovers; they would have fled from their native country and their persecutors, but they knew that they would be overtaken, brought back, and punished; so they decided to wait some time until the wrath of their enemies had abated, and the storm had blown over.

As Teodoro could not go any more to see the young girl, it was Margherita who now came to visit her lover; to evade, however, the suspicion of her brothers, and that of the friars, they only met in the middle of the night, and as they always changed their place of meeting, a lighted torch was the signal where the young girl was to direct her bark. There were nights, nevertheless, when she could not obtain a boat; yet this was no obstacle to her brave spirit, for upon those nights, she, like Leander, swam across the channel, for nothing could daunt this heroic woman's heart.

These ill-fated lovers were happy notwithstanding their adverse fortune, for the sacred fire of love which burnt within them was bliss enough to compensate for all their woes. Their days were passed in anxious expectation for the hour which was to unite them on the seashore, amidst the darkness of the night. There clasped in one another's arms, the world and its inhabitants existed no longer for them; those were moments of ineffable rapture, in which it seemed impossible to drain the whole chalice of happiness; moments in which time and eternity are confounded, instants only to be appreciated by those who have known the infinite bliss of loving and being loved. Their souls seemed to leave their bodies, blend together and soar into the empyreal spaces, the regions of infinite happiness; for them all other sentiments passed away, and nothing was felt but an unmitigated love.

The dangers which encompassed them, their loneliness upon the rocky shores, the stillness of the night, only served to heighten their joy and exultation, for a pleasure dearly bought is always more keenly felt.

Their happiness was, however, not to be of long duration; such felicity is celestial; on this earth,

"Les plus belles choses
Ont le pire destin."

Margherita's brothers, knowing the power of love, watched their sister, and at last found out that when the young nobleman had ceased coming, it was she who by night visited the Island of St. Andrea, and they resolved to be revenged upon her. They bided their time, and upon a dark and stormy night, the fishermen, knowing that their sister would not be intimidated by the heavy sea, went off with the boat and left her to the mercy of the waves. The young girl, unable to resist the impulse of her love, recommended herself to the Almighty, and bravely plunged into the waters. Her treacherous brothers, having watched her movements, plied their oars and directed their course towards the

island; they landed, went and took the lighted torch from the place where it was burning, and fastened it to the prow of their boat; having done this, they slowly rowed away into the open sea.

Margherita, as usual, swam towards the beacon-light of love, but that night all her efforts were useless—the faster she swam, the greater was the distance that separated her from that *ignis-fatuus* light; doubtless she attributed this to the roughness of the sea, and took courage, hoping soon to reach that blessed goal.

A flash of lightning, which illumined the dark expanse of the waters, made her at last perceive her mistake; she saw the boat towards which she had been swimming, and also the island of St. Andrea far behind her. She at once directed her course towards it, but there, in the midst of darkness, she struggled with the wild waves, until, overpowered by fatigue, she gave up all hopes of rejoining her beloved one, and sank down in the briny deep.

The cruel sea that separated the lovers was, however, more merciful than man, for upon the morrow the waves themselves softly deposited the lifeless body of the young girl upon the sand of the beach.

The nobleman, who had passed a night of most terrible anxiety, found at daybreak the corpse of the girl he loved. He caused it to be committed to the earth, after which he re-entered within the walls of the convent, took the Benedictine dress, and spent the rest of his life pining in grief.

ADRIAN DE VALVEDERE, in *Tinsley's Magazine*.

AN IMPERIAL PARDON.

DURING a journey through some parts of Russia a few years ago, we engaged, in preference to the imperial post-chaise, a private conveyance for a considerable distance, the driver being a Jew—generally preferred in the East on account of their sobriety and general trustworthiness. On the road my companion became communicative, and entered into philosophic-religious discussion—a topic of frequent occurrence among these bilingual populations. After a somewhat desultory harangue, he suddenly became silent and sad, having just uttered the words: “If a Chassid goes astray, what does he become? A meschumed, *i.e.* an apostate.”—“To what class of people do you allude?” I inquired.—“Well, it just entered my head, because we have to pass the house of one of them—I mean the ‘forced ones.’”—“Forced!” I thought of a religious sect. “Are they Christians or Jews?”—“Neither the one nor the other,” was the reply, “but simply ‘forced.’ Oh, sir, it is a great misery and a great crime! Our children at least will not know anything of it, because new victims do not arise, and on the marriage of these parties rests a curse—they remain sterile! But what am I saying?

It is rather a blessing—a mercy! Should thus a terrible misery be perpetuated? These forced people are childless. Well, God knows best. I am a fool, a sinner to speak about it.” No entreaty of mine would induce my Jewish companion to afford further information concerning this peculiar people. But before the end of our journey I heard unexpectedly more about this unfortunate class of Russian subjects. We travelled westward through the valley of the Dniester, a district but thinly peopled, and rested at an inn on the borders of an extensive forest.

Amidst the rallery going on in the principal room of this hostelry between guests of different nationalities, we had not heard the noise of wheels which slowly moved towards the house. It was a very poor conveyance, containing a small cask and a basket. The young hostess arose hastily, and, approaching the owner, said in a whisper, “What is it you want?” A slight paleness overspread her countenance, and stranger still was the demeanour of my coachman. “Sir, sir!” he exclaimed loudly, turning towards me, stretching out his hands as if seeking support, or warding off some impending danger. “What is the matter?” I rejoined, greatly surprised; but he merely shook his head, and stared at the new comer.

He was an elderly peasant, attired in the usual garb of the country-people; only at a more close inspection I noticed that he wore a fine white shirt. Of his face I could see but little, it being hidden behind the broad brim of his straw hat.

“Hostess,” he said, addressing the young woman, “will you purchase something of me? I have some old brandy, wooden spoons and plates, pepper-boxes, needle-cases, &c., all made of good hard wood, and very cheap.” In an almost supplicating tone he uttered these words very slowly, with downcast eyes. From his pronunciation he appeared to be a Pole.

The hostess looked shyly up to him.

“You know my brother-in-law has forbidden me to have dealings with you,” she said hesitatingly, “on account of your wife; but to-day he is not at home.” After a momentary silence, turning towards the driver, she continued, “Reb Rüssan, will you betray me? You come frequently this way.” In reply he merely shrugged his shoulders and moved away. Turning again with some impatience to the peasant, she said, “Bring me a dish and two spoons.” When he had gone to fetch these articles, the woman once more accosted my coachman.

“You must not blame me; they are very poor people!”

“Certainly they are very poor”—he replied in a milder tone. “During life, hunger and misery, and after death—hell! and all undeserved!” But the man stood already, at this utterance, with his basket in the room. The bargain was soon concluded, and the few copeks paid. Curiosity prompted me to step forward and examine the merchandise.

“I have also cigar-cases,” said the peasant, humbly raising his hat. But his face was far more interesting than his wares. You rarely see

such features! However great the misery on earth, this pale, pain-stricken countenance was unique in its kind, revealing yet traces of sullen defiance, and the glance of his eyes moved instantly the heart of the beholder—a weary, almost fixed gaze, and yet full of passionate mourning.

“You are a Pole!” I observed after a pause.

“Yes,” he replied.

“And do you live in this neighbourhood?”

“At the inn eight werst from here. I am the keeper.”

“And besides wood-carver?”

“We must do the best we can,” was his reply. “We have but rarely any guests at our house.”

“Does your hostelry lie outside the main road?”

“No, close to the high road, sir. It was at one time the best inn between the Bug and the Dniester. But now carriers do not like to stay at our house.”

“And why not?”

“Because they consider it a sin—especially the Jews.” Suddenly, with seeming uneasiness and haste, he asked, “Will you purchase anything? This box, perhaps. Upon the lid is engraved a fine country-house.”

Attracted by the delicate execution, I inquired, “And is this your own workmanship?”

“Yes,” was his reply.

“You are an artist! And pray where did you learn wood-engraving?”

“At Kamieniec-Podolski.”

“At the fortress?”

“Yes, during the insurrection of 1863.”

“Were you among the insurgents?”

“No, but the authorities feared I might join them—hence I and the other forced ones were incarcerated in the fortress when the insurrection broke out, and again set free when it was suppressed.”

“Without any cause?”

“Without the slightest. I was already at that time a crushed man. When yet a youth the marrow of my bones had been poisoned in the mines of Siberia. During the whole time of my settlement, I have been since 1858 keeper of that inn; I gave the authorities no cause for suspicion, but I was a ‘forced man,’ and that sufficed for pouncing upon me.”

“Forced! what does it mean?”

“Well, a person forced to accept, when to others free choice is left—domicile, trade or calling, wife and religion.”

“Terrible!” I exclaimed. “And you submitted?” A little smile played around his thin lips.

“Are you so much moved at my fate? We generally bear very easily the most severe pains endured by others.”

"That is a saying of Larochevoucauld," I said, somewhat surprised. "Have you read him?"

"I was at one time very fond of French literature. But pardon my acrimony. I am but little accustomed to sympathy, and indeed of what avail would it be to me now!" He stared painfully at the ground, and I also became silent, convinced that any superficial expression of sympathy would, under the circumstances, be downright mockery.

A painful pause ensued, which I broke with the question, if he had worked the engraving upon the lid of the box after a pattern.

"No, from memory," was his rejoinder.

"It is a peculiar kind of architecture!"

"It is like all gentlemen's houses in Littanen; only the old tree is very striking. It was a very old house."

"Has been? Does it exist no longer?"

"It was burnt down seven years ago by the Russians, after they had first ransacked it. They evidently were not aware that they destroyed their own property. It had been confiscated years before, and had been Crown property since 1848."

"And have you yet the outlines of the building so firmly engraved on your memory?"

"Of course! it was my birth-place, which I had rarely left until I was eighteen years old. Such things are not easily forgotten. And although more than twenty years have passed since this sad affair, hardly a day passed on which I did not think of my paternal home. I was aware of the death of my mother, and that my cousin was worse than dead—perhaps I ought to have rejoiced when the old mansion was burnt to the ground; but yet I could not suppress a tear when the news reached me. There is hardly anything on earth which can now move me." I record literally what the unfortunate man related. My Jewish coachman, not easily impressed, had during the conversation crept gradually nearer, and shook his head seriously and sorrowfully.

"Excuse me, Pani Walerian," he interrupted: "upon my honour, yours is a sad story!" He launched out into practical politics, and concluded thus:

"A Pole is not as clever as I am. - If he (the Pole) was the equal of the Russian, well and good, fight it out; but the Russian is a hundred times stronger; therefore, Pani Walerian, why irritate him, why confront him?"

I could not help laughing at these remarks; but the poor "forced one" remained unmoved; and only after some silence, he observed, turning towards me:

"I have never even confronted the Russians. I merely received the punishment of the criminal, without being one, or venturing my all in my people's cause. I was very young, when I was transported to Siberia—little more than nineteen years old. My father had died early. I managed our small property, and a cousin of mine, a pretty girl, sixteen years old, lived at our house. Indeed, I had no thoughts of politics. "

is true I wore the national costume, perused our poets, especially Mickiewicz and Slowaski, and had on the wall of my bedroom a portrait of Kosciuszko. For such kind of high treason even the Russian Government would not have crushed me in ordinary times—but it was the year 1848. 'Nicolai Pawlowitch' had not sworn in vain that if the whole of Europe was in flames, no spark should arise in his empire—and by streams of blood and tears, he achieved his object. Wherever a young Polish noble lived who was suspected of revolutionary tendencies, repeated domiciliary searches were made; and if only a single prohibited book was found, the dread fiat went forth, 'To Siberia with him!'

"In my own case it came like a thunderbolt. I was already in Siberia, and could not yet realize my misery. During the whole long journey I was more or less delirious. I hoped for a speedy liberation, for I was altogether innocent, and at that time," he continued with a bitter smile, "I yet believed in God. When all hope became extinct, I began madly to rave, but finally settled down utterly crushed and callous. It was a fearful state—for weeks together, all my past life seemed a complete blank, at most I still remembered my name. This, sir, is literally true: Siberia is a very peculiar place."

The poor fellow had sunk down upon a bench, his hands rested powerless in his lap. I never have seen a face so utterly worn and pain-stricken. After a while he continued:

"Ten years had thus passed away; at least, I was told so—I had long ceased to count the days of my misery. For what purpose should I have done so?"

"I had sunk so low that I felt no pity even for my terrible condition. One day I was brought before the Inspector, together with some of my companions. This official informed us that we had been pardoned on condition of becoming colonists in New Russia. The mercy of the Czar would assign to each of us a place of residence, a trade, and a lawful wife, who would be also a pardoned convict. We must of course, in addition, be converted to the Orthodox Greek Church. This latter stipulation did but little concern us. We readily accepted the conditions, for the people are glad of leaving Siberia, no matter whither, even to meet death itself. And had we not been pardoned? Alexander Nikolajewitch is a gracious lord. In Siberia the mines are over-crowded, and in South Russia the steppes are empty! Oh, he is a philanthropist! *decus et deliciae generis humani!* But perhaps I wrong him. We entered upon our long journey, and proceeded slowly south-west. In about eight months we reached Mohilew. Here we were only kept in easy confinement, and above all, brought under the influence of the pope. This was a rapid proceeding. One morning we were driven together into a large room, about one hundred men, and an equal number of women. Presently the priest entered; a powerful and dirty fellow, who appeared to have invigorated himself for his holy work with a considerable dose of gin, for we could smell it at least ten paces off, and he had some difficulty in keeping upon his legs.

“You ragamuffins!” he stammered; ‘you vermin of humanity! you are to become Orthodox Christians; but surely I shall not take much trouble with you. For, what do you think I get per head? Ten copeks, you vermin! ten copeks per head. Who will be a missionary at such pay? I certainly do it to-day for the last time! Indeed, our good father Alexander Nikolajewitch caused one rouble to be set in the tariff; but that rascal, the director, pockets ninety copeks, and leaves only ten for me. To-day, however, I have undertaken your conversion, because I am told there are many of you. Now listen! you are now Catholics, Protestants, Jews! That is sad mistake; for every Jew is a blood-sucker, every Protestant a dog, and every Catholic a pig. Such is their lot in life—but after death? carrion, my good people, carrion! And will Christ have mercy on them at the last day? Verily no! He will not dream of such a thing! And until then? Hell-fire! Therefore, good people, why should you suffer such torments? Be converted! Those who agree to become Orthodox Christians, keep silent; those who demur, receive the knout and go back to Siberia. Wherefore, my dear brothers and sisters, I ask, will you become Orthodox Christians?’

“We remained silent.

“Well,” continued the priest, ‘now pay attention! Those who are already Christians need only to lift up the right hand, and repeat after me the creed. That will soon be done. But with the damned Jews one has always a special trouble—the Jews I must first baptise. Jews, step forward!—the other vermin can remain where they now are.’ In this solemn manner the ceremony was brought to a conclusion.

“On the day following,” M. Walerian continued, “the second act was performed: the selection of a trade. This act was as spontaneous as our religious conversion; only, some individual regard became here indispensable. Three young Government officials were deputed to record our wishes, and to comply with them as far as the exigencies of the case admitted. The official before whom I appeared was very juvenile. Though externally very polished, he was in reality a frightfully coarse and cruel youth, without a spark of human feeling, so far as we were concerned. We afforded him no small amount of merriment. This youth inquired carefully concerning our wishes, and invariably ordered the very opposite. Among us was a noble lady from Poland, of very ancient lineage, very feeble and miserable, whose utter helplessness might well inspire the most callous heart with respect and compassion. The lady was too old to be married to one of the ‘forced ones,’ and was therefore asked to state what kind of occupation she desired. She entreated to be employed in some school for daughters of military officers, there being a demand for such service; but the young gentleman ordered her to go as laundress to the barracks at Mohilew! An aged Jew had been sent to Siberia for having smuggled prohibited books across the frontiers. He had been the owner of a printing establishment, and was well acquainted with the business. ‘Could he not be employed in one of the Imperial printing offices; and if possible,’ urged the aged

man, 'be permitted to reside in a place where few or no Jews lived?' He had under compulsion changed his religion; to which he was yet fervently attached, and trembled at the thought that his former co-religionists would none the less avoid him as an apostate. The young official noted down his request, and made him a police agent at Mias-kowka, a small town in the government district of Podolien, almost exclusively inhabited by Jews. Another, a former schoolmaster, in the last stages of consumption, begged on his knees to be permitted to die quietly in some country village. 'That is certainly a modest request!' observed this worthless youth; and sent him as a waiter to a hospital. Need I tell how I fared? Being misled, like the rest, by the hypocritical air and seeming concern of this rascal, I made known to him my desire to obtain the post of under-steward at some remote Crown estate, where I might have as little intercourse as possible with my fellow-men. And thus, sir, I became the keeper of the small inn on a much-frequented highway!"

The unfortunate man arose suddenly, and paced the room in a state of great excitement.

"But now comes the best of all," he exclaimed, with a desperate effort—"the last act, the choice of a wife." Again an internal struggle overpowered the unhappy narrator—a sudden and heavy tear rolled down his care-worn cheek, evidently caused by the remembrance of this abominable transaction. "It was a terrible ordeal," he said. "Sir, sir," he continued after a momentary pause, "since the sun has risen in our horizon, he has shone on many a cruel game which the mighty of the earth have played with the helpless, but a more abominable farce has hardly ever been enacted than the one I am now relating—the manner in which we unfortunate people were coupled together. In my youth I read how Carrier at Nantes murdered the Royalists; how he caused the first best man to be tied with a rope to a woman, and carried down the Loire in a boat. In the middle of the river a trap-door was suddenly opened, and the unfortunate couple disappeared in the waves. But that monster was an angel compared with the officials of the Czar; and these republican marriages were a benevolent act in comparison with those we were forced to conclude. At Nantes, the victims were tied together for a mutual death; we for our mutual lives! . . . On a subsequent morning we were once more ushered into the room where our conversion had taken place. There were present about thirty men and an equal number of women. Together with the latter entered the official who had so considerately ordered our lot as regards a livelihood.

"'Ladies and gentlemen,' he commenced with a nasal twang, 'his Majesty has graciously pardoned you, and desires to see you all happy. Now, the lonely man is seldom a happy man; and hence you are to marry. Every gentleman is free to select a partner, provided of course the lady accepts the choice. And in order that none of you gentlemen may be placed in the invidious position of having to select a partner unworthy of him, supreme benevolence has ordered that an adequate

number of ladies, partly from penal settlements and partly from houses of correction, should be now offered you. As his Majesty's solicitude for your welfare has already assigned you an occupation, you may now follow unhesitatingly the promptings of your own hearts in the choice of a wife. Ladies and gentlemen, yours is the happy privilege to realise the dream of a purely socialistic marriage. Make, then, your selection without delay; and as "all genuine love is instantaneous, sudden as a lightning flash, and soft as the breezes of spring"—to use the words of our poet Lermontoff—I consider one hour sufficient. Bear also in mind that marriages are ratified in heaven, and trust implicitly to your own heart. I offer you beforehand, ladies and gentlemen, my congratulations.'

"After this address, the young rascal placed his watch in front of him on the table, sat down, and grinned maliciously at our helpless condition. The full measure of scorn implied in this speech but few of us entirely realised, for we were in truth a curious assembly. The most extravagant imagination could hardly picture more glaring contrasts! Side by side with the bestial Bessarabian herdsman, who in a fit of intoxication had slain the whole of his family, stood the highly cultivated professor from Wilna, whom the love of his country and of freedom had consigned to the mines of Siberia; the most desperate thief and shop-lifter from Moscow, and the Polish nobleman who at the height of his misfortunes still regarded his honour as the most precious treasure, the ex-professor from Charkow, and the Cossac-robber from the Don; the forger from Odessa, &c. On my own right hand stood a thief and deserter from Lipkany, and on the left a Baschkire, who had been pardoned at the foot of the gallows, though he had once assisted in roasting alive a Jewish family in a village inn. A madly assorted medley of human beings! And the women! The dissolute female gladly released from the house of correction, because she still more depraved her already degraded companions, associated with the unfortunate Polish lady, whose pure mind had never been poisoned by a vulgar word, and whose quiet happiness had not been disturbed by any prospect of misfortune, until a single letter, or act of charity to an exiled countryman, brought her into misery. Pressing against the young girl whose sole offence consisted in being the unfortunate offspring of a mother sent to Siberia, might be seen the infamous hag who had habitually decayed young girls to ruin, in whose soul every spark of womanhood had long been extinguished. And these people were called upon to marry; and one hour was granted them in which to become acquainted and assorted! Sir, you will now perhaps comprehend my emotion in relating this shocking business!

"I consider it the most shocking and at the same time the most curious outrage which has ever been committed." The "forced" man paused, a deadly pallor suffused his countenance, and his agitation was great. The young hostess appeared perfectly stunned, whilst Reb Büssan, the coachman, bent his head in evident compassion.

After a while M. Walerian continued in a calmer mood. "It must certainly have been an entertaining spectacle to notice the behaviour of this ill-assorted people at that trying hour. Even the barefaced monster on his raised dais betrayed a feverish excitement: he would suddenly jump from his chair, and again recline, playing the while nervously with his fingers. I am hardly able to describe the details, being not altogether unbiassed at this dreadful hour.

"I only know we stood at first in two distinct groups, and for the first few moments after the official announcement, not a glance was exchanged between the two sexes, much less a word spoken. A deep silence reigned in the room, a death-like stillness, varied only by an occasional deep sigh, or a nervous movement. The minutes passed, certainly not many, but they seemed to me an eternity!

"Suddenly a loud hoarse voice exclaimed, 'Up, my lads! here are some very pretty mates!' We all recognised the notorious thief from Moscow, a haggard withered fellow, with the ugliest face I ever beheld. He crossed over to the women and examined in his way which would be the most desirable partner. Here he received an indignant push, and there an impudent alluring glance. Others, again—the better part—recoiled from the approach of the brute. He was followed by the Baschkire, who like a clumsy beast of prey drew nigh, muttering incoherently, 'I will have a fat woman; the fattest among them.' From his approach even the ugliest and most impudent instinctively recoiled—this wooer was really too hideous, at best only suited to a monkey. The third in order who came forward was the Don-Cossac, a pretty slender youth. An impudent lass jauntily met him and fell on his neck; but he pushed her aside, and walked towards the girl who had murdered her child. The discarded female muttered some insulting words, and hung the next moment on my own neck. I shook her off, and she repeated the attempt with my neighbour, and again unsuccessfully.

"Her example became contagious: presently the more shameless of the women made an onslaught on the men. Ten minutes later the scene had changed. In the centre of the room stood a number of men and women engaged in eager negotiation—shouting and scolding. The parties who had already agreed retired to the window-niches, and here and there a man pulled an unfortunate woman, making desperate efforts to escape from him. The females who yet retained a spark of womanhood crept into a corner of the room; and in another recess were three of us—the ex-professor, Count S., and myself. We had instinctively come together, watching with painful emotion this frantic spectacle, not inclined to participate in it. To me at least the thought of selecting a wife here never occurred.

"'Another half an hour at your disposal, ladies and gentlemen,' exclaimed our official tormentor; 'twenty minutes—yet fifteen minutes!'

"I stood as if rooted to the ground, my knees trembled, my agitation increased, but I remained motionless. Indeed, as often as I heard the unpleasant voice of the official, the blood rushed to my head, but I advanced not one step. My excitement increased—profound disgust, bitter despair—the wildest indignation which perhaps ever pierced a poor human heart. 'No,' I said; 'I must assert the dignity of my manhood!' I was determined not to make the selection of a wife under the eyes of this man. Another impulse I could hardly suppress—viz. to throw myself upon this imperial delegate and strangle him. And if I finally abstained from an act of violence, it was because I yet loved life, and wished not to end it on the gallows. Sir," continued M. Walerian, "the source of great misery on earth is this overpowering instinct of self-preservation; without it, I should be freed this day from all my misery. Thus I stood, so to speak, at bay in my corner, using all my efforts to subdue the evil spirit within me. My looks most probably betrayed me—for when my eyes met those of the official, I noticed an involuntary shudder. A moment afterwards he regarded me with a sly and malignant glance. I turned aside and closed my eyes on this harassing scene.

"Yet five minutes, ladies and gentlemen! Those as yet undecided must speed themselves, and unburden their heart, or I shall be compelled by virtue of my office to tie them together. And although I shall do so conscientiously, and to the best of my knowledge, there is this risk—that you engage in a marriage of mere convenience, instead of one of free choice and inclination."

"Though my agitation reached its climax, I made no move. I considered myself an accomplice in this disgraceful outrage, if I within the allotted five minutes declared my heart and made a choice. But another thought flashed across my mind: 'I may still be able to prevent the worst. Who knows with whom that rascal may couple me if I remain altogether passive? Choose for yourself!'—I made a step forward—a mist seemed before my eyes—my heart beat wildly—I staggered, I sought figures in order to distinguish and recognise myself.

"Sir," exclaimed the narrator with a sudden yell, "what scenes did I see there? I am no coward, but I—I dare not venture to speak of it. Thus I moved forward; hardly two minutes passed, but days would not suffice to relate what passed during these terrible moments through my heart and brain. I noticed in a corner a fainting woman, a young and delicate creature. I learnt afterwards that she was an orphan child, born of a dissolute woman in a penal settlement. A coarse fellow with cunning eyes bent over her, endeavouring to raise her from the ground. I suddenly pounced upon the fellow, struck him a heavy blow, and carried the unconscious woman away as if a mere child. I determined to defend her to the last. But no rescue was attempted, though the forger shook his fists at me, but had seemingly not the courage to approach nearer. Gazing about him, another female embraced him, a

repulsive woman. He looked at her somewhat abashed, but soon submitted to her caresses.

“Ladies and gentlemen! the allotted hour has passed,’ said the official. ‘I must beg the parties to come forward and make known to me their choice. This may be repugnant to some of you, but my duties prescribe it. I especially request the gentlemen in yonder corner to advance’—pointing to myself and the forger. I clenched my fists involuntarily, but stepped forward with the fainting woman. ‘Cossacks, keep your “Kantschu” in readiness,’ said the official to the guard which surrounded him. Turning first to me, he said: “And are you, sir, resolved to carry the woman you now hold in your arms, not only in this room, but through life?” I nodded assent. ‘And what have you to say, damsel?’ The poor creature was as yet unconscious. ‘She is in a swoon,’ I replied. ‘In that case I am sorry,’ continued the official, ‘to have to refuse in his Majesty’s name my consent to your union. In the interests of humanity, I require an audible yes from all parties. I have watched attentively the whole proceedings,’ continued the official—‘not from mere curiosity, but partly as a duty, and partly out of pure sympathy—and I can assure you, sir, without disparagement to your claims, that the choice of the young lady you now hold in your arms fell not upon you, but upon the gentleman yonder,’ pointing to the forger. ‘It was probably the excess of happiness at this selection which caused her fainting. For you there is waiting an adequate recompense—that ripe, desirable beauty who now only reluctantly holds the arm of your rival. Therefore, changez, Messieurs!’ ‘Scoundrel!’ I exclaimed, and advanced to seize him. But ere I could lay hold of him, a fearful blow on my head stretched me stunned and bleeding to the ground. When I had somewhat recovered, our marriage procession was in progress of formation. The woman whom the official had assigned to me knelt at my side, bathing my head, endeavouring to revive me. ‘I like you,’ she observed, ‘and will treat you well.’ She raised me to my feet, placed her arm in mine, and pushed me in the ranks of the procession, which moved slowly towards the church. On our road a heavy hand seized me suddenly by the collar. ‘Brother,’ grunted a coarse voice in my ear, ‘your stout woman takes my fancy. Will you change with me? Mine is certainly less corpulent, but younger in years.’

“It was the man behind me—the Baschkire. The female whom he dragged along was a lean, ugly, dark-complexioned woman, swooning or near a swoon. An expression of unutterable despair overspread her features, rendering them, if possible, yet more ugly. ‘A woman who can suffer so intensely as this one unquestionably does, cannot be without a heart—is not altogether depraved, no matter what cause brought her here.’ These reflections determined me. ‘She is preferable to the woman at my side. Done!’ I whispered to the Baschkire. Just crossing the threshold of the church, a momentary pause ensued, during which we effected the exchange; not without a murmur, however, on the part of my intended wife. But the Baschkire kept her quiet; and

a closer inspection of her new partner seemed to satisfy her. The poor woman I led forward seemed hardly aware of the exchange, she was so entirely absorbed in her grief. We were married. The official only afterwards became aware of what had happened, but could not now undo it. But I had to suffer for it—terrible was the punishment."

Not another word was uttered by the unfortunate man. Quite overcome by the recital of his cruel fate, he suddenly arose and left the house.

On account of the approach of the Jewish Sabbath, my coachman urged on our journey. Half an hour later, we passed the lonely and desolate hostelry of poor M. Walerian, the exile of Siberia, who owed so much to imperial clemency.—F. A. S., in *Belgravia*.

CHRISTMAS IN MOROCCO.

"To-morrow Christmas for Moros!" said the gentle Hamed, our Moorish servant, entering the room soon after the bang of the last sunset gun of Ramadan had shaken our windows, and the thick smoke of the coarse Moorish powder had floated away, temporarily obscuring the gorgeous hues bestowed by the retiring luminary on the restless waters of the South Atlantic.

"To-morrow Christmas for Moros! In the morning Hamed clean house, go for *soko*; then all day no *trabally*; have new *haik*, new slippers, walk about all same *tijjer*."

By which little speech our faithful attendant meant to convey that to-morrow's rejoicing at the termination of the long and irksome fast of Ramadan was equivalent to the "Ingleez's" Christmas, and that, after putting the house in order and bringing the provisions from the *soko*, or market, he would do no more *trabally*, or work—the word being a corruption of the Spanish *trabajo*—but would don the new *haik* and bright yellow slippers for which he had long been saving up, and to the purchase of which certain little presents from the children of our household had materially contributed; and would be entitled, by prescriptive holiday right, to "take his walks abroad" with the *dolce far niente* dignity of a *tijjer*, or merchant.

I think we members of the little English community of Mogador—or, as the Moors fondly call this pleasantest town of the Morocco seaboard, "El Souerah," or The Beautiful—had almost as good reason as the Moslem population to rejoice at the termination of the great fast. The Moors not being allowed, during the holy month, to eat, drink, or smoke betwixt the rising and the setting of the sun—the more sternly orthodox even closing their nostrils against any pleasant odour that might casually perfume the air in their vicinity, and their ears against even the

faintest sound of music—debaring themselves, in fact, from whatever could give the slightest pleasure to any of the senses, a considerable amount of gloom and listlessness was the inevitable result.

The servants in the various households, not over active and intelligent at the best of times, became, as the weary days of prayer and fasting wore on, appallingly idiotic, sleepy, and sullen, would do but little work, and that little never promptly nor well. Meals could not be relied on within an hour or two, rooms were left long untidy, essential little errands and messages unperformed, and a general gloomy confusion prevailed.

Did I, tempted by the smoothness of the sea, desire a little fishing cruise, and send a youthful Moor to the neighbouring rocks to get me a basket of mussels for bait, he would probably, directly he got outside the town-gates, deposit the basket and himself in the shade of the first wall he came to, and slumber sweetly till the tide had risen and covered all the rocky ledges where it was possible to collect bait. Had I told the youngster over night that he must come out to sea with me in the morning, and take care that my boat was put outside the dock, so that she would be afloat at a certain hour, I would find, on going down at daybreak with rods and tackle, that the boat was high and dry upon the mud, and it would take the united efforts of half a dozen Moors and myself to get her afloat at the end of nearly an hour's frantic struggling and pushing through mud and water, necessitating on my part the expenditure of a great amount of perspiration, not a little invective, and sundry silver coins.

And when we were fairly afloat my Mahometan youth would be so weak from fasting that his oar would be almost useless; and when we did, after an hour or so of the most ignominious zigzagging, reach our anchorage on one of the fishing-grounds, then would he speedily become sea-sick, and instead of helping me by preparing bait and landing fish, he would lean despairingly over the side in abject misery, and implore me to go home promptly—a piteous illustration of the anguish caused by an empty stomach contracting on itself.

Nor were these the only discomforts under which we groaned and grumbled.

From the evening when the eager lookers-out from minarets of mosques and towers of the fortifications first descried the new moon which ushered in the holy month of fasting, every sunset, as it flushed the far-off waves with purple and crimson and gold, and turned the fleecy cloudlets in the western sky to brightest jewels, and suffused the white houses and towers of Mogador with sweetest glow of pink, and gilded the green-tiled top of each tall minaret, had been accompanied by the roar of a cannon from the battery just below our windows.

“What the deuce is that?” asked a friend of mine, lately arrived from England, as we strolled homewards one evening through the dusty streets, and the boom of the big gun suddenly fell upon his astonished ear.

"Only sunset," I replied.

"Queer place this," said J. "Does the sun always set with a bang?"

"Always during Ramadan."

"Does it rise with a bang too? I hate to be roused up early in the morning!"

"No, there is no gun at sunrise; but there is a very loud one at about three in the morning, or sometimes half-past, or four, or later."

"Shocking nuisance!" remarked J. "My bedroom window's just over that abominable battery."

The early morning gun was a great trial, certainly. I would not have minded being *revéillé en sursaut*, as a Frenchman would say, and then turning comfortably over on the other side, and going to sleep again.

But somehow or other I always found myself awake half an hour or an hour before the time, and then I *could not* get to sleep again, but lay tossing about and fidgettily listening for the well-known din. At length I would hear a sound like the hum of an enormous Finnish nightmarish mosquito, caused by a hideous long tin trumpet, the shrill whistle of a fife or two, and the occasional tom-tomming of a Moorish drum. "Ha, the soldiers coming along the ramparts; they will soon fire now."

But the sound of the discordant instruments with which the soldiery solaced themselves in the night for their enforced abstinence from such "sweet sounds" in the day would continue for a long time before the red flash through my wide-open door would momentarily illumine my little chamber on the white flat roof, and then the horrid bang would rend the air, followed by a dense cloud of foul-smelling smoke; and then would my big dog Cæsar for several minutes rush frantically to and fro upon the roof in hot indignation, and utter deep-mouthed barks of defiance at the white figures of the "Maghaseni," as they flitted ghost-like along the ramparts below, and snort and pant and chafe and refuse to be pacified for a long time.

At the firing of the sunset gun the Moors were allowed to take a slight refectation, which generally consisted of a kind of gruel. I have seen a Moorish soldier squatting in the street with a brass porringer in his lap, eagerly awaiting the boom of the cannon to dip his well-washed fingers in the mess.

At about 9 P.M. another slight meal was allowed to the true believers, and they might eat again at morning gun-fire, after which their mouths were closed against all "fixings, solid and liquid," even against the smallest draught of water or the lightest puff at the darling little pipe of dream-inducing *kief*.

On the twenty-seventh day of Ramadan we were informed that twenty-seven guns would be fired that night, and that we had better leave all our windows open, or they would certainly be broken by the violence of the discharge. This was pleasant; still more delightful was the glorious uncertainty which prevailed in the minds of our informants as to the time at which we might expect the infliction.

Some said that the twenty-seven guns would be fired before midnight

Hamed opined that the cannonade would not take place till 3 or 4 a. m. Many of the guns on the battery in close proximity to our abode were in a fearfully rusty and honeycombed condition, so that apprehensions as to some of them bursting were not unnatural, and I thought it extremely probable that a few stray fragments might "drop in" on me.

That night I burned the "midnight oil," and lay reading till nearly two, when sweet sleep took possession of me, from which I was awakened about four in the morning by a terrific bang that fairly shook the house.

A minute more, and there came a red flash and another bang, presently another. Thought I, "I will go out and see the show;" so I went on to the flat white roof in my airy nocturnal costume, and leaning over the parapet looked down on to the platform of the battery below. A group of dim white figures, a flickering lantern, a glowing match, a touch at the breech of a rusty old gun, a swift skurry of the white figures round a corner, a squib-like fountain of sparks from the touch-hole, a red flash from the mouth, momentarily illumining the dark violet sea, a bang, and a cloud of smoke.

Then the white figures and the lantern appeared again; another squib, another flash, another bang, Cæsar galloping up and down over the roof, snorting his indignation, but not barking, probably because he felt "unable to do justice to the subject;" and at length, after the eleventh gun had belched forth crimson flames and foul smoke, all was peace, save a distant discord of tin trumpets, *gouals* and *gimbris*, and I returned to my mosquito-haunted couch with a sigh of relief.

Pass we now to the eve of "Christmas for Moros," and let ethnologist and hagiologist derive some satisfaction from the evidences I collected in this far-away Moorish town that the gladness of the Mahometan festival does, similarly to the purer joy of the Christian, though in a less degree perhaps, incline towards "peace and good-will to men," charity and kindliness.

As we sat chatting that evening round the tea-table, to us entered Hamed, bearing, with honest pride illumining his brown features, a great tray of richly engraved brass, heaped up with curious but tempting-looking cakes.

Gracefully presenting them to "the senora," he intimated that this was his humble offering or Christmas token of good-will towards the family, and that his mother (whom the good fellow maintains out of his modest wages) had made them with her own hands.

The cakes were made of long thin strips of the finest paste, plentifully sweetened with delicious honey, twisted into quaint shapes, and fried in the purest of oil. I need hardly say that the children were delighted, and immediately commenced to court indigestion by a vigorous onslaught on the new and tempting sweets. Nay, why should I blush to confess that I myself have a very sweet tooth in my head, and such a liking for all things saccharine that my friends say jokingly that I must be getting into my second childhood?—an imputation which, as I am only

a little on the wrong side of thirty, I can bear with equanimity. However, I firmly decline to inform an inquisitive public how many of those delightful Moorish cakes I ate: truth to tell, I do not remember; but I enjoyed them heartily, nor found my digestion impaired thereby.

We had a little chat with Hamed—whose face was lighted up with the broadest of grins as we praised his mother's pastry and showed our appreciation of it in the most satisfactory manner—on certain matters of the Mahometan religion and the position of women in the future life. Some of the sterner Muslims believe that women have no souls; others opine that while good men go to "*E'junnah*," or heaven, and bad ones to "*E'jehannam*," or hell, women and mediocre characters are deported to a vague kind of limbo which they designate as "*Bab Maroksh*," or the Morocco Gate.

But the gentle, liberal, and gallant Hamed informed us, in reply to an individual query with regard to our Moorish housemaid, that "if Lanniya plenty good, no *tiefem* (steal), no drinkum *sharab* (wine), and go for *scula* ("school," or religious instruction in the mosque, or in a schoolhouse adjoining it), by and by she go for "*E'jannah*."

I am hardly correct, by the way, in speaking of Lanniya as "housemaid," for Moorish maidens and wives never go in the service of European families, being prohibited by their religion from showing their faces; it is only widows and divorced women who may go about unveiled, and mingle with Christians.

The next morning, soon after the last gun of Ramadan had sounded its joyous boom in my ear, I was up and stirring, donning my shooting apparel and preparing for an early country walk with my faithful four-footed comrade. I had no fear of exciting the fanaticism of the Muslim population by going out shooting on their holy day, for there is not much bigotry in Mogador,—Moors, Christians, and Jews observing their several religions peacefully side by side, so that three Sundays come in every week, the Mahometan on Friday, the Jewish on Saturday, and then ours.

The sun, just rising from behind the eastern sand-hills, was gilding all the house-tops and minarets, till our white town looked like a rich assemblage of fairy palaces of gold and ivory; the smiling sea, serene and azure, came rippling peacefully up to the base of the rugged brown rocks, enlivened to-day by no statuesque figures of Moorish fishermen; nor did a single boat dot the broad blue expanse of the unusually smooth South Atlantic, of which the fish and the sea-fowl were for once left in undisturbed possession.

As I gazed from the flat roof away over the great town, I heard from many quarters loud sounds of music and merriment. As I passed presently through the narrow streets, with their dead white walls and cool dark arches, scarcely a camel was to be seen at the accustomed corners by the stores of the merchants, where usually whole fleets of the "ships of the desert" lay moored, unloading almonds, and rich gums, and hides, and all the varied produce of the distant interior.

Outside the town-gates the very hordes of semi-wild scavenger dogs seemed to know that the day was one of peace, for they lay in the sunshine, nor barked and snapped at the infidel intruder as he walked over the golden sands, along the edge of the marshy pool, past the pleasant-looking Moorish cemetery with its graceful verdant palm-trees, a calm oasis in the sandy plain, and out across the shallow lagoon formed by overflows of high tides, by which a few late trains of homeward-bound camels went softly stepping, looking wonderfully picturesque as they marched through shallow waters so beautifully gilded by the morning sun, their drivers doubtless eager to reach their own home or the shelter of some friendly village to participate in the modest revelries of the joyous season. How I wandered along the shore of the "many-sounding sea," enjoying a little rough sport, and the blithe companionship of the big doggie; how I saw never a Moor upon the rocks, but many Jews with long bamboo rods, busily engaged in fishing for bream and bass and rock-fish, it boots not to describe with a minuteness which might be wearisome to my readers, for I am not now writing "of sport, for sportsmen."

So let us turn homewards, as the sun is getting high in the heavens, and note the scenes by the way.

Yonder, near the marshy corner of the plain, haunted by wild-fowl, and carrion crows, and mongrel jackal-like dogs, is the rough cemetery of the despised "Jehoud," the Israelites who form so large and so wealthy a portion of the population of Mogador. Among the long flat stones that mark the graves of the exiled sons and daughters of Israel there is a winding crowd of white-draped figures, a funeral procession. Unwilling to intrude upon their grief, I pass on, casting an involuntary glance at the picturesque garb and wild gesticulations of the mourners as the women's loud and bitter cry of "Ai, Ai, Ai, Ai!" sounds weirdly through the air, just as it may have done in the old scriptural times, when "the mourners went about the streets" and gave unchecked vent to their grief in public, even as they do to this day.

But as I neared Morocco Gate, from the neighbouring "Running Ground" came very different sounds—a din of many drums, a squeaking of merry fifes, the firing of many long Moorish guns, the shouting of men and boys, and the eerie shrill *tagharriet* of the Moorish women.

And as I passed in front of the round battery, out from the great gate of the New Kasbah came the crowd of men, women, and children who had been clamouring joyfully in the Running-Ground, a bright throng of brown faces and white raiment, interspersed with the gay colours worn by the little children, and dotted here and there by the blood-red of the national flag. Suddenly from a cannon just behind me came a cloud of smoke enveloping me and the dog, and a bang which fairly shook us, and then another and another. The firing of the guns from this battery was the spectacle the Moorish populace had come out to see.

It was an uncomfortable sensation to have big guns going off just behind one; they were only loaded with blank cartridge, of course, but we were quite near enough to be knocked down by a stray piece of wadding, and something did once whistle past my ear suggestively.

But it would never do for an "Ingleez" to run away in the presence of a lot of Moors; so I walked calmly across the sands while the whole battery of guns—twelve, I think—were fired, Cæsar meanwhile prancing about majestically, and loudly giving vent to his indignation at a proceeding which he evidently considered, as he always does the firing of any gun or pistol by any one but me, an express insult to his master, and an infringement of his peculiar privileges.

I went home by way of the Water-Port, where there was no movement of lighters or fishing-craft, no stir of bare-legged porters and fishermen, no bustle of Jewish and European merchants; nearly all the boats were drawn up on the shore, and those which remained afloat, slumbered tenantless on the broad blue bosom of the sea. On rocks, and in the pleasant shade of walls and arches, a few figures, in bright and gauzy *haiks* and gorgeous new slippers, lounged and dozed, perchance tired with the revelries they had gone through since daybreak, and recruiting their energies for fresh rejoicings towards evening. Reaching home about eleven, I rested a while, deposited my birds in the larder, and then proceeded to stroll about the streets and see how the populace comported themselves on this festive occasion. I was sorry to learn that some of the younger and more fanatical of the Moors had been relieving their feelings by abusing the Jews, some of whom had had stones thrown at them, and their heads slightly broken. But this temporary riot was over, and now all was "peace and good-will," except that perhaps there may have lurked a little not unnatural ill-feeling in the minds of the broken-headed Israelites, who could not help feeling rather disgusted at the manner in which the Muslim youths had celebrated "Christmas for Moros."

As I passed along the narrow lane wherein the soldiers of the Kaid or Governor, in the snowiest of *haiks* and tallest and reddest of *tarboashes*, squatted against the wall, chatting blithely as they awaited the advent of their master, a grave and venerable-looking Moorish grandpapa, burying along with a great armful of cakes in one of the folds of his *haik*, stumbled against a loose stone and dropped several of the cakes.

I hastily stooped and picked them up; the old man muttered a few words of blessing upon me, insisted on my accepting the dainties I had rescued from the dust, utterly refused to receive them back, pressed my hand, and hurried on, leaving me in a state of embarrassment, from which I was opportunely relieved by the arrival of a bright-eyed little Moor of seven or eight summers, who was perfectly willing to relieve me from all trouble connected with the handful of cakes. Passing into the busy streets of the Moorish quarter, I found the population coming out of the various mosques, where they had been to morning service, and now going in for a systematic course of "greetings in the market-

place," and purchasing of presents. O, for an artist's pencil and colours to depict the gorgeous costumes of the town Moors, the quaint, wild garb of their country cousins; the gauzy cream-tinted *haiks* from Morocco; the rich silken *caftans* of purple, or crimson, or yellow, or green, or azure, or pink, sweetly half-veiled by a fold or two of snowy gauze thrown over them; the bright red fez caps, and voluminous snowy turbans of the patriarchal-looking old men; the broad silken sashes from Fez, heavy and stiff with rich embroidery of gold; the great curved daggers in their richly chased silver or brass sheaths, suspended amid the folds of the *haik* by thick woolen cords of gay colours; the handsome brown faces, the flashing black eyes, the wonderful white teeth, the sinewy brown bare legs, the brand-new yellow slippers of the merry Moors of Mogador!

And the negroes, or, as old Fuller would quaintly have called them, "the images of God cut in ebony," how their honest black features glistened, and how their bright teeth grinned beneath turban or fez, or gaudy handkerchief of many colours!

The negro servant of one of the European residents, a good-humoured giant of nearly seven feet, whom his master is wont to describe as "his nigger and a half," came stalking down amongst the little shops and stalls with a flaunting bandanna round his head, a purple jacket, a most gorgeous sash, a pair of green baggy breeches, a glittering silver-sheathed dagger, and a most imposing *haik*, thrown in toga-like folds over all.

Negro women, unveiled, white-clad, adorned as to their shiny black arms with rude heavy bracelets of silver or brass, sat at street-corners with baskets of sweet cakes and little loaves for sale. Veiled Moorish women, perchance showing just one bright black eye to tantalise the beholder, glided along like substantial ghosts in the white raiment which enveloped them from their heads down to the little feet shod with red or yellow slippers embroidered with gold thread or bright-coloured silks. Women leading tiny toddlers of children, little bright-eyed boys with crowns shaven all but one queer little tufted ridge in the middle, deftly curled this morning by mamma's loving fingers; foreheads adorned with quaint frontlets, from which hung curious ornaments of gold and coral and silver, spells against the evil eye, talismans, and what not.

Little boys in beautiful cloth or silken cloaks of pale blue, or delicate purple, or crimson, or rich green, or golden yellow, trotting along as proud as peacocks, holding by the hand some tiny brother who can barely toddle. Children who have just had new slippers purchased for them, and are carrying them home in triumph; children who, with funny little copper coins in their hand, are congregating round the stall of the swarthy seller of sweetstuffs, who is ejaculating loudly, "*Heloua, Heloua!*" busily brandishing a feathery branch of green *artim* the while, to keep the vagrom flies off his stores of rich dainties composed of walnut and almond toffee, pastes made of almonds and honey and sugar, little brown sugar balls thickly strewn with cummin-seeds, long sticks of peppermint, and other delicacies difficult to describe.

As to the grown-up Moors, never was seen such a hand-shaking as is going on amongst them. Everybody is shaking hands with everybody else, each wishing the other the Arabic substitute for "A merry Christmas," and after each handshaking each of the participants puts his hand to his lips and proceeds, to be stopped two yards farther on for a repetition of the performance.

On we go through the meat-market, and note pityingly the leanness of the Moors' Christmas beef, which has just been butchered, and of which an eager good-humored crowd are buying small pieces amid much vociferation, chaff, and "compliments of the season" generally.

Then we come to the green-grocers' shops, where we see huge radishes, great pomegranates, sweet potatoes, and bunches of fragrant mint for the flavouring of the Moors' passionately loved beverage, green tea; then to the grocers' quarter, where, asking a grave and portly Moor for a pennyworth of *fakaa* (dried fruit), he puts into half a gourd-shell a pleasant collection of dates, almonds, figs, and raisins, hands them to us with benign politeness. Opposite his store is a low table covered with queer bottles of all shapes and sizes, filled with a dubious-looking pink fluid, resembling the most delicious hair oil, but apparently highly appreciated by the Moorish and Jewish youth who crowd around.

In the centre is a burly brandy-bottle, bearing the well-known label of "J. and F. Martell," now filled with a fluid presumably more innocuous than the choicest cognac; the big bottle is flanked by rows of little medicine-vials and long thin bottles such as are used for attar of roses and other Eastern scents; for the vendor of this bright-coloured liquor does not possess cups or tumblers, but dispenses it in the little bottles. A bare-headed youth, with shaven crown, tenders a *mozouna*, receives a two-ounce vial, empties it solemnly amid the envious looks of his comrades, sets it down, and walks gravely away.

Away we go too, Cæsar and I, and I note that there is hardly a Jew to be seen in the streets; they are afraid of stone-throwing, and outbreaks of the slumbering hatred and contempt with which they are regarded by the orthodox Muslim.

As for Christians, Englishmen especially, they are much more tolerated and respected; and I know that I may walk the town all day without fear of molestation, and get plenty of kindly greetings and many a smile and shake of the hand.

Out of the busy market, up the narrow and shady streets, hearing sounds of the fearsome trumpet, which I have already compared to an exaggerated mosquito, meeting that instrument presently at a corner—a horrid tin thing about two yards long, wielded by a sinewy little man in a blue tunic, accompanying a gaily-dressed boy on a sleek and patient donkey. Fifeing and drumming and firing of guns going on all around.

Fierce-looking Moors and Arabs from the country leaning on their long silver-mounted guns, scowling at the "Kaffer," whom they have perchance not seen until they came to El Souërah. A veiled, but evi-

dently portly, dame, leading by the hand a pretty little girl, in a skirt below a rich garment of lace or embroidery, with a crimson hood, cloak or *djelub* over it, rich ornaments on her smooth brown forehead, enormous silver anklets, little bare feet, dyed, like her hands and those of most of the little girls and many of the big ones, a bright red with henna. Little girl shrinks behind her mother, afraid of the Giaour or of his big dog; the Giaour slips by with a smile, doggie with a friendly wag of his tail, and we go homeward for a while; Cæsar to make a hearty meal of the biscuits which have come all the way from England for him; his master to partake of lunch, then smoke a pipe on the roof, and look wistfully out over the bright blue sky, and let his thoughts wander far, far away to many a pleasant Christmas in a pleasant corner of the fair Western land.

"Where is now the merry party
I remember long ago,
Laughing round the Christmas fireside,
Brightened by its ruddy glow?"

But the Moor's Christmas has come early in October; there is time yet, and plenty of English steamers going backwards and forwards who knows whether the wanderer may not yet spend the next Christmas by a genial English fireside, and recount to prattling children on his knee (others' children, alas!) the curious sights, sounds, and scenes of "Christmas for Moros?" But I have not quite done with you yet, kindly reader. I must just briefly tell you how I went out again in the afternoon with Cæsar and a two-legged friend, and found me shopping going on and more handshaking, and found the more festive spirits getting hilarious over green tea and coffee and *kicf*; how we strolled down to the Water-Port and sat on the quay, surrounded by merry young Moors in their "Sunday best;" how my friend essayed to sketch one or two of them, and they did not like it, but thought some evil spell would be put upon them thereby; how they asked us many questions about England, and particularly wanted to know how many dollars we possessed; how my companion won the hearts of some of the younger members of the party by teaching them how to whistle between their thumbs, and how to make a certain very loud and discordant screech; and how J. and I finished the afternoon by partaking of a delightful bottle of English ale in the courtyard of a coffee store, leaning our chairs against massive stone pillars, and smoking the pipe of peace.

But I fear the stern Editor will not grant me any more space, and must leave at present the recital of all that I saw on the ensuing day, which the gentle Hamed, if he were a *little* more closely acquainted with our institutions, would call "Boxing-day for Moros."

C. A. P. ("SARCELLE"), in *London Society*,

MOGADOR.

THE HOMES AND HAUNTS OF THE ITALIAN POETS.

GUARINI.

PASTORAL poetry had in Italy a tendency to a rapid degeneration from the first. "Decipit exemplum vitii imitabile." The earliest "pastorals" were far from being without merit, and merit of a high order. But they were eminently "vitii imitabiles." Two specimens of Italian Arcadian poetry stand out, from the incredibly huge mass of such productions still extant, superior to all the innumerable imitations to which they gave rise in a more marked degree even than "originals" usually surpass imitations in value. These are the "Aminta" of Tasso, and the "Pastor Fido" of the poet with whom it is the object of these pages to make the English nineteenth century reader, who never will find the time to read him, in some degree acquainted—Batista Guarini. It would be difficult to say which of these two celebrated pastoral dramas was received with the greater amount of delight and enthusiasm by the world of their contemporaries, or even which of them is the better performance. The almost simultaneous production of these two masterpieces in their kind is a striking instance of the, one may almost say, epidemic nature of the influences which rule the production of the human intellect; influences which certainly did not cease to operate for many generations after that of the authors of the "Aminta" and the "Pastor Fido," although the servile imitation of those greatly admired works unquestionably went for much in causing the overwhelming flood of pastorals which deluged Italy immediately subsequent to their enormous success.

I have said that it would be difficult to assign a preëminence to either of these poems. But it must not be supposed that it is intended thence to insinuate an equality between the authors of them. Tasso would occupy no lower place on the Italian Parnassus if he had never written the "Aminta." His fame rests upon a very much larger and firmer basis. But Guarini would be nowhere—would not be heard of at all—had he not written the "Pastor Fido." Having, however, produced that work—a work of which forty editions are said to have been printed in his lifetime, and which has been translated into almost every civilised language, including Latin, Greek, and Hebrew—he has always filled a space in the eyes of his countrymen, and occupied a position in the roll of fame, which render his admission as one of our select band here imperative. He is, besides, a representative poet; the head and captain of the pastoral school, which attained everywhere so considerable a vogue, and in Italy such colossal proportions.

Guarini was born in the year 1537 in Ferrara,—desolate, dreary, shrunken, grass-grown, tumble-down Ferrara, which in the course of one half-century gave to the world, besides a host of lesser names, three such poets as Tasso, Ariosto and Guarini. Ariosto died four years before Guarini was born; but Tasso was nearly his contemporary, being but seven years his junior.

In very few cases in all the world and in all ages has it happened that intellectual distinction has been the appanage of one family for as many generations as in that of the Guarini. They came originally from Verona, where Guarino, the first of the family on record, who was born in 1370, taught the learned languages, and was one of the most notable of the band of scholars who laboured at the restoration of classical literature. He lived to be ninety years old, and is recorded to have had twenty-three sons. It is certain that he had twelve living in 1438. One of them, Giovanni Batista, succeeded his father in his professorship at Ferrara, to which city the old scholar had been invited by Duke Hercules I. It would seem that another of his sons must also have shared the work of teaching in the University of Ferrara; for Batista the poet was educated by his great-uncle Alessandro, and succeeded him in his professorship. Of the poet's father we only learn that he was a mighty hunter, and further, that he and his poet-son were engaged in litigation respecting the inheritance of the poet's grandfather and great-uncle. It is probable that the two old scholars wished to bequeath their property, which included a landed estate, to their grandson and great-nephew, who already was manifesting tastes and capacities quite in accordance with their own, rather than to that exceptional member of the race who cared for nothing but dogs and horses.

Nor was Batista the last of his race who distinguished himself in the same career. His son succeeded him in his chair at the university; and we have thus at least four generations of scholars and professors following the same course in the same university, which was in their day one of the most renowned in Europe.

All this sounds very stable, very prosperous, very full of the element of contentment. And there is every reason to believe that the great-grandfather, the grandfather, the great-uncle, the son, were all as tranquil and contented and happy as well-to-do scholars in a prosperous university city should be. But not so the poet. His life was anything but tranquil, or happy, or contented. The lives of few men, it may be hoped, have been less so.

Yet his morning was brilliant enough. He distinguished himself so remarkably by his success in his early studies that, on the death of his great-uncle Alexander when he was only nineteen, he was appointed to succeed him. This was in 1556, when Hercules II. was Duke of Ferrara, and when that court of the Este princes was at the apogee of its splendour, renown, and magnificence. The young professor remained working at the proper labours of his profession for ten years; and they were in all probability the best and happiest, the only happy ones of his

life. Happy is the nation, it has been said, which has no history; and much the same probably may be said of an individual. Respecting these ten years of Guarini's life but little has been recorded. No doubt the chronicle of them would have been monotonous enough. The same quiet duties quietly and successfully discharged; the same morning walk to his school, the same evening return from it, through the same streets, with salutations to the same friends, and leisurely pauses by the way to chat, Italian fashion, with one and another, as they were met in the streets, not then, as now, deserted, grass-grown, and almost weird in their pale sun-baked desolation, but thronged with bustling citizens, mingled with gay courtiers, and a very unusually large proportion of men whose names were known from one end of Italy to the other. Those school haunts in the Ferrarese University were haunts which the world-weary ex-professor must often throughout the years of his remaining life—some forty-five of them, for he did not die till 1612, when he was seventy-five—have looked back on as the best and happiest of his storm-tossed existence.

There is, however, one record belonging to this happy time which must not be forgotten. It was at Padua, *Padova la dotta*, as she has been in all ages and is still called, Padua the learned, in the year 1565. Guarini was then in his twenty-eighth year, and had been a professor at Ferrara for the last eight years. Probably it was due to the circumstance that his friend and fellow-townsmen, Torquato Tasso, was then pursuing his studies at Padua, that the young Ferrarese professor turned his steps in that direction, bound "on a long vacation ramble." Tasso was only one-and-twenty at the time; but he was already a member of the famous Paduan Academy of the "Etherials," which Guarini was not. And we may readily fancy the pride and pleasure with which the younger man, doing the honours of the place to his learned friend, procured him to be elected a member of the "Etherials." Guarini (so called *nel secolo*—in the world), was *Il Costante*—the "Constant One" among the "Etherials." Scipio Gonzaga, who became subsequently the famous Cardinal, spoke an oration of welcome to him on his election. Then what congratulations, what anticipations of fame, what loving protestations of eternal friendship, what naïve acceptance of the importance and serious value of their Etherial Academic play, as the two youths strolling at the evening hour among the crowds of gravely clad but in no wise gravely speaking students who thronged the colonnades in deep shadow under their low-browed arches, sally forth from beneath them as the sun nears the west, on to the vast open space which lies around the great church of St. Antony! Advancing in close talk they come up to Donatello's superb equestrian statue of the Venetian General Gattamelata, and lean awhile against the tall pedestal, finishing their chat before entering the church for the evening prayer.

The "Etherials" of Padua constituted one of the innumerable "Academies" which existed at that day and for a couple of centuries subsequently in every one of the hundred cities of Italy. The "Arca-

dian" craze was the generating cause of all of them. All the members were "shepherds;" all assumed a fancy name on becoming a member, by which they were known in literary circles; and every Academy printed all the rhymes its members strung together!

Those must have been pleasant days in old Padua, before the young Professor returned to his work in the neighbouring university of Ferrara. The two young men were then, and for some time afterwards, loving friends; for they had not yet become rival poets.

At the end of those ten years of university life he may be said to have entered on a new existence—to have begun life afresh—so entirely dis severed was his old life from the new that then opened on him. Alphonso II., who had succeeded his father, Hercules II., as Duke of Ferrara in 1559, "called him to the court" in 1567, and he began life as a courtier, or a "servant" of the Duke, in the language of the country and time.

Well, in 1567 he entered into the service of the Duke, his sovereign, and never had another happy or contented hour!

The first service on which the Duke employed him, and for the performance of which he seems specially to have taken him from his professional chair, was an embassy to Venice, to congratulate the new Doge, Pietro Loredano, on his elevation to the ducal throne, to which he had been elected on the previous 19th of June. On this occasion the Professor was created Cavaliere, a title to which his landed estate of Guarina, so called from the ancestor on whom it had been originally bestowed by a former duke, fairly entitled him.

Shortly afterwards he was sent as ambassador to the court of Turin; and then to that of the Emperor Maximilian at Innsbruck. Then he was twice sent to Poland; the first time on the occasion of the election of Henry the Third of France to the throne of that kingdom; and the second time when Henry quitted it to ascend that of France on the death of his brother Charles IX. The object of this second embassy was to intrigue for the election to the Polish crown of Alphonso. But, as it is hardly necessary to say, his mission was unsuccessful.

It seems, too, to have been well-nigh fatal to the ambassador. There is extant a letter written from Warsaw to his wife, which gives a curious and interesting account of the sufferings he endured on the journey and at the place of his destination. He tells his wife not to be discontented that his silence has been so long, but to be thankful that it was not eternal, as it was very near being! "I started, as you know, more in the fashion of a courier than of an ambassador. And that would have been more tolerable if bodily fatigue had been all. But the same hand that had to flog the horses by day, had to hold the pen by night. Nature could not bear up against this double labour of body and mind; especially after I had travelled by Serravelles and Ampez,* which is more disagreeable and difficult than I can tell you, from the ruggedness no

* The now celebrated pass of the Ampezzo between Venice and Innsbruck.

less of the country than of the people, from the scarcity of horses, the miserable mode of living, and the want of every necessary. So much so that on reaching Hala* I had a violent fever. I embarked, however, for Vienna notwithstanding. What with fever, discouragement, an intense thirst, scarcity of remedies and of medical assistance, bad lodging, generally far to seek,† and often infected with disease, food disgusting, even to persons in health, bed where you are smothered in feathers, in a word, none of the necessaries or comforts of life! I leave you to imagine what I have suffered. The evil increased; my strength grew less. I lost my appetite for everything save wine. In a word, little hope remained to me of life, and that little was odious to me. There is on the Danube, which I was navigating, a vast whirlpool, so rapid that if the boatmen did not avail themselves of the assistance of a great number of men belonging to the locality, strong and powerful and well acquainted with the danger, who are there constantly for the purpose, and who struggle with their oars against the rapacious gulf, there is not a vessel in that great river which would not be engulfed! The place is worthy of the name of "the Door of Death," which with a notoriety of evil fame it has gained for itself. There is no passenger so bold as not to pass that bit of the course of the river on foot; for the thing is truly formidable and terrible. But I was so overcome by illness, that having lost all sense of danger or desire to live, I did not care to leave the boat, but remained in it, with those strong men, I hardly know whether to say stupidly or intrepidly—but I will say intrepidly, since at one point, where I was within an ace of destruction, I felt no fear."

He goes on to tell how at Vienna a physician treated him amiss, and made him worse; how every kind of consideration, and his own desire to save his life, counselled him to delay there; but how the honour, the responsibility of the embassy wholly on his shoulders, his duty to his sovereign prevailed to drive him onwards. He feared, too, lest it should be supposed at Warsaw that he preferred his life to the business on which he came, an accusation which might have been made use of by suspicious and malignant adversaries to deprive him of all the credit of his labours, and "to snatch from my Prince the crown which we are striving to place on his head. It is impossible to imagine," he continues, "what I suffered in that journey of more than six hundred miles from Vienna to Warsaw, dragged rather than carried in carts, broken and knocked to pieces. I wonder that I am still alive! The obstinate fever, the want of rest, of food, and of medicine, the excessive cold, the infinite hardships, the uninhabited deserts, were killing me. More often than not it was a much lesser evil to crouch by night in the cart, which dislocated my bones by day, rather than to be suffo-

* This must probably be Hall on the Inn, a little below Innsbruck. Certainly any boat which he got there for the descent of the river must have been a sufficiently miserable mode of travelling.

† Far, that is, from the bank of the river, where he left his boat at night.

cated in the foulness of those dens, or stables rather, where the dogs and cats, the cocks and hens, and the geese, the pigs and the calves, and sometimes the children, kept me waiting."

He proceeds to tell how the country was overrun, in that time of interregnum, by lawless bands of Cossacks; how he was obliged to travel with a strong escort, but nevertheless was obliged several times to deviate from the direct road to avoid the Cossacks, but on two occasions had very narrow escapes from falling into their hands. When he reached Warsaw at last, more dead than alive, the only improvement of his position was that he was stationary instead of in motion. "The cart no more lacerates my limbs!" But there was no rest to be got. "The place, the season, the food, the drink, the water, the servants, the medicines, the doctors, mental trouble, and a thousand other ills make up my torment. Figure to yourself all the kingdom lodged in one little town, and my room in the midst of it! There is no place from the top to the bottom, on the right or on the left, by day or by night, that is not full of tumult and noise. There is no special time here destined for business. Negotiation is going on always, because drinking is going on always; and business is dry work without wine. When business is over, visits begin; and when these are at an end, drums, trumpets, bombs, uproar, cries, quarrels, fighting, split one's head in a manner piteous to think of. Ah! if I suffered all this labour and this torment for the love and the glory of God, I should be a martyr!" (one thinks of Wolsey!) "But is he not worthy of the name who serves without hope of recompense?"

He concludes his letter, bidding his wife not to weep for him, but to live and care for her children, in a manner which indicates that he had even then but little hope of returning alive.

We are nevertheless assured by his biographers that he acquitted himself upon all these occasions in such sort as to give satisfaction to his sovereign and to acquire for himself the reputation of an upright and able minister. The Italian practice of entrusting embassies especially to men of letters, which we first had occasion to note when tracing the vicissitudes of the life of Dante in the thirteenth century, which we saw subsequently exemplified in the cases of Petrarch, Boccaccio, and Ariosto, and which might be further exemplified in the persons of many other Italian scholars and men of letters, still, as we see, prevailed in the sixteenth century, and continued to do so for some little time longer.

But in no one instance of all those I have mentioned, does the poet thus employed in functions which in other lands and other times have usually led to honours and abundant recognition of a more solid kind, appear to have reaped any advantage in return for the service performed, or to have been otherwise than dissatisfied and discontented with the treatment accorded to him.

It would have been very interesting to learn somewhat of the impression made upon an Italian scholar of the sixteenth century by the places visited, and persons with whom he must have come in contact in those

transalpine lands, which were then so far off, so contrasted in all respects with the home scenes among which his life had been passed in the low-lying, fat, and fertile valley of the Po. Of all this his various biographers and contemporaries tell us no word! But there is a volume of his letters, a little square quarto volume, now somewhat rare, printed at Venice in the year 1595.* These letters have somewhat unaccountably not been included in any of the editions of his works, and they are but little known. But turning to this little volume, and looking over the dates of the letters (many of them, however, are undated), I found three written "Di Spruch," and eagerly turned to them, thinking that I should certainly find there what I was seeking. The letters belong to a later period of Guarini's life, having been written in 1592, when he was again sent on an embassy to the German Emperor. This circumstance, however, is of no importance as regards the purpose for which I wanted the letters. I was disappointed. But I must nevertheless give one of these letters, not wantonly to compel my reader to share my disappointment, but because it is a curiosity in its way. The person to whom he writes is a lady, the Contessa Pia di Sala, with whom he was evidently intimate. He is at Innspruck at the Court of the Emperor Maximilian. The lady is at Mantua, and this is what he writes to her :

"Di Spruch, Nov. 29, 1592.

"The letter of your Illustrious Ladyship, together with which you send me that of your most excellent brother, written at the end of August, reached me yesterday, at first to my very great anger at having been for so long a time deprived of so precious a thing, while I appeared in fault towards so distinguished a lady; but finally to my very great good fortune. For if a letter written by the most lovely flame † in the world had arrived, while the skies were burning, what would have become of me, when, now that winter is beginning, I can scarcely prevent myself from falling into ashes? And in truth, when I think that those so courteous thoughts come from the mind which informs so lovely a person, that those characters have been traced by a hand of such excellent beauty, I am all ablaze, no less than if the paper were fire, the words flames, and all the syllables sparks. But God grant that, while I am set on fire by the letter of your Illustrious Ladyship, you may not be inflamed by anger against me, from thinking that the terms in which I write are too bold. Have no such doubt, my honoured mistress! I want nothing from the flaming of my letter, but to have made by the light of it more vivid and more brilliant in you, the natural purity of your beautiful face, even as it seems to me that I can see it at this distance. My love is nothing else save honour; my flame is reverence; my fire is ardent desire to serve you. And only so long will the appointment in his service, which it has pleased my Lord His Serene Highness the Duke of Mantua to give me, and on which your Illustrious Ladyship has been kind enough to congratulate me so cordially, be dear to me, as you shall know that I am fit for it, and more worthy and more ready to receive the favour of your commands, which will always be to me a most sure testimony that you esteem me, not for my own worth, as you too courteously say, but for the worth which you confer on me, since I am not worthy of such esteem for any other merit

* *Lettere del Signor Cavaliere Battista Guarini, Nobile Ferrarese, di nuovo in questa seconda impressione di alcune altre accresciute, e dall'Autore stesso corrette, di Agostino Michele raccolte, et al Sereniss. Signore il Duca d'Urbino dedicate, Con Privilegio. In Venetia, MDXCV. Appresso Gio. Battista Ciotti Senese al segno della Minerva.*

† I translate literally. Old-fashioned people will remember a somewhat similar use of the word "Flame" in English.

than that which comes to me from being honoured by so noble and beautiful a lady. I kiss the hand of your illustrious Ladyship, wishing the culmination of every tenacity."

Now, this letter I consider to be a very great curiosity! The other two written from the same place, one to a Signor Bulgarini at Siena, the other to a lady, the Marchesa di Grana, at Mantua, are of an entirely similar description. I turned to them in the hope of finding how Innsbruck, its stupendous scenery, its court, its manners so widely different from those to which the writer and his correspondents were used, its streets, its people, impressed a sixteenth century Italian from the valley of the Po. I find instead a psychological phenomenon! The writer is a grave, austere man (Guarini was notably such), celebrated throughout Italy for his intellectual attainments, in the fifty-seventh year of his age, with a wife and family; he is amidst scenes which must, one would have thought, have impressed in the very highest degree the imagination of a poet, and must, it might have been supposed, have interested those he was writing to in an only somewhat less degree, and he writes the stuff the reader has just waded through. It is clear that this Italian sixteenth century scholar, poet and of cultivated intellect as he was, saw nothing amid the strange scenes to which a hard and irksome duty called him, which he thought worthy of being mentioned even by a passing word to his friends! Surely this is a curious trait of national character.

He remained in the service of the court for fourteen years, employed mainly, as it should seem, in a variety of embassies; an employment which seems to have left him a disappointed, soured, and embittered man. He considered that he had not been remunerated as his labour deserved, that the heavy expenses to which he had been put in his long journeys had not been satisfactorily made up to him, and that he had not been treated in any of the foreign countries to which his embassies had carried him with the respect due to his own character and to his office.

He determined therefore to leave the court and retire to Padua, a residence in which city, it being not far distant from his estate of Guarina, would offer him, he thought, a convenient opportunity of overlooking his property and restoring order to his finances, which had suffered much during his travels. This was in the year 1582, when Guarini was in the forty-fifth year of his age. It is not clear, however, that this retirement was wholly spontaneous; and the probability is that the Duke and his ambassador were equally out of humour with each other. And it is probable that the faults were not all on the side of the Duke. There is sufficient evidence that the author of the "Pastor Fido" must have been a difficult man to live with.

The old friendship of happier days with Tasso had not survived the wear and tear of life at court. It was known that they no longer saw or spoke with each other. And everybody—if not of their contemporaries, at least of subsequent writers—jumped to the conclusion

that the writer of the "Aminta" and the writer of the "Pastor Fido" must be jealous of each other. Jealousy there certainly was. But some firmer and more mortal female than the Muse was the cause of it. The Abate Scarsini in his life of Tasso admits that Tasso first gave offence to Guarini by a sonnet in which he endeavoured to alienate the affections of a lady from him, by representing him as a faithless and treacherous lover. The lines in which Tasso attacked his brother poet are, it must be admitted, sharp enough!

Si muove e si raggira
 Instabil più che arida fronde ai venti;
 Nulla fè, null' amor, tal-i tormenti
 Sono, e falso l'affetto ond' ei sospira.
 Insidioso amante, ama e disprezza
 Quasi in un punto, e trionfando spiega
 Di femmine spoglie empî trofei.* . . .

The attack was savage enough, it must be admitted, and well calculated to leave a lasting wound. Guarini immediately answered the cruel sonnet by another, the comparative weakness of which is undeniable.

Questi che indarno ad alta mira aspira
 Con altrui biasmi, e con bugiardi accenti,
 Vedi come in se stesso arruota i denti,
 Mentre contra ragion meco s' adira.

Di due fiamme si vanta, e stringe e spozza
 Più volte un nodo; e con quest' arti piega
 (Chi 'l crederebbe!) a suo favore i Dei.† . . .

There is reason to think that the accusation of many times binding and loosing the same knot, may have hit home. The sneer about bending the gods to favour him, alludes to Tasso's favour at court, then in the ascendant, and may well have been as offensive to the Duke and the ladies of his court as to the object of his satire. Both angry poets show themselves somewhat earth-stained members of the Paduan "Etherials." But the sequel of the estrangement was all in favour of the greater bard. Tasso, in desiring a friend to show his poems in manuscript to certain friends, two or three in number, on whose opinion he set a high value, named Guarini among the number. And upon another occasion wishing to have Guarini's opinion as to the best of two proposed methods of terminating a sonnet, and not venturing to communicate directly with him, he employed a common friend to obtain

* I subjoin a literal prose translation in preference to borrowing a rhymed one from any of Tasso's translators. This fellow "flits and circles around more unstable than dry leaves in the wind. Without faith, without love, false are his pretended torments, and false the affection which prompts his sighs. A traitorous lover, he loves and despises almost at the same moment, and in triumph displays the spoils of women as impious trophies."

† See how this fellow, who in vain aims at a lofty goal, by blaming others, and by lying accents, sharpens against him his teeth, while without reason he is engaged with me. . . . Of two flames he boasts, and ties and breaks over and over again the same knot; and by these arts (who would believe it!) bends in his favour the Gods!" . . .

his brother-poet's criticism. Tasso had also in his dialogue entitled the "Messagero" given public testimony to Guarini's high intellectual and civil merits. But Guarini appears never to have forgiven the offence. He never once went to see Tasso in his miserable confinement in the hospital of St. Anne; nor, as has been seen, would hold any communication with him.

He must have been a stern and unforgiving man. And indeed all the available testimony represents him as having been so,—upright, honest, and honourable, but haughty, punctilious, litigious, quick to take offence, slow to forget or forgive it, and cursed with a thin-skinned *amour propre* easily wounded and propense to credit others with the intention of wounding where no such intention existed. The remainder of the story of his life offers an almost unbroken series of testimonials to the truth of such an estimate of his character.

It was after fourteen years' service in the court of Duke Alphonso, as has been said, that he retired disgusted and weary to live in independence and nurse his estate in the neighbourhood of Padua. But the part of Cincinnatus is not for every man! It was in 1582 that he retired from the court intending to bid it and its splendours, its disappointments and its jealousies, an eternal adieu. In 1585, on an offer from the Duke to make him his secretary, he returned and put himself into harness again!

But this second attempt to submit himself to the service, to the caprices and exigencies of a master and of a court ended in a quicker and more damaging catastrophe than the first. In a diary kept by the poet's nephew, Marcantonio Guarini, under the date of July 13, 1587, we find it written that "the Cavalier Batista Guarini, Secretary of the Duke, considering that his services did not meet with sufficient consideration in proportion to his worth, released himself from that servitude." The phrase here translated "released himself" is a peculiar one—*si licenziò*—"dismissed himself." To receive *licenza*, or to be *licenziato*, is to be dismissed, or at least parted with in accordance with the will of the employer. But the phrase used by the diarist seems intended to express exactly what happened when the poet, once more discontented, took himself off from Ferrara and its Duke. He seems to have done so in a manner which gave deep and lasting offence. In a subsequent passage of the above-quoted diary we read, "the Cavaliere Batista Guarini having absented himself from Ferrara, disgusted with the Duke, betook himself to Florence, and then, by the intermedium of Guido Coccapani the agent, asked for his dismissal in form and obtained it." We happen, however, to have a letter written by this Coccapani, who seems to have been the Duke's private secretary and managing man, in which he gives his version of the matter. He was "stupefied," he says, "when he received the extravagant letter of the Cavaliere Guarini, and began to think that it would be with him as it had been with Tasso," who by that time had fallen into disgrace. There is reason to think that he left Ferrara secretly, without taking leave of the Duke, or letting anybody

at court know where he had gone. He did, however, obtain his formal dismissal, as has been said, but the Duke by no means forgave him.

Though it would appear that on leaving Ferrara in this irregular manner he went in the first instance to Florence, it seems that he had had hopes given him of a comfortable position and honourable provision at Turin. He was to have been made a Counsellor of State, and entrusted with the task of remodelling the course of study at the university, with a stipend of six hundred crowns annually. But on arriving at Turin he found difficulties in the way. In fact, the angry Duke of Ferrara had used his influence with the Duke of Savoy to prevent anything being done for his contumacious Secretary of State. Guarini, extremely mortified, had to leave Turin, and betook himself to Venice.

His adventure, however, was of a nature to cause great scandal in that clime and time. As usual, the Italians were offended at the "imprudence" of which Guarini's temper had led him to be guilty, more than they would have been by many a fault which among ourselves would be deemed a very much worse one. A violence of temper or indignation shown in such a manner as to injure *one's own* interests is, and in a yet greater degree was, a spectacle extremely disgusting to Italian moral sentiment.

The outcry against Guarini on this occasion was so great that he found himself obliged to put forth an exculpatory statement.

"If human actions, my most kind readers," he begins, "always bore marked on the front of them the aims and motives which have produced them, or if those who talk about them were always well informed enough to be able to judge of them without injury to the persons of whom they speak, I should not be compelled, at my age, and after so many years of a life led in the eyes of the world, and often busied in defending the honour of others, to defend this day my own, which has always been dearer to me than my life. Having heard, then, that my having left the service of His Serene Highness the Duke of Ferrara and entered that of the Duke of Savoy has given occasion to some persons, ignorant probably of the real state of the case, to make various remarks, and form various opinions, I have determined to publish the truth, and at the same time to declare my own sentiments in the matter.

"I declare, then, that previously to my said departure I consigned to the proper person everything, small as it was, which was in my hands regarding my office, which had always been exercised by me uprightly and without any other object in view than the service of my sovereign and the public welfare. Further, that I, by a written paper under my own hand (as the press of time and my need rendered necessary), requested a free and decorous dismissal from the Duke in question, and also, that I set forth in all humility the causes which led me to that determination; and I added (some of the circumstances in which I was compelling me to do so) that if His Serene Highness did not please to give me any other answer, I would take his silence as a consent to my request of dismissal. I declare further that the paper was delivered to

the principal Minister of his Serene Highness, and lastly, that my salary was, without any further communication with me, stopped, and cancelled from the roll of payments. And as this is the truth, so it is equally true that my appointment as reformer of the University of Turin, and Counsellor of State with six hundred crowns yearly, was settled and concluded with His Serene Highness the Duke of Savoy, and that I declined to bind myself, and did not bind myself, to ask any other dismissal from His Serene Highness the Duke of Ferrara than that which I have already spoken. And, finally, it is true that, as I should not have gone to Turin if I had not been engaged for that service and invited thither, so I should not have left, or wished to leave this place,* had I not known that I received my dismissal in the manner above related. Now, as to the cause which may have retarded and may still retard the fulfilment of the engagement above mentioned, I have neither object, nor obligation, nor need to declare it. Suffice it that it is not retarded by any fault of mine, or difficulty on my side. In justification of which I offered myself, and by these presents now again offer myself, to present myself whensoever, whensoever, and in whatsoever manner, and under whatsoever conditions and penalties, as may be seen more clearly set forth in the instrument of agreement sent by me to His Highness. From all which, I would have the world to know, while these affairs of mine are still in suspension, that I am a man of honour, and am always ready to maintain the same in whatsoever manner may be fitting to my condition and duty. And as I do not at all doubt that some decision of some kind not unworthy of so just and so magnanimous a prince will be forthcoming; so, let it be what it may, it will be received by me with composure and contentment; since, by God's grace, and that of the serene and exalted power under the most just and happy dominion of which I am now living, and whose subject, if not by birth, yet by origin and family, I am, † I have a comfortable and honoured existence. And may you, my honoured readers, live in happiness and contentment. Venice, February 1, 1589."

We must, I think, nevertheless be permitted to doubt the contentment and happiness of the life he led, as it should seem, for the next four years, at Venice. No such decision of any kind, as he hoped for from the Duke of Savoy, was forthcoming. He was shunted! He had quarrelled with his own sovereign, and evidently the other would have none of him. The Italians of one city were in those days to a wonderful degree foreigners in another ruled by a different government; and there can be little doubt that Guarini wandered among the quays and "calls" of Venice, or paced the great piazza at the evening hour, a moody and discontented man!

* It is odd that he should so write in a paper dated, as the present is, from Venice. † I suppose the expression came from his feeling that he was addressing persons at Ferrara.

† Seeing that, as has been said, his ancestors were of Verona, which belonged to Venice.

At last, after nearly four years of this sad life, there came an invitation from the Duke of Mantua proposing that Guarini should come to Mantua together with his son Alessandro, to occupy honourable positions in that court. The poet, heartily sick of "retirement," accepted at once, and went to Mantua. But there, too, another disappointment awaited him. The "magnanimous" Duke Alphonso would not tolerate that the man who had so cavalierly left his service should find employment elsewhere. It is probable that this position was obtained for him by the influence of his old friend and fellow-member of the "Etherials" at Padua, Scipione Gonzaga; and it would seem that he occupied it for a while, and went on behalf of the Duke of Mantua to Innspruck, whence he wrote the wonderful letters which have been quoted.

The Cardinal's influence, however, was not strong enough to prevail against the spite of a neighbouring sovereign. There are two letters extant from the Duke, or his private secretary, to that same Coccapani whom we saw so scandalized at Guarini's hurried and informal departure from Ferrara, and who was residing as Alphonso's representative at Mantua, in which the Minister is instructed to represent to the Duke of Mantua that his brother of Ferrara "did not think it well that the former should take any of the Guarini family into his service, and when they should see each other he would tell him his reasons. For the present he would only say that he wished the Duke to know that it would be excessively pleasing to him if the Duke would have nothing to say to any of them."

This was in 1593; and the world-weary poet found himself at fifty-six once again cast adrift upon the world. The extremity of his disgust and weariness of all things may be measured by the nature of the next step he took. He conceived, says his biographer Barotti, that "God called him by infernal voices, and by promise of a more tranquil life, to accept the tonsure." His wife had died some little time before; and it was therefore open to him to do so. He went to Rome accordingly for the purpose of there taking orders. But during the short delay which intervened between the manifestation of his purpose and the fulfilment of it, news reached him that his friend and protectress the Duchess of Urbino, Alphonso's sister, had interceded for him with the Duke, and that he was forgiven! It was open to him to return to his former employment! And no sooner did the news reach him than he perceived that "the infernal voices" were altogether a mistake. God had never called him at all, and Alphonso had! All thoughts of the Church were abandoned on the instant, and he hastened to Ferrara, arriving there on the 15th of April, 1595.

But neither on this occasion was he destined to find the tranquillity which he seemed fated never to attain! And this time the break-up was a greater and more final one than the last. Duke Alphonso died in 1597; and the Pontifical Court, which had long had its eye on the possibility of enforcing certain pretended claims to the Duchy of Ferrara, found the means at Alphonso's death of ousting his successor the Duke

Cesare, who remained thenceforward Duke of Modena only, but no longer of Ferrara.

Guarini was once more adrift! Nor were the political changes in Ferrara the only thing which rendered the place no longer a home for him. Other misfortunes combined to render a residence in the city odious to him. His daughter Anna had married a noble gentleman of Ferrara, the Count Ercole Trotti, by whom she was on the 3rd of May, 1598, murdered at his villa of Zanzalino near Ferrara. Some attempt was made to assert that the husband had reason to suspect that his wife was plotting against his life. But there seems to have been no foundation for any accusation of the sort; and the crime was prompted probably by jealousy. Guarini, always on bad terms with his sons, and constantly involved in litigation with them, as he had been with his father, was exceedingly attached to this unfortunate daughter.

But even this terrible loss was not the only bitterness which resulted from this crime. Guarini composed a long Latin epitaph, in which he strongly affirms her absolute innocence of everything that had been laid to her charge, and speaks with reprobation of the husband's* crime. But scarcely had the stone bearing the inscription been erected than the indignant father was required by the authorities of the city to remove it. A declaration, which he published on the subject, dated June 15, 1598, is still extant. "On that day," he writes, "the Vice-legate of Ferrara spoke with me, in the name of the Holy Father, as to the removing of the epitaph written by me on Anna my daughter in the church of Sta. Catherina. He said that there were things in it that might provoke other persons to resentment, and occasion much scandal; and that, besides that, there were in the inscription words of Sacred Scripture, which ought not to be used in such a place. I defended my cause, and transmitted a memorial to his Holiness, having good reason to know that these objections were the mere malignity of those who favour the opposite party, and of those who caused the death of my innocent child. But at last, on the 22nd, I caused the epitaph to be removed, intimating that it was my intention to take up the body, and inter it elsewhere. On which it is worthy of remark, that having made my demand to that effect, I was forbidden to do so." He further adds: "Note! news was brought to me here that my son Girolamo, who was evidently discovered to be the accomplice, and principal atrocious author of the death of his sister Anna, received from the Potesta of Rovigo licence to come into the Polisina with twelve men armed with arquebuses."

All this is very sad; and whether these terrible suspicions may or may not have had any foundation other than the envenomed temper generated by the family litigations, it must equally have had the effect of making the life of Guarini a very miserable one, and contributing to his determination to abandon finally his native city.

* Barotti gives it at length; but it is hardly worth while to occupy space by reproducing it here.

More surprising is it that, after so many disgusts and disappointments, he should once again have been tempted to seek, what he had never yet been able to find there, in a court. In a letter written in November, 1598, he informs the Duke Cesare (Duke of Modena, though no longer of Ferrara) that the Grand Duke of Florence had offered him a position at Florence. And his Serene Highness, more kindly and forgiving than the late Duke, wrote him an obliging and congratulatory letter in the following month.

At Florence everything at first seemed to be going well with him, and he seemed to stand high in favour with the Grand Duke Ferdinand. But very shortly he quitted Florence in anger and disgust on the discovery of the secret marriage of his third son, Guarini, with a woman of low condition at Pisa, with at least the connivance, as the poet thought, whether justly or not there is nothing to show, of the Grand Duke.

After that his old friend the Duchess of Urbino once again stood his friend, and he obtained a position in the court of Urbino, then one of the most widely famed centres of cultivation and letters in Italy. And for a while everything seemed at last to be well with him there. On the 23rd of February, 1603, he writes to his sister, who apparently had been pressing him to come home to Ferrara:—"I should like to come home, my sister. I have great need and a great desire for home; but I am treated so well here, and with so much distinction and so much kindness, that I cannot come. I must tell you that all expenses for myself and my servants are supplied, so that I have not to spend a farthing for anything in the world that I need. The orders are that anything I ask for should be furnished to me. Besides all which, they give me three hundred crowns a year; so that, what with money and expenses, the position is worth six hundred crowns a year to me. You may judge, then, if I can throw it up. May God grant you every happiness!

Your brother,

B. GUARINI."

But all would not do. He had been but a very little time in this little Umbrian Athens among the Apennines before he once again threw up his position in anger and disgust, because he did not obtain all the marks of distinction to which he thought that he was entitled. This was in 1603. He was now sixty-six, and seems at length to have made no further attempt to haunt at court. Once again he was at Rome in 1605, having undertaken, at the request of the citizens of Ferrara, to carry their felicitations to the new Pope, Paul the Fifth. And with the exception of that short expedition his last years were spent in the retirement of his ancestral estate of Guarina.

The property is situated in the district of Lendinara, on the fat and fertile low-lying region between Rovigo and Padua, and belongs to the commune—parish, as we should say—of St. Bellino. The house, dating probably from the latter part of the fifteenth century, is not much more

than a hundred yards or so from the *piazza* of the village, which boasts two thousand inhabitants. The road between the two is bordered with trees. The whole district is as flat as a billiard table, and as prosaic in its well-to-do fertility as can be imagined. It is intersected by a variety of streams, natural and artificial. About a couple of miles from the house to the south is the Canalbianco; and a little farther to the north the Adigetto. To the east runs the Scortico. St. Bellino, from whom the village is named, was, it seems, enrolled among the martyrs by Pope Eugenius the Third in 1152. He has a great specialty for curing the bite of mad dogs. There is a grand cenotaph in his honour in the village church, which was raised by some of the Guarini family. But this, too, like all else, became a subject of trouble and litigation to our poet. A certain Baldassare Bonifaccio of Rovigo wanted to transport the saint to that city. Guarini would not hear of this; litigated the matter before the tribunals of Venice, and prevailed. So the saint still resides at St. Bellino to the comfort of all those bitten by mad dogs in those parts. The house and estate have passed through several hands since that time; but a number of old family portraits may still be seen on the walls, together with the family arms, and the motto, "Fortis est in asperis non turbari." The armchair and writing table of the poet are also still preserved in the house, and a fig-tree is pointed out close by it, under the shade of which the poet, as tradition tells, wrote on that table and in that chair his "Pastor Fido." There is an inscription on the chair as follows: "Guarin sedendo qui canto, che vale al paragon seggio* reale."

It was not, however, during this his last residence here that the "Pastor Fido" was written, but long previously. It was doubtless his habit to escape from the cares of official life in Ferrara from time to time as he could; and it must have been in such moments that the celebrated pastoral was written.†

The idea of a scholar and a poet, full of years and honours, passing the quiet evening of his life in a tranquil retirement in his own house on his own land, is a pleasing one. But it is to be feared that in the case of the author of the "Pastor Fido" it would be a fallacious one. Guarini would not have come to live on his estate if he could have lived contentedly in any city. We may picture him to ourselves sitting under his fig-tree, or pacing at evening under the trees of the straight avenue between his house and the village, or on the banks of one of the sluggish streams slowly finding their way through the flat fields towards the Po; but I am afraid the picture must be of one "Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow," with eyes bent earthwards, and discon-

* "Guarini sitting here, sang, that which renders the seat the equal of a royal throne."

† It is very doubtful and very difficult to determine at what period of his life the "Pastor Fido" was written. Ginguené (Hist. Ital. Lit. Part II. ch. xxv.) has sufficiently shown that the statements of the Italian biographers on this point are inaccurate. Probably it was planned and, in part, written many years before it was finished. It was first printed in 1590.

tented mind : "remote," because to the Italian mind all places beyond the easy reach of a city are so ; "unfriendly," because he had quarrelled with everybody ; "melancholy," because all had gone amiss with him, and his life had been a failure ; "slow," because no spring of hope in the mind gave any elasticity to his step.

One other "haunt" of the aged poet must, however, be mentioned, because it is a very characteristic one. During this last residence at Guarina, he hired an apartment at Ferrara, selecting it in a crowded part of the centre of the city, especially frequented by the lawyers, that he might be in the midst of them, when he went into the city on the various business connected with his interminable lawsuits. The most crowded part of the heart of the city of Ferrara ! It would be difficult to find any such part now. But the picture offered to the imagination, of the aged poet, professor, courtier, haunting the courts, the lawyers' chambers, leaving his, at least, tranquil retreat at St. Bellino, to drag weary feet through the lanes of the city in which he had in earlier days played so different a part, is a sad one. But there are people who like contention so much that such work is a labour of love to them. And certainly, if the inference may be drawn from the fact of his never having been free from lawsuits in one quarrel or another, Guarini must have been one of these. But it is passing strange that the same man should have been the author of the "Pastor Fido."

They pursued him to the end, these litigations ; or he pursued them ! And at last he died, not at Guarina, but at Venice, on the 7th of October, 1612, where, characteristically enough, he chanced to be on business connected with some lawsuit.

And now a few words must be said about his great work, the "Pastor Fido." It is one of the strangest things in the range of literary history that such a man should have written such a poem. He was, one would have said, the last man in the world to produce such a work. The first ten years of his working life were spent in the labour of a pedagogue ; the rest of it in the inexpressibly dry, frivolous, and ungenial routine of a small Italian court, or in wandering from one to the other of them in the vain and always disappointed search for such employment. We are told that he was a punctilious, stiff, unbending, angular man ; upright and honourable, but unforgiving and wont to nurse his enmities. He was soured, disappointed, discontented with everybody and everything, involved in litigation first with his father, and then with his own children. And this was the man who wrote the "Pastor Fido," of all poems comparable to it in reputation the lightest, the airiest, and the most fantastic ! The argument of it is as follows :

The Arcadians, suffering in various ways from the anger of Diana, were at last informed by the oracle that the evils which afflicted them would cease when a youth and a maiden, both descended from the Immortals, as it should seem the *creme de la creme* of Arcadian society mostly was, should be joined together in faithful love. Thereupon

Montano, a priest of the goddess who was descended from Hercules, arranged that his only son Silvio should be betrothed to Amaryllis, the only daughter of Tytirus, who was descended from Pan. The arrangement seemed all that could be desired, only that a difficulty arose from the fact that Silvio, whose sole passion was the chase, could not be brought to care the least in the world for Amaryllis. Meantime Mirtillo, the son, as was supposed, of the shepherd Carino, fell desperately in love with Amaryllis. She was equally attached to him, but dared not in the smallest degree confess her love, because the law of Arcadia would have punished with death her infidelity to her betrothed vows. A certain Corisca, however, who had conceived a violent but unrequited passion for Mirtillo, perceiving or guessing the love of Amaryllis for him, hating her accordingly, and hoping that, if she could be got out of the way, she might win Mirtillo's love, schemes by deceit and lies to induce Mirtillo and Amaryllis to enter together a cave, which they do in perfect innocence, and without any thought of harm. Then she contrives that they should be caught there, and denounced by a satyr; and Amaryllis is condemned to die. The law, however, permits that her life may be saved by any Arcadian who will voluntarily die in her stead; and this Mirtillo determines to do, although he believes that Amaryllis cares nothing for him, and also is led by the false Corisca to believe that she had gone into the cave for the purpose of meeting with another lover. The duty of sacrificing him devolves on Montano the priest; and he is about to carry out the law, when Carino, who has been seeking his reputed son Mirtillo, comes in, and while attempting to make out that he is a foreigner, and therefore not capable of satisfying the law by his death, brings unwittingly to light circumstances that prove that he is in truth a son of Montano, and therefore a descendant of the god Hercules. It thus appears that a marriage between Mirtillo and Amaryllis will exactly satisfy the conditions demanded by the oracle. There is an under-plot, which consists in providing a lover and a marriage for the woman-hater Silvio. He is loved in vain by the nymph Dorinda, whom he unintentionally wounds with an arrow while out hunting. The pity he feels for her wound softens his heart towards her, and all parties are made happy by this second marriage.

Such is a skeleton of the story of the "Pastor Fido." It will be observed that there is more approach to a plot and to human interest than in any previous production of this kind, and some of the situations are well conceived for dramatic effect. And accordingly the success which it achieved was immediate and immense. Nor, much as the taste of the world has been changed since that day, has it ever lost its place in the estimation of cultivated Italians.

It would be wholly uninteresting to attempt any account of the wide-spreading literary controversies to which the publication of the "Pastor Fido" gave rise. The author terms it a *tragi-comedy*; and this title was violently attacked. The poet himself, as may well be imagined from the idiosyncrasy of the man, was not slow to reply to his critics,

and did so in two lengthy treatises entitled from the name of a contemporary celebrated actor, "Verato primo," and "Verato secondo," which are printed in the four-quarto-volume edition of his works, but which probably no mortal eye has read for the last two hundred years!

The question of the rivalry between the "Aminta" of Tasso and the "Pastor Fido" has an element of greater interest in it. It is certain that the former preceded the latter, and doubtless suggested it. It seems probable that Ginguené is right in his suggestion, that Guarini, fully conscious that no hope was open to him of rivalling his greater contemporary and townsman in epic poetry, strove to surpass him in pastoral. It must be admitted that he has at least equalled him. Yet, while it is impossible to deny that almost every page of the "Pastor Fido" indicates not so much plagiarism as an open and avowed purpose of doing the same thing better, if possible, than his rival has done it, the very diverse natural character of the two poets is also, at every page, curiously indicated. Specially the reader may be recommended to compare the passages in the two poems where Tasso under the name of Thyrsis, and Guarini under the name of Carino (Act 5, scene 1), represent the sufferings both underwent at the court of Alphonso II. The lines of Guarini are perhaps the most vigorous in their biting satire. But the gentler and nobler nature of Tasso is unmistakable.

It is strange that the Italian critics, who are for the most part so lenient to the licentiousness of most of the authors of this period, blame Guarini for the too great warmth, amounting to indecency, of his poem. The writer of his life in the French "Biographie Universelle" refers to certain scenes as highly indecent. I can only say that, on examining the passages indicated carefully, I could find no indecency at all. It is probable that the writer referred to had never read the pages in question. But it is odd that those whose criticism he is no doubt reflecting should have said so. No doubt there are passages, not those mentioned by the writer in the "Biographie," but for instance the first scene of the second act, when a young man in a female disguise is one among a party of girls, who propose a prize for her who can give to one of them, the judge, the sweetest kiss, which prize he wins, which might be deemed somewhat on the sunny side of the hedge that divides the permissible from the unpermissible. But in comparison with others of that age Guarini is pure as snow.

It has been said in speaking of the sad story of his daughter Anna, that she was accused of having given her husband cause for jealousy. It would seem very clear that there was no ground for any such accusation. But it was said that the misconduct on her part had been due to the corruption of her mind by the reading of her father's verses. The utter groundlessness of such an assertion might be shown in many ways. But the savage and malignant cruelty of it points with considerable evidence to the sources of the current talk about the courtier poet's licentiousness.

It is impossible to find room here for a detailed comparison between these two celebrated pastorals; and it is the less needed inasmuch as Ginguené has done it very completely and at great length in the twenty-fifth chapter of the second part of his work.

Guarini also produced a comedy, the "Idropica," which was acted with much success at the court of Mantua, and is printed among his works, as well as some prose pieces of small importance, the principal of which is "Il Secretario," a treatise on the duties of a secretary, not printed among his works, but of which an edition exists in pot quarto (186 pages) printed at Venice in 1594. Neither have his letters been printed among his works. They exist, printed without index or order of any kind, in a volume of the same size as the "Secretario," printed at Venice also in 1595, but by a different printer.

The name, however, of Batista Guarini would have long since been forgotten had he not written the "Pastor Fido."

T. ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE, in *Belgravia*.

THE VAQUERO.*

Oh, who is so free as a gallant *vaquero* ?
 With his beauty of bronze 'neath his shady *sombrero* :
 He smiles at his love, and he laughs at his fate,
 For he knows he is lord of a noble estate :
 The prairie's his own, and he mocks at the great.
 "Ho-ho! Hai! Ho-ho!
 Head 'em off! Turn 'em back!
 Keep 'em up to the track!
 Ho-hillo! Ho-hillo!
 Cric—crac!"

Oh, Donna Luisa is proud as she's fair ;
 But she parted last night with a lock of her hair.
 And under the stars she roams, seeking for rest,
 While she thinks of the stranger that came from the West ;
 And Juan bears something wrapped up in his breast—
 "Ho-ho! Hai! Ho-ho!
 Head 'em off! Turn 'em back!
 Keep 'em up to the track!
 Ho-hillo! Ho-hillo!
 Cric—crac!"

His proudest possessions are prettily placed,
 His love at his heart, and his life at his waist.
 And if in a quarrel he happen to fall,
 Why, the prairie's his grave, and his *poncho's* † his pall,
 And Donna Luisa—gets over it all!

* A California cattle-driver. Furnished with revolver, lasso, and long-lashed whip, these adventurous gentry conduct the half-wild cattle of the plains over miles of their surface: and, with their gay sashes, high boots, gilded and belled spurs, and dark, broad hats (*sombreros*), present a very picturesque appearance. † Cloak.

“Ho-ho! Hai! Ho-ho!
 Head 'em off! Turn 'em back!
 Keep 'em up to the track!
 Ho-hillo! Ho-hillo!
 Cric—crac!”

The Padrè may preach, and the Notary frown,
 But the *poblanas** smile as he rides through the town:
 And the Padrè, he knows, likes a kiss on the sly,
 And the Notary oft has a “drop in his eye,”
 But all that he does is to love and to die—

“Ho-ho! Hai! Ho-ho!
 Head 'em off! Turn 'em back!
 Keep 'em up to the track!
 Ho-hillo! Ho-hillo!
 Cric—crac!”

FRANK DESPREZ, in *Temple Bar*.

TWO MODERN JAPANESE STORIES.

THE two stories which follow were circulated in the city of Yedo some years back, and show that the better educated classes of Japanese are keenly alive to the absurdity of the figure cut by their countrymen when they attempt to jump over five hundred years in five hundred days.

I. A REGULAR MESS.

Some six years back lived in the beautiful village of Minoge an old lady who kept the big tea-house of the place known as the “White Pine.” Minoge is situated at the base of the holy mountain Oyama, and during the months of August and September trade in Minoge was always brisk, on account of the influx of pilgrims from all parts of Japan, who came hither to perform the holy duty of ascending the mountain, and of paying their devoirs at the shrine of the Thunder-God, previous to making the grand pilgrimage of Fuji-Yama.

The old lady was well off, and her inn bore an unblemished reputation for possessing the prettiest serving-girls, the gayest guest-chambers, and the primest stewed eels—the dish *par excellence* of Japanese *gourmets*—of any hostelry in the country side. One of her daughters was married in Yedo, and a son was studying in one of the European colleges of that city; still she was as completely rustic and unacquainted with the march of affairs outside as if she had never heard of Yedo, much less of foreigners. At that time it was a very rare thing indeed for a foreigner to be seen in Minoge, and the stray artists and explorers who had wandered there were regarded much in the same way as would have been so many white elephants.

* Peasant girls.

It caused, therefore, no little excitement in the village when, one fine autumn evening, the rumour came along that a foreigner was making his way towards the "White Pine." Every one tried to get a glimpse of him. The chubby-cheeked boys and girls at the school threw down their books and pens, and crowded to the door and windows; the bath-house was soon empty of its patrons and patronesses, who, red as lobsters with boiling water, with dishevelled locks and garments hastily bound round them, formed line outside; the very Yakunin, or mayor, sentenced a prisoner he was judging straight off, without bothering himself to inquire into evidence, so as not to be balked of the sight, and every wine and barber's shop sent forth its quota of starers into the little street.

Meanwhile the foreigner was leisurely striding along. He was taller by far than the tallest man in Minoge, his hair was fair, and even his bronzed face and hands were fair compared to those of the natives. On the back of his head was a felt wide-awake, he wore a blue jacket and blue half trousers (Anglicè, knickerbockers), thick hose, and big boots. In his mouth was a pipe—being much shorter than Japanese smoking tubes—in his hand a stick, and on his back a satchel.

As he passed, one or two urchins, bolder than the rest, shouted out, "Tojin baka" ("Foreign beast") and instantly fled indoors, or behind their mothers' skirts; but the majority of the villagers simply stared, with an occasional interjection expressive of wonder at his height, fair hair, and costume.

At the door of the "White Pine" he halted, unstrapped his bundle, took off his boots, and in very fair Japanese requested to be shown his room. The old lady, after a full ten minutes' posturing, complimenting, bowing, and scraping, ushered him into her best guest-chamber. "For," said she, "being a foreigner, he must be rich, and wouldn't like ordinary pilgrim accommodation." And she drew to the sliding screens, and went off to superintend his repast. Although nothing but the foreigner's boots were to be seen outside, a gaping crowd had collected, striving to peer through the cracks in the doors, and regarding the boots as if they were infernal machines. One, more enterprising than the rest, took a boot up, passed it to his neighbour, and in a short time it had circulated from hand to hand throughout the population of Minoge, and was even felt and pinched by the mayor himself, who replaced it with the reverence due to some religious emblem or relic.

Then the hostess served up her banquet—seaweed, sweets, raw "tigue"—the salmon of Japan—in slices, garnished with turnips and horse-radish, egg soup with pork lumps floating in it, chicken delicately broiled, together with a steaming bottle of her choicest "San Toku Shiu," or wine of the Three Virtues (which keeps out the cold, appeases hunger, and induces sleep).

The foreigner made an excellent meal, eked out by his own white bread, and wine from a flask of pure silver, then, lighting his pipe, reclined at full length on the mats, talking to the old lady

and her three damsels, O Hana, O Kiku, and O Rin (Miss Flower, Miss Chrysanthemum, and Miss Dragon). He was walking about the country simply for pleasure, he said—which astonished the women greatly—he had been away from Yokohama three weeks, and was now on his road to the big mountain. The party were soon screaming with laughter at his quaint remarks and at his occasional colloquial slips, and in a short time all were such good friends that the old lady begged him to display the contents of his satchel. "Certainly," said the stranger, pulling it towards him and opening it. A dirty flannel shirt or two didn't produce much impression—perhaps wares of a similar nature had been imported before into Minoge—nor did a hair-brush, tooth-brush, and comb; but when he pulled out a pistol, which was warranted to go off six times in as many seconds, and proceeded to exemplify the same in the air, popular excitement began to assert itself in a series of "naruhodo's" ("really!"). Then he pulled out a portable kerosine lamp—(kerosine lamps are now as common in Japan as shrines by the road-side)—and the light it made, throwing entirely into the shade the native "andon," or oil wick, burning close by, raised the enthusiasm still higher. Lastly he showed a small box of medicines, "certain cures," said he, "for every disease known amongst the sons of men."

The old lady and the maids were enchanted, and matters ended, after much haggling and disputation, in the foreigner allowing them to keep the three articles for the very reasonable sum of fifty dollars—about fifteen pounds sterling—which was handed over to the foreigner, who called for his bedding and went fast asleep.

The first thing for the old lady to do the next day was to present herself and maids in full holiday costume with their recent purchases at the house of the mayor. The great man received them and their goods with the dignity befitting his rank, and promised that a public trial should be made of the pistol, lamp, and medicines, at an early date, in order to determine whether they were worthy to be adopted as institutions in the village.

Accordingly, by proclamation, at a fixed date and hour, all Minoge assembled in the open space facing the mayor's house, and the articles were brought forth. The pistol was first taken and loaded, as directed by the foreigner, by the holdest and strongest man in the village. The first shot was fired—it wounded a pack-horse, standing some twenty yards away, in the leg; he took fright and bolted with a heavy load of wine tubs down the street into the fields: the second shot went through a temple roof opposite, and shattered the head of the deity in the shrine: the third shot perforated the bamboo hat of a pilgrim; and it was decided not to test the remaining three barrels.

Then the lamp was brought forth: the wick was turned up full, and the village strong man applied a light. The blaze of light was glorious, and drew forth the acclamations of the crowd; but the wick had been turned up too high, the glass burst with a tremendous report, the

strong man dropped the lamp, the oil ignited, ran about and set fire to the matting. In ten minutes, however, the local fire brigade got the flames under, and the experiments proceeded.

The medicine packets were brought forth. The first was a grey powder. A man who had been lame from youth upwards was made to limp out. The powder mixed with water, according to directions, was given him. He hobbled away in frightful convulsions, and nearly injured his whole limb in so doing.

The second packet was then unsealed—it contained pills. A blind man was called out—six pills were rammed down his throat, and he was left wallowing in a ditch. The third packet, a small book containing sticking plaster, was then introduced. A burly peasant, victim to fearful toothache, was made to stand forth. The interior of his mouth was lined with the plaster, and when he attempted in his disgust to pull it off, away came his skin also.

The medicines were condemned *nem. con.*

The foreigner returned, asked how matters had gone, and was told in polite but firm terms that his machines were not suited to the people of Minoge. Whereupon he returned the fifty dollars to the old lady of the "White Pine," and went away laughing. Minoge subsided into its ordinary every-day groove of life, and it was not till some years after that the inhabitants became better used to pistols, lamps, and European medicines.

II. PADDLING HIS OWN CANOE.

Takezawa was the head of a large silk and rice house in Yedo. His father had been head, his grandfather had been head, his great-grandfather had been head: in fact, the date when the first of the name affixed his seal to the documents of the house was lost in the mists of antiquity. So, when foreigners were first allowed a foot-hold on the sacred soil of Japan, none were so jealous of their advance, none so ardent in their wishes to see the white barbarians ousted, as the members of the firm of Takezawa and Co.

But times changed. Up to the last, Takezawa held out against the introduction of foreign innovations in the mode and manner of conducting the affairs of the firm; other houses might employ foreign steam-boat companies as carriers for their produce from port to port, might import foreign goods, and even go so far as to allow the better paid of their clerks to dress themselves as they liked in foreign costume; but Takezawa and Co. were patriotic Japanese merchants, and resolved to run on in the old groove of their ancestors.

But times still changed, and the great house, running on in its solid old-fashioned manner, found itself left in the lurch by younger and more enterprising firms. This would never do. So Takezawa consulted with his partners, patrons, clients, and friends, and after much worthy discussion, and much vehement opposition on the part of the old man, it was resolved to keep pace with the times, as much as possible, without absolutely overturning the old status of the house.

Well, Takezawa and Co. had still a very fair share of the export rice and silk business; but their slow, heavy-sterned junks were no match for the swift, foreign-built steamers employed by other firms; so, with a tremendous wince, and not without a side thought at "Hara Kiri"—(the "Happy Despatch")—Takezawa consented to the sale of all his junks, and the purchase with the proceeds of a big foreign steamer.

The steamer was bought—a fine three-masted, double-funnelled boat, complete with every appliance, newly engined, and manned by European officers and leading seamen. From the dock at Yokoska, where she was lying, a preliminary trip was made; and so smoothly did everything work, and so easily did everything seem to act, under the guidance of the Europeans, that Takezawa considered his own mariners perfectly competent to handle the vessel after an hour's experience on board. So the Europeans were discharged with six months' salaries—about six times as much as they would have received at home—and Takezawa fixed a day when the ship should be rechristened, and should make her trial trip under Japanese management.

It was a beautiful day in autumn—the most glorious period of the year in Japan—when Takezawa and a distinguished company assembled on board the steamer, to give her a new name, and to send her forth finally as a Japanese steamer. The ship looked brave enough as she lay in the dock—ports newly painted, brass-work shining, yards squared, and half buried in bunting. At the mizen floated the empire flag of Japan—a red sun on a white ground—and as Takezawa gazed fore and aft, and his eyes rested on brightness, cleanliness, and order everywhere, he wondered to himself how he could have been such a fool as to stand out so long against the possession of such a treasure, merely on the grounds of its not being Japanese. A fair daughter of one of his partners dashed a cup of "sake" against the bows of the vessel, and the newly named "Lightning Bird" dashed forward into the ocean. Her head was made straight for Yokohama (Takezawa had seen the Englishmen at the wheel manipulate her in that course on her trial trip, so he knew she couldn't go wrong). And straight she went. Every one was delighted; sweetmeats and wine were served round, whilst on the quarterdeck a troupe of the best "Geishas" or singing-girls in Yedo mingled their shrill voices and their guitar notes with the sound of the fresh morning breeze through the rigging.

The engines worked magnificently: coals were poured into the furnaces by the hundredweight, so as to keep a good uniform thick cloud of smoke coming from the funnels—if the smoke lacked intensity for a minute, Takezawa, fearful that something was wrong, bellowed forth orders for more coal to be heaped on, so that in a quarter of an hour's time the "Lightning Bird" consumed as much fuel as would have served a P. and O. steamer for half a day. On she went, everybody pleased and smiling, everything taut and satisfactory. Straight ahead was Treaty Point—a bold bluff running out into the sea. The "Lightning Bird" was bound for Yokohama—Yokohama lies well behind

Treaty Point—but at the pace she was going it was very apparent that, unless a sudden and rapid turn to starboard was made, she would run, not into Yokohama, but into Treaty Point.

The singing and feasting proceeded merrily on deck, but Takezawa was uneasy and undecided on the bridge. The helm was put hard a-port, the brave vessel obeyed, and leapt on straight for the line of rocks at the foot of the Point, over which the waves were breaking in cascades of foam. But the gods would not see a vessel, making her first run under Japanese auspices, maltreated and destroyed by simple waves and rocks; so, just in time to save an ignominious run aground, the helm was put hard over, fresh fuel was piled on to the furnaces, and by barely half a ship's length the "Lightning Bird" shaved the Point, and stood in straight for Yokohama bay.

Takezawa breathed freely for the moment; but, as he saw ahead the crowd of European ships and native junks through which he would have to thread his way, he would have given a very large sum to have had a couple of Europeans at the wheel in the place of his own half-witted, scared mariners.

However, there was no help for it; the ship sped on, and the guests on board, many of whom were thorough rustics, were in raptures at the distant views of the white houses on the Yokohama Bund, at the big steamers and the graceful sailing vessels on all sides. To avoid the chance of a collision, Takezawa managed to keep his steamer well outside; they nearly ran down a fishing junk or two, and all but sunk the lightship; still, they had not as yet come to absolute grief. Round they went for a long half-hour; many of the guests were suffering from sickness, and Takezawa thought that he might bring the trip to an end. So he bellowed forth orders to stop the engines, and anchor. The anchor was promptly let go, but stopping the engines was another matter, for nobody on board knew how to do so—there was nothing to be done but to allow the vessel to pursue a circular course until steam was exhausted; and she could go no farther. It was idle to explain to the distinguished company that this was the course invariably adopted by Europeans, for under their noses was the graceful P. and O. steamer, a moment since ploughing along at full steam, now riding at anchor by her buoy. So round and round went the "Lightning Bird," to the amazement of the crews of the ships in harbour and of a large crowd gathered on the "Bund;" the brave company on board were now assured that the judgment of the gods was overtaking them for having ventured to sea in a foreign vessel, and poor Takezawa was half resolved to despatch himself, and wholly resolved never to make such an experiment as this again. He cursed the day when he was finally led to forsake the groove so honourably and profitably grubbed along by his fathers, and strode with hasty steps up and down the bridge, refusing to be comforted, and terrifying out of their few remaining wits the two poor fellows at the wheel. After a few circles, an English man-of-war sent a steam launch

after the "Lightning Bird," and to the intense disgust of the great Japanese people on board, who preferred to see eccentricity on the part of their countrymen, to interference by foreigners, but to the great delight of the women and rustics, who began to be rather tired of the fun, the engines were stopped. Takezawa did not hear the last of this for a long, long time; caricatures and verses were constantly being circulated bearing upon the fiasco, although it would have been as much as any man's life was worth to have taunted him openly with it. But it was a salutary lesson; and although he still kept the "Lightning Bird," he engaged Europeans to man her, until his men proved themselves adepts, and she afterwards became one of the smartest and fastest craft on the coast.—*Belgravia*.

SUPPOSED CHANGES IN THE MOON.

In this Magazine for August last I considered the moon's multitudinous small craters with special reference to the theory that some among those small craters may have been produced by the downfall of aerolithic or meteoric masses upon the moon's once plastic surface. Whether it be considered probable that this is really the case or not with regard to actually existent lunar craters, it cannot be doubted that during one period of the moon's history, a period probably lasting many millions of years, many crater-shaped depressions must have been produced in this way. As I showed in that essay, it is absolutely certain that thousands of meteoric masses, large enough to form visible depressions where they fell, must have fallen during the moon's plastic era. It is certain also that that era must have been very long-lasting. Nevertheless, it remains possible (many will consider it extremely probable, if not absolutely certain) that during sequent periods all such traces were removed. There is certainly nothing in the aspect of the present lunar craters, even the smallest and most numerous, to preclude the possibility that they, like the larger ones, were the results of purely volcanic action; and to many minds it seems preferable to adopt one general theory respecting all such objects as may be classed in a regular series, than to consider that some members of the series are to be explained in one way and others in a different way. We can form a series extending without break or interruption from the largest lunar craters, more than a hundred miles in diameter, to the smallest visible craters, less than a quarter of a mile across, or even to far smaller craters, if increase of telescopic power should reveal such. And therefore many object to adopt any theory in explanation of the smaller craters (or some of them) which could manifestly not be extended to the largest. Albeit we must remember that certainly if any small craters had been formed during the

plastic era by meteoric downfall, and had remained unchanged after the moon solidified, it would now be quite impossible to distinguish these from craters formed in the ordinary manner.

While we thus recognise the possibility, at any rate, that multitudes of small lunar craters, say from a quarter of a mile to two miles in diameter, may have been formed by falling meteoric masses hundreds of millions of years ago, and may have remained unchanged even until now, we perceive that on the moon later processes must have formed many small craters, precisely as such small craters have been formed on our own earth. I consider, at the close of the essay above mentioned, the two stages of the moon's development which must have followed the period during which her surface was wholly or in great part plastic. First, there was the stage during which the crust contracted more rapidly than the nucleus, and was rent from time to time as though the nucleus were expanding within it. Secondly, there came the era when the nucleus, having retained a greater share of heat, began to cool, and therefore to contract more quickly than the crust, so that the crust became wrinkled or corrugated, as it followed up (so to speak) the retreating nucleus.

It would be in the later part of this second great era that the moon (if ever) would have resembled the earth. The forms of volcanic activity still existing on the earth seem most probably referable to the gradual contraction of the nucleus, and the steady resulting contraction of the rocky crust. As Mallet and Dana have shown, the heat resulting from the contraction, or in reality from the slow downfall of the crust, is amply sufficient to account for the whole observed volcanic energy of the earth. It has indeed been objected, that if this theory (which is considered more fully in my "Pleasant Ways in Science") were correct, we ought to find volcanoes occurring indifferently, or at any rate volcanic phenomena of various kinds so occurring, in all parts of the earth's surface, and not prevalent in special regions and scarcely ever noticed elsewhere. But this objection is based on erroneous ideas as to the length of time necessary for the development of subterranean changes, and also as to the extent of regions which at present find in certain volcanic craters a sufficient outlet for their subterranean fires. It is natural that, if a region of wide extent has at any time been relieved at some point, that spot should long afterwards remain as an outlet, a sort of safety-valve, which, by yielding somewhat more quickly than any neighbouring part of the crust, would save the whole region from destructive earthquakes; and though in the course of time a crater which had acted such a part would cease to do so, yet the period required for such a change would be very long indeed compared with those periods by which men ordinarily measure time. Moreover, it by no means follows that every part of the earth's crust would even require an outlet for heat developed beneath it. Over wide tracts of the earth's surface the rate of contraction may be such, or may be so related to the thickness of the crust, that the heat developed can find ready escape by

conduction to the surface, and by radiation thence into space. Nay, from the part which water is known to play in producing volcanic phenomena, it may well be that in every region where water does not find its way in large quantities to the parts in which the subterranean heat is great, no volcanic action results. Mallet, following other experienced vulcanologists, lays down the law, "Without water there can be no volcano;" so that the neighbourhood of large oceans, as well as special conditions of the crust, must be regarded as probably essential to the existence of such outlets as Vesuvius, Etna, Hecla, and the rest.

So much premised, let us enquire whether it is antecedently likely that in the moon volcanic action may still be in progress, and afterwards consider the recent announcement of a lunar disturbance, which, if really volcanic, certainly indicates volcanic action far more intense than any which is at present taking place in our own earth. I have already, I may remark, considered the evidence respecting this new lunar crater which some suppose to have been formed during the last two years. But I am not here going over the same ground as in my former paper ("Contemporary Review" for August, 1878). Moreover, since that paper was written, new evidence has been obtained, and I am now able to speak with considerable confidence about points which were in some degree doubtful three months ago.

Let us consider, in the first place, what is the moon's probable age, not in years, but in development. Here we have only probable evidence to guide us, evidence chiefly derived from the analogy of our own earth. At least, we have only such evidence when we are enquiring into the moon's age as a preliminary to the consideration of her actual aspect and its meaning. No doubt many features revealed by telescopic scrutiny are full of significance in this respect. No one who has ever looked at the moon, indeed, with a telescope of great power has failed to be struck by the appearance of deadness which her surface presents, or to be impressed (at a first view, in any case), with the idea that he is looking at a world whose period of life must be set in a very remote antiquity. But we must not take such considerations into account in discussing the *a priori* probabilities that the moon is a very aged world. Thus we have only evidence from analogy to guide us in this part of our enquiry. I note the point at starting, because the indicative mood is so much more convenient than the conditional, that I may frequently in this part of my enquiry use the former where the actual nature of the evidence would only justify the latter. Let it be understood that the force of the reasoning here depends entirely on the weight we are disposed to allow to arguments from analogy.

Assuming the planets and satellites of the solar system to be formed in some such manner as Laplace suggested in his "Nebular Hypothesis," the moon, as an orb travelling round the earth, must be regarded as very much older than she is, even in years. Even if we accept the theory of accretion which has been recently suggested as better according with known facts, it would still follow that probably the moon has

existence, as a globe of matter nearly of her present size, long before the earth had gathered in the major portion of her substance. Necessarily, therefore, if we assume as far more probable than either theory that the earth and moon attained their present condition by combined processes of condensation and accretion, we should infer that the moon is far the older of the two bodies in years.

But if we even suppose that the earth and moon began their career as companion planets at about the same epoch, we should still have reason to believe that these planets, equal though they were in age so far as mere years are concerned, must be very unequally advanced so far as development is concerned, and must therefore in that respect be of very unequal age.

It was, I believe, Sir Isaac Newton who first called attention to the circumstance that the larger a planet is, the longer will be the various stages of its existence. He used the same reasoning which was afterwards urged by Buffon, and suggested an experiment which Buffon was the first to carry out. If two globes of iron, of unequal size, be heated to the same degree, and then left to cool side by side, it will be found that the larger glows with a ruddy light after the smaller has become quite dark, and that the larger remains intensely hot long after the smaller has become cool enough to be handled. The reason of the difference is very readily recognised. Indeed, Newton perceived that there would be such a difference before the matter had been experimentally tested. The quantity of heat in the unequal globes is proportional to the volume, the substance of each being the same. The heat is emitted from the surface, and at a rate depending on the extent of surface. But the volume of the larger exceeds that of the smaller in greater degree than the surface of the larger exceeds the surface of the other. Suppose, for instance, the larger has a diameter twice as great as that of the smaller, its surface is four times as great as that of the smaller, its volume eight times as great. Having, then, eight times as much heat as the smaller at the beginning, and parting with that heat only four times as fast as the smaller, the supply necessarily lasts twice as long; or, more exactly, each stage in the cooling of the larger lasts twice as long as the corresponding stage in the cooling of the smaller. We see that the duration of the heat is greater for the larger in the same degree that the diameter is greater. And we should have obtained the same result whatever diameters we had considered. Suppose, for instance, we heat two globes of iron, one an inch in diameter, the other seven inches, to a white heat. The surface of the larger is forty-nine times that of the smaller, and thus it gives out at the beginning, and at each corresponding stage of cooling, forty-nine times as much heat as the smaller. But it possesses at the beginning three hundred and forty-three (seven times seven times seven) times as much heat. Consequently, the supply will last seven times as long, precisely as a stock of three hundred and forty-three thousand pounds, expended forty-nine times as fast as a stock of one thousand pounds only, would last seven

times as long. In every case we find that the duration of the heat-emission for globes of the same material equally heated at the outset is proportional to their diameters.

Now, before applying this result to the case of the moon, we must take into account two considerations:—First, the probability that when the moon was formed she was not nearly so hot as the earth when it first took planetary shape; and secondly, the different densities of the earth and moon.

The original heat of every member of the solar system, including the sun, depended on the gravitating energy of its own mass. The greater that energy, the greater the heat generated either by the process of steady contraction imagined in Laplace's theory, or by the process of meteoric indraught imagined in the aggregation theory. To show how very different are the heat-generating powers of two very unequal masses, consider what would happen if the earth drew down to its own surface a meteoric mass which had approached the earth under her own attraction only. (The case is of course purely imaginary, because no meteor can approach the earth which has not been subjected to the far greater attractive energy of the sun, and does not possess a velocity far greater than any which the earth herself could impart). In this case such a mass would strike the earth with a velocity of at out seven miles per second, and the heat generated would be that due to this velocity only. Now, when a meteor strikes the sun full tilt after a journey from the star depths under his attraction, it reaches his surface with a velocity of nearly three hundred and sixty miles per second. The heat generated is nearly fifty times greater than in the imagined case of the earth. The moon being very much less than the earth, the velocity she can impart to meteoric bodies is still less. It amounts, in fact, to only about a mile per second. The condensing energy of the moon in her vaporous era was in like manner far less than that of the earth, and consequently far less heat was then generated. Thus, although we might well believe on *a priori* grounds, even if not assured by actual study of the lunar features, that the moon when first formed as a planet had a surface far hotter than molten iron, we must yet believe that, when first formed, the moon had a temperature very much below that of our earth at the corresponding stage of her existence.

On this account, then, we must consider that the moon started in planetary existence in a condition as to heat which our earth did not attain till many millions, probably hundreds of millions of years after the epoch of her first formation as a planet.

As regards the moon's substance, we have no means of forming a satisfactory opinion. But we shall be safe in regarding quantity of matter in the moon as a safer basis of calculation than volume, in comparing the duration of her various stages of development with those of our own earth. When, in the August number of this Magazine, I adopted a relation derived from the latter and less correct method, it was because the more correct method gave the result most favourable to the argu-

ment I was then considering. The same is indeed the case now. Yet it will be better to adopt the more exact method, because the consideration relates no longer to a mere side issue, but belongs to the very essence of my reasoning.

The moon has a mass equal to about one eighty-first part of the earth's. Her diameter being less than the earth's, about as two to seven, the duration of each stage of her cooling would be in this degree less than the corresponding duration for the earth, if her density were the same as the earth's, in which case her mass would be only one forty-ninth part of the earth's. But her mass being so much less, we must assume that her amount of heat at any given stage of cooling was less in similar degree than it would have been had her density been the same as the earth's. We may, in fact, assume that the moon's total supply of heat would be only one eighty-first of the earth's if the two bodies were at the same temperature throughout.* But the surface of the moon is between one-thirteenth and one-fourteenth of the earth's. Since, then, the earth at any given stage of cooling parted with her heat between thirteen and fourteen times as fast as the moon, but had about eighty-one times as much heat to part with (for that stage), it follows that she would take about six times as long (six times thirteen and a-half is equal to eighty-one) to cool through that particular stage as the moon would.

If we take this relation as the basis of our estimate of the moon's age, we shall find that, even if the moon's existence as a planet began simultaneously with the earth's instead of many millions of years earlier, even if the moon was then as hot as the earth instead of being so much cooler that many millions of years would be required for the earth to cool to the same temperature—making, I say, these assumptions, which probably correspond to the omission of hundreds of millions of years in our estimate of the moon's age, we shall still find the moon to be hundreds of millions of years older than the earth.

Nay, we may even take a position still less favourable to my argument. Let us overlook the long ages during which the two orbs were in the vaporous state, and suppose the earth and moon to be simultaneously in that stage of planetary existence when the surface has a temperature of two thousand degrees Centigrade.

From Bischoff's experiments on the cooling of rocks, it appears to follow that some three hundred and twenty millions of years must have elapsed between the time when the earth's surface was at this temperature and the time when the surface temperature was reduced to two hundred degrees Centigrade, or one hundred and eighty

* To some this may appear to be a mere truism. In reality it is far from being so. If two globes of equal mass were each of the same exact temperature throughout, they might yet have very unequal total quantities of heat. If one were of water, for instance, and the other of iron or any other metal, the former would have far the larger supply of heat; for more heat is required to raise a given weight of water one degree in temperature, than to raise an equal weight of iron one degree; and water in cooling one degree, or any number of degrees, would give out more heat than an equal weight of iron cooling to the same extent.

degrees Fahrenheit above the boiling point. The earth was for that enormous period a mass (in the main) of molten rock. In the moon's case this period lasted only one-sixth of three hundred and twenty million years, or about fifty-three million years, leaving two hundred and sixty-seven million years' interval between the time when the moon's surface had cooled down to two hundred degrees Centigrade and the later epoch when the earth's surface had attained that temperature.

I would not, however, insist on these numerical details. It has always seemed to me unsafe to base calculations respecting suns and planets on experiments conducted in the laboratory. The circumstances under which the heavenly bodies exist, regarding these bodies as wholes, are utterly unlike any which can be produced in the laboratory, no matter on what scale the experimenter may carry on his researches. I have often been amused to see even mathematicians of repute employing a formula based on terrestrial experiments, physical, optical, and otherwise, as though the formula were an eternal omnipresent reality, without noting that, if similarly applied to obtain other determinations, the most stupidly absurd results would be deduced. It is as though, having found that a child grows three inches in the fifth year of his age, one should infer not only that that person but every other person in every age and in every planet, nay, in the whole universe, would be thirty inches taller at the age of fifteen than at the age of five, without noticing that the same method of computation would show everyone to be more than fifteen feet taller at the age of sixty-five. It may well be that, instead of three hundred and twenty millions of years, the era considered by Bischoff lasted less than a hundred millions of years. Or quite as probably it may have lasted five or six hundred millions of years. And again, instead of the corresponding era of the moon's past history having lasted one sixth of the time required to produce the same change in the earth's condition, it may have lasted a quarter, or a third, or even half that time, though quite as probably it may have lasted much less than a sixth. But in any case we cannot reasonably doubt that the moon reached the stage of cooling through which the earth is now passing many millions of years ago. We shall not probably err very greatly in taking the interval as at least two hundred millions of years.

But I could point out that in reality it is a matter of small importance, so far as my present argument is concerned, whether we adopt Bischoff's period or a period differing greatly from it. For if instead of about three hundred millions the earth required only thirty millions of years to cool from a surface temperature of two thousand degrees Centigrade to a temperature of two hundred degrees, we must assume that the rate of cooling is ten times greater than Bischoff supposed. And we must of course extend the same assumption to the moon. Now, since the sole question before us is to what degree the moon has cooled, it matters nothing whether we suppose the moon has been cooling very slowly during many millions of years since she was in the same condition as the earth at present, or that the moon has been cooling ten times

as quickly during a tenth part of the time, or a hundred times as quickly during one-hundredth part of the time.

We may, therefore, continue to use the numbers resulting from Bischoff's calculation, even though we admit the probability that they differ widely from the true values of the periods we are considering.

Setting the moon, then, as about two hundred and fifty millions of years in advance of the earth in development, even when we overlook all the eras preceding that considered by Bischoff, and the entire sequent interval (which must be long, for the earth has no longer a surface one hundred degrees Centigrade hotter than boiling water), let us consider what is suggested by this enormous time-difference.

In the first place, it corresponds to a much greater interval in our earth's history. During the two hundred and fifty millions of years the moon has been cooling at her rate, not at the earth's. According to the conclusion we deduced from the moon's relative mass and surface, she has aged as much during those two hundred and fifty million years as the earth will during the next fifteen hundred million years.

Now, however slowly we suppose the earth's crust to be changing, it must be admitted that in the course of the next fifteen hundred millions of years the earth will have parted with far the greater part, if not with the whole, of that inherent heat on which the present movements of her surface depend. We know that these movements at once depend upon and indicate processes of contraction. We know that such processes cannot continue at their present rate for many millions of years. If we assume that the rate of contraction will steadily diminish—which is equivalent, be it noticed, to the assumption that the earth's vulcanian or subterranean energies will be diminished—the duration of the process will be greater. But even on such an assumption, controlled by consideration of the evidence we have respecting the rate at which terrestrial contraction is diminishing, it is certain that long before a period of fifteen hundred millions of years has elapsed, the process of contraction will to all intents and purposes be completed.

We must assume, then, as altogether the most probable view, that the moon has reached this stage of planetary decrepitude, even if she has not become an absolutely dead world. We can hardly reject the reasoning which would show that the moon is far older than has been assumed when long stages of her history and our earth's have been neglected. Still less reasonable would it be to reject the conclusion that at the very least she has reached the hoar antiquity thus inferred. Assuming her to be no older, we yet cannot escape the conviction that her state is that of utter decrepitude. To suppose that volcanic action can now be in progress on the moon, even to as great a degree as on the earth, would be to assume that measurable sources of energy can produce practically immeasurable results. But no volcanic changes now in process on the earth could possibly be discernible at the moon's distance. How utterly unlikely does it seem, then, that any volcanic changes can be now taking place on the moon which could be recog-

nized from the earth! It seems safe to assume that no volcanic changes at all can be in progress; but most certainly the evidence which should convince us that volcanic changes of so tremendous a character are in progress that at a distance of two hundred and sixty thousand miles terrestrial telescopists can discern them, must be of the strongest and most satisfactory character.

Evidence of change may indeed be discovered which can be otherwise explained. The moon is exposed to the action of heat other than that which pervaded her own frame at the time of her first formation. The sun's heat is poured upon the moon during the long lunar day of more than a fortnight, while during the long lunar night a cold prevails which must far exceed that of our bitterest arctic winters. We know from the heat-measurements made by the present Lord Rosse, that any part of the moon's surface at lunar mid-day is fully five hundred degrees Fahrenheit hotter than the same part two weeks later at lunar midnight. The alternate expansions and contractions resulting from these changes of temperature cannot but produce changes, however slowly, in the contour of the moon's surface. Professor Newcomb, indeed, considers that all such changes must long since have been completed. But I cannot see how they can be completed so long as the moon's surface is uneven, and at present there are regions where that surface is altogether rugged. Mighty peaks and walls exist which must one day be thrown down; so unstable is their form; deep ravines can be seen which must one day be the scene of tremendous landslips, so steep and precipitous are their sides. Changes such as these may still occur on so vast a scale that telescopists may hope from time to time to recognise them. But changes such as these are not volcanic; they attest no lunar vitality. They are antecedently so probable, indeed, while volcanic changes are antecedently so unlikely, that when any change is clearly recognised in the moon's surface, nothing but the most convincing evidence could be accepted as demonstrating that the change was of volcanic origin and not due to the continued expansion and contraction of the lunar crust.

And now let us see how stands the evidence in the few cases which seem most to favour the idea that a real change has taken place.

We may dismiss, in the first place, without any hesitation, the assertion that regular changes take place in the floor of the great lunar crater Plato. According to statements very confidently advanced a few years ago, this wide circular plain, some sixty miles in diameter, grows darker and darker as the lunar day advances there, until the time corresponding to about two o'clock in the afternoon, and then grows gradually lighter again till eventide. The idea seems to have been at first that some sort of vegetation exists on the floor of this mighty ring-shaped mountain, and that, as the sun's heat falls during the long lunar day upon the great plain, the vegetation flourishes, darkening the whole region just as we might imagine that some far-extending forest on the earth would appear darker as seen from the moon when fully clothed

with vegetation than when the trees were bare and the lighter tints of the ground could be seen through them. Another idea was that the ground undergoes some change under the sun's heat corresponding to those which are produced in certain substances employed in photography; though it was not explained why the solar rays should produce no permanent change, as in the terrestrial cases adduced in illustration. Yet another and, if possible, an even stranger explanation, suggested that, though the moon has no seas, there may be large quantities of water beneath her crust, which may evaporate when that crust becomes heated, rising in the form of vapour to moisten and so darken the crust. Certainly, the idea of a moistening of the lunar crust, or of portions thereof, as the sun's rays fall more strongly upon it, is so daring that one could almost wish it were admissible, instead of being altogether inconsistent, as unfortunately it is, with physical possibilities.

But still more unfortunately, the fact supposed to have been observed, on which these ingenious speculations were based, has not only been called in question, but has been altogether negatived. More exact observations have shown that the supposed darkening of the floor of Plato is a mere optical illusion. When the sun has lately risen at that part of the moon, the ringed wall surrounding this great plain throws long shadows across the level surface. These shadows are absolutely black, like all the shadows on the moon. By contrast, therefore, the unshadowed part of the floor appears lighter than it really is; but the mountain ring which surrounds this dark grey plain is of light tint. So soon as the sun has passed high above the horizon of this region, the ring appears very brilliant compared with the dark plain which it surrounds; thus the plain appears by comparison even darker than it really is. As the long lunar afternoon advances, however, black shadows are again thrown athwart the floor, which therefore again appears by contrast lighter than it really is. All the apparent changes are such as might have been anticipated by anyone who considered how readily the eye is misled by effects of contrast.

To base any argument in favour of a regular change in the floor of Plato on evidence such as this, would be as unwise as it would be to deduce inferences as to changes in the heat of water from experiments in which the heat was determined by the sensations experienced when the hands were successively immersed, one hand having previously been in water as hot as could be borne, the other in water as cold as could be borne. We know how readily these sensations would deceive us (if we trusted them) into the belief that the water had warmed notably during the short interval of time which had elapsed between the two immersions; for we know that if both hands were immersed at the same moment in lukewarm water, the water would appear cold to one hand and warm to the other.

Precisely as in such a case as we have just considered, if we were obliged to test the water by so inexact a method, we should make ex-

periments with one hand only, and carefully consider the condition of that hand during the progress of the experiments, so in the case of the floor of Plato, we must exclude as far as possible all effects due to mere contrast. We must examine the tint of the plain, at lunar morning, mid-day, and evening, with an eye not affected either by the darkness or brightness of adjacent regions, or adjacent parts of the same region. This is very readily done. All we have to do is to reduce the telescopic field of view to such an extent that, instead of the whole floor, only a small portion can be seen. It will then be found, as I can myself certify (the more apparently because the experience of others confirms my own), that the supposed change of tint does not take place. One or two who were and are strong believers in the reality of the change do indeed assert that they have tried this experiment, and have obtained an entirely different result. But this may fairly be regarded as showing how apt an observer is to be self-deceived when he is entirely persuaded of the truth of some favourite theory. For those who carried out the experiment successfully had no views one way or the other; those only failed who were certainly assured beforehand that the experiment would confirm their theory.

The case of the lunar crater Linné, which somewhere about November 1865 attracted the attention of astronomers, belongs to a very different category. In my article on the moon in the "Contemporary Review" I have fully presented the evidence in the case of this remarkable object. I need not therefore consider here the various arguments which have been urged for and against the occurrence of change. I may mention, however, that, in my anxiety to do full justice to the theory that change has really occurred, I took Mädler's description of the crater's interior as "very deep," to mean more than Mädler probably intended. There is now a depression several hundred yards in depth. If Mädler's description be interpreted, as I interpreted it for the occasion in the above article, to mean a depth of two or three miles, it is of course certain that there has been a very remarkable change. But some of the observers who have devoted themselves utterly, it would seem, to the lively occupation of measuring, counting, and describing the tens of thousands of lunar craters already known, assert that Mädler and Lohrman (who uses the same description) meant nothing like so great a depth. Probably Mädler only meant about half a mile, or even less. In this case their favourite theory no longer seems so strongly supported by the evidence. In some old drawings by the well-known observer Schröter, the crater is drawn very much as it now appears. Thus, I think we must adopt as most probable the opinion which is, I see, advanced by Prof. Newcomb in his excellent "Popular Astronomy," that there has been no actual change in the crater. I must indeed remark that, after comparing several drawings of the same regions by Schröter, Mädler, Lohrman, and Schmidt, with each other and with the moon's surface, I find myself by no means very strongly impressed by the artistic skill of any of these observers. I scarcely know a single region in the moon

where change might not be inferred to have taken place if any one of the above-named observers could be implicitly relied upon. As, fortunately, their views differ even more widely *inter se* than from the moon's own surface, we are not driven to so startling a conclusion.

However, if we assume even that Linné has undergone change, we still have no reason to believe that the change is volcanic. A steep wall, say half a mile in height, surrounding a crater four or five miles in diameter, no longer stands at this height above the enclosed space, if the believers in a real change are to be trusted. But, as Dr. Huggins well remarked long ago, if volcanic forces competent to produce disturbance of this kind are at work in the moon, we ought more frequently to recognize signs of change, for they could scarcely be at work in one part only of the moon's surface, or only at long intervals of time. It is so easy to explain the overthrow of such a wall as surrounded Linné (always assuming we can rely upon former accounts) without imagining volcanic action, that, considering the overwhelming weight of a *priori* probability against such action at the present time, it would be very rash to adopt the volcanic theory. The expansions and contractions described above would not only be able to throw down walls of the kind, but they would be sure to do so from time to time. Indeed, as a mere matter of probabilities, it may be truly said that it would be exceedingly unlikely that catastrophes such as the one which have may occurred in this case would fail to happen at comparatively short intervals of time. It would be so unlikely, that I am almost disposed to adopt the theory that there really has been a change in Linné, for the reason that on that theory we get rid of the difficulty arising from the apparent fixity of even the steepest lunar rocks. However, after all, the time during which men have studied the moon with the telescope—only two hundred and sixty-nine years—is a mere instant compared with the long periods during which the moon has been exposed to the sun's intense heat by day and a more than arctic intensity of cold by night. It may well be that, though lunar landslips occur at short intervals of time, these intervals are only short when compared with those periods, hundreds of millions of years long, of which we had to speak a little while ago. Perhaps in a period of ten or twenty thousand years we might have a fair chance of noting the occurrence of one or two catastrophes of the kind, whereas we could hardly expect to note any, save by the merest accident, in two or three hundred years.

To come now to the last, and, according to some, the most decisive piece of evidence in favour of the theory that the moon's crust is still under the influence of volcanic forces.

On May 19, 1877, Dr. Hermann J. Klein, of Cologne, observed a crater more than two miles in width, where he felt sure that no crater had before existed. It was near the centre of the moon's visible hemisphere, and not far from a well-known crater called Hyginus. At the time of observation it was not far from the boundary between the light and dark parts of the moon: in fact, it was near the time of sunrise at

this region. Thus the floor of the supposed new crater was in shadow—it appeared perfectly black. In the conventional language for such cases made and provided (it should be stereotyped by selenographers, for it has now been used a great many times since Schröter first adopted the belief that the great crater Cassini, thirty-six miles in diameter, was a new one) Dr. Klein says, “The region having been frequently observed by myself during the last few years, I feel certain that no such crater existed in the region at the time of my previous observations.” He communicated his discovery to Dr. Schmidt, who also assured him that the region had been frequently observed by himself during the last few years, and he felt certain that no such crater, &c., &c. It is not in the maps by Lohrman and by Beer and Mädler, or in Schröter’s drawings, and so forth. “We know more,” says a recent writer, singularly ready to believe in lunar changes; “we know that at a later period, with the powerful Dorpat telescope, Mädler carefully re-examined this particular region, to see if he could detect any additional features not shown in his map. He found several smaller craterlets *in other parts*” (the italics are mine), “but he could not detect any other crater in the region where Dr. Klein now states there exist a large crater, though he did find some very small hills close to this spot.” “This evidence is really conclusive,” says this very confident writer, “for it is incredible that Mädler could have seen these minute hills and overlooked a crater so large that it is the second largest crater of the score in this region.” Then this writer comes in, of course, in his turn, with the customary phrases. “During the six years, 1870-1876, I most carefully examined this region, for the express purpose of detecting any craters not shown by Mädler,” and he also can certify that no such crater existed, etc., etc. He was only waiting, when he thus wrote, to see the crater for himself. “One suitable evening will settle the matter. If I find a deep black crater, three miles in diameter, in the place assigned to it by Dr. Klein, and when six years’ observation convinces me no such crater did exist, I shall know that it must be new.”

Astronomers, however, require somewhat better evidence.

It might well be that a new crater-shaped depression should appear in the moon without any volcanic action having occurred. For reasons already adduced, indeed, I hold it to be to all intents and purposes certain that if a new depression is really in question at all, it is in reality only an old and formerly shallow crater, whose floor has broken up, yielding at length to the expansive and contractive effects above described, which would act with exceptional energy at this particular part of the moon’s surface, close as it is to the lunar equator.

But it is by no means clear that this part of the moon’s surface has undergone any change whatever. We must not be misled by the very confident tone of selenographers. Of course they fully believe what they tell us: but they are strongly prejudiced. Their labours, as they well know, have *now* very little interest unless signs of change should be detected in the moon. Surveyors who have done exceedingly useful

work in mapping a region would scarcely expect the public to take much interest in additional information about every rock or pebble existing in that region, unless they could show that something more than a mere record of rocks and pebbles was really involved. Thus selenographers have shown, since the days of Schröter, an intense anxiety to prove that our moon deserves, in another than Juliet's sense, to be called "the inconstant moon." In another sense again they seem disposed to "swear by the inconstant moon," as changing yearly, if not "monthly, in her circled orb." Thus a very little evidence satisfies them, and they are very readily persuaded in their own mind that former researches of theirs, or of their fellow-pebble-counters, have been so close and exact, that craters must have been detected then which have been found subsequently to exist in the moon. I do not in the slightest degree question their *bona fides*, but a long experience of their ways leads me to place very little reliance on such stereotyped phrases as I have quoted above.

Now, in my paper in the "Contemporary Review" on this particular crater, I called attention to the fact that in the magnificent photograph of the moon taken by Dr. Louis Rutherford on March 6, 1865 (note well the date) there is a small spot of lighter colour than the surrounding region, nearly in the place indicated in the imperfect drawing of Klein's record which alone was then available to me. For reasons, I did not then more closely describe this feature of the finest lunar photograph ever yet obtained.

The writer from whom I have already quoted is naturally (being a selenographer) altogether unwilling to accept the conclusion that this spot is the crater floor as photographed (not as seen) under a somewhat higher illumination than that under which the floor of the crater appears dark. There are several white spots immediately around the dark crater, he says: "which of these is the particular white spot which the author" (myself) "assumes I did not see?" a question which, as I had made no assumption whatever about this particular writer, nor mentioned him, nor even thought of him, as I wrote the article on which he comments, I am quite unable to answer. But he has no doubt that I have "mistaken the white spot" (which it seems he can identify, after all) "for Klein's crater, which is many miles farther north, and which never does appear as a white spot: he has simply mistaken its place."

I have waited, therefore, before writing this, until from my own observation, or from a drawing carefully executed by Dr. Klein, I might ascertain the exact place of the new crater. I could not, as it turned out, observe the new crater as a black spot myself, since the question was raised; for on the only available occasion I was away from home. But I now have before me Dr. Klein's carefully drawn map. In this I find the new crater placed not nearly, but *exactly* where Rutherford's crater appears. I say "Rutherford's crater," for the white spot is manifestly not merely a light tinted region on the darker background of the Sea of Vapours (as the region in which the crater has been found is

called): it is a circular crater more than two miles in diameter; and the width of the crescent of shadow surrounding its eastern side shows that in March 1865, when Rutherford took that photograph, the crater was not (for its size) a shallow one, but deep.

Now, it is quite true that, to the eye, under high illumination, the floor of the crater does not appear lighter than the surrounding region; at least, not markedly so, for to my eye it appears slightly lighter. But everyone knows that a photograph does not show all objects with the same depth of shading that they present to the naked eye. A somewhat dark green object will appear rather light in a photograph, while a somewhat light orange-yellow object will appear quite dark. We have only to assume that the floor of the supposed new crater has a greenish tinge (which is by no means uncommon) to understand why, although it is lost to ordinary vision when the Sea of Vapours is under full illumination, it yet presents in a photograph a decidedly lighter shade than the surrounding region.

I ought to mention that the writer from whom I have quoted says that all the photographs were examined and the different objects in this region identified within forty-eight hours of the time when Dr. Klein's letter reached England. He mentions also that he has himself personally examined them. Doubtless at that time the exact position of the supposed new crater was not known. By the way, it is strange, considering that the name Louis Rutherford is distinctly written in large letters upon the magnificent photograph in question, that a selenographer who has carefully examined that photograph should spell the name Rutherford. He must really not assume, when on re-examining the picture he finds the name spelled Rutherford, that there has been any change, volcanic or otherwise, in the photograph.

In conclusion I would point out that another of these laborious crater-counters, in a paper recently written with the express purpose of advocating a closer and longer-continued scrutiny of the moon, makes a statement which is full of significance in connection with the subject of lunar changes. After quoting the opinion of a celebrated astronomer, that one might as well attempt to catalogue the pebbles on the sea-shore as the entire series of lunar craters down to the minutest visible with the most powerful telescope, he states that while on the one hand, out of thirty-two thousand eight hundred and fifty-six craters given in Schmidt's chart, not more than two thousand objects have been entered in the Registry he has provided for the purpose (though he has been many years collecting materials for it from all sides); on the other hand, "on comparing a few of these published objects with Schmidt's map, it has been found *that some are not in it*,"—a fact to which he calls attention, "not for the purpose of depreciating the greatest selenographical work that has yet appeared, but for the real advancement of selenography." Truly, the fact is as significant as it is discouraging, —unless we are presently to be told that the craters which are not common to both series are to be regarded as new formations.

RICHARD A. PROCTOR, *in Belgravia.*

RECOLLECTIONS OF THACKERAY.

In the absence of any complete biography of the late William Makepeace Thackeray, every anecdote regarding him has a certain value, in so far as it throws a light on his personal character and methods of work. Read in this light and this spirit, all the tributes to his memory are valuable and interesting. Glancing over some memoranda connected with the life of the novelist, contained in a book which has come under our notice, entitled "Anecdote Biographics," we gain a ready insight into his character. And from the materials thus supplied, we now offer a few anecdotes treasured up in these too brief memorials of his life.

Thackeray was born at Calcutta in 1811. While still very young, he was sent to England; on the homeward voyage he had a peep at the great Napoleon in his exile-home at St. Helena. He received his education at the Charterhouse School and at Cambridge, leaving the latter without a degree. His fortune at this time amounted to twenty thousand pounds; this he afterwards lost through unfortunate speculations, but not before he had travelled a good deal on the continent, and acquainted himself with French and German everyday life and literature. His first inclination was to follow the profession of an artist; and curious to relate, he made overtures to Charles Dickens to illustrate his earliest book. Thackeray was well equipped both in body and mind when his career as an author began; but over ten years of hard toil at newspaper and magazine writing were undergone before he became known as the author of "Vanity Fair," and one of the first of living novelists. He lectured with fair if not with extraordinary success both in England and America, when the sunshine of public favour had been secured. His career of successful novel-writing terminated suddenly on 24th December 1863, and like Dickens, he had an unfinished novel on hand.

One morning Thackeray knocked at the door of Horace Mayhew's chambers in Regent Street, crying from without: 'It's no use, Horry Mayhew; open the door!' On entering, he said cheerfully: 'Well, young gentleman, you'll admit an old fogey.' When leaving, with his hat in his hand, he remarked: 'By-the-by, how stupid! I was going away without doing part of the business of my visit. You spoke the other day of poor George. Somebody—most unaccountably—has returned me a five-pound note I lent him a long time ago. I didn't expect it. So just hand to George; and tell him, when his pocket will bear it, to pass it on to some poor fellow of his acquaintance. By-bye.' He was gone! This was one of Thackeray's delicate methods of doing a favour; the recipient was asked to *pass it on*.

One of his last acts on leaving America after a lecturing tour, was to return twenty-five per cent. of the proceeds of one of his lectures to a young speculator who had been a loser by the bargain. While known to hand a gold piece to a waiter with the remark: 'My friend, will you do me the favour to accept a sovereign?' he has also been known to say to a visitor who had proffered a card: 'Don't leave this bit of paper; it has cost you two cents, and will be just as good for your next call.' Evidently aware that money when properly used is a wonderful health-restorer, he was found by a friend who had entered his bedroom in Paris, gravely placing some napoleons in a pill-box on the lid of which was written: 'One to be taken occasionally.' When asked to explain, it came out that these strange pills were for an old person who said she was very ill, and in distress; and so he had concluded that this was the medicine wanted. 'Dr. Thackeray,' he remarked, 'intends to leave it with her himself. Let us walk out together.' To a young literary man afterwards his amanuensis, he wrote thus, on hearing that a loss had befallen him: 'I am sincerely sorry to hear of your position, and send the little contribution which came so opportunely from another friend whom I was enabled once to help. When you are well-to-do again, I know you will pay it back; and I daresay somebody else will want the money, which is meanwhile most heartily at your service.'

When enjoying an American repast at Boston in 1852, his friends there, determined to surprise him with the size of their oysters, had placed six of the largest bivalves they could find, on his plate. After swallowing number one with some little difficulty, his friend asked him how he felt. 'Profoundly grateful,' he gasped; 'and as if I had swallowed a little baby.' Previous to a farewell dinner given by his

American intimates and admirers, he remarked that it was very kind of his friends to give him a dinner, but that such things always set him trembling. 'Besides,' he remarked to his secretary, 'I have to make a speech, and what am I to say? Here, take a pen in your hand and sit down, and I'll see if I can hammer out something. It's hammering now, I'm afraid it will be stammering by-and-by.' His short speeches, when delivered, were as characteristic and unmistakable as anything he ever wrote. All the distinct features of his written style were present.

It is interesting to remark the sentiments he entertained towards his great rival Charles Dickens. Although the latter was more popular as a novelist than he could ever expect to become, he expressed himself in unmistakable terms regarding him. When the conversation turned that way, we would remark: 'Dickens is making ten thousand a year. He is very angry at me for saying so; but I will say it, for it is true. He doesn't like me. He knows that my books are a protest against him—that if the one set are true, the other must be false. But "Pickwick" is an exception; it is a capital book. It is like a glass of good English ale.' When "Dombey and Son" appeared in the familiar paper cover, number five contained the episode of the death of little Paul. Thackeray appeared much moved in reading it over, and putting number five in his pocket, hastened with it to the editor's room in "Punch" office. Dashing it down on the table in the presence of Mark Lemon, he exclaimed: 'There's no writing against such power as this; one has no chance! Read that chapter describing young Paul's death; it is unsurpassed—it is stupendous!'

In a conversation with his secretary previous to his American trip, he intimated his intention of starting a magazine or journal on his return, to be issued in his own name. This scheme eventually took shape, and the result was the now well known "Cornhill Magazine." This magazine proved a great success, the sale of the first number being one hundred and ten thousand copies. Under the excitement of this great success, Thackeray left London for Paris. To Mr. Fields the American publisher, who met him by appointment at his hotel in the Rue de la Paix, he remarked: 'London is not big enough to contain me now, and I am obliged to add Paris to my residence. Good gracious! said he, throwing up his long arms, 'where will this tremendous circulation stop? Who knows but that I shall have to add Vienna and Rome to my whereabouts? If the worst come to the worst, New York also may fall into my clutches, and only the Rocky Mountains may be able to stop my progress.' His spirits continued high during this visit to Paris, his friend adding that some restraint was necessary to keep him from entering the jewelers' shops and ordering a pocketful of diamonds and 'other trifles; for,' said he, 'how can I spend the princely income which Smith* allows me for editing "Cornhill," unless I begin instantly somewhere?' He complained too that he could not sleep at nights 'for counting up his subscribers.' On reading a contribution by his young daughter to the "Cornhill," he felt much moved, remarking to a friend; 'When I read it, I blubbered like a child; it is so good, so simple, and so honest; and my little girl wrote it every word of it.'

Dickens in the tender memorial which he penned for the "Cornhill Magazine," remarks on his appearance when they dined together. 'No one,' he says, 'can ever have seen him more genial, natural, cordial, fresh, and honestly impulsive than I have seen him at those times. No one can be surer than I of the greatness and goodness of the heart that had then disclosed itself.'

Beneath his 'modestly grand' manner, his seeming cynicism and bitterness, he bore a very tender and loving heart. In a letter written in 1854, and quoted in James Hannay's sketch, he expresses himself thus. 'I hate Juvenal,' he says. 'I mean I think him a truculent fellow; and I love Horace better than you do, and rate Churchill much lower; and as for Swift, you haven't made me alter my opinion. I admire, or rather admit, his power as much as you do; but I don't admire that kind of power so much as I did fifteen years ago, or twenty shall we say. Love is a higher intellectual exercise than hatred; and when you get one or two more of those young ones you write so pleasantly about, you'll come over to the side of the kind wags, I think, rather than the cruel ones.' The pathetic sadness visible in much that he wrote sprung partly from temperament and partly from his own private calamities. Loss

* Of Smith, Elder, & Co., the well known publishers.

of fortune was not the only cause. When a young man in Paris, he married; and after enjoying domestic happiness for several years, his wife caught a fever from which she never afterwards sufficiently recovered to be able to be with her husband and children. She was henceforth intrusted to the care of a kind family, where every comfort and attention was secured for her. The lines in the ballad of the "Bouillabaisse" are supposed to refer to this early time of domestic felicity :

Ah me! how quick the days are flitting I .
 I mind me of a time that's gone,—
 When here I'd sit as now I'm sitting,
 In this place—but not alone.
 A fair young form was nestled near me,
 A dear, dear face looked fondly up,
 And sweetly spoke and smiled to cheer me—
 There's no one now to share my cup.

In dictating to his amanuensis during the composition of the lectures on the "Four Georges," he would light a cigar, pace the room for a few minutes, and then resume his work with increased cheerfulness, changing his position very frequently, so that he was sometimes sitting, standing, walking, or lying about. His enunciation was always clear and distinct, and his words and thoughts were so well weighed that the progress of writing was but seldom checked. He dictated with calm deliberation, and shewed no visible feeling even when he had made a humorous point. His whole literary career was one of unremitting industry; he wrote slowly, and like 'George Eliot,' gave forth his thoughts in such perfect form, that he rarely required to retouch his work. His handwriting was neat and plain, often very minute; which led to the remark, that if all trades failed, he would earn six-pences by writing the Lord's Prayer and the Creed in the size of one. Unlike many men of less talent, he looked upon calligraphy as one of the fine arts. When at the height of his fame he was satisfied when he wrote six pages a day, generally working during the day, seldom at night. An idea which would only be slightly developed in some of his shorter stories, he treasured up and expanded in some of his larger works.

While Alfred Tennyson the future Laureate received the gold medal at Cambridge given by the Chancellor of the university for the best English poem, the subject being "Timbuctoo," we find Thackeray satirising the subject in a humorous paper called "The Snob." Here are a few lines from his clever skit on the prize poem :

There stalks the tiger—there the lion roars,
 Who sometimes eats the luckless blackamoors;
 All that he leaves of them the monster throws
 To jackals, vultures, dogs, cats, kites and crows;
 His hunger thus the forest monster gluts.
 And then lies down 'neath trees called cocoa-nuts.

The personal appearance of Thackeray has been frequently described. His nose through an early accident, was misshapen; it was broad at the bridge, and stubby at the end. He was near-sighted; and his hair at forty was already gray, but massy and abundant—his keen and kindly eyes twinkled sometimes through and sometimes over his spectacles. A friend remarked that what he 'should call the predominant expression of the countenance was courage—a readiness to face the world on its own terms.' Unlike Dickens, he took no regular walking exercise, and being regardless of the laws of health, suffered in consequence. In reply to one who asked him if he had ever received the best medical advice, his reply was: 'What is the use of advice if you don't follow it? They tell me not to drink, and I *do* drink. They tell me *not* to smoke, and I *do* smoke. They tell me not to eat, and I *do* eat. In short, I do everything that I am desired *not* to do—and therefore, what am I to expect?' And so one morning he was found lying, like Dr. Chalmers, in the sleep of death with his arms beneath his head, after one of his violent attacks of illness—to be mourned by his mother and daughters, who formed his household, and by a wider public beyond, which had learned to love him through his admirable works.—*Chambers's Journal*.

THE LIBRARY MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY, 1879.

THE FRIENDS AND FOES OF RUSSIA.

It is a common and a profitable trick of party to assume the mask of nationality. It is safely calculated that such an assumption, successfully achieved, will disintegrate the ranks of the opponents; since it is not only a just, but an elementary proposition that the interests of the country are to be preferred to the interests of party. Upon this safe calculation the Tories of to-day, aided by some whom accidents or passions have rallied to their standard, have been working steadily for the last two and a half years. It seems that the game is nearly played out, and the pretext worn too thin to cover effectually what it hides. Sympathy with Russia, with the despotism of Russia, with the bad faith of Russia, with the cruelty of Russia, has been the charge incessantly reiterated against the Liberal party. Not only, it seems, are they enamoured of this Power, but so enamoured of it that they are disposed and eager to sacrifice for its sake the interests of their country, which are, *ex necessitate rei*, their own interests.

This filching and appropriation of the national credit seems to be no better than the crowning trick of a party warfare, not fastidious as to the weapons it employs. Only on rare occasions can it be performed: at junctures, namely, when a foreign country happens to stand in a sympathetic relation to some cause which it is desired to discredit, and at the same time to have, or to be capable of being represented as having, the will and power to inflict injury on England. The second of these conditions can be easily fulfilled: for the real interests of the British Empire are so widely lodged, that, even apart from factitious outgrowths and accretions, they may come within arm's length of every great country in the world. So that one day France, and another day Germany, and another day America, have served the turn of our alarmists. But for the last three years they have speculated upon Russia as supplying them with the best phlogistic to be had, because the questions of the day have thrown the public susceptibilities principally into this direction. The Slavonic, as well as the Christian, sympathies of

(129)

the Russian people attached them powerfully to a cause, which the Liberals of England, renouncing all theological and ecclesiastical partialities in the case, were bound to favour as the cause of liberty against despotism, and of the sufferer against the oppressor. It was impossible for the British Liberals and Nonconformists to become the instruments of wounding that sacred cause, the cause of the subject races of the East, through the sides of Russia. But the Tories in general were under no such disability. In the days of the Duke of Wellington, Lord Aberdeen, and Sir R. Peel, they were, for full thirty years, or from about 1820 to 1850, the great peace party of this country. But they have unlearned all such weakness, together with many of the other lessons inculcated by those distinguished men; and now, on the high horse of national pride, they are at once the opponents of reform at home, and the main disturbers of the general peace. Nor does any such tie bind them as that which has bound the Liberal party to the cause of subject races: for who has ever heard, in the recent history of Toryism, of a deed done, or so much as a word spoken, for Freedom, in any one of the numerous battles in which, at so many spots on the surface of the globe, she has been engaged?

The Ministry, then, found an opportunity first of throwing the Christian cause into Russian hands; and then, because the hands were Russian, of reviling all, who refused to surrender it to the foul and debasing tyranny of Turkey, as being of necessity the friends of Turkey's enemy. The great Russian *bagie* was purchased; and exhibited at every fair in the country. The game, played with skill and daring, was successful at least within the walls of Parliament, where something very different from "chill penury" sometimes freezes "the genial current of the soul." The majorities obtained by the Government rose in fumber; and, though the action of an opposite feeling in the nation has at last reduced them, the process has been slow and far from uniform. And now, when the signs of change are fast gathering in the sky, the last hope of a party beginning to be abashed seems still to lie in fastening on the Liberals the idle and calumnious imputation that they are in some special and guilty sense the friends of Russia.

But they forget that the opening, which their good fortune gave them, is now closed, and that the old combination has given place to new. By arms and blood (for the British Government resisted and broke up the European concert which promised a milder method), the special aim of Russian sympathies has been, not wholly but for the most part, attained. The Slavonic provinces of Turkey are now, through the efforts and sacrifices of a single nation, independent, like Servia and Montenegro; or tributary like Bulgaria; or at the very least autonomous, with a more ambiguous freedom like Eastern Roumelia. The work of deliverance has been in the main accomplished. The Liberals of England still owe full justice to these great acts of Russia; but they are no longer liable to be charged as moral partners in the cause; for the cause has now been pleaded, the great Judge has pro-

announced His sentence; and lands and races, which England refused to liberate, are free. Let it be said that Russia did good from bad motives. This is not now the question. The Tories and their adherents have yet to acquire the perception of a fact, from which they yet strive to turn away their vision: the fact that the alliance between Russia and the great cause of deliverance is no longer the salient and determining point of the Eastern Question. That alliance has glided into the past; its fruit is gathered; and the position of Russia, in its relation respectively to the Toryism and the Liberalism of England, is no longer subject to any disturbing agency. The Russian *diplomacy* is not any more available for the political fair. And the questions can now be freely and exhaustively discussed, who and what is Russia, and which is the party that is best entitled to fling in the teeth of the other the charge of being her peculiar friends?

Who and what is Russia? Not the name of a complex and multi-form society of intricate configuration, such as is our own: but a vast mass, comparatively inorganic, still nationally young, and simple in its forms of life. We may regard Russia, for the present purpose, as including three elements, three forces only. First the Emperor; secondly the people; thirdly the official, aristocratic and military class; which last may be said to make up there what, both there and here, passes under the name of "society." Of these three factors, distinct estimates have to be formed.

The present Emperor of Russia has, during a reign now approaching a quarter of a century, given ample evidence of a just and philanthropic mind. No greater triumph of peaceful legislation is anywhere recorded than the emancipation of the Russian serfs, which he has effected. It is true that he gave to England assurances about Khiva, which he has been unable to fulfil. But the military measures taken against the Khan apparently had in view the real necessities of peace and order in that region, from which plunder and kidnapping had to be expelled. There is little in their accompaniments, either of profit or of power, which would warrant the imputation of an unworthy motive. It is more just to ascribe the Emperor's original promise of entire abstention to an honorable anxiety for the friendship of England, and as an over-sanguine expectation, than to denounce as an act of bad faith a resort to force which has every appearance of reason and of justice. In the great matter of the war with Turkey, I avow my belief that the Emperor was prompted by motives of humanity, which drew additional force from the special sympathies of race and of religion.

Justice seems to require a similar admission in regard to the Russian people. They are a peaceful and submissive race, whose courage in the field is that of a determined and uncalculating obedience. Domestic in their habits, rural in their pursuits, and fighting the battles of ordinary life under hard conditions, they are little open to the evil influences of what is here termed Jingoism: the conscription has for them no charms; and war summons them to little else than privation, wounds, disease,

and death. Probably few among us are so biassed as to doubt that the Russian people have been moved, during the last three years, by a thrill of genuine emotion on behalf of their enslaved and suffering brethren, rather than by "Russian interests," or appeals to pride, or the lust of territorial aggrandisement.

That which reason bids us to conclude as to the people, we must also suppose at least as to individuals in the class which I have described as the third great moving force of the Russian Empire. Of this type was Colonel Kiriëff, who met and indeed courted a hero's death in the Scrvian war of 1876. But the general character and tendencies of the body are another matter. The spirit of aggression has a natural home in the oligarchic, diplomatic, and military class, whose personal and specific leanings it as strongly favours as it counteracts the interests of the people. We have seen too plainly what, though with many honourable exceptions, are the tendencies and leanings of the corresponding classes even among ourselves, where their sentiments are modified, and their action limited, by free public discussion and by popular institutions. It is not difficult to understand what are the propensities, and what the power of the military, official, and aristocratic elements of Russian society; what pretexts they may advance, and what use they may be tempted to make of the huge but inorganic forces of the nation, which lie almost helplessly at their disposal. It is not necessary here to dwell upon shades and subdivisions of opinion, or to distinguish Moscow from St. Petersburg. It would not be just to treat even the incorporated influences we are now considering as a mass of unmixed evil. But this class, in regard to the rights of other countries and the peace of the world, is the dangerous class of Russia; the class that prides itself upon wisdom because it has power; the class that thinks itself cultivated because it has leisure; that includes all those who claim to lead the nation because they have long and often misled it, and to think and act for it, and drag it in the train of their thoughts and acts, because they live upon it. This class, or rather this conglomerate of classes, ever watchful for its aims, ubiquitous yet organised, standing everywhere between the Emperor and the people, and oftentimes too strong for both, is at work day and night to impress its own character upon Russian policy. The Duke of Wellington declined to place confidence in Russia; for, as he said with strong sense and truth, it was not his business to place confidence in foreign Governments. It is our business to judge them fairly, but to watch them closely; and in our present judgments to avail ourselves of all the aid that can be derived from the observation of the past.

Thus mixed in the composition of its political forces, and having not yet emerged from her despotic institutions, the Russia of Alexander and of Nicholas was undoubtedly the head of European Toryism, even while Austria was its right hand. She was the greatest and most important member of the Holy Alliance. In the case, however, of the Christian, and especially the Slavonic Provinces of Turkey, the sympa-

ties of religion and race traversed the ordinary action of the instincts of power. Hence has arisen more than once an exceptional relation between Russia and the Liberals of this country. At the period, for example, of the Greek Revolution, she and they fought on the same side. At the epoch of the Crimean war, when she struggled for the power of an arbitrary interference, and not for the relief of the oppressed, there was no room for such an alliance. But in 1876, she was content to work as a member of the European family, in strict concert with its other members. When the deplorable abstention of England from the performance of duty broke up that concert, and left her to act alone, Liberalism could not on account of the instrument condemn the end, or desire that the subject races of Turkey should remain debased by servitude, because the Government that represented free England for the moment baffled and befooled every joint movement to deliver them. It was left to the despot to perform the duty of the free. But, unless in such cases of pure exception, Russia has uniformly and habitually ranged in European politics with the antagonists of freedom. Though I speak mainly of the reigns of Alexander and of Nicholas, it would probably be too much to say that the personal change in the occupancy of the throne has broken, or could break, the chain of an evil tradition.

But that evil tradition, which places an insurmountable barrier between the sympathy of British Liberalism and the European policy of the Czars, has also entitled that Empire to the sympathy of Toryism, and has earned for it that sympathy. Of course I do not mean that the Tories of this country have approved of all the acts of Russia in Poland, which have left an ineffaceable stain upon the Empire and the age. But I reckon that, in every struggle which has arisen since the peace of 1815, the sympathies of British Toryism have regularly gravitated to the side of power, and therefore to the side of Russia. Liberalism has only found itself in any sense on the side of Russia at the rare times when Russia had taken, for whatever reason, the side of Liberalism. But these are exactly the occasions, and the only occasions, when, with an equal certainty of instinct, British Toryism has entered the lists against her; and has thought, by the loudness and violence of its clamours, to cast into the shadows of oblivion the fact that it had really regarded her as its natural ally. Russia, as the greatest among the standing antagonists of the Liberal movement in Europe, had a claim on its respect. But this claim vanished away when, contrary to her wont, she was breaking chains, instead of forging them. And when, in addition, phantom interests of England were brought into the field, the patriotic violence of our Tories against Russia became, under this double influence, as hot as if they had not been her traditional friends.

But as they seem to have themselves forgotten this traditional friendship, now unhappily suspended, it may be well to run briefly over the long series of occasions, on which it has been manifested and confirmed.

From the Treaty of Vienna onwards, whenever there has been a

struggle in Europe or elsewhere, with the single exception of the Turkish Provinces, Russia has taken the side of English Toryism, and English Toryism has taken the side of Russia. The partition of Europe, effected at Vienna without reference to the feelings of the people, was agreeable to the ideas of both, and had a kind of sanctity in their eyes. Every deviation from that Treaty, and every effort to disturb it, were discountenanced by each in their several degrees and modes. Russia supported Metternich; and received his support on all occasions except when, in the case of Greece, she co-operated powerfully in the work of liberation; and Metternich, it need hardly be observed, commanded the steady sympathy of English Tories. In Italy, Russia and the Tories supported the Austrian system. Russia cyed askance, and the Tories abhorred, the foreign policy of Mr. Canning. Russia and the Tories contemplated with displeasure the French Revolution of 1830. Both regarded with still more active displeasure the revolt of Belgium, which even the mild official Toryism of the Duke of Wellington's government condemned in the Speech from the Throne after the accession of William the Fourth. In the difficult operation of creating the Belgian kingdom, which was probably the crown of Lord Palmerston's diplomatic efforts, England, with the variable support of Orleanist France, wrought zealously on its behalf; but the Holy Alliance, with the steady countenance of the English Tories, as zealously against it. In Spain, in Portugal, the case was the same. Austrianism in Italy, Russianism in Poland, whoever heard of a Tory effort or a Tory remonstrance against them? If, among the caprices of Fortune, it chanced that another strain was heard, as when Mr. Butler Johnstone delivered a maiden speech of great ability on behalf of the Italian cause, it was regarded as an accidental and youthful eccentricity, and did not serve in the slightest degree to colour the general feeling of the party. The climax of Russianism under Nicholas was reached, when he lent the might of his legions to reinforce the feebler arm of Austria, and extinguished in blood the movement of the Magyars. But who has ever heard of the sympathy of the Tory party with Hungary when she was fighting for her freedom? or until, within these last three years, she took unworthily the part of an Eastern oppression tenfold worse than that which she had agitated Europe to overthrow? In truth, if there be one fact more clearly written than another on the history of the last half-century, it is the general sympathy of British Toryism with that side in Continental politics which, under the pretence of supporting order, ever contended against freedom in all its forms. This was the stereotyped taunt of Liberals against Toryism when the first Government of Sir Robert Peel had taken office in 1834-5, and had been defeated at the General Election in the three capitals of the three companies. It was embodied in a sarcastic paean of Mr. Gisborne's during the existence of that short-lived Government. On its reception, he said: "London, and Dublin, and Edin-

burgh were disgusted; but there was joy in St. Petersburg, in Berlin, and in Vienna."

Let not, then, the retainers of the Administration, by reason of their short and quit: intelligible infidelity, repudiate their brilliant inheritance as the representatives, on this side the Straits, of those who for sixty years have had it for their daily and nightly thought to resist the progress of freedom in Europe, and in whose eyes even the worst of the thrones of Europe were as sacred as was the Corn Law. It will assist the people of this country in passing judgment on the great question how it shall be governed under the next Parliament, if they bear in mind that everywhere, except in Turkey, Russian statesmanship has headed and sustained the votaries of reaction, with the support and sympathy of English Toryism. But, in Turkey alone, she has *de facto* achieved, by her unaided efforts, a work of liberation: and it is here, and here only, that the Tories of England have turned against her. That work of liberation, a great and signal one, the Liberals of England will neither deny nor forget. But, when Russia shall return to her old vocation in European politics, they, under the compulsion of their principles, and in conformity with their history, must maintain against her, as well as against Austria and all the foes of freedom, an opposition more scrupulous and equitable, it is to be hoped, than the war waged by the Tories against their old ally, but one not less steady.

It may be right after what has been said of the standing sympathy between Toryism and the policy of the Russian Government, to produce some printed illustration of the esteem in which that Government was held in high Tory quarters. Nothing can be more to the point for such a purpose than the speech of Lord Beaconsfield on the outbreak of the Franco-German war. That war was not aimed at our interests, or likely to involve us in its vortex. Nevertheless, as the organ of the party, he advised the Government of that day at once to join hands with Russia, as the best coadjutress we could have at such a crisis.

An alliance—I will not use the word alliance, because it may give rise to some misapprehension—but a cordial understanding between England and Russia to return peace, as a natural consequence of the position in which both countries are placed with respect to the belligerents by the quarantining of these provinces (the Saxon provinces) to Prussia a cordial understanding and co-operation between these two great Powers would be liable to no sinister interpretation and excite no suspicion, because, as I have just said, it would be a natural consequence of their diplomatic engagements. I hope therefore there will be, between Her Majesty's Government and Russia, not a mere genial exchange of platitudes as to the advantages of restoring peace and averting the horrors of war, but something more. I hope they will confer together as two great Powers who have entered into the same engagements, and as two Powers who themselves may be forced to take the part of belligerents.*

A passage of which the entire substance, with the reason alleged, was really much more applicable to the circumstances of 1874 than to the case of 1870.

It is time, however, to consider more particularly the temporary de-

* Hansard, vol. cciii, p. 1242. August 1, 1870.

fection of the Tories from the Russian camp. They have undertaken for this occasion the *role* of enemies of Russia. Let us examine how they have played the part. Undoubtedly they are able to allege that they have done much to affront her Government, and to estrange her people. Not only is it probable that at no time, without actual war, have great masses of human hearts throbbled with a more hostile excitement than of late, but it is also hardly to be questioned that during the Crimean War itself there was nothing among us equal or analogous to the fierce and almost savage antipathy which has ruled a portion of the nation during the last two or three years. A phenomenon so singular may be readily explained by the circumstances of the two cases. The moving sentiment of the Crimean War was a noble indignation at an ambitious and overbearing effort of the Emperor Nicholas to establish an arbitrary power of sole interference in the Ottoman Empire. In a resistance to that outrage, even by arms, there was little to stir up the baser elements of our nature. The case was very different when, with a cynical selfishness, we allowed the rule to be laid down that British interests, no less fictitious, or at least remote, than they were obtrusive, were to be the rule and measure of destiny for the subject races of Turkey. It was not to be the number of Bulgarians massacred, it was not to be the merits of the contest between Russia and Turkey—so we were assured by two successive Ambassadors—that were to determine our cause, but the inestimable and certainly incomprehensible British interests which, according to Sir Henry Layard, were at some period of the contest to compel our interference as the defenders of the Porte. Only foul waters could flow from a source so polluted. And therefore, without doubt, the present Government and its followers can plead that they have done their best to make the Russian people hostile to us. They have also limited the belligerent rights of the Russian State by marking off Egypt as a land consecrated to British interests, which was to make war upon Russia, but upon which she might not make war in return. They have answered her promise not to invade Constantinople by sending a fleet into its neighbourhood. And they have flourished in her face the menace of their Indian troops at Malta, of the great army behind them, and of the inexhaustible recruiting ground from which they came. All this must be admitted. It would be absurd to deny that they have set as remarkable an example as is anywhere on record, of a partial and hostile neutrality.

But there is such a thing as rendering service which neither can nor even ought to elicit gratitude; as managing friendship in a way which injures friends, and as indulging jealousy and enmity in a way which serves those very purposes of our enemies that are most alien to our taste. It was by friendship of this kind that the friends of the British Throne brought it, under Charles the First, to its ruin; that the enemies of American freedom, a century ago, stimulated the colonies to fight for and achieve an independence of which they had never dreamed; that the opponents of Reform in Parliament, by an indiscriminate resistance,

roused the determination for comprehensive change, and by an obstinate struggle raised the movement to an impetus which gave to Liberalism its triumph for forty years. The services conferred in both these two cases were as real and important as they were unintentional. And in this most true, though not a little strange sense it is, that the Toryism, and the Tory Government of the last three years have befriended Russia, and have conferred on her advantages, which the policy of Liberalism would have kept wholly out of her reach. Indeed, it is to be added that the standing hostility, represented in the language of the ambassadors and followers of the Ministry, has in the case of the Ministry itself been crossed, and streaked as it were, by veins of peculiar intimacy, and by acts of association so close and suspicious, that nothing less than a large unexhausted stock of reputation as good Russia-haters could have made it safe to venture on them.

In 1855 Russia obtained possession of Kars. Under the peace of Paris, in 1856, she had to surrender it. As a result of the war which British policy threw upon her hands in 1877, she has now incorporated it in her Empire, together with Batoum and an adjoining range of country. In 1855, Russia held Bessarabia to the Danube, and ranked as one of the River States, her frontier meeting that of Turkey. In 1856, she was compelled to recede from the Danube and the Turkish frontier; and the Bessarabian district fronting the stream was placed, as a part of the Principalities, under free institutions. In 1878, not simply as the result of the present war, but with the direct assistance of the British Government, Russia has returned to the Danube and is again a River State. The portion of Bessarabia, which for twenty years had enjoyed free and popular government, together with the rest of Roumania, has been replaced under despotic institutions. And though Russia does not touch the Turkish frontier, because the Dobrudscha, now made part of Roumania, intervenes, this is by no act of the British Government, but by the concession of Russia itself to Roumania: a gift ungraciously given, and reluctantly received.

It is necessary a little to unfold this topic by an illustration. In 1870, the Russian Government took advantage of the Franco-German War to declare the Czar emancipated from that article of the Treaty of Paris, which limited his right to maintain ships of war on the Euxine. The British Government examined the reasons alleged in justification of the step, and found them inadequate. On its invitation, the Powers met at a conference in London. All of them, including Turkey, were willing that Russia should be released from the stipulation: but she was required to accept the release at their hands, and to admit the binding force of the Treaty by signing a Protocol, which declared it to be a principle of European law, that no Power could be liberated from the obligations of a treaty but by the consent of the rest.

This was habitually called by the Tories tearing up the Treaty of Paris. Unhappy treaty of Paris! Though torn up in 1871, it was sufficiently in force in 1878 to enable those, who had declared it to be

torn up seven years before, to keep Europe for months on the verge and in the expectation of war, in order (as was said) to compel Russia to place her rights as a belligerent in subordination to it. But it was not sufficiently in force to prevent those, who had thus depreciated and afterwards thus exalted it, from truly tearing it up themselves, when they proceeded to obtain possession of a Turkish island, and to establish separate rights of government over the whole of Asiatic Turkey by the Anglo-Turkish Convention, although the main object of the Treaty of Paris had been to declare the integrity of Ottoman territory, and to prevent all separate intermeddling between the sovereign and his subjects.

It has been the habit of Toryism to charge upon the late administration the responsibility of having brought about the change effected in 1871. The truth is that of all the great Powers none had less to do with it than England. It was Germany which proposed the Conference, that is to say the concession; and Austria had in 1859, and again in 1869, offered to take the initiative in effecting the alteration.* The British Government had never uttered a syllable upon the subject. But what would their position have been, and what would have been said of their responsibility, if a writer in the Foreign Office had surreptitiously brought about the disclosure of a Granville-Brunnow agreement duly signed, and couched in the following terms?

The Government of her Britannic Majesty would have to express its profound regret in the event of Russia's insisting definitely upon the *abolition of the Black Sea clause*. As, however, it is sufficiently established that the other signatories to the Treaty of Paris are not ready to sustain by arms the *restriction on the naval forces of Russia* stipulated in that Treaty, England does not find herself sufficiently interested in this question to be authorized to incur alone the responsibility of opposing herself to the change proposed; and thus she binds herself not to dispute the decision in this sense.

The qualification is added further on :

If, after the articles have been duly discussed in Congress, Russia persists in maintaining them.†

Now this is the identical clause of the Salisbury-Schouvaloff agreement on the Bessarabian question, with the substitution only of the words "abolition of the Black Sea clause" for "retrocession of Bessarabia," and "restriction on the naval force of Russia" for "delimitation of Bessarabia."

It is possible, I admit, that, even if the British Government had played an English part at the Congress, and had stoutly maintained the Roumanian cause, our Plenipotentiaries might not have succeeded in carrying the votes of a majority of the Powers against Russia already in possession, and bent on the attainment of her end. But our traditions would not have been broken: our honour would have been without a stain: we should have been no parties to an act of gross and

* *La Russie et la Turquie*, par D^e Bonhkarow, pp. 241-2.

† *MAY* 20. 1878. From the *Times*, June 15, 1878.

tyrannous ingratitude : we should have had no share in the evil work of handing back an European population from institutions of freedom to institutions of despotism. Whereas we gave a previous pledge to vote with Russia unless we could convince her in the discussion. What would be thought of the integrity of a member of Parliament who, professing attachment to a given cause, agreed in secret with the opposite side to vote against it unless he could convince them by his speech in the debate? Such, however, was the anti-national course adopted by the Government. So they played into the hands of Russia : nay, entered into a conspiracy with her against freedom, for which she had some sort of excuse in the wounded pride of her recollections of 1856, but they had no shred or shadow of any excuse at all.

And what was the motive for this unheard-of proceeding? Unhappily it is not difficult to divine. No State, approaching a many-headed negotiation, can lay equal stress on all its points. It must surrender some, in order to gain the others : it must give here, that it may take there. On this giving and taking principle, the cause of liberty was abandoned in Roumania, in order that the cause of liberty might be defeated in South Bulgaria. Russia was the enemy of freedom among the Roumans, where freedom clashed with her own territorial aggrandisement. She was its friend in South Bulgaria, now, by no will of hers, re-baptised as Eastern Roumelia. Here all the better parts of her composition were in play : the upright and benevolent character of her Monarch, the strong blood sympathies of the Russian masses, the natural and humane revulsion against the abominations of 1876. The great object of the British Plenipotentiaries was to restore, or to be able to say that they had restored, Southern Bulgaria, under its new name, to the direct rule of the Sultan. To attain this object they applied all their strength, concentrated upon it. For this they threatened war. But, in forcing upon Russia such an unacceptable demand, it was necessary, under the iron presidency of Prince Bismarck, to make some concession to Russia elsewhere. Thus, then, as I have said, the cause of liberty was abandoned in Roumania, in order that, as an equivalent to us, the cause of liberty might be defeated in South Bulgaria. Russia was allowed to win, where she was Freedom's enemy, in order that she might be made to lose, where she was Freedom's friend.

Such was the prime achievement of the peace-with-honour process. It was undoubtedly a great triumph over liberty. But was it a great triumph over Russia? It wounded her only in the best of her desires and sympathies. She was pledged to Slav liberation ; and at one point of the compass at least, and on the scene of the chief Bulgarian horrors, Slav liberation was hemmed in, was mutilated. Russian humanity, if the sceptic will graciously allow that such a quality exists, was wounded ; the Russian aggrandisement had been promoted. We balked and defeated Russia in what she sought on behalf of oppressed and suffering humanity ; in what concerned our own pride and power

we suffered, and not only suffered, but effectually helped her to get her way.

In truth, by this severance of the Valley of the Maritza from the sister district of Northern Bulgaria, we actually ministered to the pride and power of Russia, by creating on her behalf the strongest temptation, and the most susceptible material, for intrigue to be carried on at pleasure. In liberated countries, such as Bulgaria beyond the Balkans, there will, without doubt, subsist a sentiment of gratitude towards the emancipating State. Even so France stood well with the United States of America after the War of Independence. To this sentiment of gratitude a certain political influence may be annexed. But the limits of such an influence are supplied and prescribed by the nature of the case itself. We may have heard of a free people which has surrendered its freedom into the hands of a liberator from within. But who ever heard of a free people that gave away its freedom to a foreign State that had set it free? It may be that there is an old age for liberty, as well as for individual men, when it is

“In second childishness and mere oblivion.”

and when these, who have enjoyed it long, and have been corrupted by the wealth and power it brought them, have degenerated in the qualities necessary for its defence as well as for its acquisition, and have let it slip from their possession. But the first draught at least is too sweet for the cup to be dropped out of the land. The way to keep down Russian influence over Bulgarians is to develop Bulgarian freedom to the full. The way to help and perpetuate Russian influence is to establish sharp contrasts between the brethren in blood, who dwell on the two sides of the Balkans; so that Russia, pointing to the past, will be enabled plausibly to assert that, as she was the only Power that lifted the Northerners from the slough of despond to the high airy ground of freedom, so she is still the only Power to whom the Southerners can look to raise them also to the level of their happier brethren. There could be no device more favourable to the future intrigues of Russia than a Bulgaria, however named, pining in substantial servitude by the side of another Bulgaria substantially free. The freedom of the North is already her work: let her not be in a condition to point to servitude in the South and say, “This is the work of England.”

Meantime, it is already found that in the emancipated Bulgaria peace and goodwill are following in the train of freedom. A letter of the 9th of December from a person of the highest authority runs as follows: “In Bulgaria everything is quiet. The Turks of all the regions about Schumla, Varna and Rustchuk, &c., have returned to their homes. They are not only unmolested, but seem to have all the rights of the Bulgarians, and to be well contented.”

Thus far, then, we have found that when Toryism detected Russia in the act of promoting freedom in the East, and turned against her, it did

more for her by its hostility than it seems ever to have effected by its friendship, and put her in the way of securing an addition of territory and a vast increase of influence.

But its relations with Russia touched other points. Petitions were presented to the Congress at Berlin, which alleged that the most frightful sufferings had been endured by the Mohammedan population in the Valley of the Maritza at the hands of the Russian soldiery and of the Bulgarians. Under the authority of the Congress, the Ambassadors at Constantinople instituted an inquiry by an International Commission. The British Ambassador appointed, as the British member of the Commission, Consul Fawcett, well known as a thorough partisan in the Eastern Question. There were four members, however, whose impartiality might be presumed; those appointed for Germany, Austria, France and Italy. These four were equally divided. But the French and Italian, together with the British and Turkish Commissioners, delivered, in the strange form of identic notes, a Report which to a considerable extent adopted the statements set forth in the evidence, particularly as to a vast and indiscriminating slaughter at Harmanli of men, women and children, stated by Mr. Fawcett to be 60,000 in number; which it appeared to charge upon the Russian army. The signing Commissioners recommended the adoption of measures to relieve the affliction of the refugee population by restoring them to their homes. And the Government have declared in the House of Commons that they gave credence to the statements of their Commissioner.

Into that portion of the question, which affects the conduct of the Russians, I do not enter, beyond stating that in my opinion Ministers were bound in duty either to acquit that brave and usually humane army of the charge, or to condemn them, and protest against their conduct. They have done neither. What is more, they seem to have suffered the statements which excited pain and sympathy in this country, as well as those which have stirred indignation, to remain in silent neglect from the end of August, when the reports were sent in, onwards through the months of September, October, and November; although their attention was drawn to the subject by the protest of Lord Shaftesbury, and, to my knowledge, by other and more direct means. But it remained, strange to say, unnoticed in the speeches of Lord Mayor's Day, and again unnoticed in the Speech from the Throne. Both these remarkable omissions were made the subject of public animadversion, the latter of them in the House of Commons. At length, after regarding the case with apparent indifference for three and a half months, Ministers announced, on Friday, December 13, that they would propose a public grant for the relief of the sufferers in the Rhodope district. The amount, it was understood, was a sum of 50,000*l.* It was proper to suppose that, after so prolonged a period of consideration, the act was deliberate and determined. But the intention, brought to light in the announcement of the 13th, was strangled in that of the 15th. No substitute is offered for the measure, and we are left to interpret the

whole proceeding as we may. The muttered disaffection of supporters is understood to have caused the withdrawal. But what other explanation can be given of the inaction, so strangely prolonged in the face of the responsibilities implied by the inquiry, except it be a morbid and undue deference to Russia, and an unwillingness to wound her susceptibilities in a case where only the interests of humanity, and not the higher and more sacred obligations of "British interests," are concerned?

But I have yet to state a more singular instance of deference to Russia, and of that kind of deference which in the more plain-spoken, though assuredly not less courteous, days of Parliamentary practice would undoubtedly have been described as truckling.

During the existence of the late Administration, a wise, pacific, and friendly negotiation, due to the forethought and initiative of Lord Clarendon, was instituted with Russia, to promote the tranquility of Central Asia, and to insure a good understanding between the two Empires in that portion of the world. It was an essential part of this understanding, and was so recorded in many avowals, that Russia should abstain from all endeavors to exercise influence in Afghanistan; while England, on the other hand, was to use her best efforts for inducing the Ameer to fulfil the duties of good neighbourhood towards his northern neighbours, who were the neighbours, on the other side, of Russia. While the late Government subsisted, this covenant was observed on both sides with fidelity and advantage; and although the friendly letters of General Kauffmann to the Ameer Sher Ali were somewhat officious, they had not been deemed to give occasion for complaint down to the time when Lord Northbrook gave up the vicerealty of India early in 1876.

But a new epoch arrived when the British Government, in violation of the fifty-fifth section of the Indian Government Act, brought a handful of Indian troops to Malta, at an enormous charge, without the knowledge or consent of Parliament. The measure is now known to have been preceded by preparations made in India for moving, through Afghanistan, against the Asiatic territories of Russia. Of small military significance in itself, it was obviously intended as a stratagem to mislead: to inspire the perfectly untrue belief that the 180,000 men, who form our Indian Army, could be withdrawn from India, as our home Army can, in case of need, be safely withdrawn from the United Kingdom, and could thus be made available in our European wars. The ulterior aim of all this, of course, was to intimidate Russia, and to strengthen the hands of the Government in giving effect to the Turkish and anti-liberal propensities which it indulged at Berlin, and which it embellished with the misused name of "British interests."

There probably never was a measure of such large and varied indirect operation, which was adopted with such an intoxicated thoughtlessness. Against all the cautions which the sagacity of statesmanship would have suggested to any previous Government, the stage-effect of this curious

coup de theatre carried the day. It implied a radical change in the conception and use of the Indian Army, which up to that time might have been best defined by a negative: it was not an European Army. The effect on the peace of the country of a prolonged or extensive abstraction of its defensive force, its military police, was not worth considering. The authority of the Parliamentary inquiry, which had pronounced against measures of this kind, was quietly overlooked. There was no examination of the probable results on the contentment of India, when she should find herself saddled with the liability to provide men for wars from which she could derive no advantage; or on the soldiery, who, upon a footing of inferiority to their comrades, were to fight in climates, and amid races and associations, wholly strange to their experience. The contemptuous forgetfulness of all these subjects was remarkable. But they were questions of the future. The Government also forgot the most obvious suggestion of the present; namely, that the game was a game which two could play at.

As to the mode of playing it, the skill of Russia appears to have been more conspicuous than her generosity. It was natural enough that she should prepare to threaten British India through Afghanistan; and, when we had brought an earnest of the power of India into Europe, should indicate that there was also a possible, though a very uninviting, way from Europe towards India. But we must suppose that the design of Russia, in thus directing her troops, was much less military than political. She knew with whom she was dealing: and sought to act on the timid susceptibilities of the British Government, so as to draw it into some false step.

It is probable, indeed, that Russia was, through her agents, less unaware than was the British Parliament, with how singular a perversity the Indian Government, impelled from home, had, ever since the year 1876, been preparing combustible material, to which she might at pleasure apply the match. During more than two years, the unfortunate Ameer of Afghanistan had been made the butt of a series of measures alternating between cajolery and intimidation. Down to the time of Lord Northbrook's departure, he knew, from a long experience, that he had fast friends in the Viceroys of India: and with a short-sightedness of petty craft sufficiently Asiatic, he endeavoured to extort from their good-will everything he thought it could be made to yield in one-sided largesses of men, money, and engagements. He knew we were jealous of the independence of Afghanistan, and he strove to turn this jealousy to account for his personal and dynastic views. He desired to make us parties in determining the question of succession to his throne: as if we had not learned by sore experience, in the case of Shah Soojah, the folly of our choosing a sovereign for that country; and to obtain from us guarantees for his security, which were not to be dependent on his conduct. Of the wise and necessary refusal to enter into such entangling stipulations, he more or less made a grievance. He likewise reckoned against us a friendly remonstrance of Lord North-

brook's against his most impolitic and vindictive severity towards his son Yakoob Khan, together with one or two minor matters, and with a complaint that we had not, as arbiters in the case of Seistan, decided according to the view which he, one of the parties, entertained. There was not any evidence of serious meaning in his attempts to make a market of these complaints. He exhibited to us no hostility; for it was not a hostile act to restrain the movement, in the interior of his dominions, of the subjects of a Power which had cruelly and wantonly desolated the country, within the memory of many living Affghans. In 1874, Sir R. Pollock had an opportunity of learning through a confidential channel the state of his feelings toward us; and hereupon he acquainted the Government of India that they were in no respect altered for the worse. All the Ameer had done was to try, like a spoiled child, to get as much as he could out of our good nature, and to lay greater burdens on the willing horse. He little knew what a price he would have to pay for his indiscretion.

In 1876 Lord Northbrook withdrew; and the new Viceroy began too faithfully to give effect to the new ideas propagated from home. The Ameer had asked engagements, which implied a greater intimacy of relations. The present Government, through Lord Lytton, declared its readiness partially to meet his views in these respects; but combined with the concession a variety of stipulations, which are recorded in the drafts given to guide Sir Lewis Pelly in his Peshawur negotiations, and which would have placed his independence entirely at our mercy. The ordinary salutations of international intercourse would not suffice. The British Government was determined on nothing less than embracing the Ameer: but with an embrace that strangled him. In the foreground of these counter-demands, there stood one stipulation which we made preliminary and indispensable, that he should admit British officers into his dominions as Residents at various points. To any plan of this kind it was well known that he objected, and Lord Lawrence has shown how reasonable his objections were; not only because he could not answer for the good treatment of our officers by his own people, but because as often as he turned his eyes towards India, he saw in scores of cases, that where Englishmen came in at one door, there and then the independence of Asiatic sovereignty went out at the other.

The Papers, so long unduly withheld from Parliament, cover an extended field; in which those, for whom it is needful to darken or evade the issue, can discover plenty of bye-paths in which to disport themselves. But the whole affair is summed up and brought to a head in the detailed conferences of Sir Lewis Pelly with the Ameer's Minister at Peshawur during the early part of 1877. Here both parties, fully provided with instructions, declared in the most authentic manner the minds and intentions of their principals. And here the Ameer discovered, when too late, that the little grievances which, with a childish craft, he had magnified or pretended, had brought upon him counter-exactions, which he regarded as fatal to himself and to his country.

Extortioner against extortioner, the strong one must prevail, and the weak one must go to the wall. His Minister attempted to execute his change of front; but it was too late. Producing the grievances of the Ameer,* he carefully excluded from them all reference to the unreasonable expectations about the succession and the guarantee. Assured that those forgotten and fictitious wants would be supplied, he came face to face with what was, to him, the most real and most terrible of all exactions, the admission of British functionaries; and without this, he was told, he could not move a step in the negotiations. Not only so, but † that the promises given by Lord Mayo and by Lord Northbrook, unless he complied with the demand would be withdrawn.

It is not often that diplomatic conferences have a pathetic aspect. But of the very few that have read these Papers, hardly any, I should think, can withhold an emotion of pity from the clever, but over-matched, representative of the Ameer.

Nowhere is more conspicuously exhibited the unquestioned possession of the giant's strength, and the cynical determination to use it like a giant. Again, and again, and again, the Asiatic Envoy ontreats Sir Lewis Pelly to withdraw the stipulation, which he declares to be fraught with fatal peril to his country. All that the Ameer desires is to be let alone, and to rest upon the Treaties, together with the promises of Lord Mayo and Lord Northbrook. The agreement at Umballa, says the Minister (p. 205), is sufficient so long as the Queen will let it remain intact and stable. "Till the time of the departure of Lord Northbrook, that previous course continued to be pursued" (p. 206). "Lord Northbrook left the friendship without change, in conformity with the conduct of his predecessors" (p. 208). The Ameer desired only "that the usual friendship should remain firm upon the former footing" (p. 211). His former fears of Russia had disappeared; Lord Northbrook "had thoroughly reassured him" (p. 211). The sham or petty grievances have been put out of view: his desire only is that the Viceroy will, "with great frankness and sincerity of purpose, act in conformity with the course of past Viceroys" (p. 213). But that is exactly what Lord Lytton will not do. While Parliament was assured at home that there was no change in Indian policy, the trumpety complaints put forward from time to time by the Ameer, so long as he thought his standing ground was safe, were now made to rise in judgment against him. Under the pretext of drawing the bonds of friendship closer, he was required first and foremost to concede the admission of British Residents whose presence the Minister stated, eleven times over, would be dangerous or even fatal to his independence. On his refusal, he was told that he must stand alone, and that he was no longer to invoke the assurances of the former Viceroys. But English support was to him as the air he breathed, and the threat of its withdrawal was used as an instrument of torture. In this singular negotiation, the ruler of a thin and poor

* Papers, p. 206.

† Papers, p. 219.

mountain population in vain struggles through his Minister to cope with the agent of an empire of three hundred millions. Before this agent he cowers and crouches, like a spaniel ready bound and awaiting the knife of the vivisector. It is no wonder if the Minister died of it. At any rate he died within a few days after the repulse. The Ameer, hopeless and helpless, stood utterly aghast. He sent off a new Agent (p. 171), to continue the conferences, and, as was believed, to face all the future perils of the required concessions rather than incur the present desolation of the withdrawal of the English alliance. But the Viceroy advisedly put an end to the whole business, because the Ameer (*ibid.*) had not shown an "eagerness" to concede the terms which he conceived to be pregnant with the ruin of his house and his country.

Such was the mode in which the present Ministers pursued what they constantly announced as their policy; to have, namely, on their frontier a strong and friendly Afghanistan as a barrier against Russia. Wishing him to be strong and friendly, they did, and they still are doing, everything which could make him weak and hostile. He stood between the two great Empires, like a pipkin (to use Lord Lytton's simile) between two iron pots. He had not substantive strength sufficient for self-support, in his kingdom at once turbulent and weak. He required to lean on some one; and we acquainted him that he should not be allowed to lean on us. Thus it was that, while we were in disturbed relations with Russia as to European politics, we laid open for her, as far as policy could lay it open, the way, through Afghanistan, to our Eastern possessions.

Accordingly, Russia did not trust to her military measures only, but determined to commit the unfortunate Ameer, whom we had thrown, so to speak, into her hands. Her advances in Central Asia have been put forward as the excuse for our pressure upon the Ameer. But she has made, so far as we are informed, no advances at all since the annexation of Khokand in 1875: and that advance has been far more than compensated by the establishment of the Persian authority at Merv, which has stopped her only practicable road. However, we kindly opened for her a diplomatic path; and she began to press upon the Ameer the reception of a Russian Mission. To such a Mission the Ameer showed a great repugnance. But in June* he was duly informed by General Kauffmann that the mission *must* be received. And we have the effrontery (for it is no less) to make this complaint against him, that, when he was deprived of all promises of support from us, and cast into utter isolation, he did not bid defiance to Russia also by refusing to her Envoy an entrance into his dominions.

But the Russians, while they deprived the Ameer of choice in the matter, proceeded like men in their senses, and did not disgrace him in the sight of his own subjects. Time was allowed for his decision. Leaving Tashkend in the end of May, General Stolstoff waited "for a

* Central Asian Papers, No. 1, p. 140.

month" at the ferry over the Oxus until the Afghan Bek arrived who was to be his escort.* He crossed it apparently in the beginning of July; and only reached Cabul (the exact day is uncertain †) in the end of the month. Now compare with this deferential caution our method of proceeding. On the 14th of August the Viceroy writes an imperious letter to the Ameer, virtually commanding him to receive an English Mission. Its delivery is delayed, by the death of the Ameer's favorite son, until the 12th of September (p. 237). Sir Neville Chamberlain arrived at Peshawur (p. 238) on the same day; and, with a gross indecency, of which the whole blame belongs to his superiors, he proceeded, before there could be any reply from the Ameer, to communicate directly with his servants. He was authorised at once to acquaint the Mustafi (*ibid.*) that "the refusal of the free passage would bring matters to an issue;" and on the 15th of September (p. 240) Sir Neville Chamberlain demanded from the Commandant of the Fort of Ali Musjed "a clear reply" whether he was prepared to "guarantee the safety of the British Mission" or not, as "I cannot delay my departure from Peshawur." In case of refusal or delay, he would act independently. The Ameer, thus disgraced in the sight of his own servants and people, would not (apparently) have sent instructions if he could, but certainly could not if he would. These are his words, reported by our own native Agent (p. 241): "It is as if they were come by force. I do not agree to the Mission, coming in this manner; and, until my officers have received orders from me, how can the Mission come? It is as if they wish to disgrace me." On the 21st the Mission was refused a passage by the Afghan officers, for the insulted Ameer had sent them no instructions to grant it. Thus was got up by us the "affront" which is put forward in justification of a war as foolish as it is iniquitous, and as iniquitous as it is foolish. The case is completed when we find that the Ameer had actually intimated (p. 242) that he would receive the Mission in a short time (p. 242): that our Agent recommended "that the Mission should be held in abeyance" (p. 241), as the Russian Mission, we have seen, with a studious respect for appearances, waited a whole month on the Oxus; and, finally, that our Prime Minister declared the object of our proceeding was to obtain a scientific frontier.

Thus far we have been contemplating a pitiless display of Might against Right. We shall now see how the genuine bully can crouch before his equal. Five days after the Viceroy addressed his high-handed letter to the Ameer, the Foreign Secretary despatched to St. Petersburg the expression of a categorical "hope" of the British Government, equivalent to a demand, that the Russian Mission, as inconsistent with the understanding between the two countries, would be at once withdrawn from Cabul. ‡ Until the 8th of September, the Russian

* Central Asian Papers, No. 2, p. 14.

† Comp. pp. 12, 14, 18.

‡ Central Asian Papers, No. 1, p. 150.

Foreign Office managed to shift off its reply; and then answered that as a mission of simple courtesy, it was within the understanding. In this reply the present Ministers appear at once to have acquiesced. No notice is taken of it, except in a letter to the Indian Office from the Foreign Office, where "it is complacently treated as showing that the understanding with Russia has "recovered its validity." The Mission, of which the immediate withdrawal had been desired, was justified by a shallow and transparent pretext. This pretext was accepted. The Mission was not withdrawn, but the demand was. I do not know where to find, in our modern history, such an example of undue and humiliating submission to a foreign Government.

But when the facts became known by the publication of the papers on the 30th of November, it was at once declared, on the part of the late Government, that a Russian Mission at Cabul was a departure from the agreement at which the two States had arrived, and that, however it might be justified when their relations were disturbed, it could not otherwise be justified at all. Under the compulsion created by this declaration, the Ministry has changed its course. On the 18th of December it at length announced that, when they learned the Russian envoy had left Cabul, they supposed the Mission had gone too. And yet they well knew enough that the two things are perfectly distinct: that, for example, at the close of the Conferences of Constantinople, every Foreign Minister left the Porte, and every Mission remained. Having accepted the hollow excuse of the Russian Government, they presented one as hollow for themselves to Parliament and their country. But, under compulsion, they now state they do not acquiesce in the continuance of a Russian Mission at Cabul. It remains to be seen whether Russia will relieve them from their embarrassment by bringing her compliments to a close, and allowing the Mission to pack up and depart. Not improbably she may, if she thinks its presence there might render it more difficult for her to act upon her plan of leaving the Ameer to shift for himself under the difficulties in which she has helped, for her own purposes, to place him. But how are we to escape from the facts, that she has declared a mission of courtesy to be within the Clarendon understanding; that her declaration has been received without protest for three months; and from the apparent consequence, that she has obtained, by the act of the present Ministers, a presumptive title to send a "mission of courtesy" to Cabul when and as often as she pleases?

We have, then, sufficiently established the following propositions:—

1. The British Tories are the traditional and natural allies of Russia, in the policy of absolutism which she commonly has followed in Continental affairs.
2. They only depart from her when, in the case of Turkish oppression, she departs from herself, and is found fighting on the side of freedom and humanity.
3. In thus departing, they have so managed their resistance, that

they have played her game, fortified her position, and humbled their country before her.

When our roystering politicians begin their preparations for the coming Election, these propositions may afford them some instruction; and may render a degree of aid to the people in answering the great question they must then answer, *whether the present mode is the mode in which they wish the country to be governed.*

They will not, indeed, lack instruction from other sources. In vain does the Minister of Finance escape for the hour the payment of his just debts by postponing them as private spendthrifts use to do; by "spreading" them over future years; and by borrowing the money of impoverished India, in which but a year ago we were told that 1,400,000 persons died of famine, until the Government can make up its mind whether the war, which they hope is nearly concluded, be one which should be paid for by England, or by its Eastern dependency, or by both. So stands the child before its dose of physic, and struggles for a few moments to put off swallowing the draught; which will be all the bitterer the longer it is delayed. Under the pressure of a vast expenditure, and in the thickened and unwholesome atmosphere of a blustering, turbulent, and vacillating foreign policy, trade and industry obstinately refuse to revive, and suffering stalks through the land in forms and measures unknown to our modern experience. In the soreness of this pressure it is, and it was, almost forgotten that through the various departments of public action reform and improvement stagnate. But there is one subject which not even now can be dropped from view. I mean the war that has been not proclaimed, indeed, but established in this country: the silent but active war against Parliamentary Government.

The majority of the present House of Commons has, on more than one occasion, indicated its readiness to offer up, at the shrine of the Government which it sustains, the most essential rights and privileges which it holds in trust for the people. The occupation and administration of new territories, intended and admitted to involve large military charge; the assumption of joint governing rights, under circumstances of almost hopeless difficulty, over a range of territory which found room for several of the greatest empires of antiquity; the establishment of new policies, and the development of them into wars abhorrent to their countrymen; all these things have been effected under the cloak of deliberate and careful secrecy, which has been maintained with evident intention, and even with elaborate contrivance, to exclude the Parliament and the nation from all influence upon the results. The greatest encouragement has been afforded to a renewal of these experiments; for when at length they have become known, they have been accepted in Parliament with greedy approval, with that eagerness to be immolated which even an Ameer of Afghanistan failed to show.

When at length the House of Commons is allowed or invited to discuss the great acts of the Government, information of vital importance

to a judgment upon them is still withheld. Thus, at the close of last July, on the motion of Lord Hartington, they debated, with the Treaty of Berlin, the Anglo-Turkish Convention. In that Convention, besides the gross breach of the Treaty of Paris in which it was based, the secrecy and haste with which it was concluded—because of the fear, as Mr. Bourke candidly declared, that, if time and publicity were given, the Sultan would refuse to sign—and the onerous and hardly conceivable engagements for the defence and government of the whole of Asiatic Turkey, there was one other essential consideration: its tendency to disturb our good understanding with friendly Powers, and especially with France. The wrong done to France by the Convention was strongly insisted on in the debate. But it seemed almost frivolous to dwell upon this topic in its several branches, when France herself was mute. And mute the House was allowed to suppose her. Not until we had passed well into the Parliamentary recess, a Correspondence was published from which it had appeared that France had taken the alarm, and that, on the 21st of July, Mr. Waddington had addressed to the British Government a despatch of expostulation and remonstrance, the existence of which was carefully concealed from Parliament during the debate.

It is not, however, over the War-making and Treaty-making powers alone that the majority of the present House of Commons have done what in them lay to forego their control. Even on their exclusive taxing privileges, and on their legislative powers, they seem to set no higher value. On the evening of the 17th of December, they voted that the revenues of India, or rather the money of India, for there is no revenue of the year applicable for the purpose, should be applicable to defray the expenses of the Afghan War. Under the authority of that vote, and of the corresponding vote in the House of Lords, the moneys of India may be so applied without any limit either of time or of amount. Should the expenses rise beyond those of the first Afghan War, which is stated to have cost thirty millions; should the series of operations last, as they then lasted, over some four years, Parliament has no more to say to it; the Houses have parted with their power, once for all, into the hands of the Executive Government.

But this is not all. In this unfaithfulness to India (for such it seems) is involved an abdication of the Parliamentary control over British expenditure. For it was declared on the part of the Government, by the leader of the House of Commons, that they could not as yet make up their mind whether any, or if any, what proportion, of the charge of the war should be defrayed by the Imperial Treasury; but that they would do so hereafter. The vote of Tuesday night was therefore passed, in order to constitute in the Government an authority for an expenditure on the Afghan War without any limit of time or of amount, and this under full notice that an unknown proportion of that expenditure might hereafter be demanded of them from the purse of the English people. About as well might the House of Commons, in-

stead of voting the Army Estimates from year to year, simply constitute a power of charge in the name of the Administration; and then wait until, in some future year, it should be called upon, when the money had been spent, to settle the account in the lump by a vote of ratification.

Not less remarkable is the disrespect exhibited by the present Government to the legislative office of the Lords and Commons of the United Kingdom. Of this Sir Alexander Gordon, on the 13th of December, pointed out in his place in Parliament the following noteworthy instance:—

On the 28th of February, 1876,* Lord Salisbury instructed Lord Lytton as follows:—

The Queen's assumption of the Imperial title in relation to her Majesty's Indian subjects, feudatories, and allies, will now for the first time conspicuously transfer to her Indian dominion, in terra as well as in fact, the supreme authority of the Indian Empire. *It will therefore be one of your earliest duties to notify to the Ameer of Afghanistan and the Khan of Khelat your assumption of the viceregal office under these new conditions.*

Now the Queen assumed the dignity of Empress of India under the Royal Titles Act of 1876. At the time when the Ministry gave these presumptuous instructions, that Act had not passed. Even of the Bill, the House of Lords had had no cognisance whatever; and the House of Commons had expressed no judgment on its merits, which were much contested. It had just been brought in, on the 21st of February. It was not read a second time till the 9th of March. It did not receive the Royal assent till the 27th of April, two months after Lord Salisbury had written to Lord Lytton his instructions for acting upon it. It must indeed be gratifying to those members of the House of Commons, who confide in the wisdom of the Government, to witness the reciprocal confidence which that Government reposes in their docility.

Domestic policy, then, as well as foreign, and that which lies deeper than any policy, the essential principle of Parliamentary government, will have to be considered and determined at the coming Election by the nation. But one word more as regards that foreign policy. The standing motto of Liberalism is friendship with every country; as it was indeed of Toryism, until the new-fangled Toryism of the day, not less turbulent than it is superstitious, came into vogue. Liberalism has disapproved, and must disapprove, that antagonism to freedom which has commonly marked the continental policy of Russia, almost though not quite as much as that of Austria; a State which, unlike Russia, has perhaps never once been led astray by any accident, into a sympathy with external freedom. But the braggart language, the unseemly suspicions, the one-sided moral laws, the fierce national antipathies, which so many writers among us have been labouring to cherish, are as truly alien to the spirit of true Liberalism, as is tyranny itself. Not only is the true fraternity of nations a great article of the

* Afghan Papers, p. 156.

Liberal creed, but, as a creed of justice, it requires that the proceedings of Governments, and of despotic as well as free Governments, should be received and judged in a spirit of equity no less than of caution. It further demands that, in the administration of our foreign affairs, and in the firm defence of our interests as well as our honour, neither womanish alarms at every rustling breeze, nor a mean and selfish egotism, should be suffered to prevail. Probably if Liberal writers and statesmen were called upon to declare what Foreign Minister, what period of policy abroad, they thought to be the very best images of principles truly English, they might point to the period and the person of Mr. Canning. I have sorely shaken the nerves of some by holding that we ought to imitate Russia (as I would imitate the worst Governments, either foreign or domestic, that history could produce) in its good deeds. It seems that even a truism, which is all but vapid, can terrify the morbid mind. But I must add another truism, at the risk of exciting similar terror. In determining what deeds of Russia, or any other country, are good, and what are bad, we must be governed by the same rules of evidence, and the same laws of justice, as we apply in considering our own. What, for the happiness of mankind, requires, both here and elsewhere, to be exorcised, is that spirit of unconsidering selfishness which, and which almost alone, makes this smiling world into a world of woe. As to the disregard of our true British interests, which is often so freely charged, it will be time enough to weigh and confute the imputation, when so much as a single case can be gathered from the page of history, in which a country has been injured through a mere deficiency of regard to its own welfare. It is the excess of that sentiment, involving as it always involves its misdirection, which through all generations has marred the fairest prospects of humanity: and which yet will mar them.

W. E. GLADSTONE, in *Nineteenth Century*.

DECEMBER, 22, 1878.

ENGLISH MEN OF LETTERS.

SHELLEY.

It would have been nothing very extraordinary though Shelley had been still alive ; so far, that is, as a man and his human life may be judged from an ordinary estimate. Had he been living now, the poet would have been considerably younger than many people one knows, whose years, moreover, do not of themselves necessarily indicate a speedy close of life. Shelley would have been, by this time, an old man, certainly, but he would not have been much older than Mr. Carlyle, who can still travel to Scotland when he is inclined, or write letters to the newspapers on current politics. Then it was only the other day that one, whose vigorous manhood was contemporary with Shelley's, passed away in the gifted and interesting Barry Cornwall. Mr. R. H. Horne is still active, though full of years, and both Mr. P. J. Bailey and Sir Henry Taylor virtually belonged to the generation that knew Shelley. He would have been eighty-five, or thereby, had he lived to the present year, which indeed has seen David Laing pass away at just that patriarchal age. Yet it is wearing on to sixty years since Shelley's tragic end, while biographers and critics have long been busy with himself and his writings, and the antiquaries are now engaged with probable relics of his furniture.

For over half a century, then, the question has been agitated as to Shelley's place as a poet. It has generally been allowed that he was a man of no ordinary power; while a few have studied him faithfully, and a majority, as usual, has given a verdict in utter ignorance of the merits of the case. He has been overrated and he has been underrated, belauded and maligned, feared and worshipped, and misrepresented. As usual, those who condemn him most readily, and most thoroughly, are those that know least about him; while it must be added that among his warmest admirers are those whose admiration is challenged by the wrong things, or is pitched in a falsetto key. All this indicates that there must be something more than ordinary about Shelley—something that raises him quite out of and above the crowd of human agents, and something that makes him peculiar even among English men of letters. It is not a common thing to find a number of able thinkers puzzling themselves, and starting theories, and making mistakes soon to be rectified—condemning, and praising, and excusing, and expounding—all in connection with a mere soldier in life's great battle, who has fought the usual fight and got done with it. Shelley must have been an uncommon man before his personality should postulate such an uncommon interest, and give rise to so much criticism, at once tentative, warm, and contradictory. We seem to have got at the right distance from him to warrant something like a definite estimate of his vital worth: of what he was in himself, and what he did for literature. Yet, as has already

been said, the poet, in the matter of length of years, might still have been with us; and it is a fact that Captain Trelawny, who was one of the close companions of his last days, is not only still alive, but has this year re-written the book containing his impressions of Shelley and Byron.

At the very outset, then, the difficulty meets us, as to whether it is altogether fair to judge of Shelley from what it was given him to do in his short span of thirty years. When we think of what other eminent men might have been had they died so young—Chaucer, Milton, Wordsworth, Scott, even Shakspeare himself—we are inclined to pause before giving judgment. Chaucer, without his "Canterbury Tales;" Milton, with no "Paradise Lost;" Thomas Carlyle, merely as a translator and biographical essayist, were indeed but striplings compared with the men when displaying their full complement of results. Had Shelley, too, lived even to the threescore years of Chaucer, what, with his enormous assimilative faculty, his singular introspective power, his strength of creative energy, might he not have done? Judging from "Prometheus Unbound" and the "Cenci," it seems not an unfair inference to make that Shelley, with matured and disciplined experience, had it in him to stand abreast of the foremost Elizabethans. On the other hand, however, it is impossible to overlook the nature of his unique development, as far as it went. He defies any convenient theory of averages; he will not brook to be judged in relation to an ordinary criterion. It is quite possible to consider him middle-aged, in some respects, while just emerging from his teens, and to aver that his intellectual maturity was reached and over before his early death. Shelley, at twenty-two, had spiritual insight and grasp of understanding that might have served a superior nature at forty; and Shelley, at twenty-nine, was as far from concentration of purpose, from sanity of outlook, and from practical sagacity as any schoolboy not utilised by Lord Macaulay.

On the score of great personal intensity and rapt enthusiasm for his ideal, of a certain frenzy of Platonic sentiment, and of bright and pure melodious expression, Shelley's death, before reaching the ordinary years of maturity, was a great blow to the literature of his country; but in so far as he seemed likely to add dignity to the national poetry, to furnish fresh æsthetic material, or to contribute a new impulse to social regeneration, the poet seemed to have done his best and his worst. As a worker in poetic transcendentalism he had probably not reached perfection; as an individual he might have grown and expanded for those about him and directly concerned with his character and conduct, while it is hardly probable that his general influence would have gained by length of days. Even on the "unworldly" hypothesis of his admirers, this seems a perfectly legitimate conclusion to draw; for, if a man at thirty has no better sociological theories than Shelley had, when, indeed, is he likely to have them? The truth appears to be, that if the poet is not to be charged with moral insanity, he must be let off with social puerility and a marvellous poetic licence. Mr. Symonds, from

the lofty æsthetic standpoint he takes, along with other devotees, bewails and condemns the attitude of some of the leading critics among Shelley's contemporaries, but in doing so he overlooks the fact that critics, even when considering poetry, deal with assumed human beings, and not with essential or possible demigods. How should a "Quarterly" Reviewer, in reading "Queen Mab" or "Laon and Cythna," be in a position to know that the author was not amenable to average social law, to say nothing of civilization or common decency? It is all very well after the lapse of sixty years to reduce moral chaos within the elastic stretch and grasp of a fine frenzy; it is quite a different thing to feel that it may taint existing conditions to the core. Were it not that idealism, even of the kind in which Shelley revels, stands so greatly in need of commonplace material and outward symbols, it might be possible for happy majorities to rejoice in it; but as matters stand there is no denying that it is quite beyond the æsthetic attainment of the average Englishman. And thus if Shelley's supreme reverence for liberty was likely to develop in the direction it had steadily held for years, there seems no harshness to his memory in saying that the world had quite enough of it. As a social reformer the poet was not likely to have much success, even if privileged with a length of days that would have classed him with the oldest patriarch. In so far as he advocated a theory of liberty, Shelley may safely be put to the side as unprofitable, and what remains of him for consideration will be the *Mab* and the poetry he wrote.

Now both are so bound up with his theories that it is difficult to consider them apart. It is not possible, for instance, to defend his treatment of his first wife, and there are features in all his leading poems which would seem to be beyond the reach of even the tenderest generosity. Mr. Symonds, though an ardent admirer, is not quite a blind devotee of the poet, and he is willing to admit that extraordinary enthusiasm and imperfect experience may have induced outrageous blunders. In reference to the painful circumstances connected with Harriet, he looks from a much loftier and manlier standpoint than, for example, Mr. W. M. Rossetti, whose attempted palliation of the poet's conduct is nothing short of vulgar bravado; but Mr. Symonds, also, is just too anxious to overlook the patent facts of the case. He is very hopeful that a statement yet to be made will shed an entirely new light upon the matter, if not, indeed, wholly exculpate the apparently erring husband. An ordinary onlooker cannot but wonder that such extenuating account has not been made long ere now. Harriet could hardly be made worse than partial biographers have already made her, and there is certainly room for brightening the memory of Shelley. In a word, if such things in the lives of great men are to be discussed at all, they must be brought to the bar of common sense, and estimated according to recognised social law. Little good can be done by such criticisms as those, on the one hand, of Dr. Johnson and De Quincey respecting Milton and Goethe, or those of Mr. Swinburne and Mr. Michael Rossetti touching Byron and Shelley, on the other. Readers of what the poets

have left would rather dispense with such special pleading, and, indeed (were it possible), forget the untoward facts altogether. Mr. Symonds, in his narrative, has succeeded in fairly establishing one thing, and that is, that, so far as can be made out, the first Mrs. Shelley was not an unworthy wife of her extraordinary husband. He has also shown that, through the poet's incessant quest after a Fair Ideal, even the second wife was perilously near a crisis. But the poet's mind was disabused in time, and circumstances favoured a return to comparative sanity.

All this would not be worth dwelling on at all, were it not connected more or less intimately, with Shelley's poetry. For, after all, that is the main thing about the man of vital interest to this and all coming generations. If he has left anything worth reading; if it is safe to read it; if our wives and sisters could profit by the study of it, as well as ourselves; if, in short, he has contributed to literature anything that is worth preserving, then by all means let due credit be given. We are probably, at present, just too much inclined to philosophise over our men of letters. Aesthetic criticism is prone to discover what was never from the first in the writer's intention: it starts with a theory, and speedily turns out, by a process of ingenious reconciliation, a beautiful symmetrical unity. This habit has become so inveterate, that there seems a risk of great ancients shading off into sun-myths, and criticism toning down into a system of ideas. Now Shelley would make a prime sun-myth, and his poems could be made to encompass him with varying degrees of splendour, till the aggregate glory would be of a kind not to be approached by ordinary methods of interpretation. Meanwhile, however, there are readers of verse to whom such æsthetical considerations are unpalatable, and there are very many others to whom they are as nothing and vanity. What is to be done with these in presence of work like Shelley's? They will undoubtedly come to the conclusion that his tone is oft-times depraved, and his ethics unwholesome, and it will be extremely difficult for even the ablest apologist to prove them wrong. Mr. Symonds says that the poet's theories about individual liberty took such hold of him, that, in his ardent advocacy, he went to the extremes that in his heart of hearts he had no desire to defend. That may have been, but if it is the case it simply emphasises the charge of puerility and inexperience that comes so readily to hand against Shelley. If he was so innocent as not to know that others besides himself took an interest in social problems, then perhaps he was warranted in giving poetic shape to thoughts that will, on the first blush, challenge the contempt they deserve. Some of his finest poetry is so sadly tainted that it will not bear reading except by professed students of verse, while it is only fair to add that it is quite an education in numbers to listen to his firm well-defined beat, and an elevation of soul to be held spell-bound by his harmonies. Let any-one read, for instance, the first fifteen stanzas of the first canto of the "Revolt of Islam," and say whether the man that provided such work—such a sweep of landscape, such depth of colour, such ease and breadth of detail and distance of

perspective—were or were not a poetical maker of wholly exceptional calibre and resource!

“ And now 'tis like all instruments,
Now like a lonely flute ;
And now it is an angel's voice,
That bids the heavens be mute ! ”

But let the same reader advance through the poem, and the likelihood will be that, if he appreciates the poetic beauty aright, he will regret that it should have been, through moral perversity, little other than thrown away. It is a pity that so much of Shelley's poetry should illustrate the incongruous union of “Beauty and the Beast.” For, whatever a poet may be advocating, he is fully entitled to his own opinion so long as he does not insult the native dignity of manhood. The day has gone past for condemning a man's philosophy of æsthetics, simply because he is of a different political creed from his critic, but the time is surely yet far distant—nay, hopelessly remote, when he shall be hailed as a public benefactor who shall glorify Catiline's young men, or advocate the universal reign of Circe. At this point, then, it is necessary to draw a sharp line in reference to Shelley. Mr. Symonds acknowledges this, and what he says is very much to the point. He carefully distinguishes his purely poetical quality, from his attitude as a theorist, though indeed he is somewhat lenient in his detailed criticism. But few will demur such a general estimate as the following, when they recall the lyrical of the “The Skylark” and “The Cloud,” of the “Ode to the West Wind,” and the “Lines Written among the Euganean Hills,” as well the majesty of movement that characterises the larger works, apart from the question of their substantial and theoretical value. “In range of power,” says Mr. Symonds, “he was also conspicuous above the rest. Not only did he write the best lyrics, but the best tragedy, the best translations, and the best familiar poems of his century. As a satirist and humorist, I cannot place him so high as some of his admirers do ; and the purely polemical portions of his poems, those in which he puts forth his antagonism to tyrants and religions, and custom in all its myriad forms, seem to me to degenerate at intervals into poor rhetoric.” In the “Adonais,” which is in many respects so tender and sweet and touching, there is much that draws one to Shelley in an attitude of respectful affection. There is singular pathos—a note that reaches the finer chords of emotion—is that implied wail for sympathy that strikes through the stanzas on himself.

“Midst others of less note came one frail form,
A phantom among men, companionless
As the last cloud of an expiring storm
Whose thunder is its knell. He, as I guess,
Had gazed on Nature's naked loveliness.
Actæon-like ; and now he fled astray
With feeble steps o'er the world's wilderness,
And his own thoughts along that rugged way,
Pursued like raging hounds their father and their prey.”

THOMAS BAYNE, in *St. James' Magazine*.

THE GROWTH OF LONDON.

LONDON,—the opulent, the magnificent, the illustrious; or the squalid, the mean, the degraded, regarded now from the standpoint of St. James's and now from that of St. Giles's,—though oft described, is yet indescribable. No other city in the world has ever beheld the same vast concentration of interests, the same aggregate of wealth, the same triumphs of civilisation. As a distinguished French writer has remarked, if we enter London by water, we see an accumulation of toil and work which has no equal on this planet. The intellect of Greece and the power of Rome find here their modern rival developments. "Paris, by comparison, is but an elegant city of pleasure; the Seine, with its quays, a pretty, serviceable plaything. Marseilles, Bordeaux, Amsterdam, furnish no idea of such a mass. From Greenwich to London the two shores are a continuous wharf: merchandises is always being piled up, sacks hoisted, ships moored; ever new warehouses for copper, beer, ropework, tar, chemicals. Docks, timber yards, calking-basins, and shipbuilders' yards, multiply and increase on each other. On the left, there is the iron framework of a church being finished, to be sent to India. The Thames is a mile broad, and is but a populous street of vessels, a winding workyard. Steamboats, sailing vessels, ascend and descend, come to anchor in groups of two, three, ten, then in long files, then in dense rows; there are five or six thousand of them at anchor. On the right, the docks, like so many intricate maritime streets, disgorge or store up the vessels. If we get on a height we see vessels in the distance by hundreds and thousands, fixed as if on the land; their masts in a line, their slender rigging, make a spider web which girdles the horizon. If we enter one of these docks, the impression will be yet more overwhelming; each resembles a town; always ships, still more ships, in a line showing their heads; their wide sides, their copper chests, like monstrous fishes under their breastplate of scales." As far as the eye can see London looms before us, colossal, sombre as a picture by Rembrandt. "The universe tends to this centre. Like a heart to which blood flows, and from which it pours, money, goods, business arrive hither from the four quarters of the globe, and flow thence to the distant poles." London is the eye of the world. Regarded from a myriad aspect, it still overawes us by its unrealisable dimensions. It is the city of extremes—the home of the obscure and the great;—it ministers to the humility of the one and affords scope to the loftiest ambition of the other. "When a man is tired of London," said Dr. Johnson on one occasion to Boswell, "he is tired of life; for there is in London all that life can afford." And again:—"Sir, if you wish to have a just notion of the magnitude of this city, you must not be satisfied with seeing its great streets and

squares, but must survey the innumerable little lanes and courts. It is not in the showy evolutions of buildings, but in the multiplicity of human habitations which are crowded together, that the wonderful immensity of London consists." Charles Lamb, writing to Wordsworth, said:—"I have passed all my days in London, until I have formed as many and as intense local attachments as any of your mountaineers can have done with dead nature. I often shed tears in the motley Strand from fulness of joy at so much life." Cowper also, in his quiet retirement at Olney, asked:—

Where has Pleasure such a field,
So rich, so thronged, so drained, so well supplied,
As London—opulent, enlarged, and still
Increasing London?

Here, indeed, is a boundless field for the archaeologist, the man of letters, the historian, the antiquarian, and other investigators in a thousand fields of knowledge. It is the London of Chaucer, Shakspeare, Milton, and Johnson; the London of kings and statesmen; the London of poets, philosophers, merchants, philanthropists, martyrs, and patriots.

Such are a few general and abstract views from the limitless variety which might be taken of this mighty centre of the universe. Nor are the actual and concrete facts which have been compiled upon the magnitude of London less surprising, and they will enable us to form a more adequate conception of the city. From the computations of authorities, it appears that London (with all its suburbs) covers within the fifteen miles' radius of Charing Cross nearly seven hundred square miles. It numbers within these boundaries over four millions of inhabitants. It contains more country-born persons than the counties of Devon and Gloucester combined, or thirty-seven per cent. of its entire population. Every four minutes a birth takes place in the metropolis, and every six minutes a death. Within the circle already named there are added to the population two hundred and five persons every day, and seventy-five thousand annually. London has seven thousand miles of streets, and on an average twenty-eight miles of new streets are opened, and nine thousand new houses built, every year. One thousand vessels and nine thousand sailors are in its port every day. Its crime is also in proportion to its extent. Seventy-three thousand persons are annually taken into custody by the police, and more than one-third of all the crime in the country is committed within its borders. Thirty-eight thousand persons are annually committed for drunkenness by its magistrates. The metropolis comprises considerably upwards of one hundred thousand foreigners from every quarter of the globe. It contains more Roman Catholics than Rome itself, more Jews than the whole of Palestine, more Irish than Belfast, more Scotchmen than Aberdeen, and more Welshmen than Cardiff. Its beershops and gin palaces are so numerous, that their frontages, if placed side by side, would stretch from Charing Cross to Chichester, a distance of sixty-two miles. If all the dwellings in London could thus

have their frontages placed side by side, they would extend beyond the city of York. London has sufficient paupers to occupy every house in Brighton. The society which advocates the cessation of Sunday labour will be astonished to learn that sixty miles of shops are open every Sunday. With regard to churches and chapels, the Bishop of London, examined before a Committee of the House of Lords in the year 1840, said:—"If you proceed a mile or two eastward of St. Paul's, you will find yourself in the midst of a population the most wretched and destitute of mankind, consisting of artificers, labourers, beggars and thieves, to the amount of 300,000 or 400,000 souls. Throughout this entire quarter there is not more than one church for every 10,000 inhabitants and in two districts there is but one church for 45,000 souls." In 1836 Lord John Russell stated, in Parliament, that London, with thirty-four parishes, and a population of 1,170,000, had church accommodation for only 101,000. These and other statistics furnished led to the "Metropolis Churches Fund," established in 1836, which has been followed by the Bishop of London's Fund. It is still computed, however, that at least one thousand new churches and chapels are required in the metropolis.

London was inwalled in the year 306 A. D. Such is the date assigned by Stow, who says that the walls were built by Helena, mother of Constantine the Great; and it is now generally accepted that the work was accomplished in the fourth century. These walls were upwards of two miles in circumference, and were marked at the principal points by the great gates of Aldgate, Bishopsgate, Cripplegate, Aldersgate, and Ludgate. Fragments of the old walls are still to be seen. Modern London was built at an elevation of 15 feet higher than the London of the Romans. Within the space of thirty years no fewer than two thousand Roman coins have been recovered from the bed of the Thames. Bagford says there was a temple of Diana on the south side of St. Paul's. With regard to the gates of London, it appears that Ludgate was taken down and rebuilt by Elizabeth at a cost of 1,500*l.* As the other gates became dilapidated, they were pulled down and the materials sold. Thus, when Aldgate was demolished, the materials were sold for 157*l.* 10*s.*; those of Ludgate fetched 148*l.*; and those of Cripplegate 91*l.*

It is a curious fact that London does not appear in *Domesday Book*. This record—which is so accurate with regard to other towns and cities—only mentions a vineyard in Holborn belonging to the Crown, and ten acres of land near Bishopsgate belonging to the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's. The account of Middlesex, however, is complete; and from this and other circumstances it has been naturally conjectured that a distinct and independent survey of London was made, which has been lost or destroyed, if it does not exist among the unexplored archives of the Crown. We get a graphic picture, nevertheless, of early London in the pages of the monk Fitz-Stephen. William Stéphanides, or Fitz-Stephen, a monk of Canterbury, was born in London. He lived in the reigns of King Stephen, Henry II., and Richard I., dying in the

year 1191. He wrote a description of his native city in Latin. "London," he remarks, "like Rome, is divided into wards; it has annual sheriffs instead of consuls; it has an order of senators and inferior magistrates, and also sewers and aqueducts in its streets; each class of suits, whether of the deliberative, demonstrative, or judicial kind, has its appropriate place and proper court; on stated days it has its assemblies. I think that there is no city in which more approved customs are observed—in attending churches, honouring God's ordinances, keeping festivals, giving alms, receiving strangers, confirming espousals, contracting marriages, celebrating weddings, preparing entertainments, welcoming guests, and also in the arrangement of the funeral ceremonies and the burial of the dead. The only inconveniences of London are, the immoderate drinking of foolish persons and the frequent fires." The same chronicler, detailing the sports pursued in grounds and marshes now densely peopled with inhabitants, says:—"Cytherea leads the dances of the maidens, who merrily trip along the ground beneath the uprisen moon. Almost on every holiday in winter, before dinner, foaming boars and huge-tusked hogs, intended for bacon, fight for their lives, or fat bulls or immense boars are baited with dogs. When that great marsh which washes the walls of the city on the north side is frozen over, the young men go out in crowds to divert themselves upon the ice. Some having increased their velocity by a run, placing their feet apart, and throwing their bodies sideways, slide a great way; others make a seat of large pieces of ice like millstones, and a great number of them, running before and holding each other by the hand, draw one of their companions who is seated on the ice; if at any time they slip in moving so swiftly, they all fall down headlong together. Others are more expert in their sports upon the ice, for, fitting to and binding under their feet the shin-bones of some animal, and taking in their hands poles shod with iron, which at times they strike against the ice, they are carried along with as great rapidity as a bird flying, or a bolt discharged from a cross-bow. Sometimes two of the skaters, having placed themselves at a great distance apart by mutual agreement, come together from opposite sides; they meet, raise their poles, and strike each other; either one or both of them fall, not without some bodily hurt: even after their fall they are carried along to a great distance from each other by the velocity of the motion; and whatever part of their heads comes in contact with the ice is laid bare to the very skull. Very frequently the leg or arm of the falling party, if he chance to light upon either of them, is broken. But youth is an age eager for glory and desirous of victory, and so young men engage in counterfeit battles that they may conduct themselves more valiantly in real ones. Most of the citizens amuse themselves in sporting with merlins, hawks, and other birds of a like kind, and also with dogs that hunt in the woods. The citizens have the right of hunting in Middlesex, Hertfordshire, all the Chilterns, and Kent, as far as the River Cray." Such were the recreations of Londoners nearly seven centuries ago.

The first circumstantial mention of the rights of the city of London is in a charter of Henry I. Some of these privileges have since been modified: as, for example, the exemption of the citizens from going to war; their freedom from all tolls, duties, and customs throughout the realm; and the privilege of hunting in Chiltre, Middlesex, and Surrey, which was compounded for by "a day's frolic at Epping." Other rights have been lost entirely, as that of summary execution against the goods of debtors without the walls. The citizens, however, continued to be exempted from having soldiers or any of the king's livery quartered upon them. Henry I. sold to the citizens of London, for an annual rent of 300*l.* in perpetuity, the shrievalty of Middlesex. At that time, corn sufficient for a day's consumption of one hundred persons could be purchased for one shilling, and a pint of wine was sold at the taverns for one penny, with bread for nothing! Prices have since gone up forty-fold, and the value of gold has declined; so that the 300*l.* of Henry's time was equal to a sum of not less than 12,000*l.* at the present day.

If the city has grown rapidly, the cost of civic entertainments can scarcely be said to have done so, notwithstanding that the city banquets of our own day are famous for their prodigality. All through their long and chequered history the citizens of London have never apparently lost their appetites, as the stories of their sumptuous feasts testify. Before turtle was known, lusciously dressed eels, a dish fit for an alderman, cost about 5*l.*, which was equal to 80*l.* of present money. In the middle of the sixteenth century the wine at the annual Spital feast cost the sheriffs 600*l.* In 1563, Henry Picard, ex-Lord Mayor of London, entertained splendidly, and at enormous expense, at his house in Cheapside, Edward III., King John of France, King David of Scotland, and the King of Cyprus. In 1554 the expense of feasting in the city had become so great that the Corporation passed a bye-law to restrain it. Perhaps the most costly banquet ever given in the city was that of June 18, 1814, when the Regent was entertained, together with the Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia. The expense of the banquet was 25,000*l.*, and the value of the plate used was 200,000*l.*

The chief officer of London under the Saxons was the portreeve. The Normans introduced the word *maire* from *major*, but we do not hear of a mayor until Henry II.'s time. His qualifications consist in being free of one of the city companies, in having served as sheriff, and in being an alderman at the time of his election. The word "alderman," as is generally known, is derived from the title of a Saxon nobleman. Both the country and London itself made great strides in prosperity during the fifteenth century. In 1534, Henry VIII. began the paving of London, the reasons assigned being that the streets were "very noxious and foul, and in many places thereof very jeopardous to all people passing and repassing, as well on horseback as on foot." Houses and streets, with theatres, gambling-rooms, beer-gardens, &c., increased rapidly. Before Elizabeth's time the houses of the country

gentry were little more than straw-thatched cottages, plastered with the coarsest clay, and lighted only by wallises. But the writer records an improvement visible in 1580. Speaking of the houses, he says, "howbeit such as be latelie builded are commonlie either of bricke or hard stone, or both; their roomes large and comelie, and houses of office further distant from their lodgings." The old wooden houses were covered with plaster, "which, beside the delectable whitenesse of the stuffe itselfe, is laied on so even and smoothlie, as nothing in my judgment can be done with more exactnesse." Glass began to be employed for windows, the bare walls were covered with hangings, and stoves were used. A quaint old chronicler notes three great changes which took place in the farm-houses of the time of Henry VIII. "One is, the multitude of chimnies lately erected, whereas in their young daies there were not above two or three, if so manie, in most uplandishe townes of the realme. The second is the great (although not generall) amendment of lodging, for our fathers (yea and we ourselves also) have lien full oft upon straw pallets, on rough mats covered onelie with a sheete, under coverlets made of dagswain, or hop-harlots, and a good round log under their heads instead of a bolster or pillow. If it were so that the good man of the house had within seven years after his marriage purchased a matteres or flocke bed, and thereto a sacke of chaffe to rest his head upon, he thought himselfe to be as well lodged as the lord of the towne. Pillowes (said they) were thought meet onelie for women in childbed. The third thing is the exchange of vessell, as of treene platters into pewter, and wodden spoones into silver or tin; for so common was all sorts of treene stuff in old time, that a man should hardlie find four peeces of pewter (of which one was peradventure a-salt) in a good farmer's house."

Aggas's pictorial map of London in the time of Elizabeth does not show a great increase beyond the early boundaries, but within the actual limits there was a considerable advance both in the number of houses and of population. Indeed, the fear of London becoming an overgrown, unwieldy, and unmanageable capital

Moved the stout heart of England's queen,
Though Pope and Spaniard could not trouble it.

In the year 1580 Elizabeth issued a proclamation for stopping the extension of London by new buildings. This proclamation, dated at Nonsuch, July 7, gave curious grounds for the arbitrary step. It set forth the great inconveniences which had arisen from the vast congregations of people in London, greater still being likely to follow, viz., want of victuals, danger of plagues, and other injuries to health. She therefore ordered that no further buildings be erected by any class of people within the limits of the city, or within three miles from any of its gates; that not more than one family should live in one house, and that such families should not take in-mats. The Mayor and Corporation were called upon to disperse all such, and to send them away down to their proper

places in the country. She was also afraid of the decay of the country and of the provincial towns through the growth of London. The proclamation added that, amongst other mischiefs, her Majesty considered the spirit of gain generated by such a great city one of the most serious, and declared that "all particular persons are bound by God's laws and man's to forbear from their particular and extraordinarie lucre." What would have been good Queen Bess's opinion of the wealthy and gigantic city in the latter half of this nineteenth century! The Stuarts also issued frequent and stringent orders against the growth of the city; but they were completely ineffective, and suggest only a comparison with the commands of Canute to the sea. We further read in Clarendon, in connection with this subject:—"By the incredible increase of trade, which the distraction of other countries and the peace of this brought; and by the great license of resort thither, it was, since this King's access to the Crown, in riches, in people, in buildings marvellously increased, insomuch as the suburbs were almost equal to the city; a reformation of which had been often in contemplation, never pursued; wise men foreseeing that such a fulness could not be there without an emptiness in other places; and whilst so many persons of honour and estate were so delighted with the city, the government of the country must be neglected, besides the excess and ill-husbandry that would be introduced thereby. But such foresight was interpreted a morosity, and too great an oppression upon the common liberty, and so little was applied to prevent so growing a disease." Were Clarendon now living, he would see a population increased five or sixfold both in town and country, a fulness in London without an emptiness in the provinces, and the government of the country by no means neglected. But we gather from other sources, in addition to the writings of the royalist historian, how greatly the fears of an overgrown London had spread at the commencement of the seventeenth century. The Lansdowne MSS. record (1611) "a brief discovery of the *purpresture* of new buildings near to the city, with the means how to restrain the same, and to diminish those that are already increased, and to remove many lewd and bad people who harbour themselves near to the city, as desirous only of the spoil thereof." Some years later, in giving evidence before the House of Commons, one Serjeant Maynard said:—"This building is the ruin of the gentry, and ruin of religion, having so many thousand people without churches to go to. The enlarging of London makes it filled with lacqueys and pages." And in the course of the same inquiry, Mr. Garroway deposed:—"It is worth the honour of the House to have these immense buildings suppressed. The country wants tenants; and here are four hundred soldiers that keep alehouses, and take them of the brewers; and now they are come to be Prætorian Guards. That churches have not been proportionable to houses, has occasioned the growth of popery and atheism, and put true religion out of the land. The city of London would not admit rare artists, as painters and carvers, into freedom; and it is their own fault that they have driven trade out of London into this end of the

town, and filled the great houses with shops." Edmund Waller, the poet, accounts for the great influx of people into London in his own time by the operation of an Act for the settlement of the poor, recently passed. "The relief of the poor," he remarks, "ruins the nation. By the late Act they are hunted like foxes out of parishes, and whither must they go but where there are houses?" (meaning to London). "We shall shortly have no lands to live upon, the charge of many parishes in the country is so great." It was a general complaint against the Act that it thrust all people out of the country to London. Writing upon the condition of things which existed earlier in the century, Hallam said:—"The rapid increase of London continued to disquiet the Court. It was the stronghold of political and religious disaffection. Hence the prohibitions of erecting new houses, which had begun under Elizabeth, were continually repeated. They had, indeed, some laudable objects in view—to render the city more healthy, cleanly, and magnificent, and by prescribing the general use of brick instead of wood, as well as by improving the width and regularity of the streets, to afford the best security against fires, and against those epidemical diseases which visited the metropolis with unusual severity in the earlier years of this reign" (Charles I.). "The most jealous censor of royal encroachments will hardly object to the proclamations enforcing certain regulations of police in some of those alarming seasons."* A commission was granted to the Earl of Arundel and others, dated May 30, 1625, to inquire what houses, shops, &c., had been built for ten years past, especially since the last proclamation, and to commit the offenders. It recites the case of Elizabeth and James to have the city built in a uniform manner with brick, and also "to clear it from undertenants and base people who live by begging and stealing." The proclamation enjoining all persons who had residences in the country to quit the capital and repair to them, appears also to have been enforced. Rushworth states that an information was laid and exhibited in the Star Chamber against seven lords, sixty knights, and one hundred esquires, besides many ladies, for disobeying the king's proclamation, either by continuing in London, or returning to it after a short absence.

The most admirable description of London, however, in the seventeenth century, is to be found in the pages of Macaulay. This historian has made a digest of all the authorities upon the subject, and the result is a graphic account of the growth of London, with its condition in 1685. The chief points of this description we shall venture to summarise or extract. In writing the second volume of his 'History,' thirty years ago, Macaulay observed:—"The position of London relatively to the other towns of the empire was, in the time of Charles II., far higher than at present. For at present the population of London is little more than six times the population of Manchester or of Liverpool." This position of things has been reversed since Macaulay wrote. Since 1845

* *Constitutional History of England*, chap. viii.

the population of London has gone up from nearly two millions to some four millions—a rate of increase not observed by any other town in the kingdom; so that at the present moment the metropolis has returned to the position it occupied before Charles II.'s time, relatively to the other towns of the empire. At this latter period the population of London was more than seventeen times the population of Bristol or of Norwich. "It may be doubted whether any other instance can be mentioned of a great kingdom in which the first city was more than seventeen times as large as the second. There is reason to believe that in 1685 London had been, during about half a century, the most populous capital in Europe. The inhabitants, who are now (1847) at least nineteen hundred thousand, were then probably little more than half a million. London had in the world only one commercial rival, now long ago outstripped, the mighty and opulent Amsterdam. English writers boasted of the forest of masts and yardarms which covered the river from the Bridge to the Tower, and of the stupendous sums which were collected at the Custom House in Thames Street. There is, indeed, no doubt that the trade of the metropolis then bore a far greater proportion than at present to the whole trade of the country; yet to our generation the honest vaunting of our ancestors must appear almost ludicrous. The shipping, which they thought incredibly great; appears not to have exceeded seventy thousand tons. This was, indeed, then more than a third of the whole tonnage of the kingdom, but is now less than a fourth of the tonnage of Newcastle, and is nearly equalled by the tonnage of the steam vessels of the Thames. The customs of London amounted, in 1685, to about three hundred and thirty thousand pounds a year. In our time the net duty paid annually, at the same place, exceeds ten millions." This refers to the year 1845; but since that time the customs of the port of London have enormously increased, though not in proportion to the increase of the manufactures and general products of the country. With regard to the city itself, "whoever examines the maps of London which were published towards the close of the reign of Charles II., will see that only the nucleus of the present capital then existed. The town did not, as now, fade by imperceptible degrees into the country. No long avenues of villas, embowered in lilacs and laburnums, extended from the great centre of wealth and civilisation almost to the boundaries of Middlesex, and far into the heart of Kent and Surrey. In the east, no part of the immense line of warehouses and artificial lakes which now stretches from the Tower to Blackwall had even been projected. On the west, scarcely one of those stately piles of building which are inhabited by the noble and wealthy was in existence; and Chelsea, which is now peopled by more than forty thousand human beings, was a quiet country village with about a thousand inhabitants. On the north, cattle fed, and sportsmen wandered with dogs and guns over the site of the borough of Marylebone, and over far the greater part of the space now covered by the boroughs of Finsbury and the Tower Hamlets. Islington was almost a solitude;

and poets loved to contrast its silence and repose with the din and turmoil of the monster London. On the south the capital is now connected with its suburb by several bridges, not inferior in magnificence and solidity to the noblest works of the Cæsars. In 1685, a single line of irregular arches, overhung by piles of mean and crazy houses, and garlished, after a fashion worthy of the naked barbarians of Dahomey, with scores of mouldering heads, impeded the navigation of the river."

London, at the period of the Restoration was built for the most part of wood and plaster, the few bricks that were used being very ill baked. The city was consequently a ready prey for the flames, and we may gather some idea of the terrible ravages of the Great Fire from contemporary records. It broke out at one o'clock on Sunday morning, September 2, 1666, and raged for nearly four days and nights. It began at the house of Farriner, the king's baker, in Pudding Lane, near New Fish Street Hill. It spread with great rapidity, and, the Lord Mayor declining to follow the advice tendered him to pull down certain houses to prevent the flames extending, the fire soon reached London Bridge. Evelyn, describing this tremendous conflagration, states that "all the skie was of a fiery aspect, like the top of a burning oven, the light seen above forty miles round about. Above ten thousand houses all in one flame; the noise and cracking and thunder of the impetuous flames, y^e shrieking of women and children, y^e hurry of people, y^e fall of towers, houses, and churches, was like an hideous storme, and the air all about so hot and inflam'd that at last one was not able to approach it, so that they were forc'd to stand still, and let the flames burn on, wch they did for neere two miles in length and one in bredth. The clouds of smoke were dismal and reached upon computation neere fifty miles in length." Thousands of people fled to the fields of Islington for security. "I went," says Evelyn, on another occasion, "towards Islington and Highgate, where one might have seen two hundred thousand people of all ranks and degrees, dispersed and lying a'long by their heapes of what they could save from the fire, deploring their losses, and though ready to perish for hunger and destitution, yet not asking one penny for relief, which to me appeared a stranger sight than any I had yet beheld." Pepys, who, as Clerk of the Acts of the Navy, lived in Seething Lane, Crutched Friars, has also left a vivid account of the fire. With his usual love of the curious, he adds:—"It is observed, and it is true, in the late Fire of London, that the Fire burned just as many parish churches as there were hours from the beginning to the end of the Fire; and next, that there were just as many churches left standing as there were taverns left standing in the rest of the City that was not burned, being, I think, thirteen in all of each; which is pretty to observe." The *London Gazette* of Sept. 8, 1666, gives the limits of the Great Fire as follows:—"At the Temple Church, near Holborn Bridge, Pye Corner, Aldersgate, Cripplegate, near the lower end of Coleman Street, at the end of Basingall Street, by the Postern; at the upper end of Bishopsgate Street and Leadenhall Street,

at the Standard in Cornhill, at the Church in Fenchurch Street, near Clothworkers' Hall, in Mincing Lane, at the middle of Mark Lane, and at the Tower Dock." Nearly five-sixths of the whole city were consumed; the ruins covered 436 acres; of six-and-twenty wards fifteen were utterly destroyed, and eight others shattered and half burnt; eighty-nine churches were destroyed, four of the City Gates, Guildhall, many public structures, hospitals, schools, libraries, a great number of stately edifices, 13,200 dwelling houses, and 460 streets. Various estimates have been formed of the pecuniary loss sustained, a pamphlet published in 1667 stating it to be 7,335,000*l.*; but other accounts give a total of ten millions sterling. It is marvellous that not more than six persons lost their lives in the fire, one of these being a watchmaker of Shoe Lane, "who would not leave his house, which sunk him with the ruins into the cellar, where his bones, with his keys, were found." The loss of life contrasts favourably with that of the fire of 1212, which until Charles II.'s reign was known as the Great Fire of London. The *Waverley Chronicle* reports that this conflagration broke out in Southwark, when a great part of London in the neighbourhood of the Bridge, with the Southwark Priory, was burnt down. Three thousand bodies, half burned, were found in the river Thames, besides those who perished altogether by the flames. Multitudes of people rushed to the rescue of the inhabitants of houses on the Bridge, and while thus engaged the fire broke out on the north side also, and hemmed them in, making a holocaust of those who were not killed by leaping into the Thames. The next great fire in the city after that of 1666 occurred in 1748, when 200 houses were burnt; but a fire broke out in 1794 at Ratcliffe Cross, by which 630 houses and an East India warehouse were destroyed, the loss being 1,000,000*l.* One of the greatest fires during the present century was the conflagration in Tooley Street in the year 1861, by which property was destroyed to the extent of half a million sterling.

Notwithstanding the ravages of the Great Plague, which destroyed 68,596 people, and the terrible calamity of the Great Fire in the year ensuing, London speedily arose again like a phoenix from its ashes. Though the style of building was vastly improved, unfortunately the old narrow and cramped streets were preserved. But many magnificent mansions were reared in the busy and contracted thoroughfares of the city; for the merchant prince lived where he garnered his wealth. "London was to the Londoner what Athens was to the Athenian of the age of Pericles, what Florence was to the Florentine of the fifteenth century. The citizen was proud of the grandeur of his city, punctilious about her claims to respect, ambitious of her offices, and zealous for her franchises." But almost all the noble families of England had long migrated beyond the walls. "The district where most of their town-houses stood lies between the city and the regions which are considered as fashionable. A few great men still retained their hereditary hotels in the Strand. The stately dwellings on the south and west of Lincoln's

Inn Fields, the Piazza of Covent Garden, Southampton Square (which is now called Bloomsbury Square), and King's Square in Soho Fields (which is now called Soho Square), were among the favourite spots. Foreign princes were carried to see Bloomsbury Square as one of the wonders of England. . . . Golden Square, which was in the next generation inhabited by lords and ministers of state, had not yet been begun. Indeed, the only dwellings to be seen on the north of Piccadilly were three or four isolated and almost rural mansions, of which the most celebrated was the costly pile erected by Clarendon, and nicknamed Dunkirk House. It had been purchased, after its owner's downfall, by the Duke of Albemarle. The Clarendon Hotel and Albemarle Street still preserve the memory of the site." What is now the gayest and most crowded part of Regent street was in the time of Charles II. a complete solitude, where a rambler might sometimes have a shot at a woodcock. General Oglethorpe, who died at a great age in 1785, boasted that he had shot birds here in Queen Anne's reign. The Oxford road on the north ran between hedges, and the occasional residences to be met with were regarded as being quite out of town. The centre of Lincoln's Inn Fields was an open space, where a disorderly rabble congregated every evening, while St. James's Square was a receptacle for all kinds of offal and filth. The houses in London were not numbered, and the walk from Charing Cross to Whitechapel lay through an endless succession of Baracens' Heads, Royal Oaks, Blue Boars, and Golden Lambs, which disappeared when they were no longer required for the direction of the people. In the evening it was not safe to walk abroad in the city. Besides the emptying of pails and the shooting of rubbish from the upper windows upon the passengers beneath, thieves and robbers plied their trade with impunity, and bands of "gentlemen" ruffians paraded the streets, annoying, insulting, and injuring the peaceably-disposed citizens. Until the last year of the reign of Charles II., the streets of London were not lighted. At this time one Edward Heming obtained letters patent, conveying to him, for a term of years, the exclusive right of lighting up London. "He undertook, for a moderate consideration, to place a light before every tenth door, on moonless nights, from Michaelmas to Lady Day, and from six to twelve of the clock." The friends of improvement extolled Heming as one of the greatest benefactors of his species, regarding the inventions of Archimedes as very trifling matters "compared with the achievement of the man who had turned the nocturnal shades into noon-day." There were others, however, who strenuously opposed this innovation, just as in later days (as we are reminded) there were people who opposed vaccination and railways.

It should not be forgotten—though it is a point which has frequently escaped attention, and is not mentioned by Macaulay and others—that to no single cause can the growth of London be more legitimately assigned than to improved methods of locomotion. London would as yet have occupied a position very inferior to that it now enjoys had it

increase in population depended chiefly upon the increase of families resident within its borders. When the journey from distant parts of the country to the metropolis was rendered comparatively easy and inexpensive, people flocked thither, but the influx bore no proportion whatever to the numbers of persons who have migrated to London from the provinces since the introduction of railways. If we glance at the means of locomotion in 1685, we shall appreciate the vast strides that have been made. Hardly a single navigable canal had been projected, and the Marquis of Worcester was suspected of being a madman for having constructed a rude steam-engine, called a fire-work, "which he pronounced to be an admirable and most forcible instrument of propulsion." The highways were in a terrible condition. Pepys and his wife, travelling in their own coach, lost their way between Newbury and Reading. Subsequently they lost their way near Salisbury, and were in danger of having to pass the night on the Plain. Passengers had to swim for their lives when the floods were out between Ware and London. "The great route through Wales to Holyhead was in such a state that, in 1685, a Viceroy, going to Ireland, was five hours in travelling fourteen miles, from Saint Asaph to Conway. Between Conway and Beaumaris he was forced to walk great part of his way; and his lady was carried in a litter. His coach was, with much difficulty, and with the help of many hands, brought after him entire. In general, carriages were taken to pieces at Conway, and borne, on the shoulders of stout Welsh peasants, to the Menai Straits. In some parts of Kent and Sussex none but the strongest horses could, in winter, get through the 'bog,' in which at every step they sank deep. The markets were often inaccessible during several months." The chief cause of the badness of the roads was found in the defective operation of the law. The inhabitants of every parish were bound to repair the highways which passed through it; and, as Lord Macaulay observes, this was especially hard upon the poor parishes. In many instances, in fact, it was a sheer impossibility. The Great North Road traversed very poor and thinly-inhabited districts; but upon these districts chiefly fell the burden of the maintenance of the road, and not upon the wealthy and populous districts at its extremities, viz., London and the West Riding of Yorkshire. Changes were slowly inaugurated, till now Great Britain is intersected in every direction by upwards of thirty thousand miles of good turnpike road. Besides the stage waggons in use in Charles II.'s time, there were horses and coaches for the wealthier classes. The cost of conveying goods was enormous. "From London to Birmingham the charge was 7*l.* a ton; and from London to Exeter 12*l.* a ton. The cost of conveyance amounted to a prohibitory tax on many articles." It was twenty times as great as the charge for conveyance made at the present day. Journeys to London from the country were a very expensive as well as a tedious affair. In 1669 the University of Oxford established a "Flying Coach," whose first journey to London was regarded with great anxiety by the University authorities. At six in the morning on

the first day it left All Souls' College, and at seven in the evening the very adventurous gentlemen who travelled by it safely reached their destination in London. "The ordinary day's journey of a flying coach was about fifty miles in the summer; but in the winter, when the ways were bad and the nights long, little more than thirty. The Chester coach, the York coach, and the Exeter coach, generally reached London in four days during the fine season, but at Christmas not till the sixth day." Yet these coaches, which to us are the reverse of "flying," proved a great temptation to people in the country to make the journey to London. In the year 1672, though only six stage coaches were going constantly throughout the country, a curious pamphlet was written by one John Cresset, of the Charter House, in favour of their suppression. Amongst other reasons which the writer gives against their continuance is the extraordinary one following:—"These stage coaches make gentlemen come up to London upon very small occasion, which otherwise they would not do but upon urgent necessity; nay, the conveniency of the passage makes their wives often come up, who, rather than come such long journeys on horseback, would stay at home. Here, when they come to town, they must presently be in the mode, get fine clothes, go to plays and treats; and by these means get such habit of idleness and love of pleasure that they are uneasy ever after."

It will now be interesting to note with what rapidity the several divisions of the metropolis, which once formed a portion of the quiet forest of Middlesex, have become populated, and the abodes of the teeming millions of the London of the present day. Fitzstephen, from whom we have already quoted, describing the suburbs at the close of the twelfth century, says:—"There are cornfields, pastures, and delectable meadows, intermixed with pleasant streams, on which stands many a mill whose clack is grateful to the ear. Beyond them a forest extends itself, beautified with woods and groves, and full of the lairs and coverts of beasts and game, stags, bucks, boars, and wild bulls." These wild bulls were probably buffaloes, or an animal resembling the beasts of Andalusia, remarks one commentator; but another and more probable supposition is that they were of the same kind as the ancient British race, which Sir Walter Scott tells us in the "Bride of Lammermoor" ranged in the old Caledonian Forest; and of which species herds still remain in the parks of Chartley, in Staffordshire, and Chillingham, in Northumberland. From the spot now busy with the feet of Londoners bent upon commercial enterprises, the warriors of Hastings, Crecy, and Agincourt cut their bows which dealt destruction to the Frenchmen. To us, their successors, it seems impossible to realise that flowers were once plucked from the thickets of the Strand and from the gardens and meadows of St. Pancras.

Roger of Wendover states that in the thirteenth century Hampstead Heath was the resort of wolves, and was as dangerous to cross on that account at night as it was for ages afterwards—and in fact almost down to our own times—from highwaymen. Matthew Paris says that not

only did wolves abound on the Heath in his time, but wild boars, deer, and wild bulls, the ancient British cattle; so that neither the wolf's head tax of King Edgar in Wales, nor the mandates of Edward I. in England, had anything like accomplished the extirpation of the wolf in England. Fitzstephen, in his Survey of London so late as 1182, and Juliana Berners still later, in the reign of Henry VI., fifteenth century, assert (the latter in the "Boke of St. Alban's") that the wolf and wild boar still haunted the forests north of London. At the commencement of the nineteenth century, highway robberies were of tolerably frequent occurrence round and about the Heath. A good story is told of the Sheridans, which illustrates the condition of the Heath in the last century. Tom Sheridan was recommended by his distinguished father (who was tired of his son's extravagance and impecuniosity) to "go and try the trade of highwayman on Hampstead Heath." Tom, who was aware of his father's difficulties in the management of Drury Lane Theatre, replied:—"I have done so, but I made a bad hit; I stopped a caravan full of passengers who assured me they had not a farthing amongst them, for they all belonged to Drury Lane Theatre, and could not get a single penny of their salary!"

The River of Wells, which commenced at the foot of the Hampstead Hills, ran between Pond Street and Kentish Town to Pancras, and then by several meanders through Battle Bridge, Black St. Mary's Hall (where also there was a spring), and thence to Turnmill Street, Field Lane, and Holborn Bridge to Fleet Ditch. Of this river, tradition saith, according to Norden, "that it was once navigable, and that lighters and barges used to go up as far as Pancras Church, and that in digging anchors have been found within these two hundred years." Kilburn was quite a solitary place in Henry I.'s time, and old Kilburn Priory was made over to three maids of honour to the Queen. Centuries later, that is in 1685, Enfield, now hardly out of sight of the smoke of the capital, was a region of twenty-five miles in circumference, in which deer, as free as in an American forest, wandered by thousands. The last wild boars, which had been preserved for the royal diversion, and had been allowed to ravage the cultivated lands with their tusks, were slaughtered by the exasperated peasants during the license of the Civil War. The last wolf that roamed this island was slain in Scotland a short time before the close of the reign of Charles II. King Henry VIII. had hunting grounds, where stand now some of the most populous parts of the metropolis. One of his proclamations runs:—"Forasmuch as the King's most royall Ma^{tie} is much desirous to have the game of hare, partridge, pheasant, and heron, preserved in and about his honour, att his palace of Westminster for his owne disport and pastime; that is to say, from his said palace of Westminster to St. Giles-in-the-Fields, and from thence to Islington, to our Lady of the Oke, to Highgate, to Hornsey Parke, to Hampstead Heath, and from thence to his said palace of Westminster, to be preserved for his owne disport, pleasure, and recreac'on," &c. There were penalties for killing game within these

precincts. It is curious to read of the king sporting over the "solitary and woodland districts of Highgate, Hampstead, Islington, &c." Queen Elizabeth frequented Islington and Highgate to hunt and hawk in the vast woods around. She took up her quarters at Canonbury Tower, and her courtiers had houses around it, amid woods and gardens. Sir Walter Raleigh's remains to this day as the Pied Bull public-house at Islington. Belsize House, Hampstead, was formerly in a splendid park. As late as the year 1772, on Monday, June 7, the appearance of nobility and gentry at Belsize was so great that they reckoned between three and four hundred coaches; at which time a wild deer was hunted down and killed in the park before the company—which gave three hours' diversion. There were many highwaymen at Belsize a century ago, and visitors returning to London at night ran great risk of having their carriages stopped, and being themselves plundered, in districts which were then very lonely. During Elizabeth's reign, the Lord Mayor of London, Sir John Spencer, was lain in wait for by Dunkirk pirates, on the moors betwixt his place of business, St. Helen's Place, Bishopsgate, and Canonbury Tower. A storm fortunately prevented his lordship from travelling to his country seat. His journey lay through the districts which are now Hoxton and Islington (amongst the most populous of parishes), and this will sufficiently demonstrate the nature of the changes which have taken place in that neighbourhood in the space of three centuries only.

Entertaining details are preserved respecting Kentish Town, Islington, Clerkenwell, and other places north of the Thames, which show the recent surprising growth of these places. In the middle of last century, for example, Kentish Town was a retired hamlet of about one hundred houses, detached from each other, on the road side. By 1795 it had increased one-half. There were also forty-eight houses on the Marquis of Camden's estate, where the populous district of Camden Town now stands. Horace Walpole, writing on June 8, 1791, says:—"There will soon be one street from London to Brentford; ay, and from London to every village ten miles round! Lord Camden has just let ground at Kentish Town for building fourteen hundred houses—nor do I wonder; London is, I am certain, much fuller than ever I saw it. I have twice this spring been going to stop my coach in Piccadilly, to inquire what was the matter, thinking there was a mob. Not at all—it was only passengers." In the year 1251 there were only forty houses in the whole parish of St. Pancras; in May, 1821, these had increased to nearly ten thousand houses, with a population of 71,838. In 1861, the population of St. Pancras (including Kentish Town and Camden Town) was 198,788; in 1871 it had swollen to 221,594. Islington, till a very recent period, was a village standing isolated in open fields. When "Domesday Book" was compiled the population consisted of only twenty-seven householders and their families, chiefly herdsmen, shepherds, &c. At this time there were nearly one thousand acres of arable land alone in Islington. The maps of Charles II.'s time show Islington to be almost a solitude;

and Cowley, in his poem "Of Solitude," thus refers to the village, in apostrophising "the monster London":—

Let but thy wicked men from out thee go,
And all the fools that crowd thee so,
Ev'n thou, who dost thy millions boast,
A village less than Islington will grow,
A solitude almost.

Through Islington runs the New River, the great work of Sir Hugh Myddelton. Sportsmen wandered with dogs over the site of the borough of Marylebone in the seventeenth century, and also over the greater part of the space now occupied by Finsbury and the Tower Hamlets. Marylebone was originally called Tyburn, and the manor was valued at fifty-two shillings in "Domesday Book." Marylebone Park was a hunting ground in the reign of Queen Elizabeth; and in 1600 the ambassadors from Russia rode through the city to enjoy the sport in the fields there. In 1739 there were only 577 houses in the parish; in 1795 the number had gone up to 6,200; and in 1861 to 16,370. Clerkenwell is another parish which has grown with amazing rapidity. In Queen Elizabeth's time there were a shepherd's hut and sheep pens near the spot on which the Angel Inn now stands—yet London now presents no denser spot, or one more thronged at certain hours of the day. In the year 1700 the Angel Inn stood in the fields. In the meadows between Islington, Finsbury, and Stoke Newington Green, the archers used to exercise their craft. In Henry II.'s time challenges were issued from the city to "all men in the suburbs to wrestle, shoot the standard, broad arrow, and flight for games at Clerkenwell and Finsbury fields." At the beginning of the present century the Old Red Lion Tavern in St. John Street Road, the existence of which dates as far back as 1415, stood almost alone; it is shown in the centre distance of Hogarth's print of "Evening." Several eminent persons frequented this house: among others, Thomson, the author of "The Seasons;" Dr. Johnson, and Oliver Goldsmith. In a room here Thomas Paine wrote his notorious work, "The Rights of Man." The parlour of the tavern is hung with choice impressions of Hogarth's plates.* The whole district is now a most populous one—in fact, as thickly peopled as the other portions of Clerkenwell. In 1745, Sadler's Wells was regarded as a country resort, and it is thus described in a poem published at this period:—

Herds around on herbage green,
And bleating flocks are sporting seen;
While Phœbus with his brightest rays
The fertile soil doth seem to praise;
And zephyrs with their gentlest gales,
Breathing more sweet than flowery vales,
Which give new health, and heat repels—
Such are the joys of Sadler's Wells.

The population of Islington has increased by wonderful strides. In the census of 1851 it stood at 95,154; ten years later it had advanced to 155,341; and in 1871 it had reached 213,749. It may be mentioned, in

* Pinks's *History of Clerkenwell*, 1865.

connection with the parish of Islington, that Mrs. Foster, grand-daughter of Milton, lived here, and died in poverty May 9, 1754, whereupon the family of Milton became extinct. Chelsea is another parish which has extended with great rapidity. In the last century it was a village of only three hundred houses, but dwellings now extend from Hyde Park Corner away beyond Chelsea Bridge. Sir Thomas More, the Duchess of Mazarin, Turner the painter, and many other distinguished individuals have resided in Chelsea. It was in a meanly-furnished house in Cheyn Walk that there died, on August 30, 1852, John Camden Neild, who bequeathed 500,000*l.* to Queen Victoria. Kensington—so charmingly described by Leigh Hunt in the "Old Court Suburb"—is another parish which has completely sprung up of recent years; or rather, as Mr. Timbs observes, the district has been built over in two distinct movements, one from 1770 to 1780, and the other, after the lapse of nearly fifty years, beginning in 1825, and being still in progress. Some idea of the growth of Kensington may be gathered from the fact that in 1861 the population was only 118,950, whereas in 1871 it had reached 283,088. No other parish in London exhibits such an enormous increase in the same space of time. We have included in Kensington (following the official tables) Paddington, Kensington proper, Hammersmith, Brompton, and Fulham. The district of Belgravia only dates from 1825. Formerly it was a marshy tract, bounded by mud-banks, and partly occupied by market gardens. Paddington, in Henry VIII.'s time, had only a population of 100 persons; a century later in owned 300; in 1811, the number had risen to 4,609; from 1831 to 1841 the inhabitants increased at the rate of one thousand per annum, and from 1841 to 1851 at the rate of two thousand annually. In 1861 the population was 75,807. Two centuries ago it was merely a forest village. Westminster, at the time of the compilation of "Domesday Book," was a village with about fifty holders of land, and "pannage for a hundred hogs." Part of its site was formerly Thorney Island. By the reign of Elizabeth it had become united to London. We cannot linger over its progress or its fascinating history. Crossing the river we come to Southwark, with which Lambeth is now united. The population of this latter parish in 1861 was 162,044, and in 1871 208,032. Wandsworth shows a proportionate rise in population during the same period, the numbers being—1861, 70,483; and 1871, 125,050. The population of Camberwell likewise increased by 40,000 persons during the same time. Kensington and Southwark, two of the most ancient of London suburbs, have progressed in like proportion. The most populous of all the London parishes is St. Pancras, to which we have already referred, and which includes one-third of the hamlet of Highgate, with the hamlets of Kentish Town, Battle Bridge, Camden Town, Somers Town, to the foot of Gray's Inn Lane; also "part of a house in Queen Square," all Tottenham Court Road, and the streets west of Cleveland Street and Rathbone Place. In 1503, the church of St. Pancras stood "all alone;" and yet three centuries and a half later, as we gather from an assessment to the property tax under Schedule A,

the schedule for the annual value of land in this parish (including the houses built upon it, the railways, &c.) gave the sum at 3,798,521*l.* But, in truth, wherever we turn our eyes upon this vast panorama of human life, we perceive similar evidences of rapid and prodigious growth.

Although the records of this country have no equal in the civilised world, as Sir Francis Palgrave remarks, we have no accurate accounts of the population of London previously to the census of 1801. Observations, however, were made at various periods which enable us to form a tolerably correct idea of the advance in population, both of London and the country at large. At the Conquest, the whole population of England was calculated at only 2,000,000, or thereabouts. In 1377, the last year of the great monarch Edward III., the population, as ascertained by the Capitation tax, had only advanced to 2,290,000—an increase of not more than 300,000 people in the course of three centuries. With Wales, the population only reached 2,500,000. London at this period only boasted of 35,000 inhabitants! In 1575, the population of these realms was about 5,000,000, and the metropolis did not number more than 150,000 souls. Yet England was then at her zenith as a naval power, and it was the age, moreover, of Spenser and Shakspeare. A map of London and Westminster in the early part of the reign of Queen Elizabeth shows on the east the Tower, standing separated from London, and Finsbury and Spitalfields with their trees and hedgerows; while on the west of Temple Bar the villages of Charing, St. Giles's, and other scattered hamlets are aggregated, Westminster being a distinct city. In 1662 and 1665, the population of England and Wales was calculated by the hearth tax at 6,500,000. In 1670, Sir Matthew Hale calculated it at 7,000,000; but Haydn's "Dictionary of Dates" states that in the year 1700 it was found by official returns to be only 5,475,000. London and its suburbs, in 1687, had, according to Sir William Petty, a population of 696,000; but Gregory, ten years later, made it only 530,000 by the hearth tax. Sir William Petty, writing in 1683, maintained (after deep study of the matter) that the growth of the metropolis must stop of its own accord before the year of grace 1800; at which period the population would, by his computation, have arrived at 5,359,000. But for this halt, he further maintained that by the year 1840 the population would have risen to upwards of ten millions! It is not a little strange that in 1801, after the first actual census had been taken, the population of London was discovered to be no more than 864,845—including Westminster, Southwark, and the adjacent districts. In 1841, however, the number had gone up to 1,873,000, thus showing upwards of a million increase in forty years. In 1851, the population had further grown to 2,361,640; while in 1861 it had risen to 2,803,034. Of this number 2,030,814 were in the county of Middlesex. According to the Registrar-General's Tables of Mortality, the population of London in 1871 was 3,251,804. The total extent of London was 75,362 acres; the number of houses inhabited, 417,767; uninhabited, 32,320; and houses building, 5,104.

Taking the Metropolitan and City of London Police Districts, the population of London in 1861 was 3,222,720; and in 1871 it had gone up to 3,883,092. The whole population of Lancashire at the latter period, including Liverpool, Manchester, Bolton, Salford, &c., was only 2,818,904; and the whole population of Scotland was little more than this, being but 3,358,613. A conception of the vast extent of London may be gained from the following figures:—In 1871, the East Riding of Yorkshire had a population of 269,505; York city, 43,796; the North Riding, 291,589; the West Riding, 1,831,223; Lincolnshire, 436,183; Staffordshire, 857,233—giving as the aggregate for the whole of these populous districts 3,729,479 souls—a number below the population of London alone. Or take another calculation. In 1871, the population of Bedfordshire stood at 146,256; that of Berks at 196,445; Bucks, 175,870; Cambridgeshire, 186,363; Cheshire, 561,131; Cornwall, 362,098; Cumberland, 220,245; Derbyshire, 880,538; Devonshire, 600,814; Dorsetshire, 195,544; Durham, 685,045; Hereford, 125,364; and Rutland, 22,070. Here we have a list of thirteen counties, yielding an aggregate population of 3,857,785; or, 25,307 persons below the population of the metropolis. An estimate, based upon the Metropolitan and City of London Police Districts, gives the population of London in 1878 as four millions and a quarter.

Cornhill Magazine.

A FARMHOUSE DIRGE.

I.

WILL you walk with me to the brow of the hill, to visit the farmer's wife,
Whose daughter lies in the churchyard now, eased of the ache of life?
Half a mile by the winding lane, another half to the top:
There you may lean o'er the gate and rest; she will want me awhile to stop,
Stop and talk of her girl that is gone, and no more will wake or weep,
Or to listen rather, for sorrow loves to babble its pain to sleep.

II.

How thick with acorns the ground is strewn, rent from their cups and brown!
How the golden leaves of the windless elms come singly fluttering down!
The briony hangs in the thining hedge, as russet as harvest corn,
The straggling blackberries glisten yet, the haws are red on the thorn;
The clematis smells no more but lifts its gossamer weight on high;—
If you only gazed on the year, you would think how beautiful 'tis to die.

III.

The stream scarce flows underneath the bridge; they have dropped the sluice of the mill;
The roach bask deep in the pool above, and the water-wheel is still.
The meal lies quiet on bin and floor; and here where the deep banks wind,
The water-mosses nor sway nor bend, so nothing seems left behind.
If the wheels of life would but sometimes stop, and the grinding awhile would cease,
'Twere so sweet to have, without dying quite, just a spell of autumn peace.

IV.

Cottages four, two new, two old, each with its clambering rose :
 Lath and plaster and weather-tile these, brick faced with stone are those.
 Two crouch low from the wind and the rain, and tell of the humbler days,
 Whilst the other pair stand up and stare with a self-asserting gaze ;
 But I warrant you 'd find the old as snug as the new did you lift the latch,
 For the human heart keeps no whit more warm under slate than beneath the thatch.

V.

Tenants of two of them work for me, punctual, sober, true ;
 I often wish that I did as well the work I have got to do.
 Think not to pity their lowly lot, nor wished that their thoughts soared higher ;
 The canker comes on the garden rose, and not on the wilding briar.
 Doubt and gloom are not theirs, and so they but work and love ; they live
 Rich in the only valid boons that life can withhold or give.

VI.

Here is the railway bridge, and see how straight do the bright lines keep,
 With pleasant copses on either side, or pastures of quiet sheep.
 The big loud city lies far away, far too is the cliff-bound shore,
 But the trains that travel betwixt them seem as if burdened with their roar.
 Yet, quickly they pass, and leave no trace, not the echo e'en of their noise :
 Don't you think that silence and stillness are the sweetest of all our joys ?

VII.

Lo ! yonder the Farm, and these the ruts that the broad-wheeled wains have worn,
 As they bore up the hill the faggots sere, or the mellow shocks of corn.
 The hops are gathered, the twisted bines now brown on the brown clods lie,
 And nothing of all man sowed to reap is seen 'twixt the earth and sky.
 Year after year doth the harvest come, though at summer's and beauty's cost :
 One can only hope, when our lives grow bare, some reap what our hearts have lost.

VIII.

And this is the orchard,—small and rude, and uncared-for, but oh ! in spring,
 How white is the slope with cherry bloom, and the nightingales sit and sing !
 You would think that the world had grown young once more, had forgotten death
 and fear,

That the nearest thing unto woe, on earth, was the smile of an April tear ;
 That goodness and gladness were twin, were one :—The robin is chorister now :
 The russet fruit on the ground is piled, and the lichen cleaves to the bough.

IX.

Will you lean o'er the gate, while I go on ? You can watch the farmyard life,
 The bees, the farmer's hops, and the poults, that gladden his thrifty wife ;
 Or, turning, gaze on the hazy weald,—you will not be seen from here,—
 Till your thoughts, like it, grow blurred and vague, and mingle the far and near.
 Grief is a flood, and not a spring, whatever in grief we say ;
 And perhaps her woe, should she see me alone, will run more quickly away.

I.

"I thought you would come this morning, ma'am. Yes, Edith at last has gone ;
 To-morrow 's a week, ay, just as the sun right into her window shone ;
 Went with the night, the vicar says, where endeth never the day ;
 But she 's left a darkness behind her here I wish she had taken away.
 She is no longer with us, but we seem to be always with her,
 In the lonely bed where we laid her last, and can't get her to speak or stir.

2.

"Yes, I'm at work; 'tis time I was. I should have begun before;
 But this is the room where she lay so still, ere they carried her past the door.
 I thought I never could let her go where it seems so lonely of nights;
 But now I am scrubbing and dusting down, and setting the place to rights.
 All I have kept are the flowers there, the last that stood by her bed.
 I suppose I must throw them away. *She* looked much fairer when she was dead.

3.

"Thank you, for thinking of her so much. Kind thought is the truest friend,
 I wish you had seen how pleased she was with the peaches you used to send.
 She tired of *them* too ere the end, so she did with all we tried;
 But she liked to look at them all the same, so we set them down by her side.
 Their bloom and the flush upon her cheek were alike, I used to say;
 Both were so smooth, and soft, and round, and both have faded away.

4.

"I never could tell you how kind too were the ladies up at the hall;
 Every noon, or fair or wet, one of them used to call.
 Worry and work seems ours, but yours pleasant and easy days,
 And when all goes smooth, the rich and poor have different lives and ways.
 Sorrow and death bring men more close, 'tis joy that puts us apart;
 'Tis a comfort to think, though we're severed so, we're all of us one at heart.

5.

"She never wished to be smart and rich, as so many in these days do,
 Nor cared to go in on market days to stare at the gay and new.
 She liked to remain at home and pluck the white violets down in the wood;
 She said to her sisters before she died, 'Tis so easy to be good.'
 She must have found it so, I think, and that was the reason why
 God deemed it needless to leave her here, so took her up to the sky.

6.

"The vicar says that he knows she is there, and surely she ought to be;
 But though I repeat the words, 'tis hard to believe what one does not see.
 They did not want me to go to the grave, but I could not have kept away,
 And whatever I do I can only see a coffin and churchyard clay.
 Yes, I know it's wrong to keep lingering there, and wicked and weak to fret;
 And that 's why I'm hard at work again, for it helps one to forget.

7.

"The young ones don't seem to take to work as their mothers and fathers did.
 We never were asked if we liked or no, but had to obey when bid.
 There's Bessie won't swill the dairy now, nor Richard call home the cows,
 And all of them cry, 'How can you, mother?' when I carry the wash to the sows.
 Edith would drudge, for always Death the hearth of the helpfulest robs.
 But she was so pretty I could not bear to set her on dirty jobs!

8.

"I don't know how it 'll be with them when sorrow and loss are theirs,
 For it isn't likely that they 'll escape their pack of worrits and cares.
 They say it's an age of progress this, and a sight of things improves,
 But sickness, and age, and bereavement seem to work in the same old grooves.
 Fine they may grow, and that, but Death as hef takes the moth as the grub.
 When their dear ones die, I suspect they 'll wish they 'd a floor of their own to scrub.

9.

"Some day they'll have a home of their own, much grander than this, no doubt, But polish the porch as you will you can't keep doctors and coffins out. I've done very well with my fowls this year, but what are pullets and eggs, When the heart in vain at the door of the grave the return of the lost one begs? The rich have leisure to wail and weep, the poor haven't time to be sad: If the cream hadn't been so contrary this week, I think grief would have driven me mad.

10.

"How does my husband bear up, you ask? Well, thank you, ma'am, fairly well; For he too is busy just now, you see, with the wheat and the hops to sell: It's when the work of the day is done, and he comes indoors at night, While the twilight hangs round the window panes before I bring in the lights, And takes down his pipe, and says not a word, but watches the faggots roar— And then I know he is thinking of her who will sit on his knee no more.

11.

"Must you be going? It seems so short. But thank you for thinking to come; It does me good to talk of it all, and grief feels doubled when dumb. An' the butter's not quite so good this week, if you please, ma'am, you must not mind, And I'll not forget to send the ducks and all the eggs we can find; I've scarcely had time to look round me yet, work gets into such arrears, With only one pair of hands, and those fast wiping away one's tears.

12.

"You've got some flowers yet, haven't you, ma'am? though they now must be going fast. We never have any to speak of here, and I placed on her coffin the last; Could you spare me a few for Sunday next? I should like to go all alone, And lay them down on the little mound where there isn't as yet a stone. Thank you kindly, I'm sure they'll do, and I promise to heed what you say; I'll only just go and lay them there, and then I will come away."

X.

Come, let us go. Yes, down the hill, and home by the winding lane. The low-lying fields are suffused with haze, as life is suffused with pain. The noon mists gain on the morning sun, so despondency gains on youth; We grope, and wrangle, and boast, but Death is the only certain truth. O love of life! what a foolish love! we should weary of life did it last. While it lingers, it is but a little thing; 'tis nothing at all when past,

XI.

The acorns thicker and thicker lie, the briony limper grows, There are mildewing beads on the leafless brier where once smiled the sweet dog-rose. You may see the leaves of the primrose push through the litter of sodden ground; Their pale stars dream in the wintry womb, and the pimpernel sleepeth sound. They will awake; shall we awake? Are we more than imprisoned breath? When the heart grows weak, then hope grows strong, but stronger than hope is Death.

"ALFRED AUSTIN, in *Contemporary Review*.

DREAMLAND. A LAST SKETCH.

THERE is an old, a very old and beautiful simile which we are all familiar with. I do not suppose anyone knows who first ventured upon it, or to which special poet or philosopher it belongs. In truth, it is so trite that neither dead nor living would care to claim it. I confess I like it, as I like many old-fashioned things. It is simply this: life is a mountain up which the traveller must climb. The path is rugged and sharp, but the summit must be reached. In youth we go up hill, ardent, joyous, and imagining a wonderful world beyond that steep peak in the blue sky. As we reach it, panting and rather worn with the journey, our ardour flags, and so does hope. We begin to suspect that down hill may be like up hill, worse perhaps, and without the enchantment of desire to lure us on. When we stand on the topmost crag we plant our flag and cry hurrah! But are we so glad, so very glad, after all? I doubt it. There are many winds up there; snow hides in the clefts; it is evening, too, grey evening, lone and chill; the darkness deepens around us as we go down, and at the foot of the mountain black night lies in wait for us. Some divine heavenly stars pierce that gloom, and we know that a pure morning and a glorious day lie beyond it, but we also know that to reach these we must pass through the night, and I have found no heart, however brave, whom that thought did not appal!

Very few people say so, however. It is amazing how limited is the number of men and women who fear death. A week ago I was in a village by the seaside. Cholera suddenly appeared amongst us, and, monster-like, devoured a few victims. Everyone packed up and fled, some in the grey morning, some in the night, but no one acknowledged fear: business, the weather, &c., &c., summoned them all away, and cholera had nothing to do with their departure. Be it so. I confess I felt extremely uneasy, and though I took my three days to pack—I am a methodical old maid, and cannot do with less—I, too, left, only I never denied my real motive for doing so; to that bravery, such as it is, I lay claim. But to return to my simile.

For the last few years I have been on the top of the mountain: that is to say, I know exactly the down-hill road which lies before me, and take no delight in the prospect. Far pleasanter do I find it to look back upon the road which brought me up here. How calm, how sunny were the early hours of that long ascent. No wonder that in all autobiography so large a space is given to childhood. Its few years generally fill pages, whereas lines are often made to comprise the events of later life. The writer who has lingered over the loss of a tame bird, and if you are at all tender-hearted, made you shed foolish tears thereby, tells you in a breath that he married a charming girl, lost her at the end of

seven years, and took a second wife when he was out of mourning. I believe that is one of the reasons why I shun reading all such productions unless they relate to great public events, dramas of history, and so forth. They sadden me dreadfully; I like novels a great deal better.

My first were fairy tales, of course. The very spot where I read them is delightful to remember. My parents were poor, or thought themselves so, and accordingly carried their poverty to the Continent, as was the fashion of those remote times. They took up their abode in a quaint little French town, half town, half village, which lay hidden in a nook of the Norman coast, and there spent years, always talking of a going home which came not. My father was a great sportsman, and game was abundant in our neighbourhood. My dear mother hated change, and I believe liked dating her letters from the Chateau de Gravilles; so, what with game, cheapness, and a little innocent vanity, we made ourselves a new home and were forgotten in the old one.

Gravilles was a dear old place. It had one long sunny street with stone houses, all unlike each other, but all deliciously uncomfortable. I thought them mansions in those days, and the rickety old chateau we lived in, with its dingy rooms, its court, its garden and orchard was a palace in my eyes. In one of its upper rooms on a sunny May morning, with birds singing in the garden below, and the green boughs of a young poplar quivering close to the open window, I read my first fairy tale. Blessed be the day, the spot, and the hour. The story was "The Sleeping Beauty in the Wood," poetry, love, and romance all in one. Well, I maintain it without fear, there is nothing like fairy tales. They are just enough like life to attract, for they deal with men and women, and they are too unlike it not to charm for ever. Here are no oppressed innocents sinking hopelessly under the weight of their sorrows; no triumphant wrongdoers for whom retribution shall be put off till the next world. We can take up a fairy tale in most delightful security concerning its ending, and perhaps its great attraction is that it never disappoints or deceives us. The brutal giant is always conquered, the malicious fairy is always defeated, the innocent beauty is always delivered, and the brave knight or chivalrous young prince is ever blest in love and war.

How far it may be wise to present such views of life to little men and women, I cannot say. I am an old maid, and know nothing about children, or rather about education; but I do not mind confessing that I fell desperately in love with the prince who woke the sleeping beauty. I daresay I should have identified myself with that persecuted young princess if I could at all have fancied myself sleeping for so many summers and winters, but that was out of the question. I was a lively, wakeful child, and that long nap was a little too much for me. Besides, I was fair-haired and fickle, and soon forgot the prince for another, the lover of Cinderella. These princes are all so much alike, all so young, so handsome, so chivalrous, and so faithful, that it really is not easy,

especially for a young inexperienced person, to know one from the other. I confess their identity bewildered me, and I am afraid to add that I was in love with them all.

My brother John liked the princesses, but was not a bit more faithful to them than I was to the princes. Each had her turn, however, till Cinderella came and ruled them all with her little glass slipper. Dear John! He reminded me of that time in his last letter: the letter he wrote to me the night before his ship was lost on the Irish coast. Oh! how strange and dreary it was to read, "Do you remember Cinderella?" and to know that the young hand which had traced these words was lying cold and nerveless fathoms deep in the pitiless sea.

My father never recovered the blow, and from that day forth my dear, gentle mother became fretful and irritable. I was fourteen then, and was left to myself and to my grief. The grief I survived, but my own companionship left some deep traces in my life.

I had entered Fairyland in childhood, and I am not at all certain that this pleasant country is the right place for youths; but very sure am I that Dreamland, which had my next visit, is the last spot I would take my daughter to, if I had one, which, being an old maid, is not the case, you see. But the worst of Dreamland is that no one takes you to it. You go to it of your own accord, and its boundaries are so fine that they are crossed before you know anything about it. Some people have never visited that country, they say, but that I deny. To think of the future is to go to Dreamland straight.

Well, few people can lead long lives, I suppose, and not look back to the past and read there with some wonder how they imagined that their future which has since become another-past. These two are so unlike, you see: the imagination and the fulfilment. The sorrows are never those we dreaded; no more than the blessings are those we longed and prayed for. For my part I very well remember the time when twenty-five was to be the vanishing point of my little perspective of a life. Beyond these remote years I did not go. This goal was to be my resting place. Between that and the eighteen of my dreaming I placed events, adventures, sorrows and joys more than I could number. These seven years were a long gallery with niches on either side, and every niche had its story. There was the niche of love, of course, and the niche of vain-glory, and the niche of sacrifice and that of sorrow; and in the last of all I saw myself sitting, a calm worn woman of twenty-five, looking at life with folded hands and pitying eyes, and a heart set on the better world and the better part. After reaching this bourne I was to enter a sort of spiritual monastery. I accordingly closed its gates upon myself, and did not even seek to imagine what kind of a life I might lead behind them. I doubt if youth ever really conceives age. To me I know that wrinkles and silver hair were dimly remote: I could not go beyond twenty-five.

Now, of course, all this seems very absurd, and yet there was but one folly in it: I was in too great a hurry. My conception of a life was a

pretty true one ; but I mistook the proportions in which all these things were to come to pass. Most of the niches I had filled up remained vacant, or very nearly so, but other niches unsuspected by poor me appeared as I went on my journey. The niche of love was inexorably closed, and that of money cares most unexpectedly opened. Some other mistakes I found that I had committed. For instance, twenty-five, instead of a resting place, proved the threshold of a life. I was never more restless than at that time, which I had fancied so serene and so calm. Indeed, finding that I had been all wrong, and that this was not the goal of life, I gently pushed it back to thirty, and built another gallery more sober and with fewer niches in it than the first. And were they filled?—never. Troubles which I had not conceived came and took hold of me. My dreams, not very rosy ones, however, melted one by one before the chill breath of life. And thirty found me contented enough, and happy enough too ; but oh ! how unlike the woman of twenty-five whom the girl of eighteen had imagined.

What that woman is now matters very little. I have ceased to look forward, and I take life as a sort of daily bread ; but sometimes I cannot help sighing when I look back and think of my shortcomings. For you see I was young, and I worshipped heroism and goodness in those days, and being a vain and silly creature, as most girls are, I made a pretty little image of myself and set it up for domestic adoration. I was to be generous, oh ! so generous. I was to be good, not in a foolish commonplace-sort of way, but after a noble fashion. Then I was to be heroic. Not that I was to do such wonderful things—I had a grain of sense left—but great duties, or great sufferings, or great trials were to come in my way, and I was to take and accept them grandly. To go amongst the heathen, be tied to a stake and die singing God's praises with the flames rising around me, would have been the very summit of my ambition if I could have looked so high ; but to be candid, I could not—I was afraid of the fire. Some other things, however, I felt quite equal to. We all know how Pœtus, fearing to die, was addressed by his wife, Arria : how she stabbed herself, then handed him the knife, and uttered the words, "Pœtus, it does not hurt." Well, that I could have managed very well. I will venture to say that it was quite in my way, only we have no tyrants now-a-days who compel us to commit suicide. I had also my doubts about Pœtus. He was weak and pusillanimous, and was it needful that I should kill myself in order to set him an example. I only mention this instance to give the standard of my heroism. I was equal to death, to a noble one of course, but not to pain.

Now, if any giggling schoolgirl reads this, I know what she thinks of me. I know she thinks she is not and never could be so foolish. That may be, child ; you live in a wiser age than was mine, and as your age is so you are—a coolheaded young lady who talks slang and scorns romance. That may be, child, that may be ; but I will tell you what you do and what I never did. You build up your little castle in the air about Mr. Johnson. He half squeezed your hand last night, and forth-

with you are arrayed in white, and the orange-blossom nods on your brow, and you are spending your honeymoon by the lakes. My dear child, better dream of being Arria or Joan of Arc herself than this. You see when dreams belong wholly to Dreamland they lose half their mischievous power. Of course they are very foolish, and a terrible loss of time, but they have this great salve—they lead to nothing. The dream which weaves itself around reality, in which, with time, reality gets so blended that the dreamer cannot well tell which is which, is purely and simply pestilential. That grain of sense to which I have alluded, and a spark of prudence with it, saved me from this. Of course I too had my temptations, and sometimes they took the fascinating aspect of Mr. Johnson, and sometimes they did not. But no sooner did my careless foot tread on the serpent than I started back amazed and frightened. I would have fallen in love with Poetus himself, though he was but a poor thing, rather than indulge in so dangerous a pastime. It was all very well to play with fancy in her fair Eden, but I knew it would never do to treat these flowery plains as if they were this firm stony earth of ours. I knew a dream was a dream, so, though Mr. Johnson did squeeze my hand sometimes—and he did, whatever you may think—I looked at him with a prudent eye, and made no god of that young gentleman; and perhaps that was why my niche of love was never filled up, but remained cold and vacant. Once indeed—but I shall say naught about that now, it having nothing to do with Dreamland.

I do not mean to add much concerning my sojourn in that country. My excursions to it grew fewer as years crept upon me, and have now ceased entirely. Sometimes I try to go back to that pleasant region, but I cannot. Formerly it was all clear and open: a word, a look, a line in a book, a cloud in the sky would take me to it, swift as the wing of any bird. Now all that is altered. A thorny forest lies between Dreamland and me, and beyond that I know that there are heavy iron gates locked and barred—gates which are ever closed on faded faces and white locks. There is no help for it; the evil, if evil it be, must be borne patiently; but when the sense of my powerlessness presses upon me, when I feel that never again must I indulge in folly, but am doomed to wisdom, I think of dear John, who went down with his Dreamland full upon him.

JULIA KAVANAGH, *in the Argosy.*

CONTEMPORARY LIFE AND THOUGHT IN FRANCE.

PARIS, December 15th, 1878.

SUMMARY.—Political Review:—The Exhibition—The Grand Manceuvres—Foreign Politics—Internal Condition—Finance—Public Works—Progress of Public Instruction—Reactionary Opposition in the Country and the Senate—Election of three permanent Senators—Powerlessness of the Right—The Senatorial Elections of January 5—Moral Ruin of the Men of May 16—Death of M. Dupanloup—Election of M. Taine to the French Academy—Future Dangers—Divisions of the Republican Party—Difficulty of M. Gambetta's position—Incompatibility of Parliamentarism with a Centralized Republic—Establishment of New Museums. Literature:—Gift Books: *Aucassin et Nicolette*, translated and illustrated by Bida: *Correspondance de Fng. Delacroix*; Theuriet, *Sous Bois*; Stapfer, *Shakspeare et l'Antiquité*. Erudition: Port, *Dictionnaire Historique*; Douen, *Le Psautier Huguenot*. History: *Mémoires de Bernis*; Sorel, *La Question d'Orient*; Breglio, *Le Secret du Roi*; Loménie, *Les Mirabeau*. Philosophy: Caro, *Le Pessimisme*. Theatre: *Polyeucte*, by Goumou; *Les Amants de Vérone*, by Marquis d'Ivry; *La Mort Civile*, by M. Giacometti. Election of M. Massenet at the Académie des Beaux Arts.

The year 1878 has been a fortunate year for France, doubly so as compared with the year 1877 of mournful memory, when the criminal fatuity of a small knot of drawing-room politicians all but dragged the country into a civil war. Not that France has escaped the effect of the political disturbances and the economical uneasiness that reigned elsewhere, nor that she can hope to tread henceforward in smooth paths, but considering the comparatively short period that has elapsed since the fall of the Empire and the peace of Frankfort she may well experience a feeling of pride and satisfaction. The success of the Universal Exhibition has exceeded all anticipation. More than sixteen millions of visitors, receipts exceeding half a million pounds sterling, the Exhibition of 1867 outdone in every way, the industrial and artistic forces of the country seem to be not only unimpaired but greater than before, the Republican Government receiving a fresh act of recognition from the foreign princes who came to partake of its hospitality and festivities, the general and spontaneous enthusiasm with which the whole population celebrated this grand undertaking, symbolical of peace and industry,—all has helped to make 1878 the first happy date for France since the fatal dates 1870-71.

The peace year had a military interlude. The military manoeuvres that took place on such a large scale in the month of September were the first in which the reserve forces took part, and in spite of the many wants and shortcomings still apparent, especially in the military administration and the commissariat, a notable improvement was manifested, and both bearing and discipline were exemplary. It is hard as yet to say what the result of the military reforms would be in the field, but as a means of national education the excellence of the new system has been proved beyond a doubt.

Looking at other countries, the French have more than one reason to be satisfied with their actual position. There was nothing very flattering, certainly, to the national pride in the part taken by France in the Berlin Congress. After playing a leading part for so long to come down to that of confidant, after being a preponderant power in Europe to have to content herself with being official adviser and mediator, might well at certain moments appear hard. But by the frank and dignified manner in which he accepted it, M. Waddington elevated the part that was assigned to France, and made it serve for the defence of certain general interests of civilization and liberty of conscience and of the rights of a State which the other powers would have willingly disregarded, namely, Greece. Thus without any show, but at the same time honourably, France has resumed her place in the councils of Europe, and having come to the Congress without advertising any claims and without secret ambitions, she came away with clean hands, guiltless of usurpation or bargains of any kind, and with a heart free from regret or deception.

Comparing her internal condition with that of other States, she has no grounds to be discontented with her lot. England is undergoing a crisis that impedes her commercial transactions; she is undertaking the responsibility of reforms in the East which, to judge from former experience, would seem impossible; her honour is pledged for the support of a power that seems doomed to perish; she is engaged in a war in the far East of which it is impossible to foresee either the end or the consequences. Russia, at the last extremity of her resources, is obliged at all costs to carry on the work she has undertaken, and in so doing spare neither men, money, nor violence; she is divided between a Government that clings to a superannuated despotism, a revolutionary party that disowns its country, exalted patriots who cherish Pan Slavist chimeras, and impotent Liberals who condemn everything, hope for little, and do nothing. In Germany, the industrial crisis is occasioning misery amongst the people and a deficit in the budget, the Government wrings from the Chambers a discontented adherence to iniquitous laws that are applied with a violence and an arbitrariness worthy of the Second Empire. In Austria the occurrences in Bosnia have exhibited in a scandalous light the hopeless antagonism that separates the two parties in the Empire. In Italy, as in Spain, people are seeking in vain for the elements of a majority capable of guiding the country. Finally, everywhere, in Russia, Germany, Italy, Spain, attempts, as stupid as they were criminal, on the lives of the reigning powers have revealed the disturbed state of men's minds and the serious nature of the economical and political uneasiness that prevails.

The only warlike contest France is at present engaged in is the Kanak rising in New Caledonia. Marshal MacMahon can manifest the most disinterested sympathy with the sovereigns whose lives have been threatened, and for the last year the agreement that has reigned between the Ministry, the Chamber of Deputies, and the country has been well-

nigh perfect. Although, like all other countries, France suffers from the commercial crisis caused by the protective system of the United States, the war in the East, and the famine in China, she is undisturbed by social questions. The strikes have all come to a peaceful termination, and the interdict put upon the Workmen's Congress, iniquitous in itself and justifiable solely on grounds of international prudence, occasioned no disturbance.

In spite of the enormous increase in the expenses and the taxes, the Budget shows a considerable surplus, which has justified the issue of fresh stock,—viz., the New Three per Cent.,—with a sinking fund to redeem it in seventy-five years. This loan is intended to meet the expenses necessitated by the vast plans of M. de Freycinet. This intelligent, audacious, and indefatigable minister wishes to improve all our ports, as well as to complete the network of our railways and canals. As regards the army and navy, the Chambers have never haggled over millions, nor has a dissentient voice ever been raised on that point. But it is especially in connection with public instruction that important progress has been made. The reports and statistics recently published by M. Bardoux on elementary, secondary, and higher instruction are a striking proof. In Paris alone the elementary schools contain 60,000 pupils more than they did ten years ago, and new schools are still in course of erection. M. Bardoux's law relating to the higher elementary schools will realize a plan dating from 1833, and will admit of raising the level of the instruction of a considerable portion of the lower classes. As to the higher instruction, 175 new professorships have been created within the last ten years, lecturers have obtained fellowships at almost all the Faculties, and 300 yearly scholarships are distributed amongst poor students. The higher education budget, which was 8,895,000 francs in 1868, is 9,165,330 francs in 1878, an increase that has taken place within the last three years. The present state of our higher instruction, no doubt, is far from answering to the wishes of the more enlightened friends of education. Large universities with an independent life of their own, like the German universities, still remain to be founded, to become great centres of scientific life and production; but we are on the right road, and M. Bardoux's report shows that the central administration has a correct understanding of the country's needs.

There are dissentient voices, no doubt, and certain important elements of society which have not given in their adherence to the present Government. The ecclesiastical establishments of education contain a great number of pupils; at the new Catholic universities the numbers are rapidly increasing, and the direction there given to study threatens the unity of the national life. A rector of the Lyons Academy, M. Daresté, was even lately seen reserving his favours for the Catholic university, and doing his best to prevent the opening of the faculties of the State from being celebrated with the due solemnity and splendour. Too many of the members of the magistracy make no attempt to conceal their hostility to the existing institutions, and now and then even venture

to oppose them by a partial or jesuitical administration of the laws. Hitherto it has been in the Senate that these reactionary elements have found their support. The feeble majority the Right showed at the time of its formation has considerably increased since then, owing to the death of a number of permanent Republican members, and to the compact entered into by the Orleanist, Legitimist, and Bonapartist parties to name in turn a candidate designated by each of the three; a pleasure they enjoyed for the last time on November 15. Though the candidates of the Left, MM. André, Montalivet, and Gresley, were men of known moderation, the Orleanists and Legitimists preferred to vote for M. de Vallée, a decided Bonapartist, and the Bonapartists for M. d'Haussonville, one of the most violent opponents of the Empire. As for the Legitimist candidate, M. Baragnon, his opinions could hurt no one; for he was once a Republican, and will, if occasion require, become a Bonapartist. This abnormal state of things, in which those who call themselves *conservateurs* are seen to reject men of recognized moderation and merit, simply from a wish to overthrow the existing political *régime*, cannot last long. The days of the reactionary majority in the Senate are numbered. The elections which will renew a third of the 225 removable members of the Senate take place on January 5, and the result of the voting can already with certainty be foreseen from the nomination of the delegates of the communes, who form the chief part of the electoral senatorial body. On the Right, as on the Left, it is estimated that after the elections the Republicans will have a majority in the Senate of from ten to fifteen. In the debates on the verification of the powers in the Chamber of Deputies, the Right has moreover received some hard hits which have brought final discredit upon it. The audacity with which M. de Fourtou dared to apologize for the Government of May 16, and expresses his regret for their not having been able to carry their lawlessness and violence still further, has awakened the recollection of that painful time when a *coup d'état* was hourly expected. The discussion on M. Decaze's election dealt a final blow to the men of May 16. The facts that came out then were so outrageous that the Conservatives themselves did not venture to defend them, and more than half of them by their abstention ratified the vote of invalidation pronounced by the Chamber. It was indeed unheard of that a Minister of Foreign Affairs should clandestinely beg for the votes of the separatist party in the Maritime Alps, whilst M. de Broglie, the Minister of Justice, should in turn institute and suspend proceedings against a notary, according to whether he was opposing or supporting the official candidate. Burlesque incidents, such as that of the fire-engine sent in hot haste to Puget-Théniers by the Ministry, mingled with these shameful and guilty acts.

Other blows besides these fell upon the reactionary party. By giving it in spite of M. de Falloux's prudent warnings, the watchword *Contre-Révolution*, M. de Mun has rendered it easy for the peasants, who owe everything to the Revolution, to oppose all the Legitimist candidates;

and the Comte de Chambord, by congratulating M. de Mun on his frankness, and adding that "God must reign as master, in order that he might reign as king," destroyed the last hopes of his party by this profession of theocratic faith. Finally, one of the authorised heads of the senatorial Right, whose fiery clericalism had become a link between the various reactionary parties, and who, at the same time, was the only really eminent man the higher clergy possessed, Monseigneur Dupanloup, is dead. The son of a serving-maid at an inn, never having known who was his father, he raised himself to the see of Orleans by his own unaided merit. His talents as an administrator, and, above all, as a teacher, his activity, his beneficence, his ready pen and fervid eloquence, and, lastly, his liberal ideas, assigned him a distinctive place amongst the French clergy. The seminaries he directed were in the full tide of prosperity; his great work on education was appreciated even outside Catholic circles; some years ago Liberals of every shade spoke of him with unvarying respect; some few fanatical Ultramontanes alone dared to attack him, and alone abused him after his death. But from about 1860 onwards, M. Dupanloup's liberalism was seen to wane, and the leaven of fanaticism rose in him. He defended the Syllabus, and levelled attacks as unjust as they were wanting in good taste against MM. RAYON, Taine, and Maury. The Vatican Council and the establishment of the Republic quenched a liberalism lacking both soundness and depth. He was the head of the clerical party in the National Assembly and the Senate, and with him, as with most of the men of that party, the religious question became one of political domination. He showed it by his zeal in supporting M. Taine's candidature at the French Academy, once as zealously opposed by him. He forgot that he had resigned his own seat at the Academy on account of the nomination of M. Littré, who of all freethinkers in France has invariably paid the greatest deference to Catholicism; whilst, in his "Philosophes du XIX. s.," M. Taine went so far as to ridicule even supernaturalism itself. But what mattered supernaturalism to M. Dupanloup then! M. Taine had written a volume on the Revolution which furnished the reactionary party with arms; that was enough. Fortune favoured M. Taine in the death of M. Dupanloup before he could re-enter the Academy to vote for a freethinker. He was elected, not as before, by the coterie that wished to place him in M. Thiers' seat, but by the Academicians of all parties, who did homage in him to one of our best writers and most vigorous thinkers.

After taking joyous and grateful leave of the year just expired, is it with confidence unmixed that we greet the opening year? We think not. The Republican party in France leans too much to a somewhat superficial optimism that yields to the satisfaction of the moment. It is apt to forget past misfortunes, and not foresee future dangers. In the midst of the Exhibition rejoicings, it apparently had no thought for the defeats of eight years ago, and what they cost, it congratulated itself with frivolous pride on giving a *fête* in the gallery where the King of Prussia was crowned Emperor of Germany, and was on the verge of

celebrating as a national glory the gigantic lottery of twelve millions, honourable no doubt in its object, but productive of the basest covetousness, and the occasion of the most deplorable stock-jobbing. We must look facts in the face with a more manly gaze, and recognize that not until after the 5th of January, and not until the Republican party are in actual possession of power, will the real difficulties and the real dangers begin. At present the representatives of the Left form a very small proportion of the ministry, whose members belong chiefly to the Left Centre, some having even once formed part of the Right Centre. It is an open secret that with the first months of the opening year the ministry will fall asunder, that M. Dufaure, M. Bardoux, and M. Léon Say, will have to withdraw on account of being in more or less open disagreement with M. Gambetta, and that a homogeneous ministry of elements of the pure Left will have to be formed. The present state of things, in which M. Gambetta is the head of the ministry, the prop of the ministry, and at the same time its intended successor, cannot long continue. It is necessary that M. Gambetta, or at any rate his party, possessed as they are of the real power, should also bear its responsibility and burden. Nor is that burden a light one. Is the Left capable of directing the government alone? Will it find the necessary men to fill the important posts? Will it inspire sufficient confidence to obtain a large majority in the Chambers, and such as to enable the country to attend to its business with security? All will depend on the attitude of the present head of the majority, M. Gambetta, and the manner in which the parties group themselves. Two things are possible. Either the Left will continue allied to the Extreme Left,—in which case the Left Centre will be thrown back upon the Right, and it is easy to foresee that the Government will again find itself in inextricable difficulties, for a Right majority will immediately re-form itself in the Senate; or else it will separate from the Extreme Left to consolidate its union with the Left Centre,—in which case the moderate elements of the Right will rally round the great Republican party, which will be the true representation of the country. In this case the peaceful and orderly development of the Republican Government may be hoped for. But the second alternative, it must be owned, is the less likely. The very absorbing and ruling personality of M. Gambetta has, in spite of his great intellectual capacities and personal charm, alienated a great part of the moderate Left from him; and if he has won new sympathies, it is rather in the ranks of the Right. It is impossible that he should remain aloof from power and govern France as President of the Budget Committee; but has he ministerial aptitudes? will he be able to control a temperament that led him in 1871 to commit such grave faults? will he bring the necessary prudence and discernment to bear on his choice of men?—a choice on which the worth and the success of a Government in a great measure depend. Finally, what will be the new ministry's programme of reform? Hitherto the popular democratic mass has given the Government credit up to the moment when the obstacles raised by

the reactionary majority in the Senate should be removed ; but the time for action has come. Much will be demanded of M. Gambetta because he has promised much ; it is the lot of all who pass from opposition to power. If they do nothing, they are accused of having combated abuses merely because they did not benefit by them. If M. Gambetta is too zealous a reformer, he will lose partisans on the moderate Left ; if too moderate a one, he will lose them on the advanced Left. What is to be hoped is that the moderate party, not being called to a direct share in power, will not adopt a negative and hostile attitude towards the new ministry, but will form a large balancing party, prepared to support or even take the initiative in all wise reforms, but powerful enough, through its union with the Right, to arrest and annihilate the ministry of the Left should it embark on dangerous courses. What must also be hoped is, that M. Gambetta will not allow the struggle against the clergy to divert him from meeting the need for social reforms which exists amongst a portion of the people. Religious strifes in which the individual conscience comes into play, always lead governments further than they intend.

Lastly, beside these secondary difficulties, which may with wisdom be averted, there is a fundamental difficulty arising out of the very nature of our constitution. Parliamentary government is all but incompatible with a centralized administration like ours. The ministers depending on the deputies, and the life of the whole country depending on the ministries, the ministers spend their whole time in conferring with the deputies, listening to their demands and complaints, and attending their *protégés*, and no time is left for serious business. It would require superhuman energy to resist these calls, and the minister possessed of it would risk the loss of his office. For parliamentary governments to work, a wide decentralization is necessary, as also that the ministers' powers should be political and not administrative. But is such decentralization possible? It would present great inconveniences now, when the country has still to be educated, and the struggle against the encroachments of clericalism is always on the verge of breaking out. There is the great danger. Republican parliamentary government, owing to the tyranny of the deputies over the ministers, runs the risk of ending in favouritism, general impotency, and disorder.

Whilst awaiting what the future has in store and hoping that our fears may not be realized, we may regard with satisfaction what the year 1878 has brought us. All that the Universal Exhibition called into being has not disappeared. Not to mention the Palace, which will continue to crown the hill of the Trocadero, several new museums are to grow out of the vast temporary museum in the Champ de Mars ; an educational museum, to include everything connected with schools and teaching that the Exhibition contained ; an ethnographical and anthropological museum, to provide these new studies with the scientific elements of comparative observation. There is a talk of organizing an enormous industrial museum in the galleries of the Champ de Mars, where the

machines would be seen at work. The Central Union of Arts has opened a museum of industrial art, in the Pavillon de Flore, on the model of the Kensington Museum. Finally, M. Viollet le Duc has started a plan for a popular theatre, with very low entrance fees, where the actors and actresses of the subsidized theatres would play the best pieces and operas in their *répertoire*. The Minister of Finance grumbles a little in subdued tones at the Republic's tendency to do grand things rapidly and on an extensive scale; what he wants to do is to liquidate the debt, pay the Bank, and convert the stock, but neither the optimists of the Budget Commission nor M. de Freycinet see things in that light, and have no hesitation in engaging the anticipated surplus of future budgets in advance.

The intellectual and artistic activity, suspended as it was by the turmoil of the Exhibition and the distractions of the summer season, is greater than ever now that the gates of the Champ de Mars are shut. I am not speaking merely of the necessary periodical activity displayed in the production of handsome and charming illustrated books. And yet one of the pleasures of the season is to turn over these beautiful specimens of the printer's art, to look at the engravings entrusted to excellent artists, often accompanied by letterpress of an intrinsic value. Every publishing firm has its specialty and its own particular public. For beautiful publications of the more solid kind the firm of Hachette stands first. They publish this year a new volume of Elisée Reclus' great geographical work, "La Terre et les Hommes," devoted to Belgium, Holland, and the British Isles; the first volume of M. Duruy's "Histoire des Romains;" the first volume of "La Suisse," by M. Gourdault, most splendidly and carefully illustrated; magnificent illustrations of "Ariosto" by Gustave Doré; and, lastly, the pearl of gift-books this season, "Ancassin et Nicolette," translated and adorned with etchings by the great draughtsman Bida. This novel, or, as M. Bida calls it, this "Chantefable," half prose, half verse, is one of the gems of the French literature of the thirteenth century. Never has love been expressed in so touching, so original, and so pure a manner. M. Bida, a man of most cultivated mind as well as an artist of high aims, whose illustrations of the Bible surpass anything ever yet attempted in that line, has shown, in a twofold way, his profound understanding of the ancient text by a translation half verse, half prose, retaining with certain liberties, the *naïf* grace of the original, and by drawings, which seem living images in their plastic reality, of Ancassin the young Count of Beaucaire, and his love Nicolette, the Saracen slave. M. Quantin, long contented, before becoming a publisher, with being the best printer in Paris, has placed himself from the first on a level with the best by his fascinating recollections of the "Petits Conteurs Français" (Boufflers, Voisenon), little classical masterpieces (La Princesse de Clèves, "Adolphe," "Valérie"), and his miniature editions of ancient novels, "Cupid and Psyché," "Daphnis and Chloé," which are marvels of grace and good taste. To these he

has this year added a collection of unpublished letters of the deepest interest: "Correspondance de E. Delacroix," edited by Th. Burty,—a sort of biography of the painter as furnished by his letters, through which we form an intimate acquaintance with the simple, loyal, and somewhat melancholy nature of this great artist. Seldom has a man of genius carried sincerity, freedom from personal pre-occupations and petty vanities, the wide and eclectic appreciation of everything that is beautiful, the absence of all exaggeration and emphasis, so far. The two letters on the English school of painting and Bonnington are amongst the most interesting. What he said of the English painters twenty years ago, of their conscientiousness, their impulsive originality, their psychological penetration, is true to this day. At M. Germer Pailière's we find scientific works; at M. Plon's books of travel. M. Hetzel is the young people's favourite. He enchants them with the inexhaustible magic lantern of Jules Verne, whose "Capitaine de Quinze Ans" is as exciting as his "Capitaine Hatteras," and his "Enfants du Capitaine Grant." He transports them into Russia with his "Maroussia," illustrated by the last drawings of the excellent Alsatian artist, Théophile Schuler. Froelich continues his series of children's books, the charm and truth of which are such that they delight the mothers even more than the children. Those who want pretty editions of the classics of the seventeenth century go to Jouaust; those who want modern poetry find it at Lemerre and Fischbacher's, dressed in such elegant garb as to predispose them to admiration. M. Mame and M. Palmé address themselves especially to the Ultramontane connection; and the firm of Firmin Didot itself seems desirous of giving a Catholic colour to its larger illustrated works, such as "Les Femmes dans la Société Chrétienne," by M. Dantier, which far from rival those of Hachette.

These gift-books, however, represent only a small part of the literary activity that shows itself every year as winter comes on. The books that are read, and are worth reading, are not always the handsomest, or finest impressions. Often even publishers are a trifle careless as regards those which are sure to make their way by themselves. This is not the time of year that novelists choose for producing their most cherished works. They prefer spring or summer, when the attractions of the season are over, and their female readers have quiet and leisure. The return of the fine weather, the reawakening of nature, arouse a desire for poetical emotions, and lend them a peculiar charm. Winter is the time for serious reading, in the long fireside evenings, when the wind is raging outside. Hence it comes that most of the books published at the beginning of the winter are of the serious and solid kind. One novelist-poet only has ventured to bring out a book of the spring-time class just when everybody are making themselves snug within doors. Under the title "Scus Bois" (Charpentier), A. Theuriet has collected some short pieces expressing more intensely than any of his former productions his profound sympathy with a country life. If you wish to console your-

self for the inclemencies of the season, and reawaken delicious memories of days far from the stir and din of towns in the free healthy atmosphere of the real country, read over again "En Forêt" and "La Chanson du Jardinier." You will find yourself making lovely excursions along the banks of the Meuse, through the dense forests of the Argonne, illumined at evening by the bright light of the glass-works, with joyous and sturdy companions. At the same time, in his essay on popular songs, M. Theuriet teaches you the treasures of unconscious poetry and artless and profound sentiment contained in these rustic verses, hitherto so little known, which the peasants themselves are beginning to forget.

Pure literature, literary criticism, is, it has been already remarked, very much neglected in these days in France. The daily press, it is true, still has among its writers two critics of the highest order, M. Schérer of the *Temps*, and M. Colani of the *République Française*; but whatever savour their articles may possess, even when collected in volumes, like M. Schérer's "Études sur la Littérature Contemporaine" (5 vols., Lévy), these disconnected sketches, designed for an inattentive and mixed public, limited by the very size of the paper, cannot rank with works of a less fleeting nature, thought out and written at leisure, in which the general ideas present themselves, not in the shape of brilliant assertions, but borne out by facts and reasoning. It seems as if those who have the talent necessary to undertake such works were led by the daily press and the reviews to confine themselves to incomplete and rapid essays. The exception, if any, to this rule is some professor in the provinces, whom Paris has not spoiled, who, in his isolation, has time to read, think, and write, with sufficient sequence to compose a work. Thus unquestionably one of our most distinguished men of letters is M. Stapfer, professor of foreign literature at Grenoble. And yet, though possessing all the qualities calculated to please,—wit, taste, a lively and delicate style, very varied literary attainments, acute moral and psychological appreciation,—his books, "Laurence Sterne" and the "Causeries Parisiennes," have not met with the success they deserve. The world finds it difficult to believe that you can be a writer of any value if they have not seen your name in the papers or the reviews, and the serious class of readers has neglected literature for erudition. M. Stapfer's new book, "Shakespeare et l'Antiquité," is sure to be more successful than its predecessors, because it treats of a great poet admired by the whole world, about whom, in France at least, people do not know much, and whom M. Stapfer has here treated from an original point of view, and also because without making a parade of erudition he has given it a larger place than before. But it is not to this the book owes its value. In the retirement of a provincial town, in the isolation of solitary study, M. Stapfer could not know everything; with no one to revise his work, he has overlooked some errors. Now and then, too, he has let his pen run on too complacently, as if giving himself up to the delights of a talk. But the real value of his book

seems to me to lie in his moral and psychological appreciation of Shakespeare's plays. By confining himself to the study of a portion only of the great dramatist's work, and that not the most important, he has been able to analyse it with extreme minutiae, and render an accurate account to himself of the mode in which Shakespeare worked and transformed the materials he derived from tradition. It is in the works of the second order that the true character of men of genius can often be best appreciated. They are more accessible from the secondary side than from that of their masterpieces, which silence criticism by the enthusiasm they excite, and which, moreover, the admiration of posterity has, so to speak, consecrated and transfigured. In devoting himself exclusively to those of Shakespeare's plays whose subjects are borrowed from classical antiquity, M. Stapfer has been able to determine his real place in the Renaissance, whose exaggerations and prejudices he succeeded in rejecting and avoiding; to show what his historical and literary attainments were, the simple good faith with which he accepted the traditions of Plutarch; and at the same time the powerful psychological designs, the strong instinct of the living realities and the dramatic logic with which he animated these imperfect documents, and produced works which, in spite of all anachronisms, all incoherencies, and all oddities, are yet profoundly Roman, profoundly English, and profoundly human. Perhaps the best chapter of the volume is that on *Troilus and Cressida*. M. Stapfer shows perfectly how the conception the middle ages had of the Trojan War, violently taking part with the Trojans against the Greeks, has found its most vivid, poetically fantastic, and striking utterance in Shakespeare's piece. We look impatiently for M. Stapfer's second volume, in which he is to treat of the relation and the differences of the Shakespearian and the ancient drama. The English, so deeply versed now in Shakespearian erudition, will, we think, forgive the French critic a few errors of detail, in consideration of the lofty intelligence and the calm fairness with which he comments on the poet's work.

If literature be somewhat neglected at present in France, it is not so with history. Never has it been more studied, and the discoveries yet to be made, even relative to the epochs apparently the best known, are surprising. One would almost be inclined to think that the whole of history ought to be recast, that those who have hitherto attempted large historical syntheses have been too hasty, and that every fact ought first to be subjected to the most minute critical investigation. The archives have many surprises in store for us still, a proof of which is to be seen in the commentary drawn from them by M. Luce for the edition of Froissart which he is publishing under the auspices of the Société de l'Histoire de France. The seven volumes already issued do not comprise more than Book I, but the text is accompanied by explanatory and commentary notes so copious and complete that the whole of the history of the fourteenth century seems, as it were, renovated thereby. Thus he has done justice on the legend according to which Charles V. was

supposed to have declared war on Edward III. by sending one of his scullions to him; the truth being that Edward III. declined a present of wine Charles V. had sent him at the moment when hostilities were beginning again, and out of this fact the legend grew. It is no less important to study local history in its details, for the general history of a country results from all the local forces combined, and though by following merely the great political facts and the actions of the central power the effects may be ascertained, the causes remain undiscovered. It is through local and provincial history that social history, the most interesting of all, is learnt. Works of this kind have greatly multiplied of late years, thanks more especially to the numerous learned societies existing in the departments. But none of them can compare with the one M. C elestin Port, archivist at Angers, has just completed: "Dictionnaire Historique de Maine et Loire." He has devoted long years to it, ransacking all the archives, all the libraries of the department and of the neighbouring departments, visiting all the communes, and not leaving a single historical, literary, or archæological question unexplored. More than one article of this dictionary is in itself a book, and, strange to say, this immense erudition, all this dust of the archives, has in nowise overwhelmed M. Port. His dictionary is written with spirit, in in the most lively and original language, and is delightful reading. When we have encyclopædias of this kind for each one of the departments it will be easy to write a general history of France. Again it is by minute study of detail that M. Douen, in his book on "Le Psautier Huguenot" (Fischbacher), throws vivid light on the origin and development of Protestantism in France. The Psalms were one of the chief forces of the Reformation; they animated the Calvinist soldiers to the fight; they sustained the martyrs at the stake; they were the very soul of public as of family worship. To find out how the French Psalter was composed, to what tunes these simple and heroic verses were set, and what tunes were written expressly for them, closely to study Marot and Goudimel, two of the creators, one of modern poetry, the other of modern music, is to study the Reformation from one of its most intimate and beautiful sides. M. Douen has done his work with extreme conscientiousness, and Marot is exalted and ennobled by the light he throws upon him. Besides the court-poet and the valet of Francis I., with whom we were already acquainted, we find a serious and religious-minded man who conscientiously and bravely took his part in the work of the Reformation.

The attention of historians has, however, of late, been turned less to the middle ages and the sixteenth century than to the eighteenth, of all epochs the most interesting to us as being the source of all the questions now agitating France and Europe; the one, too, about which, perhaps, we know least, as far, at any rate, as the reign of Louis XV. is concerned, owing to our attention having hitherto been chiefly confined to the brilliant and frivolous outside of things, the life of the salons, and of literary circles. Voltaire, Diderot, Grimm, Mme. du Deffand, Mme.

d'Epinaÿ have absorbed our gaze ; the lives and work of the ministers, of Fleury, Machault, Choiseul, Maupeou is still in shadow. Henceforward, through M. Masson's two volumes of "Mémoires and Lettres du Cardinal de Bernis" (Plon), one minister, at least, will become well known. Francois Joachim de Pierre enjoyed, until now, rather a poor reputation. He was looked upon as an abbé of the boudoir and the bedchamber, of light morals and wit, a coiner of insipid rhymes, promoted without reason by the favour of Mme. de Pompadour to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, and chiefly responsible for the alliance of France with Maria Thérèse, an alliance out of which the disastrous Seven Years' War arose. It has even been said that it was to revenge himself for an epigram of Frederick II.'s, on his literary productions, that Bernis broke off the Prussian alliance. The memoirs and letters of Bernis reveal him in quite another light. The lively frivolous man we expected does not appear; he has wit no doubt, but above all good sense, observation, and prudence. As regards his relations with Mme. de Pompadour, we are not quite prepared to believe him when he pretends to have only consented with difficulty to being presented to the favourite, and that he yielded in order to exercise a wise and healthy influence over her; but on the question of the Austrian alliance he is entirely exculpated. Not a doubt remains but that it was Frederick who took the initiative in the rupture with France, by being the first to make overtures of alliance to England; and yet Bernis withstood Austria's offers; he was even simple-minded enough to believe, after the alliance with Maria Theresa was concluded, that Frederick could not adhere to it; finally, in 1758 he lost his place because he wanted to take advantage of the first successes to make peace. Hitherto, even in France, people believed the version given by Frederick II. in his Memoirs. But that great man, who knew so well how to practice the principles of Machiavelli, whilst refuting them in his writings, after beating France and Austria in the battlefield, succeeded besides in attaching all the blame possible to them in the eyes of posterity by what he wrote. The hatred and contempt inspired by the Government of Louis XV. gave credit, in France, to all Frederick II.'s accusations: but the time has come for criticism to resume her rights. It does not follow that, like M. Masson, we must make a great minister and a profound politician out of Bernis. He was ill-prepared for the difficult functions he had to fulfil: if he blamed the Austrian alliance, it was he who concluded it; the part he played as counsellor to Mme. de Pompadour did not lead to the reform of any abuse; and after having been deceived by Choiseul he remained his friend. He was a man of sagacious mind, but of no great capacity, and of weak character.

The Seven Years' War, which brought Russia and Austria into collision with Prussia, was to be the starting point of an alliance between the three States, an alliance that after the lapse of a century still exists, notwithstanding all the changes the map of Europe has undergone. This alliance was the work of Frederick II., and M. Sorel has just given

an account of its origin in an admirable book, "La Question d'Orient au XVIII. s. : Les Origines de la Triple Alliance" (Plon). Frederick saw that Russia and Austria were on the point of being drawn into a fatal contest for the succession of the Ottoman Empire, and that on the other hand the rivalry between Prussia and Austria in Germany would remain in the acute stage and impede Prussia's development, unless it were made the instrument of Russian greatness, which was likewise a danger to her. He saw that the partition of Poland would be the solution of all these difficulties. As, with his impious cynicism, he expressed it, "It will unite the three religions, Greek, Catholic, and Calvinist; for we shall partake of one eucharistic body, which is Poland, and if it be not for the benefit of our souls, it will surely be greatly to the benefit of our States." It was in fact the complicity of the three States that bound them indissolubly together. Russia checked her advances in the east, having, of necessity, to occupy herself with Poland, and left Prussia to unite her possessions in the northeast with those in the west, by making herself mistress of the lower course of the Vistula; Austria left off watching Russia in the east, and gave up her claims on Silesia. It is from the partition of Poland and the alliance of the three courts of Austria, Prussia, and Russia, that international and modern politics date. The consequences are visible now, and, as M. Sorel eloquently demonstrates, are beginning to turn against the authors of that glaring iniquity. The Polish question seems exhausted, but the Eastern question is making rapid strides towards a solution. Once solved, the Austrian question will begin to unfold itself, and then Prussia and Russia will remain face to face. M. Sorel has not treated this deeply interesting question solely as a diplomat, but as a psychological historian as well, and has produced finished portraits of the three chief actors in the drama: Catherine II., who behaved with an unscrupulousness truly imperial, and an immodesty truly epic, conquering and annexing on a grand scale, as if by right of nature, in the name of holy Russia; Frederick, harsh and persevering, mingling the cynicism of Mephistophelian irony with his passion for the greatness of his country; Maria Theresa, weak and greedy, devout and ambitious, full of scruples to which she paid no heed—"always weeping and always taking."

"God is too high and France is too far off," said the Poles more than once in their misfortunes. France, in fact, always sympathized with them, but, whether from weakness, powerlessness, or incapacity, that sympathy remained a barren one, and rather harmful than useful. Striking examples of this are to be found in M. de Broglie's new book, "Le Secret du Roi" (2 vols., Lévy). It was well known for some time past through M. Boutaire's publication, "La Correspondance Secrète de Louis XV.," that that indolent and vicious king had kept up, side by side with the official, a secret diplomacy, the threads of which he held in his own hand, and by means of which he now and then pursued different aims from those of his ministry. But the essential documents, the letters of the Comte de Broglie, the chief agent and the soul of this

secret diplomacy, were wanting. The present Duc de Broglie, the grand-nephew of the Comte de Broglie, thanks to the voluminous archives of his family, as also to the Archives of Foreign Affairs and of the Ministry of War, has been able to give a complete history of that curious diplomatic episode, which he has recounted with brilliant and forcible vivacity. He places the part Louis XV. played in its true light. M. Boutaire was very near making him pass for a great politician thwarted by his ministers, and trying to take his revenge unknown to them; M. de Broglie shows him to have been merely a *blasé* looker-on, seeking distraction of a refined kind, incapable of following out an idea, and meanly sacrificing his confidants as soon as the secret was discovered. We experience a certain deception in reading these two volumes, from seeing the many negotiations that miscarried, the magnificent plans that did not weigh a straw in the destinies of Europe. It is painful to see this Penelope's web alternately made and unmade. The book is of immense importance as regards knowledge of Louis XV. and his Government, but throws no light on what really guided the politics of Europe. Yet this Comte de Broglie was a man of rare understanding, impelled by obedience to the King, ambition, and love of intrigue to accept a thankless and undignified part. Poland was the centre of his projects, from the moment when he laboured to get the Prince de Conti elected king up to that in which he endeavoured to enlist the adventurer Dumouriez to his ideas. He cherished dreams, it is said, of changing the anarchical constitution and making it the pivot of a French policy. These chimeras, blent with profound insight and just intuitions, ended in the most absolute nothingness and the cruellest mortification.

If M. de Broglie's book draws a sad picture of monarchical France in the eighteenth century, that given by M. de Lomenie's "Mirabeau" (Dentre) is not more seductive, but is perhaps more instructive. The Mirabeau family is not only interesting on account of the great revolutionary tribune, but because all its members were powerful and original individualities: the grandfather, Jean Antoine, and the grandmother, who died insane; the bailiff uncle, a man of great intelligence, and admirable rectitude, who would have made an excellent Minister of the Marine; the other uncle, who became Councillor to the Margrave of Bayreuth, after being repudiated by his family owing to his having married beneath him; lastly, the Marquis, father of the great Mirabeau, the philosopher, philanthropist, economist, and author of "L'Ami des Hommes," one of the most extraordinary types of the reforming nobility of the eighteenth century, a true symbol of the disorder then prevailing—at outrageous war with his wife, by whom he had had eleven children; at war with his son, against whom he took out *lettres de cachet*, whilst thundering against the abuses of authority—a strange example of the influx of democratic ideas into a feudal brain. We must read M. de Lomenie's book to understand the state of intellectual and administrative anarchy into which France had sunk. It likewise gives many inter-

esting details concerning the navy, the Order of Malta, and the feudal rights in the eighteenth century.

Let those who wish to console themselves for these too highly-coloured pictures read the "Lettres de la Princesse de Condé au Marquis de la Gervaisais" (Didier), published by M. P. Viollet, genuine letters of the same period, forming the purest and most touching novel imaginable. This last heiress of the great name of Condé had fallen in love with a young gentleman of elevated and original mind and precocious maturity. She yielded to the charm of this inclination till the consciousness of the obstacle the prejudices of her rank would interpose between her and the one she loved constrained her to give him up. She renounced the world, and retired to the cloister. This, again, is a sad example of the barbarism of the social condition of the eighteenth century; but here at least are souls of almost ideal nobility to admire. These letters are love melodies, of incomparable innocence and artlessness, and at the same time of passionate depth.

The philosophical publications this year were far from being as important as the historical ones. Translations continue to be made of the English philosophers, who at present—Herbert Spencer more especially—exercise an unquestionable ascendancy over French thought. In proof of which we have only to read M. Ribot's excellent "Revue Philosophique" (Germer Baillère). The works of Germany, in the meantime, are not treated with indifference, especially those, very numerous in these days, in which philosophy is based on the sciences, on physiology and physics. Thus, whilst M. Liard has studied "Les Logiciens Anglais Contemporains" (G. Baillère), M. Ribot has completed a work on the "Psychologues Allemands Contemporains" (G. Baillère), and M. Boutroux has translated "L'Histoire de la Philosophie Ancienne," by Zeller, and has headed the first volume by a remarkable preface. Lastly, the several varieties of pessimism continue to excite curiosity, rather literary, it is true, than philosophical. The fact is, it is difficult to take it seriously and as an explanation of the world, even with men like Schopenhauer and Hartmann. Pessimism is a feeling, a temperament; it may produce a religion, like Buddhism, but will never be a rational doctrine. In France, moreover, amidst a gay, active, sensible, and volatile people, pessimism can never strike root even as a passing fashion. To us it seems like a disease. M. Caro has studied it from this point of view in "Le Pessimisme Contemporain" (Hachette), a charming book, wherein he more particularly, and with reason, devotes himself to bringing out the moral and psychological causes of pessimism in Leopardi, Schopenhauer, and Hartmann; and shows, with some cleverness, that the poet Leopardi was the truest philosopher of the three, because he neither sought the origin nor the remedy of the ill from which he suffered. The modern philosophical systems, which all more or less disturb the notion of free-will, oblige us to revise our ideas on the morals of its rational foundations. The preoccupation has inspired M. Gruyan with a remarkable work on "La Morale d'Épicure

dans ses Rapports avec les Systèmes Modernes," in which, for the first time in France, the Epicurean system has been fairly judged.

During the whole exhibition season the theatres, sure of full houses, did not go to the expense of bringing out any new pieces. They were content with their old *repertoire*. Only now are they beginning to shake off their inertia and to produce some novelties. The opera set the example with Gounod's "Polyeucte," promised and looked for long ago. This work, to which the composer attached great importance, has been much talked of for some time. Strange stories were current of the adventures of the score,—of its having been left in London in the hands of a lady of some notoriety, who would not return it, and of M. Gounod having in consequence entirely to rewrite it. After the semi-fiasco of "Cinq Mars" a brilliant revenge was looked for; but in vain. Mlle. Krauss's admirable dramatic talent, Lasalle's fine voice, the wonderful scenery, the dazzling *mise en scene* of the *fête* of Jupiter, and some pieces of a lofty inspiration make "Polyeucte" a spectacle worth seeing; but for one who bears the name of Gounod, and has written "Faust," "Romeo," "Mireille," "Sapho," a *succès d'estime* is not enough. The subject, moreover, was not suited to the musician's peculiar genius. He fancies that because he has a mystical side to his nature he is fitted to write religious music, and in the case of lyrical religious music, if he had to express personal emotions, he would perhaps be right. But he is incapable of the great dramatic objectivity which a subject at once religious and antique demands. It would require the genius of a Gluck, and no one is less like Gluck than M. Gounod. We are indebted to him for some of the most beautiful lyrical effusions, the most delicious cooings and warblings in modern music, but his essentially personal and subjective style lacks variety, and almost everything he has produced since he wrote "Faust" recalls without equalling it. He moreover committed the mistake of treating as an opera, and one suited to the traditional formulas of the Grand Opéra of Paris, a subject better fitted for a kind of oratorio. The result is a species of contradiction that annoys and shocks the spectator.

Notwithstanding the serious reserves we make with reference to Gounod's latest work, we cannot follow those who, at his expense, praised the Marquis d'Ivry's "Amants de Vérone." The difference between the inspiration of a Gounod, original as it invariably is, and the make-up talent of a skilful and learned amateur, is all in all. The success of the "Amants de Vérone" at the Salle Ventadour, proclaimed by the singer Capoul, who is himself the lessee, was due, in great measure, to Capoul's own talent, which excites veritable enthusiasm in a portion of the public, more especially the female public, and to the charms of Mlle. Heilbronn. It was due also to the Marquis d'Ivry's many personal relations, to the Salle Ventadour having become a fashionable rendez-vous, and finally to the attraction exercised by the divine subject of Romeo and Juliet itself, so often experimented upon by musicians since the day when Shakespeare made it the gospel of young and passionate

love. But no music will ever be worthy of Shakespeare's verses; them and them only will lovers read and repeat again and again.

An interesting attempt made at the Odéon by M. Vitu to adapt an Italian piece of M. Giacometti's, "La Mort Civile," to the French stage, is deserving of notice. Both in France and Italy Salvini owed one of his great successes to this piece. A Sicilian painter has carried off a young girl and married her; in a fray he has killed his wife's brother, who wanted to take her back to her parents, and has been condemned to the galleys. At the end of a year he escapes and finds his wife living as governess in the house of a charitable doctor, who has adopted the painter's daughter and gives her out to be his child. The girl herself believes the doctor is her father. The painter, mad with jealousy and love, wants at first to take back both wife and daughter, but vanquished by the greatness of soul of his wife, who has herself renounced a mother's rights for the sake of her daughter's happiness, he condemns and kills himself. The piece is *naïf* and naively treated. Some Parisian critics were astonished at its success, and recalled the failure of an analogous piece by M. Edmond, "L'Africain." But that piece wanted sincerity and conviction; you were conscious of a substratum of Parisian bragging in it. "La Mort Civile," on the contrary, is unskilfully constructed, but the sentiments are true and human. The scene in which the painter makes his wife confess that she loves the doctor, though she has never let him see it, is admirable in its pathos; and when she bids her daughter kneel down at the feet of her dying father, and call him father because he had had a daughter who resembled her and whom he passionately loved, not an eye remained dry. The great success of "La Mort Civile" proves that ability is not so necessary on the stage as is supposed; that the essential thing is to be human and true. A common coloured engraving that is true in sentiment is often more touching than the production of the most delicate brush if it be affected and false.

The artistic world has been somewhat excited lately by M. Massenet's nomination to the musical section of the Académie des Beaux Arts. M. Massenet's competitor was M. Saint-Saëns, and in the eyes of musicians the latter ought to have been preferred. He is M. Massenet's superior both as regards the number of his works, and the power and loftiness of his inspiration. But M. Massenet is more popular; his "Roi de Lahore" has been played at the Opera; he is an amiable man, and his *romances* have had the run of all the *salons*. And whilst M. Saint-Saëns had all the musicians of the Academy on his side, M. Massenet had all the remainder, the painters, sculptors, engravers, and architects. No doubt he too deserved admission to the Institute, but the author of "Samson and Dalila," the "Rouet d'Omphale," "Phaéton," "La Jeunesse d'Hercule," "La Danse Macabre," should have entered before him.

G. MONOD, in *Contemporary Review*.

THE SCHOOL-SHIP SHAFTESBURY.

WHAT has happened to the London street Arab? Is he going the way the Mohicans, and the Cherokees, and other wild tribes? No: he is going a much better way. He is being turned into a civilised, respectable, and useful member of society. Like the Red Indians, he is being "improved off the face of the earth;" but in his case it is happily by transformation, not by extermination. He is certainly not so conspicuous a feature of London street life as he used to be. The watchman's bull's-eye searches in vain many of the dark corners where he used to crouch at night. He is by no means so frequent a visitor to the police-court. The cells reserved for his occasional occupation in the gaols are to a large extent vacant. From the stipendiary magistrate down to policeman X, all metropolitan authorities agree that the street Arab promises soon to become one of the vanishing curiosities of the old world. For instance, it was stated by Sir Charles Reed in his speech on the re-assembling of the School Board after the midsummer recess, that whereas the number of juvenile prisoners in the county gaol at Newington had been three hundred and sixty-seven in 1870, it had fallen last year to one hundred and forty-six. And this is not an accidental or an exceptional diminution. There has been a constant and gradual decrease; and the reports of Colonel Henderson are to the same effect.

To what happy influence is this change due? Do we already behold the fulfilment of those prophecies so boldly made at the advent of school boards, that reading, writing, and arithmetic would be the antidote to every poison in our civilisation? Scarcely. There has been a good deal more than the proverbial "three R's" at work in this field. Whatever success may be fairly claimed here has been due to one particular provision of the Elementary Education Act, which gave new life to older methods of benevolent work. Industrial schools had done much good service before school boards came into existence, but like many other charitable institutions they were greatly cramped for want of means. Now the Act of 1870 gave power to school boards both to build industrial schools for themselves, and to subsidize other institutions of the kind. The London Board has availed itself of both powers. It has now two industrial schools of its own, and has made contributions to almost every such school in England in order to secure places for its street Arabs. The number of boys disposed of in this way has been 3,867, while altogether between seven and eight thousand have been taken off the streets. The time elapsed is yet too short to judge of the effect which the training received may have upon the future character and career of this juvenile multitude; but the effect of their exodus upon the London streets and prisons is unmistakably evident.

But it is of one part only of this great work that we propose to speak now. For many reasons a seafaring life offers special advantages to these rescued boys. We give no opinion as to the desirability of such a life in general. But where one great danger to the youth leaving school is the risk of entanglement in the bad associations of earlier days, or where a lad's chief temptations arise from exuberant animal spirits and a bold adventurous temper, he may do many worse things than go to sea. Now there are of course many such boys among the thousands taken off the streets by the London School Board. And the best school for them is a floating school, where they may not only become accustomed to the order and discipline necessary on board ship, but may also receive elementary instruction in practical seamanship. Many such floating industrial schools exist round the coast. But after every available place had been occupied in them, many promising boys had to be sent to institutions less fitted for them. This led those members of the Board who give themselves more especially to industrial school work, to consider the expediency of establishing a school-board ship in the Thames. Application was accordingly made to the Government for the grant of a disused ship suitable for the purpose. Most of the school-ships previously in existence had been in the days of their youth frigates or line of battle-ships. Thus the earlier part of their career was passed in serving Great Britain by the destruction of her enemies, while their tranquil old age is passed in serving her by the salvation of her children. The former service may have been necessary; but surely few would deny that in this case the words of the Preacher are singularly fulfilled, "better is the end of a thing than the beginning thereof." But the School Board were disappointed in their application. The Government had no suitable ship to dispose of in such a manner; and the Board were obliged to look elsewhere. An old screw-steamer of the Peninsular and Oriental line, unsuitable for the new line of traffic through the Suez Canal, was advertised for sale about this time, and a thorough inspection showed her to be well adapted to the object in view. After undergoing the necessary alterations and repairs, she was moored in a berth specially dredged for her, off Grays. Her former name was the *Nubia*, but with a natural and pleasant recognition of the great services rendered by Lord Shaftesbury to the class of poor and neglected boys, she was renamed after him.

It was a bright autumn day when the present writer joined a few friends bent on seeing this new life-boat—for such indeed she is. The part of the London, Tilbury, and Southend Railway which passes through East London does not afford much scope for picturesque observations, whether under a bright autumn sun or any other kind of light. But it gives many a glimpse of squalid misery and human need; it suggests many a dim perspective of dark expiring, which formed our best preparation for the visit we were to make. From these grimy lanes, flanked by staring public-houses, like Satan's sentinel-boxes to guard against all invasions of heavenly influences, many a boy is driven

forth by ill-usage, neglect, and starvation, to pick up his living as best he may. On the other hand, even the best-disposed parents in such regions find an almost insuperable difficulty in keeping their boys from evil influences that sweep them away from home control. Indeed, family life is impossible under the conditions imposed by necessity on many of the London poor; and one of the most promising reforms of the present day is the improved system of erecting workmen's dwellings in blocks, by which the economy of land enables the builder to give better accommodation for the same rent. But at present we have to do not with radical reforms (properly so called) which go to the root of the evil, but only with one which seeks to nip it in the bud, just where a naughty boy is beginning to turn into a vicious and criminal man.

The prospect brightened across the Essex marshes, where the grey green of the autumn grass was dotted with dull-red cattle, and touched with a chilly sunshine. And when, towards Grays, the river opened full in view, all eyes were searching for the object of our visit, as though the earliest glimpse of it was a matter not lightly to be sacrificed.

"There she is!" cried a friend;—"there, near the *Exmouth*!" Be it observed that the *Exmouth* is a workhouse ship; that is, she takes from various Unions the boys thought best adapted for a sailor's life. This is the ship whose predecessor was burnt some years ago, when the steadiness, discipline, and even heroism of the boys excited universal sympathy and admiration. How much better off are these boys than in the depressing atmosphere of a workhouse! It is not inappropriate that the school-board ship should be so near to a sister vessel engaged in so similar a work. But while our friend is bidding us observe the long, shapely lines of the *Shaftesbury* contrasted with the bluff proportions of her consort, and is explaining the advantages involved in her iron construction—all previous school-ships being, we believe, of wood—the train stops at the station and we dismount. The captain and one of the officers are there to meet us, distinguished by their naval uniform. And, indeed, smarter-looking officers are probably not to be met with in the navy than these of the *Shaftesbury*. It might have been supposed that a body elected like the School Board would have been less free than the committee of a voluntary society to give moral and religious considerations their full weight in selecting men for this philanthropic work. Experience, however, so far does not justify such a fear. While insisting upon seamanlike experience and skill, the Board has clearly been guided in its selection by evidence of previous interest in Christian work on the part of the candidates, and of a disposition to regard as a sacred trust the office that they sought.

At the landing-place we found the ship's cutter awaiting us, manned—if the expression be not inappropriate—by ten or a dozen boys in their blue jackets and sailor's hats. On the first glance it seemed impossible to believe that these smart-looking lads had, only a few months before, been waifs and strays on the streets. But a closer inspection showed

that the traces of neglect and misery were not yet wholly effaced, and, to say truth, the handling of the oars as we pushed off proved that they were as yet but the raw material for sailors. Yet the cheerful energy with which they scrambled the boat along—so to speak—showed at least contentment and willingness. We first pulled alongside the tender *Swift*, a small barque-rigged vessel attached to the *Shaftesbury* for the purpose of exercising the boys in the actual duties of a voyage, by short trips to the mouth of the river. We then dropped down to the school-ship, and on ascending the companion-ladder found ourselves on a grand sweep of deck 290 feet long, with a breadth of 38 feet at the broadest part. This deck has been added, in adapting the ship to her present purpose. Through the wide hatches, fitted with broad ladders like flights of stairs, we could see the main deck, where the mess-tables were being rapidly cleared. Beneath that again is the dormitory, with beds for three hundred and fifty boys, only about sixty of whom had been admitted at the time of our visit. On the main deck are classrooms with all needful apparatus for instruction. Below the sleeping deck, and resting on the concrete which forms the ballast, is the heating apparatus, secure from dangers of fire, since it has nothing round it but the iron framework of the vessel. At the same depth there is also a band-room for the noisy and necessarily discordant practice of the tyros of the band. But indeed some of the latter had already made progress enough to strike up a lively march as we made our appearance on deck, while the boys not otherwise on duty paraded past us.

As we have already said, there is not much at first sight to distinguish these lads from any other young sailor-boys; but, as we pick up information about their individual histories, our interest and our sympathy are vastly deepened. There, for instance, is one, aged twelve, apparently healthy, happy, and innocent-looking. Surely such a boy would have done very well at an ordinary day-school? Such is our inexperienced impression; but that only shows how little we know about it. This very boy was picked up a few months ago, wandering homeless in Southwark at two o'clock in the morning. He was half-starved and in a deplorable condition of rags and filth. The inquiries of the police found out his father; but there was no use in sending him home, for the latter had no control, was in ill-health, and had not seen the lad for a quarter of a year. Here is another, whose father is a solicitor's clerk, with pay at the rate of thirty shillings a week. Of course such a father is required to make a proportionate contribution towards the cost of keeping the boy on the ship. But some will perhaps maintain that the community ought to be burdened with no part of the expense in such a case. Yet, after all, is the community quite blameless? The truth is, certain bad elements, for a long time neglected and even fostered by the community, laid hold of this lad and made a thief of him. He had a marked inclination for bad companions; and bad companions existed in sad abundance, owing in a great measure to the conditions of society amongst us. Here is a third, whose mother ekes out by needlework the

father's casual earnings as a laborer. They have come down in the world, by whose fault we know not, or whether by unavoidable misfortune. But the next generation seemed bent upon going a great deal lower. The boy being perhaps of a lively, adventurous disposition, and having no attractions at home, became ringleader of a little gang who are described as a great annoyance to the shopkeepers of the neighborhood. They would hang about the doors watching their opportunity, or making it by the disturbance they created, and then they would run off with anything they could lay their hands on. Thus the lad was in a fair way to become a burglar. He is now, thank God! in a fair way to become an honest sailor. Here is a fourth case, in which the parents, despairing of the boy's future, were willing to pay five shillings a week to any school that would take him; and did so for six months while he remained in an industrial school. But not being sent there by order of a magistrate, he was removed for some reason or other, and for a year was worse than ever. He sought the companionship of thieves, ran away from home for days together, and would then be pulled out of some dust-bin or cellar-area by the police. He is now here by order of a magistrate, and he will not find it easy to evade the custody of the School Board.

Enough—we have no space to describe other cases; and, indeed, they are all very much alike. These boys were the pregnant germs of crime and disorder for a coming generation. They have been removed from the evil influences that surrounded them; and it is found that good is not wholly blighted within them. They can be obedient, obliging, kind one to another, faithful to little trusts. And it is not too much to expect that as good influences have been substituted for ill, the better nature will be strengthened by a few years' discipline, so that it will bear the stress of life. From the heart we pray God grant it. For the parting cheer of those boys rings in our ears still; and it has a tone of confidence and hope.

HENRY C. EWART, in *Sunday Magazine*.

ON BEING KNOCKED DOWN AND PICKED UP AGAIN.

A CONSOLATORY ESSAY.

A GREAT deal of human life consists in the simple operations, mentioned in our title, of being knocked down and picked up again. This is a process constantly going on, both in a physical and a metaphorical sense. Life is full of ups and downs. Properly speaking, we cannot have the one without the other, as we cannot have up-hill without down-hill. Naturally, we prefer the "up" to the "down," and would probably prefer knocking down other people to the converse operation of being knocked down ourselves. The gentleman who committed suicide, on the high ground that he objected to the absurd and constantly recurring practice of dressing and undressing, ought to have more of these serious ups and downs of life, which have sometimes been enough, with a better show of reason, though not with the reality of it, to drive better people to self-destruction. If one were using a Butlerian mode of argument, it would be proper to say that this uncertainty is so certain, that want of uniformity so uniform, that they are part of the very plan and structure of human life. To be always "up" would be something monstrous and abnormal. When Amasis of Egypt found that the island despot Polycrates was always successful, that when he cast his priceless ring into the sea it was brought back in the fish captured by the fisherman, he renounced all friendship with him. He knew that it foreboded no luck at the last. And he ingeniously argued that if he made a friend of Polycrates he would certainly have to endure considerable mental anguish through the misfortunes which would happen to his friend. He used rather a pretty expression, indicating that life was a kind of tracery, a blending and interlacing of shadow and sunshine. Of course this way of looking at human life might be treated on the method either of weeping or laughing philosophers. Most sensible men are content to take together the rough and smooth, the bitter and sweet. They know that these things make the man and the athlete. Beaumarchais beautifully says in his "Memoirs:" "The variety of pains and pleasures, of fears and hopes, is the freshening breeze that fills the sails of the vessel and sends it gaily on its track." I heard a man say once, that he had had great trials, and with the blessing of heaven he hoped to have some more of them. It was a bold expression, perhaps an overbold, but still he saw into the kernel of this mystery and problem of reverse and misfortune. Sometimes the knockdowns are so continuous and so stunning, that they tax all our philosophy to understand them, or even be patient about them.

Let us first look at the plain, prosaic, practical, and somewhat pugilistic

tic force of the expression. The earliest education of an ancient race consisted in shooting, riding, and speaking the truth. I am afraid that the last item is very much falling out of the modern fashionable *curriculum*. We must all have our tumbles. Every man learns to ride through a process of tumble continually repeated. Who ever learned to ride except through continual falls, or to fence except through continual buffeting! The other day, I was reading Mr. Smiles's "Life of George Moore." It is a little too much of the Gospel according to Hard Cash. Mr. Moore had neither chick nor child, and he invested a large portion of his wealth in philanthropic and religious munificence, which yielded him immense social returns. Bishops and judges flocked around the dry-goods proprietor, who seemed made of money, who bled gold at every pore. I do not say that he was not a good and sincere man, but the worship of the golden calf was comically mixed up with the whole of it. But how this man George Moore worked in order to accumulate money. He had for a partner a man called Copestake. He led the wretched Copestake an awful life. Copestake worked away in a little room over a trunk-shop. For many years together he never took a day's holiday. He went through awful anxiety in providing funds for the enterprising Moore. Mr. Moore worked quite as hard. He spent the week in very sharp practice, and on the Lord's Day he balanced his accounts. "I never took a day," he says, "for the first thirteen years during which I had to travel." All this work, in the long run, did not fail to act injuriously upon his health. Lawrence, the great surgeon, gave him some sensible advice: "You had better go down to Brighton, and ride over the downs there; but you must take care not to break your neck in hunting." And now Mr. Moore had to learn the acrobatic art of tumbling. He had to combine the two objects of learning to ride, and of not breaking his neck. In a sort of way, he was constantly being knocked down and picked up again. Dr. Smiles records the Gilpin-like adventures of his monetary hero. "He had some difficulty in sticking on. He mounted again, and pushed on nothing daunted. Wherever a jump was to be taken, he would try it. Over he went. Another tumble! no matter. After a desperate run he got seven tumbles." Mr. Moore thus sums up his experience: "Whatever other people may say about riding to hounds, I always contend that no man ever rides bold unless he has had a few good tumbles." This had been identically his experience as the Napoleon of commercial travellers. *Lector benevole*, we must learn to tumble gracefully. Half the art of the bicyclist is to learn how to tumble. We must become used to being knocked down, and even appreciate it—like the eels, which are said to have a partiality for the process of being skinned—and learn to come up smiling, after a sponge, for the next round.

How often we find a man saying, "I was fairly knocked down. I bore a good deal as I best could, but the last straw breaks the camel's back. The fatal letter came. The fatal telegram came. It told the

bitterest truth. It confirmed the worst fears. I was knocked down." We have heard of persons who have had the very worst tidings. They have died upon the spot. The feeble heart has given way. The overwrought brain has given way. The blow was so sharp and sudden, that none other was ever required by the Fates. The victim was slaughtered where he stood. "If thou faint in the day of adversity thy strength is but small," and, alas, the strength has been small indeed.

Thus it may be in many cases. But it is not so in the case of those who, in the struggle for existence, are destined to survive, and who "rise refulgent" from the stroke. With stricken hearts and wandering wits they contrive to pull themselves together. Look at military history. The whole story of success in war consists in the capacity of men being knocked down and picking themselves up afterwards. This is the moral of that famous seventh book of Thucydides, which Dr. Arnold loved so much, which showed how the invader became the invaders, and the Athenians were overcome on their own element. This is the way by which the Romans obtained the supremacy of the world. Englishmen have never known when they have been beaten. Prussia became the steel tip of the German lance through a series of knock-downs. Read Carlyle or even Macaulay's short essay, to see how Frederick the Great lost battle after battle, campaign after campaign, before he consolidated his glory and his kingdom. See again how, when Prussia was brought to the lowest point of humiliation in the Napoleonic wars, at that very point the star of the nation began to rise. There is a proverb to the effect that Providence is always on the side of the big battalions. This is not always the case, as witness the fields of Marathon and Mongarten and Morat. It is quite conceivable that there have been times in a nation's history when a defeat has been more valuable than any victory, when the knockdown has been essential to any getting up worthy of the name, when the disaster has laid deep and firm the foundations of future victory. I am one of those Englishmen who are never tired of reading about the battle of Waterloo. I can hardly tell how books have been written from the stately simplicity of the Wellington despatches to the misleading legends of M. Thiers and M. Victor Hugo. What has impressed me most, has been the awful reticence of the Duke of Wellington, the way in which he held back the impulsive masses that seemed doomed for massacre, whether forming square or deploying into line, in both a moral and a military sense submitting to be knocked over until the hour comes to be "up and at them."

We see this law pervading all history. When Troy fell, according to the Virgilian legend, its banished citizens reared a mightier city on the Tiber. When monarchy was threatened in Portugal it revived in Brazil. Great Britain, compassed by inexorable limits at home, revives beyond the seas in the Greater Britain which girdles the globe wherever the English tongue is spoken. Pitt thought the star of England was lost in the fierce light of the sun of Austerlitz, and had rolled up the map of Europe in despair; but only a short time before he had met

at the house of a common friend with a young officer, that Arthur Wellesley of whom we have just spoken, destined to pluck the eye out of the French eagle which had soared and screeched above so many a red battle plain. How often has the country "been in danger," "brought to the brink of ruin," "going to the dogs." And what has been said of the country has been said pretty well of every family that goes to make up the country. But somehow men keep on.

The getting up again is the rule through all our modern life. We turn the shattered line, fill up the breach, if necessary march to the ramparts over the bodies of our slain comrades. If there is an explosion in a pit we clear away the *debris*, human and mineral, and the excavation is renewed. If an opera-house is burned down we build up another. If a railway scheme collapses, if there is really anything to go upon it surely revives again. When old St. Paul's was burnt down it is said that a single column survived, on which was engraven the word "Resurgam." Which thing was an allegory; we do, in fact, rehearse our Resurrection whenever with fortitude and unconquerable purpose we look forward to it. Read such stories of heroism as we find in modern exploration, in Governor Eyre's walk across the Continent of Australia, for instance. Look again at the wonderful narratives of exploration in Africa, from the north, from the south, from the east, from the west. We Englishmen played the first part, but a very good second has been scored by Germany. English people, however, are hardly acquainted with the work of Nachtigal and Schweinfurth, Rolfs and Krapf. The great merit of Stanley is that he never knew himself conquered; as often as he was knocked down he picked himself up again. Those fights, day and night, with some thirty tribes of savages, and worse fights with some thirty raging whirlpools of waters, are fine examples of indomitable pluck. But in the whole history of human activity, in every department in life, wherever there is true vitality, the knockdown is rather disciplinary and restorative than any absolute defeat. How often in youthful days we heard the story of the defeated Scottish king who watched the spider that failed half a dozen times before it achieved its object, and so took heart of grace and proved a conqueror at last. That is the most celebrated spider in all entomology. In commercial history, which abounds with so many materials of adventure and romance, we see the case of good and honourable men who have been plainly forced by the facts to give in, who have had to endure the loss of property, and that still more precious and valuable commodity, credit; and yet many of these men have singularly retrieved their shattered fortunes and built up great houses on a firm and durable basis. Look again at the history of inventions. Every great invention has only been perfected by repeated disappointment and through long processes of experiment. Calmness and patience are now the main characteristics of the scientific and philosophic temper. It expects disappointments, and it gets them, and knows that they are instruments of advance and means of verification. The record of all success is simply the record of failures.

Alchemy gave us chemistry, and astrology gave us astronomy. Men wanted the philosopher's stone, and Providence gave bread, the true bread of scientific discovery and solid advances in the realm of nature. The same thing is constantly to be seen in science. If science sustains a defeat it is only a provisional defeat. The defeat itself is a step towards victory. Every scientific man moves slowly from point to point searching into that wisdom which has been hidden that we by searching might find it out.

I was reading in a book of travels the other day something about Dr. Collis Browne, the well-known inventor of chlorodyne. He was a staff-doctor, unattached, and was determined to wrest from bare matter some secret that should prove useful and lucrative. His first experiment was quite unsuccessful. He had an idea which came to nothing, but which may yet be developed, of having chest-protectors which should be filled with inflated air, and thus protect the chest from the outer air. The inventor is described as "busily employed cutting out strips of macintosh with a huge pair of scissors, and gluing them together with some preparation which he was heating over the fire in a pipkin, the whole room being strewn with his materials, and the furniture in a general state of stickiness." Mr. Lucas says in his work ("Camp Life and Sport in South Africa"), "He went on I know to many other ventures before he hit upon his grand discovery of chlorodyne, which ought to have made his fortune. Whether it turned out to be of any substantial benefit I do not know. We can venture, however, to give a little light upon this inquiry. After many chemists had declined having anything to do with the venture, one was found sufficiently enterprising to take the matter in hand, and we believe that the inventor and the chemist who gave currency to the invention now share some ten thousand a year between them. *Mutatis mutandis*, the same story may be told of the great majority of successful men. Most of them will probably say that taking their failures with their successes they have been almost as much indebted to the one as to the other.

"No matter; he who climbs must count to fall,
And each new fall will prove him climbing still.

It is to be observed that the condition of success is that *we keep on at it*. "It's dogged that does it," as one of Mr. Trollope's homely characters justly observes. No limit is to be placed, as long as life lasts, to the power of recuperation and the capacity of action. The old legend is constantly being exemplified, that men as they fall kiss their mother earth, and rise strengthened by the embrace. When Sheridan failed in speaking in the House of Commons, he said that he knew he had it in him, and was determined that it should come out. A still greater man than Sheridan, Lord Beaconsfield, made a yet more conspicuous failure, which he has redressed with far more splendid successes. We think of poor Sir Walter Scott, in his old age, overwhelmed with debts which he had not himself incurred, and nobly

clearing them off at the rate of ten thousand a year by his pen. I do not know whether he formally cleared off the debt, but he stands acquitted in the last verdict of his generation.

Perhaps, my young friend, you have had some terrible knockdown. You really think that you must lie on the ground, and let any one trample on you who has a fancy for that operation. You have been refused by the girl of your heart. Your right wing is broken, and you will never be able to fly as long as you live. It may or may not be a very serious matter. Only this I say, that I know many men who would very gladly have been refused if they knew all which they came to know afterwards. I know many, too, who when they see their old loves rejoice exceedingly that that tremendous knockdown blow of a rejection was duly administered to them. You have been dismissed from a situation, or you have lost some appointment for which you have been trying. These are truly serious things, and I do not wish to underrate their gravity. Still the world is a wide one, and there is plenty of space to allow you a perch in it. I have an idea that if a man does not get on in one place, it is just a sign that he will get on better in another. If he does not succeed in one profession, it is because he is better adapted for something else. Perhaps you have been plucked at college. This is no doubt a serious matter, but still not so serious as it was in my time. There are so many more examinations, and the standard of the examinations is so much raised. The young men, who used to be in disgrace and despair at the pluck in my time, now take the matter with callous coolness. Very good men have been plucked, and followed up their pluck with a first class. I indorse the old-fashioned theory, that no one is born into the world without having a place assigned to him which will give him a livelihood and credit. Then, again, the extreme case arises of impaired health, and the enforced shutting up of the ordinary avenues of distinction. This blow seems of a decidedly knock-down character. But it is not necessarily so. Some of the greatest of this world's children have been invalids. Macaulay draws a fine contrast between that "asthmatic skeleton" William III. and the crooked humpback who led the fiery onset of France. How nobly Alexander Pope sang throughout "that long disease his life." That amiable and clever novelist Mr. Smedley wrote charming stories descriptive of that active existence in which he himself could take no part. When limited by corporeal barriers, the mind has always seemed to work with greater strength and freedom. Thrown upon itself, it seems to gather up its resources with a firmer grasp. Some of the loftiest thoughts and loveliest pictures and sweetest songs have come from those for whom the world seemed to have no place.

The moral history of the phrase might be written at great length. I do not know whether biography would help us very much, because biography is tainted with insincerity and onesidedness. In these days every eminent man has his biography written, in which he is repre-

sented as a faultless monster, and former intimates smile at the imposture upon the public. But look at the biographies of those men who have solemnly unveiled the secrets of their lives, and have shown how they have struggled against the mastery of some overwhelming vice. Weak natures that swim with the stream, which have never sought to counteract the imperious tendencies of evil, can hardly understand the terrific life-long conflicts of many natures, the repeated knocksdown, the despair, the apathy, the remorse, and then once more the rising up again, the renewed conflict, and perhaps the renewed defeat, or the ultimate victory, won with such scars and haunted with such memories. There has been what a recent author happily calls a "black drop in the blood"—some defect of nature, some taint of character, some transmitted or acquired evil. And how to exorcise this evil principle has been the terrible life-long problem. You see this conflict in the writings of the greatest saints, such as Augustine and Luther and Calvin; in those, too, who are all other than saints. It is like the picture of the Devil playing with a man at chess for his soul; it is Faust and Mephistopheles over again. Our Laureate traces this out in his conception of Lancelot, his awful conflict with the tyrannous passion which overwhelmed him:

"His honour rooted in dishonour stood,
And faith unfaithful kept him falsely true."

We remember the final despairing soliloquy heralding the dawning of the better mind:

"So mused Sir Lancelot in remorseful pain,
Not knowing he should die a holy man."

And this is seen in some more of Alfred Tennyson's delineations. King Arthur reproaches the faithless knight Sir Bedevere that he had twice failed, knocked down by the force of temptation, and recognises that he may yet rise again:

"Thou wouldst betray me for the precious hilt;
Either from lust of gold, or like a girl,
Valuing the giddy pleasure of the eyes.
Yet for a man may fail in duty twice,
And the third time may prosper, get thee hence;
But if thou spare to fling Excalibur,
I will arise and slay thee with my hands."

Here the wise and merciful king recognises the possibility of a man being knocked over, and yet being picked up again. And we are reminded of Him who said, "Sin no more, lest a worse thing come unto thee."

Let us look a little at the process of being picked up again. As a rule a man is left to gather himself together as he may, to pick himself up as he best can. As a rule no wretch is so forlorn that he has not some friend who will act as a "Judicious Bottleholder," will plant him on his feet again, and whisper the consolatory remark that he should go in and win. Probably, however, he is left alone on the spot where he was prostrated. If he writhes, wriggles, and makes contortions, this will be a source of considerable gratification to the bystanders. This

will be a favourable opportunity for administering a British kick to the recumbent form. A celebrated writer concludes the preface to his work by the remark: "Should the toe of any friendly critic be quivering in his boot just now, I would respectfully submit that there could not possibly occur a better opportunity than the present for kicking me *de novo*, as I have been for months very ill, and am weary and broken." Some other pickings-up are thrillingly interesting. The soldier waking from his swoon on the battlefield under the quiet stars, recognises his wound, and tries to stagger to his feet. It is an even chance whether he is helped by surgeon or comrade, or knocked on the head by some camp follower for the sake of the pillage. As we go along the waysides of the world, we constantly meet with those who are robbed and wounded and lying half-dead, and—the heavens be thanked!—it may often happen that a good Samaritan, in some guise or other, is coming in the very direction where he is most wanted. I know that public opinion in the present day is strongly in favour of letting the wounded traveller alone, and of watching, with enlightened curiosity, whether he will pick himself up or bleed away. The kindly race of the Samaritans—I who write these lines know it well—have not yet been improved off the face of the earth. There are still good men and women who, like Howard, tread "an open but unfrequented path to immortality." They are "angels unawares." They adorn humanity. They keep alive in man the seeds of goodness and the hopes of heaven. There is no nobler sight in the world than a good man coming to the help of a good man. He will first satisfy himself about the necessity before he inquires about the goodness. He will not depute his personal duties towards the suffering to the tender mercies of a Charity Organisation Society. As he cannot go to heaven by proxy, he will think that he cannot do his work on earth by proxy. If I see a fellow-soldier overthrown in the dust and turmoil of this battle of life, I will not leave him to pick himself up, but I will try and pick him up myself. I will ease him of his accoutrements, I will bring him a morsel of my bread, and water for his feet, and he shall rest within the shadow of my tent. His lot may have been mine yesterday, and may be my child's to-morrow.

There are just a few good people who actually go about the world picking people up whom they find upon the ground. For my part, I prefer the adventures of the Brothers Cheeryble to those of Haroun Alraschid. This can necessarily happen to very few of us. It is much if we can now and then help a man on the roadside; it is given to few to go out and search for them. The secret of Rousseau's influence, as M. Louis Blanc pointed out at his centenary lately, was that he took the side of the *ames damnées* of the earth, the poor, the weak, and the suffering. What the two Frenchmen hinted sentimentally, there are many who have carried out practically. Such lives leave a luminous track behind them, and remind us of those Arms of infinite pity and power which are ever stretched forth to arise and bless us.

London Society.

ATHEISM AND THE CHURCH.

OMNIA EXEUNT IN—THEOLOGIAM. No branch of science appears to consider itself complete, nowadays, until it has issued at last into the vexed ocean of theology. Thus, Biology writes "Lay Sermons" in Professor Huxley; Physics acknowledges itself almost Christian in Professor Tyndall; Anthropology claims to be religious in Mr. Darwin; and Logic, in Mr. Spencer, confesses that "a religious system is a normal and essential factor in every evolving society."* It is only the second-rate men of science who loudly vaunt their ability to do without religion altogether, and proclaim their fixed and unchangeable resolve for its entire suppression. As well resolve to suppress the Gulf Stream or the eccentricity of the earth's orbit! If the horizon of man's thought is bounded on all sides by mystery, it is in simple obedience to the law of his nature that he gives some *shape* to that mystery. It were mental cowardice to shrink from facing it; it were positive imbecility to declare that the coast-line between known and unknown had no shape at all. Granted that the line be a slowly fluctuating one, and that conquests here and losses there reveal themselves in course of time and one day become "striking" to the commonest observer, does that fact acquit of folly the Agnostic statement that—now and here—there is no thinkable line at all, no features to be described, nothing to sketch, no appreciable curves and headlands, no conception possible which shall integrate (for practical utility) that great Beyond whose boundaries, on the hither side at least, are known to us? Men who can only attend to one thing at a time, and whose "one thing" is the field of a microscope or "the anatomy of the lower part of the hindmost bone of the skull of a carp,"† may perhaps escape the common lot of manhood by ceasing to be "men," in any ordinary sense of the word. But for people who live in the open air and sunshine of common life there is the same necessity for a religion as there is for that mental map of our whereabouts that we all carry with us in our brains. Let any one recall his sensations when he has at any time been overtaken in a fog or a snow-storm, and when all his bearings have been blotted out, then he will readily understand the need which all men feel for a theology of some kind, and he will appreciate what the old-school divines meant when they said that "Theology was the queen and mistress of the sciences," harmonizing and gathering up into architectonic unity all the multifarious threads that the subordinate sciences had spun.

I. One is driven, nowadays, to repeat both in public and private these very obvious reflections, owing to the extraordinary persistence with

* Spencer: *Sociology* (7th ed. 1878), p. 3'3.

† Cf. Mivart: *Contemporary Evolution* (1876), p. 134.

which certain philosophers think fit to inform us that we are all making a great mistake; that we can do very well without a religion; and that, though it is true "man cannot live by bread alone," but must have *ideals*, yet the creed by which he may very well make shift to live is this—"SOMETHING IS."* In point of brevity there is here little to desire. The Apostles' Creed is prolix by comparison, and although we might fairly take exception to "some-thing," as embodying two very concrete acts of the imagination and therefore capable of further logical "purification," it were ungenerous to press the objection too far. This creed is purer than that of Strauss: "We believe in no God, but only in a self-poised and amid eternal changes constant universum."† It is wider than that of Hartmann: "God is a personification of force."‡ It is simpler than that of Matthew Arnold: God is "a power, not ourselves, that makes for righteousness."§ It is more intelligible than that of J. S. Mill: "a Being of great but limited power, how or by what limited we cannot even conjecture,"—a notion found also in Lucretius and in Seneca.|| It is more theological than that of Professor Huxley: "The order of nature is ascertainable by our faculties, and our volition counts for something in the course of events."¶ It is similar to that of the ancient Brahmans: "That which cannot be seen by the eye, but by which the eye sees, that is Brahma; if thou thinkest thou canst know it, then thou knowest it very little; it is reached only by him who says, 'It is! it is!'"** And considering that this formula is very nearly what is said also by the Fathers of the Church, what better *formula concordie* between science and theism could we require? For instance, Clemens Alexandrinus (A.D. 200) echoes St. Paul's "Know Him, sayest thou! rather art known of Him," with the confession "We know not what He is, but only what He is not;" Cyril of Jerusalem (A.D. 350) says, "To know God is beyond man's powers;" St. Augustine (A.D. 400), "Rare is the mind that in speaking of God knows what it means;" John of Damascus (A.D. 800), "What is the substance of God or how He exists in all things, we are agnostics, and cannot say a word;" and in the middle ages, Duns Scotus (A.D. 1300), "Is God accessible to our reason? I hold that He is not."††

It seems then there is a consensus among all competent persons, who have ever thought deeply on the subject, that the real nature of that

* *Physicus: Examination of Theism* (1870), p. 142:—"What was the essential substance of that [atheistic] theory? Apparently it was the bare statement of its unthinkable fact that Something Is. The *essence* of Atheism I take to consist in the single dogma of self-existence as itself sufficient to constitute a theory of thing."

† Strauss: *Der alte und der neue Glaube* (2d ed. 1873), p. 116.

‡ Hartmann: *Gott und Naturwissenschaft* (2d ed. 1872), p. 14.

§ M. Arnold: *Literature and Dogma*, p. 396.

|| J. S. Mill: *Essays on Religion*, p. 124. Cf. Lucretius, vi., and Seneca, Nat. Qu. i. 1.

¶ Huxley: *Lay Sermons*.

** The Upanishad: *ap. Clarke's Ten Great Religions*, p. 84.

†† Gal. iv. 9; Clem. Alex., *Strom.* v. 11; Cyr. Jer., *Cat. Lect.* xl. 3; Aug., *Confess. xiii.* 11; Joh. Dam., *De Fide Orthod.* i. 2; Duns Scotus, *In Sent.* i. 3. 1.

Power which underlies all existing things is absolutely unknown to man. And it is allowable, therefore, in the last resort to fall back upon Spinoza's word "sub-stance;" and to accept—if charity so require—as the common basis for theological reunion, the Agnostic formula, "Something Is."

But then, unless some means be found for instantly paralyzing the restless energy of human inquiry, the next question is inevitable,—What is that Something? What are its qualities, its attributes? How are we to conceive of it?

"Existence," is, after all, only one of our three necessary forms of thought: "Space" and "Time" are also necessary to our thinking. And it is in vain for pure Logicians to put on papal airs, to forbid the question, to cry *Non possumus*, and to stifle all free thinking. It is useless to say, "We have already, with razors of the utmost fineness, split and resplit every emergent phenomenon; we have, by assiduous devotion to the one single and undisturbed function of analysis, examined every possible conception that man can form, and have discovered everywhere compound notions, ideas that are "impure" and capable of further logical fissure: salvation is only possible by the confession that 'Something Is;' there rest and be thankful!" It is all of no avail. *Naturam expellas furca*—she is sure to return in armed revolt, and to demand, Who told thee that thou wast thus nakedly equipped? Reason is one thing; but imagination is also another. If analysis is a power of the human mind, so also is synthesis. If you cannot think at all without using the one, neither can you without employing the other. Take for instance a process of the "purest" mathematics,—"twice six is twelve;" you were taught that probably with an abacus, and the ghost of the abacus still lingers in your brain. "The square of the hypotenuse;" you saw that once in a figured Euclid, and you learnt thereby to form any number of similar mental figures for yourself. No: you may call the methods by which mankind think "impure," or attach to them any other derogatory epithet you please; but mankind will deride you for your pains, and will reply. "The philosopher who will only breathe pure oxygen will die; he that walks on one leg, and declines to use the other, will cut but a sorry figure in society; he that uses only one eye will never get a stereoscopic view of anything. Use, man, the *compound* instrument of knowledge your nature has provided for you,—and you will both see and live." Why, even so determined a logician as "Physicus" is obliged sometimes to admit that "this *symbolic* method of reasoning is, from the nature of the case, the only method of scientific reasoning which is available.*" And Professor Tyndall, in the November number of another Review, after complaining that "it is against the mythologic scenery of religion that science enters her protest," finds himself also obliged to mythologize; for he adds (seven pages further

* Examination of Theism, p. 84.

on), "How are we to *figure* this molecular motion? Suppose the leaves to be shaken from a birch-tree. . . . and, to *fix the idea*, suppose each leaf," &c. And so Professor Cooke writes:—

"I cannot agree with those who regard the wave-theory of light as an established principle of science. . . . There is something concerned in the phenomena of light which has definite dimensions. We *represent* these dimensions to our imagination as wave-lengths; and we *shall find it difficult to think clearly* upon the subject without the aid of this wave-theory."

In short, it is obvious that without the help of this mythologic, poetic, image-forming faculty all our pursuit of truth were in vain. And therefore, starting from the common basis of a confession that "something is," we are more than justified, we are obeying a necessary law of our nature, in asking WHAT that eternal substratum of existence is, and with what morphologic aid the Imagination may best present it for our contemplation.

But here the pure logician may perhaps retort, "You forget that the conceptions men form of things are, at their very best, nothing more than human and therefore *relative* conceptions. A fly or a fish probably sees things differently. And an inhabitant of Mercury or Saturn might form a conception of the universe bearing little resemblance to yours."† Quite true; but logicians there, too, would probably be heard to complain that, coloured by Saturnian or Mercurian relativities, truth was sadly impure, and was, in fact, attained by no one but themselves. Nay, in those other worlds priests of Logic might be found so wrapped in superstition as to launch epithets of contempt on all who approached to puncture their inflated fallacies; and who devoutly believed that a Syllogism did *not* contain a *petitio principii* neatly wrapped up in its own premises, and an induction was *not* an application of a pre-existing general idea but a downright discovery of absolute truth. If from such afflictions we on Earth are free, it is because the common sense of mankind declares itself serenely content with the relative and the human; because, while fully aware (from our schoolboy days) that all our faculties—reason among the rest—are limited and earthly, we have faith that "all is well" in mind, as it certainly is in matter; and because we smile at the simplicity of our modern Wranglers who can only analyze down as far as "SOMETHING," when their Buddhist masters two thousand years ago had dug far deeper,—viz. to NOTHING:—

‡ "The mind of the supreme Buddha is swift, quick, piercing; because he is infinitely 'pure.' Nirwana is the destruction of all the elements of existence. The being who is 'purified' knows that there is no Ego, no self: all the afflictions connected with existence are overcome: all the principles of existence are annihilated: and that annihilation is Nirwana."‡

* Cooke: *The New Chemistry* (4th ed. 1878), p. 22.

† *Physions* (p. 143) rides this logical hobby far beyond the confines of the sublime. He demands of the Theist to show that his "God is something more than a mere Counsel Agent which is 'absolute' in the grotesquely-restricted sense of being independent of one petty race of creatures with an ephemeral experience of what is going on in one tiny corner of the universe."

‡ Hardy: *Eastern Monachism*, p. 291.

The Churchman, therefore, holds himself so far justified in claiming the modern Atheist as his ally. They are at least travelling both together on the high-road which leads from a destructive Nihilism towards a constructive religion. Only the Atheist has thought it his duty to go back again to the beginning, and to measure industriously the same ground that the Church had gone over just two thousand four hundred years ago, when the great "Something is" addressed itself to man through Moses in the word "I am" or Jehovah (Absolute Existence).*

But perhaps the pure logician may attempt another reply. Finding us not in the least disconcerted by hearing, once again, the familiar truth that all our faculties are limited, he may attempt to shatter our serenity by an announcement of a more novel kind. He may say, Not only is the imagery with which you clothe, represent, and conceive the Self-existent merely relative and human, but—far more damning fact—it is all a development. It has all grown with the growth of your race. Environment and heredity have supplied you with all your forms of thought. Even your "conscience is nothing more than an organized body of certain psychological elements which, by long inheritance, have come to inform us by way of intuitive feeling how we should act for the benefit of society."†

Be it so. The proof has not yet been made out. But since these evolution-doctrines are (as Dr. Newman would say) "in the air," it is more consonant to the ruling ideas which at present dominate our imagination to conceive things in this way. Indeed, to a large and increasing number of Churchmen the evolution-hypothesis appears, not only profoundly interesting, but probably true. They find there nothing to shake their faith, and a good deal to confirm it. Man is what he is, in whatever way he may have become so. And how Atheists can persuade themselves that this beautiful theory of the Divine method helps their denial of a deity, the modern school of theologians is at a loss to understand. For the cosmic force whom Christians worship has, from the very beginning, been represented to them, not as a fickle, but as a continuous and a law-abiding energy. "My Father worketh hitherto," said Christ. "Not a sparrow falleth to the ground" without His cognizance. "The very hairs of your head are all numbered." "In Him we live and move and have our being." Pictorial expressions, no doubt. But what works could more clearly indicate the unbroken continuity of causation in nature than these texts from the Christian Scriptures? And it is surely the establishment of a continuous, as distinct from an intermittent, agency in nature which forms the leading point of interest both to science and to the Church, at the present day, as against a shallow Deism. If, therefore, man's imaginative and moral faculties, as we know them now, are a development from former and lower—yes, even from savage, from bestial, from material

* Exod. vi. 3

† Physicus, p. 31.

—antecedents, what is that to us? Of man's logical powers the self-same thing has to be said. Why then should logic give itself such mighty airs of superiority and forget its equally humble origin? How does it affect the truthfulness in relation to man, and the trustworthiness for all practical purposes, of our image-forming faculties, that it is what it is only after long evolution, and that the race had a fetal period as well as the individual?

The upshot, then, of the whole discussion is surely this. The Absolute is confessedly inconceivable by man. All our mental faculties are in the same category; they are all finite, relative, imperfect. But then they are suited to our present development and environment. Faith in them is therefore required, and a bold masculine use of them all. For in nature, as in grace, "God hath not given us the spirit of fear, but of power and of love and of a sound mind."* If, then, there are questions into which mere analytic reasoning cannot enter, if logic is powerless, for instance, before a musical score, and is struck dumb before the self-devotion of Thermopylæ, or the unapproachable self-sacrifice of Calvary, by what right are we forbidden to employ these other faculties which help us, and whose constructive help brings joy and health and peace to our minds? The many-coloured poetical aspect of things is, assuredly, no less "pure" and far more interesting than the washed-out and colourless zero reached by interminable analysis. The coloured sunlight is no less "pure," and it reveals a great deal more of truth, than "the pale moon's watery beams." And so we venture to predict that a constructive Christianity which reveals the cosmic force and unity to the millions of men, will ever hold its own against a merely destructive Buddhism, whether ancient or modern; and, long after pure logic has said its last word and—with a faint cry, "Something perhaps is"—has evaporated into Nirwana, will continue its thrice-blessed efforts to rear a palace of human thought, will handle with reserve and dignity the best results of all the sciences, and will integrate (with courage and not despair) the infinite contributions of all phenomena into a theology of practical utility to the further evolution of the human race.

For evolution there has certainly been. And in spite of all that has been said to the contrary,† the moral atmosphere which has from age to age rendered mental progress possible has been, for the most part, engendered by religion, and above all, by the confidence, peace, and brotherhood preached by the Christian Church. No doubt religion was cradled amid gross superstitions; and only by great and perilous transitions has it advanced from the lower to the higher. It was a great step

* 2 Tim. i. 7.

† Draper: *The Conflict between Science and Religion*. New York. 1873. This otherwise admirable work is disfigured throughout by a prejudice against religion, as a factor in human progress, which is almost childish. The learned author surely forgets his own words, "No one can spend a large part of his life in teaching science, without partaking of that love of impartiality and truth which philosophy incites." (P. ix.)

from the Fetish and the Teraphim to the animal and plant symbols of Egypt and Assyria. It was another great step to Baal, the blazing sun, and Moloch, wielder of drought and constroke, and Agni, friendly comrade of the hearth. But when astronomy and physics had reached sufficient growth to master all these wonders, and to predict the solstices and the eclipses, then the fulness of times had come once more; and now the greatest religious transition was accomplished that the human race has ever seen—a transition from the physical, and the brutal, and the astral to the human and the moral, in man's search after a true (or the to him truest possible) representation of the infinite forces at play around him. In Abraham the Hebrew—the man who made the great transition—this important advance is typified for the Semitic races; for others, the results only are seen in the Olympian conceptions of Hesiod and Homer. For here we have, at last, the nature-forces presided over and controlled after a really human fashion. Crude, and only semi-moral, after all, as was this earliest humanizing effort; still human it was,—not mechanical or bestial. And it opened the way for Socrates to bring down philosophy, too, from heaven to earth, for Plato to discuss the mental processes in man, and apply them (writ large) to the processes of nature, and for Moses to elaborate with a divine sagacity a completely organized society, saturated through every fibre with this one idea,—the unity of all the nature-forces, great and small, and their government, not by haphazard, or malignity, or fate, but by what we men call LAW. "Thou hast given them a law which shall not be broken." For this word "law" distinctly connotes rationality. It implies a quality akin to, and therefore expressible in terms of human reason. Its usage on every page of every book of science means that; and repudiates therefore, by anticipation, the dismal invitations to scientific despair with which the logicians *a outrance* are now so pressingly obliging us.

This grand transition, then, once made, all else became easy. The human imagination, the poetic or plastic power lodged in our brain, after many failures, had now at last got on the high road which led straight to the goal. Redemption had come; it only needed to be unfolded to its utmost capabilities. Dull fate, dumb, sullen, and impracticable, had been renounced as infra-human and unworthy. Let stocks and stones in the mountains and the forests be ruled by it; not free, glad, and glorious men! Brute, bestial instinct also had been renounced, as contemptible and undivine in the highest degree. And so, at last, the culminating point was attained. The human-divine of Asiatic speculation, and the divinely-human of European philosophy, met and coalesced; and from that wedlock emerged Christianity. The "Something is" of mere bald analytic reasoning had become clothed by the imagination with that perfect human form and character than which nothing known to man is higher; and that very manhood, which is nowadays so loudly asserted by Positivists and Atheists to be the most divine thing known to science, was precisely the form in which

the new religion preached that the great exterior existence, the Something Is, the awful "I AM" can alone be presented intelligibly to man. For "No man shall see Jehovah and live," says the Old Testament; "No man hath seen God at any time," says the New Testament; the

Son of Man, who is *εἰς τὸν κόλπον τοῦ πατρὸς*—projected on the bosom of the absolute "I am"—He hath declared Him.

Of this language in St. John's Gospel, it is obvious that Hegel's doctrine—echoed afterwards by Comte and the Positivists,—is a sort of variation set in a lower key. In humanity, said he, the divine idea emerges from the material and the bestial into the self-conscious. Humanity presents us with the best we can ever know of the divine. In "the Son of Man" that SOMETHING which lies behind, and which no man can attain to, becomes incarnate, visible, imaginable. But it cannot surely be meant by these philosophers that in the sons of men taken at haphazard the Divinity, the great Cosmic Unknown, is best presented to us. It cannot possibly be maintained that in the Chinese swarming on their canals, in the hideous savages of Polynesia, or in the mobs of our great European capitals, the "Something is" can be effectively studied, idealized, adored. No, it were surely a truer statement that humanity concentrated in its very purest known form, and refined as much as may be from all its animalism, were the clear lens (as it were) through which to contemplate the great Cosmic Power beyond. It is therefore a son of man, and not the ordinary sons of men, that we require to aid our minds and uplift our aspirations. Mankind is hardly to be saved from retrograde evolution by superciliously looking round upon a myriad of mediocre realities. It must be helped on, if at all, by a new variety in our species suddenly putting forth in our midst, attracting wide attention, securing descendants, and offering an ideal, a goal in advance, towards which effort and conflict shall tend. We must be won over from our worldly lusts and our animal propensities by engaging our hearts on higher objects. We must learn a lesson in practical morals from the youth who is redeemed from rude boyhood and coarse selfishness by love. We must allow the latent spark of moral desire to be fanned into a flame and, by the enkindling admiration of a human beauty above the plane of character hitherto attained by man, to consume away the animal dross and prepare for new environments that may be in store for us. What student does not know how the heat of love for truth not yet attained breaks up a heap of prejudices and fixed ideas, and gives a sort of molecular instability to the mind, preparing it for the most surprising transformations? Who has not observed the development of almost a new eye for colour, or a new ear for refinements in sound, by the mere constant presentation of a higher æsthetic ideal? And just in the same way, who that knows anything of mankind can have failed to perceive that the only successful method by which character is permanently improved is by employing the force of example, by accumulating on the conscience reiterated touches of a new moral colour, and by bringing to bear from

above the power of an acknowledged ideal, and (if possible) from *around* the simultaneous influence of a similarly affected environment?

Baptize now all these truths, translate them into the ordinary current language of the Church, and you have simply neither more nor less than the Gospel of Jesus Christ. And as carbon is carbon, whether it be presented as coal or as diamond, so are these high and man-redeeming verities,—about the inscrutable "I am," and His intelligible presentment in a strangely unique SON OF MAN, and the transmuted agency of a brotherhood saturated with His Spirit and pledged to keep His presence ever fresh and effective—verities still, whether they take on homely and practical, or dazzling and scientific forms. And the foolish man is surely he who, educated enough to know better, scorns the lowly form, and is pedantic enough to suggest the refinements of the lecture-room as suitable for the rough uses of everyday life. A man of sense will rather say, Let us by all means retain and—with insight and trust—employ the homely traditional forms of these sublime truths: let us forbear, in charity for others, to weaken their influence, and so to cut away the lower rounds of the very ladder by which we ourselves ascended: and let us too, in mercy to our own health of character, decline to stand aloof from the world of common men, or to relegate

away among the lumber of our lives the *ἐπεὶ φωνᾶντα οὐκ ἔστον* that we learnt of simple saintly lips in childhood. Rather, as the SON OF MAN hath bidden us, we will "bring out of our treasures things both new and old;" will remember, as Aquinas taught, that "nova nomina antiquam fidem de Deo significant;" and will carry out in practice that word well spoken in good season, "It is not by rejecting what is formal, but by interpreting it, that we advance in true spirituality."*

II. On the other hand, if men of science are to be won back to the Church, and the widening gulf is to be bridged over which threatens nowadays the destruction of all that we hold dear,—it cannot be too often or too earnestly repeated, *The Church must not part company with the world she is commissioned to evangelize.* She must awake both from her Renaissance and her Mediæval dreams. To turn over on her uneasy couch, and try by conscious effort to dream those dreams again, when daylight is come and all the house is fully astir, this surely were the height of faithless folly. An animating time of action is come, a day requiring the best exercise of skill and knowledge and moral courage. Shall we hear within the camp, at such a moment as this, a treasonable whisper go round, "By one act of mental suicide we may contrive to escape all further exertion; science is perplexing, history is full of doubts, psychology spins webs too fine for our self-indulgence even to think of. Why not make believe very hard to have found an infallible oracle, and determine once for all to desert our post and 'jurare in verba magistri?'" It is true that history demonstrates beyond a doubt that Jesus and His apostles knew nothing of any such contrivance. Fat, never mind! "A Catholic who should adhere to the testimony of

* The Patience of Hope, p. 70.

history, when it appears to contradict the Church, would be ^{not} merely of treason and heresy, but of apostasy.* Yes, or treason to Rome, but of faithful and courageous loyalty to Christ. "I am the truth," said Christ. "The truth shall make you free." Speak the truth in love, prove all things, hold fast that which is true, said His apostles. How can it ever be consonant to His will that the members of His brotherhood should conspire together to make believe that white is black at the bidding of any man on earth? The Church of England, at any rate, has no such treason to answer for. Her doctrinal canons, by distinctly asserting that even "General Councils may err and have erred," and by a constant appeal to ancient documents, universally accepted, but capable of ever-improving interpretation, have averted the curse of a sterile traditionalism. No new light is at any time inaccessible to her. Every historical truth is treasured, every literary discussion is welcome, every scientific discovery finds at last a place amid her system. Time and patience are, of course, required to rearrange and harmonize all things together, new and old; and a claim is rightly made that new "truths" should first be substantiated as such, before they are incorporated into so vast and widespread an engine of popular education as hers. But, with this proviso, "Theology accepts every certain conclusion of physical science as man's unfolding of God's book of nature."† It is, therefore, most unwise, if any of her clergy pose themselves as hostile to new discoveries, whether in history, literature, or science. It may be natural to take up such an attitude; and a certain impatience and resentment at the *manner* in which these things are often paraded, in the crudest forms and before an unprepared public, may be easily condoned by all candid men. But such an attitude of suspicion and hostility between "things old" and "things new" goes far beyond the commission to "banish and drive away all strange and erroneous doctrines contrary to God's word." For this commission requires proof, and not surmise, that they are erroneous; and the Church has had experience, over and over again, how easy and how disastrous it is to banish from the door an unwelcome guest, who was, perhaps, nothing less than an angel in disguise. The story of Galileo will never cease, while the world lasts, to cause the enemies of the Church to blaspheme. Yet of late years it has been honestly confessed by divines that "the oldest and the youngest of the natural sciences, astronomy and geology, so far from being dangerous, . . . seem providentially destined to engage the present century so powerfully, that the ideal majesty of infinite time and endless space might counteract a low and narrow materialism."‡

This experience ought not to be thrown away. No one, who has paid a serious attention to the progress of the modern sciences, can entertain a doubt that all the really substantiated discoveries which

* Abbé Martin: "Contemporary Review," December, 1878, p. 94.

† Dr. Pusey: University Sermon, November, 1878. ‡ Kalisch: On Genesis, p. 42.

have been supposed to contravene Christianity do in reality only deepen its profundity and emphasize its indispensable necessity for man. Never before, in all the history of mankind, has the Deity seemed so awful, so remote from man, so mighty in the tremendous forces that He wields, so majestic in the permanence and tranquility of His resistless will. Never before has man realized his own excessive smallness and impotence; his inability to destroy—much more, to create—one atom or molecule; his dependence for life, for thought, for character even, on the material environment of which he once thought himself the master. The forces of nature, then, have become to him once more, as in the infancy of his race, almost a terror. And poised midway, for a few eventful hours, between an infinite past of which he knows a little and an infinite future of which he knows nothing, he is tempted to despair of himself and of his little planet, and in childish petulance to complain, "My whilom conceit is broken; there is nothing else to live for." And amid these foolish despairs, a voice is heard which says, "Have faith in God! have hope in Christ! have love to man! Knowledge of this tremendous substratum of all being it is not for man to have: his knowledge is confined to phenomena and to very human (but sufficient) conceptions of the so-called laws by which they all cohere. But these three qualities are moral, not intellectual, virtues. For the Church never teaches that God can be scientifically known; she never offers certainty and sight, but only "hope," in many an ascending degree; she does not say that God is a man, a person like one of us,—that were indeed perversely to misunderstand her subtle terminology,—but only a MAN has appeared, when the time was ripe for him, in whom that awful and tremendous Existence has shown us something of his ideas, has made intelligible to us (as it were by a Word to the listening ear) what we may venture to call His "mind" towards us, and has invited us—by the simple expedient of giving our heart's loyalty to this most lovable Son of man—to reach out peacefully to higher evolutions, and to commit that indestructible force, our Life, to Him in serene well-doing to the brotherhood among whom His spirit works, and whose welfare He accounts His own.

Is not this *humanizing* of the great Existence, for moral and practical utility, and this *utterance* (so to speak) of yet another creative word in the ascending scale of continuous development, and this *realizing* of His sweet beneficent Spirit in a brotherhood as wide as the world, precisely the religion most adapted to accord with modern science?

Yet no one can listen to ordinary sermons, no one can open popular books of piety or of doctrine, without feeling the urgent need there is among Churchmen for a higher appreciation of the majestic infinitude of God. It is true that, in these cases, it is the multitude and not the highly-educated few who are addressed; and that, even among that multitude, there are none so grossly ignorant as to compare the Trinity to "three Lord Shaftesburys," and not many so childish as to picture

"one Almighty descending into hell to pacify another." * Such petulance is reserved for men of the highest intellectual gifts, who—whether purposely or ignorantly, it is hard to say—have stooped to provide their generation with a comic theology of the Christian Church. But, after all, it is impossible not to feel that the shadows of a well-loved past are lingering too long over a present that might be bright with joyous sunshine; that the subtleties of the schoolmen are too long allowed to darken the air with pointless and antiquated weapons; that the Renaissance, with its literary fanaticism, still reigns over the whole domain of Christian book-lore; and that the crude conceptions of the Ptolemaic astronomy have never yet, among ecclesiasties, been thoroughly dislodged or replaced by the far more magnificent revelations of the modern telescope. It is not asserted that no percolation of "things new" is going on. It is not denied that as in the first century a change in ideas about the priesthood carried with it a change in the whole religious system of which that formed the axis, † so now a change in ideas about the earth's position in space demands a very skilful and patient readjustment of all our connected ideas. But such a readjustment of the old Semitic faith was effected, in the first century, by St. Paul; and there is no reason to think that the Church is unequal to similar tasks now. And in this country especially there is an established and organized "Ecclesia docens" which probably never had its equal in all Church history for the literary and scientific eminence of its leading members. For such a society to despair of readjusting its theology to contemporary science, or idly to stand by while others effect the junction, were indeed a disgraceful and incredible treason; so incredible that—until it be proved otherwise—no amount of vituperation or unpopularity should induce any reflecting Englishman to render that work impossible by allowing his Church to be trampled down, and its time-honoured framework to be given up as a spoil to chaos.

But there is yet another element in this question, which binds the Church of Christ to give to its solution the very closest and most indefatigable attention. It is this: that from every science there arises nowadays a cry like that addressed to Jesus himself when on earth:—"Lord, help me!" It is not as if Atheism were satisfied with itself. In the pages of the "National Reformer" and similar organs of aggressive free-thought we are amused with the buoyant audacity of the "young idea." Yet even there we find many a passage which calls forth the sincerest sympathy. Take, for instance, the following:—

"There are few reflective persons who have not been, now and again, impressed with awe as they looked back on the past of humanity. . . . It is then that we see the grandest illustrations of that unending necessity under which, it would seem, man labours, the necessity of abandoning ever and again the heritage of his fathers. . . . of continually leaving behind him the citadel of faith and peace, raised by the piety of the past, for an atmosphere of tumult and denial. . . . Whatever may be our present conclusions about Christianity, we cannot too often remember that it has been one of the most important factors in the life of mankind." ‡

* M. Arnold: *Literature, &c.* (1873), p. 306. Spencer: *Sociology* (7th ed. 1878), p. 208. † Heb. vii. 12. ‡ Bradlaugh's "National Reformer," October 6, 1873.

This is touching enough—though perhaps the stolid aggressiveness which knows, as yet, no relentings is really a far more tragic spectacle. But there are other lamentations, uttered of late years by distinguished Atheists, which might move a heart of stone, much more should stir the energies of every Christian teacher—himself at peace—to seek by any sacrifice of his own ease or settled preconceptions an “eirenicon,” a method of conciliation, an opening for a mutual confession of needless estrangement and provocation.

“Does that new philosophy of history which destroys the Christian philosophy of it afford an adequate basis for such a reconstruction of the ideal as is required? Candidly, we must reply, ‘Not yet.’ . . . Very far are we from being the first who have experienced the agony of discovered delusion. . . . Well may despair almost seize on one who has been, not in name only, but in very truth, a Christian, when that incarnation which had given him in Christ an everliving brother and friend is found to be but an old myth [of Osiris] with a new life in it.”*

“The most serious trial through which society can pass is encountered in the exuviation of its religious restraints.”†

“Never in the history of man has so terrific a calamity befallen the race, as that which all who look may now behold advancing as a deluge, black with destruction, resistless in might, uprooting our most cherished hopes, engulfing our most precious creed, and burying our highest life in mindless desolation. The floodgates of infidelity are open, and Atheism overwhelming is upon us. . . . Man has become, in a new sense, the measure of the universe; and in this, the latest and most appalling of his soundings, indications are returned from the infinite voids of space and time that his intelligence, with all its noble capacities for love and adoration, is yet alone—destitute of kith or kin in all this universe of being. . . . Forasmuch as I am far from being able to agree with those who affirm that the twilight doctrine of the ‘new faith’ is a desirable substitute for the waning splendour of ‘the old,’ I am not ashamed to confess that, with this virtual negation of GOD, the universe to me has lost its soul of loveliness. And when at times I think, as think at times I must, of the appalling contrast between the hallowed glory of that creed which once was mine and the lonely mystery of existence as now I find it,—at such times I shall ever feel it impossible to avoid the sharpest pang of which my nature is susceptible.”‡

It is well that Churchmen should be aware of this state of things; and especially that the clergy, when they are tempted to have their fling (secure from all reply) against the so-called “infidel,” should bear in mind how often the bravery of defiant arrogance is a mere mask to cover a sinking heart. For pity’s sake, therefore, as well as for their own sake, the clergy should guard against two gross but common mistakes: (1) the mistake of abusing modern science, and depreciating its unquestionable difficulties in relation to the established theology; (2) the still more fatal blunder of trusting to worn-out tactics and to the “artillery” of Jonathan and David for the reduction of these modern earthworks. “To the Greeks became I as a Greek,” said St. Paul. And so must the minister of Christ in these days make up his mind to bring home the Gospel to his own countrymen, with all their faults and peculiarities; and to the Englishmen of the nineteenth century must

* Stuart Glennie: In the “Morning Land” (1873), pp. 29, 378, 431.

† Draper: Science and Religion (11th ed. 1888, p. 328).

‡ Physicist: On Theism, pp. 51, 63, 114.

become an Englishman of the nineteenth century, that he "may by all means save some."

But no success will be obtained, unless Churchmen will remember that the vast domains recently conquered by science are (practically speaking) assured and certain conquests. They are no encroachment, but a rightful "revindication" of scientific territory. And, accepted in a friendly spirit, harmonized with skill and boldness, and consecrated (not cursed) in the Master's name, they bid fair to become a new realm whereon His peace-bringing banner may be right royally unfolded, and where, even in our own day, the beginning of a permanent unity may certainly be effected. And this must be attempted by a brave and telling proclamation of the great Christian doctrines,—that the awful self-existent "I AM" is none other than "our Father in heaven," that Christ, the blameless Son of man, is the best image of His person; and that His pure Spirit, brooding over the turbid chaos of human society, offers the surest means and pledge of a future Cosmos, where "life" may perhaps transcend these baffling veils of space and time, and, in forms "undreamed of by our philosophy," display the boundless riches of nature and of God.

G. H. CURTEIS, in *Contemporary Review*.

FERNEY IN VOLTAIRE'S TIME AND FERNEY TO-DAY.

WHEN Voltaire had to leave Germany, and was looking around him for another place of abode, some citizens of Geneva invited him to that city, and made a proposal for facilitating the printing of his books. Perhaps it was the convenience of being near a printing-press that led him to accept the offer. Voltaire was rich, and had an eye to all the amenities of life, and choosing two beautiful situations, he acquired one house near Geneva, and another near Lausanne. It was remarked that he was the first Roman Catholic, if he could be called such, that had acquired establishments in these cantons since the days of Calvin and Zwingle. Voltaire, however, did not make either of these houses his permanent residence. There runs into the canton of Geneva, close to the town, a tongue of French territory, in the Pays de Gex, now called the Department l'Ain. At Ferney, in this part of France, four miles from Geneva, Voltaire purchased a piece of land, and built the chateau which still bears his name. The Pays de Gex had been made a wilderness at the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. The Protestants who were once numerous in it had been dragonnaded, burnt, or banished, and half the country had become a marsh, spreading pestilential exhalations round. It had been a project of Voltaire's to settle in some such wilderness, in order to recolonize it. Ferney suited him admirably for this

purpose. There can be no doubt that under the auspices of Voltaire it wholly changed its external character. In place of a wretched wooden hamlet, where eighty poverty-stricken peasants dragged out their existence, Ferney became a thriving village of twelve hundred inhabitants, living comfortably in houses of stone. Voltaire did a great deal in the way of building houses, setting up industries, and furnishing employment for the people. It was one of his better qualities that he had a great interest in the progress of humanity, and liked to see human beings fulfilling comfortably the functions of life.

More than this—Voltaire actually built a church at Ferney. It exists at the present day, although it is not used for worship. He who had all his life scoffed and sneered at Christianity, and had applied to our most blessed Lord and Saviour an epithet which makes us shudder after more than a hundred years, actually built a church for Roman Catholic use! Perhaps he did it with a measure of sincerity, for Voltaire was never an atheist, and not only maintained the being of God, but held that religion was so necessary for men, that if there were not a God, it would be necessary to invent one. The little church bears to this day the inscription—"Deo erexit Voltaire" (Voltaire built this to God). He used to take his visitors to see it, and to read the inscription. He told them that the church was dedicated to God, as the common Father of all men. The simplicity of the inscription drew attention, and it was remarked that it was perhaps the only church dedicated to God alone. But devout men could not but recoil from the easy familiarity with which the name that is above every name was coupled with Voltaire's, as if Voltaire had placed God under an obligation to him. In Voltaire's intention, the church was a sort of deistic monument, a protest against the Trinity, a protest against Christianity. That it should have been given over to the Roman Catholics was probably because in no other way would it have been used by the people. Voltaire seems to have desired the credit of making provision for all their wants; and in order to gain this reputation, he gave them a building in which they were to be trained in all the superstitious beliefs and magical practices for which he cherished so profound a contempt.

The Chateau-Voltaire is in excellent preservation at the present time, and visitors are shown the grounds and garden, a tree planted by Voltaire, and within the chateau, his salon and bedchamber. These last are very much as he left them. Perhaps the feature that most strikes a stranger is the voluptuous character of the paintings, the marked predominance of the nude. We see the sympathy of this great unbeliever with that taste in art, so prevalent in France, which shows at the least a want of moral delicacy in the artist, and tends to lower the moral tone of the people. Two inscriptions have been placed in the salon that rather bewilder the stranger—"Mes manes, sont consolés, puisque mon cœur est au milieu de vous." "Son esprit est partout, et son cœur est ici." By a poetical fiction they represent the heart of the great writer as still hovering about the place, while his spirit spreads over the world.

The last part of the statement is true—his spirit did spread over the world, long after his shrivelled form became dust. And this makes the place remarkable still. It is touching to be in the very chambers where one who did so much to discountenance Christianity lived and slept. It is strange to think of the man living and working here, who looked on the Bible as the great foe to human well-being and progress, and believed that in another century it would be well-nigh a forgotten book. The influences that went out from Ferney in those days were not slight or slender forces, but served, in a very marked degree, to swell the tide of unbelief which rose in France to such a disastrous height, and spread to so many countries besides.

But time brings about remarkable changes. Within a stonecast from the Chateau-Voltaire rises now a Protestant church, and at its side the modest manse of M. Pasquet, pastor of the Reformed Church of Ferney. We have said that after the dragonnades and the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, Protestantism was well-nigh burnt out of the Pays de Gex. In Voltaire's time it had no church or school, or visible representation whatever. But towards the end of last century, it began timidly to lift up its head. In 1795, a few years after the Revolution, Protestant worship was established. More than twenty years later a school was added, and in 1819 a pastor for the whole Pays de Gex was officially appointed and recognised. In 1825 a church was built at Ferney. In 1830 and 1851 two stations were set up, Gex and Divonne, and occasional worship was held in them. In 1852 a new start was made, and the work of reparation was extended to other places beyond the Pays de Gex. But we believe we may say that it is since the appointment of M. Pasquet, some twenty years ago, that the work of evangelisation has made by far the greatest progress. Rousing the congregation of Ferney, the pastor has found among its earnest people many valuable helpers in the great work which he has undertaken. We need not enter into all the dates and details of progress, which can hardly be appreciated when the geography of the district is unknown. It may be enough to state that, as the result of the labours of M. Pasquet and his friends, there are now in the district around Ferney eight stations provided with churches and schools, and with either pastors or evangelists, while in Ferney itself there are two orphan asylums for Protestant children, who were either quite destitute or were in the midst of pernicious moral influences, one for boys and the other for girls, the number of inmates being seventy in all. Besides all this, libraries have been established, and the labours of the colporteur and the Bible-woman are employed according as means are found, or openings occur; the whole of this machinery being carried on under the personal superintendence and responsibility of M. Pasquet, and at an annual outlay, for which he alone has to provide, of about two thousand pounds sterling. It is not merely because the results already secured are most gratifying, that this enterprise has a claim on the sympathy of the Christian world, but also because it has in it such a

spirit of life, so much of the promise and potency of divine influence, that if duly sustained and developed, it cannot fail to be attended with the most important results. Ever since we became acquainted with the work of M. Pasquet, we have had a strong desire to publish a short notice of it, partly on its own account, and partly because, having Ferney for its centre, it illustrates the quiet but wonderful way in which the Lord bringeth to nought the counsel of the ungodly, and shows the everlasting vitality and enduring power and freshness of His own Word.

It can hardly be necessary to vindicate M. Pasquet from the charge of being a mere proselytiser, one who tries to build up his own Church at the expense of others which he ought to let alone. Apart from all other considerations, M. Pasquet's more immediate object is to gather together the scattered atoms of Protestantism which survive the persecution of centuries, and to show, under the very shadow of Voltaire's chateau, the mighty power of the faith of Christ, not only to counteract unbelief, but to renew, purify and elevate the whole life and nature of man.

Where a whole community are substantially of the same creed, with churches, schools, hospitals, and other institutions all moulded by its influence, people can have little conception of the difficulties, temptations, and embarrassments of scattered Protestants, living as bare units in the midst of communities thoroughly moulded by the Church of Rome. The natural tendency for such scattered remnants is to dwindle from age to age, and finally to disappear; because, as they recede from the time when they made their great stand, the difficulties and inconveniences of their position multiply, the zeal of succeeding generations becomes colder, and the opportunity is apt to be taken of any excuse that offers to give up the contest and accept the inevitable.

In the face of such considerations and influences, the tenacity which has often been shown by scattered Protestant families, and even the representatives of families once Protestant, is very wonderful, and so is their readiness to respond to efforts made to provide them with a scriptural worship, and the earnest preaching of the word of God.

But apart from this, any one who considers the absolute and utter feebleness of a Protestant pastor to contend against the tremendous social influence of the Roman Catholic Church, will smile at the very idea of an attempt by the former to make converts otherwise than through the self-commending power of what he teaches. If the Protestant pastor has not got a message that will go to the heart of his hearers, he acts the part of a fool in going among Roman Catholics, and trying to induce them to follow him; and very soon indeed he will be convinced of his folly. If he has a message which sticks to the consciences of his hearers, and moves their hearts, that message must have been given him by the Lord of all, and he would be only a coward and traitor if, entrusted with such a gospel, the reproach of seeking to oro-

selytise, or any other reproach, should hinder him from making it known.

The *feuilles volantes*, or fly-leaves, which M. Pasquet issues from time to time, to let his friends know what is going on, are too brief and fragmentary to furnish anything like a detailed account of his work. If these notices were more elaborate and artistic, it would be easier for us to place our readers *en rapport* with the operations in L'Ain; but the documents are really on this account more trustworthy, because they are so palpably genuine, and written without any idea of making a *couleur de rose* representation. We can easily understand, too, that well watched as M. Pasquet and all his agents are, it would not be very wise for them to go much into detail, or to bring into too conspicuous a position their humble friends who are asking the way to the blessings of salvation.

Some of the reports give us a vivid idea of the prejudices that are often entertained with respect to Protestants, and the bad character which is given to the Reformers. The old tricks here are not quite worn out. But we confess we were hardly prepared to find a Roman Catholic nobleman, who has written a violent pamphlet against the work, undertake the defence of the Spanish Inquisition, and deliberately maintain that in saving Spain from the wicked schism of Luther, it had, in spite of some excesses, proved a great blessing to that country. It is rather amusing to find the Protestants treated as allies of Bismarck, that modern Attila, who, having already dragged Alsace and Lorraine into the German Empire, is preparing to do the same with the Protestant cantons of Switzerland, and if Gex and Nantua should become Protestant, would doubtless engulf them in the same scheme of spoliation. It is a handy, and in many cases a too successful reproach to denounce every active Protestant as a Prussian, or as an agent of Bismarck, or at the least a restless person, who seeks to destroy public tranquility and order. We cannot doubt, however, that these silly and ignorant cries will soon die away, especially under the influence of the much more ample toleration which the French Government, now so happily established, accords to the meetings and general operations of evangelism.

In the work of evangelisation, two very opposite classes come athwart the agents of M. Pasquet,—ignorant Catholics, and free-thinking *ouvriers* of various orders. There is something quite naive in the remarks of the former when some unknown fact is presented to them. "So it was not Jesus Christ that instituted the rosary?" is often the remark made when a true view enters the mind of what our Lord really taught as to the nature of prayer. We find, however, the *ouvrier* class much more inclined to free-thinking than to superstition. "Every day," says a new agent at Nantua, "since my arrival I have had discussions with materialists, pantheists, positivists, rationalists, or, as they call themselves, free-thinkers of every description. The unbelievers, however, are not at rest. It is often from them that requests come for meetings

in which religious questions are freely handled, and discussion on them allowed. These are sometimes very largely attended. But it does not follow that all who attend them are earnest about religion, for they often resist private dealings, and they seem to like such meetings rather as means for opening the minds of the people on general subjects, than as affording the true solution of *les questions religieuses*."

Generally there is great ignorance of the gospel and of the Bible. But when persons are induced to listen and to read, the first impression is commonly that of surprise. The notion of a free salvation is a very striking one. It affords a great contrast to the *religion d'argent*—the religion of money, to which they have been accustomed. And the lessons of the New Testament are often as comforting as they are arresting. The fourteenth chapter of St. John seems to make a great impression. The notion of the Saviour preparing mansions for his people in heaven, and coming again to receive them to Himself, is at once striking and refreshing. The desire to know more of a book that makes such striking communications and revelations, naturally springs up in the heart. Sometimes the lessons are made vital by the power of the Spirit, and in such cases we need not wonder that no power could induce the owners to give up the book.

We have interesting scenes in some of these *feuilles volantes*. "The other day," says one of the agents, "I went to a large steam-power manufactory with a large bundle of tracts, which were distributed, I might say pulled away, in an instant. Then the wife of a stoker begged me to converse with her husband. I went below, and found a sort of Vulcan feeding a furnace from two great heaps, one of wood, the other of coal. Between the shovelings we had a most interesting conversation, for the man is intelligent, educated too, a hot republican, greatly disgusted with the teachings of Rome, seeking for the truth without knowing where to find it, and asking me what I thought of the Christianity of Cæsar. I was glad to be able to point him to the true source of light, the Word of God, and offered him a New Testament, which he gladly accepted.

"Another time I went to a large flour-mill. Feeling tired, I sat down on the trunk of some trees at a little distance from the factory. When I was observed I was soon surrounded by a great number of work-people, of all ages and of both sexes. I had some illustrated tracts. I showed them, and asked one of the people to read out one of them. I was fortunate in my choice, for he was an overseer, and he did his task admirably; reading in an intelligent and almost solemn tone. It was an interesting subject for a painter, as well as a Christian, the group of people in many different attitudes and costumes, in a fine natural situation, surrounding a man of tall stature, who was reading to them the earnest exhortation and pressing appeals of divine grace. I sent a Gospel to one of the managers, and the other day he came to ask me if the pastor might not come and give them a sermon at the factory."

Besides providing the labours of pastors, evangelists, and colporteurs,

it is a part of M. Pasquet's plan to bring occasionally on the scene some person of high repute, that the people may hear confirmed from his lips the lessons addressed to them by the more ordinary run of agents. Among the men of mark who have been brought thus on the scene, is the venerable and learned Professor Rosseeuw St. Hilaire. The subject on which he spoke successively at Bourg, Nantua, and Oyonnax, was the moral elevation of France. It is needless to say that on such a subject, and from the mouth of such a speaker, the address was calculated to promote the cause of evangelical belief among the people. Everywhere there were crowded assemblies, and at Oyonnax, where there was an attendance of one thousand two hundred, the speaker was obliged to speak from a balcony in a public square to the great multitudes assembled to hear him. Everywhere, too, the audience showed itself in the main in sympathy with what was said. The journal of Bourg, that of Nantua, and even the journal of Lyons itself, gave an account of the meeting, and spoke most favourably and eulogistically of the address of the speaker. After having said that M. Rosseeuw St. Hilaire had shown in the gospel the true means of elevation, quoting in support the nations of strongest faith, such as England, America, Holland, &c., the writer added—"M. St. Hilaire, as every one knows, is an orthodox and enthusiastic Protestant. His vindication of Protestantism, before an overwhelming Catholic audience, was made with tact and care not to hurt the sensibilities of any. The audience, composed of all classes of society, numerous, attentive, and sympathetic, applauded with all the enthusiasm which comports with their constitutional coldness, and two Catholic priests, who had taken part in the meeting, were able, without surprising or hurting the feelings of any one, to go and congratulate this man, so profoundly religious, on the ardour and sincerity with which he had upheld the faith."

The general results of such operations as these are apparent in the increasing number of stations and schools which have been established in the neighbourhoods where they are carried on. Occasionally an application for Protestant worship will come from a large number of persons, but this may result from local irritation, rather than love of the gospel. It is more interesting and satisfactory to hear of individual cases of conversion. A free-thinker, for example, comes to one of the agents and says, "I was an utter unbeliever, but that is past, for now I cannot but believe. Up to the present time I thought of Jesus as a great man, the most perfect of philosophers, but since Sunday morning, when I read some verses in the tenth chapter of St. Matthew, and from all that I have read and heard since, I am constrained to adopt another opinion."

Among Roman Catholics, fear of death is common, and the priest and the last sacraments are eagerly sought. In these notices we find some where the fear of death has been quite overcome, and the services and sacraments of the priest dispensed with, because without them the dying person had all that he required. —

Thus, in the very circle of which Voltaire was once the centre, and where his influence was so great, the old, old story continues to repeat itself. The gospel of Jesus Christ again shows itself to be the power of God unto salvation, and gives fresh evidence of that eternal freshness which smiles at the efforts of unbelievers, and appears in all the vigour of youth when their works are covered with the dust and rust of decay.

That there is a golden opportunity now for sowing the good seed is abundantly evident. At the present moment the opportunity is better than ever. It seems to us a great duty of the Christian Church, when Providence raises up men like M. Pasquet, of wonderful energy and faith, and great power of organizing Christian labour, to supply cheerfully and abundantly the means of prosecuting the work. These apostolic men are but rare gifts of the great Head of the Church. While they are in the prime of their strength, they should receive all due encouragement and material help; the utmost should be made of them; they should never be left to lament the opportunities they had to neglect, the openings they were obliged to pass by, the hungry and thirsty multitudes to whom they might have given the bread and water of life, if only they had been furnished with a little more of this world's means.

Rev. Professor W. G. BLAIRIE, D.D., in *Sunday Magazine*.

THE DISCOVERIES OF ASTRONOMERS.

HIPPARCHUS.

The first astronomer of whose work and thought we have trustworthy record, Hipparchus, deserves to be ranked among the greatest of all who have studied the heavens. I am not sure, indeed, but that when his labours are considered with due reference to his opportunities, we should not assign to Hipparchus the highest place among all astronomers. Almost every astronomical discovery in the two thousand years which have passed since his time, may be traced directly or indirectly to him. Yet we hear far less of his work, in most of our books on astronomy, than of the work of others far inferior to him. We see the hypotheses which he devised not only attributed to others, but contemptuously dealt with, as though they had retarded instead of initiated the progress of astronomy. I hope in the brief account which I am about to give of the general nature of the researches and labours of Hipparchus to do something towards giving him that position among those who study astronomy from without which he has long deservedly held among the professed students of the science.

Rightly to understand the greatness of Hipparchus as an astronomer,

we must consider what astronomy was before his time. I doubt not that if a full account of the laborious work of Chaldean, Egyptian, Indian, Chinese, and other ancient astronomers had reached our time, we should find many among them who well deserved to rank among great discoverers; for an immense amount of work had to be accomplished to place astronomy in the position which it occupied when Hipparchus began his work. Yet if we rightly apprehend what that position was, and consider what astronomy became when the labours of Hipparchus had produced their full effect, or rather their first fruits, we shall appreciate to some degree the importance of his researches.

I will not here discuss the history of astronomy before the time of Hipparchus. It would occupy too much space, and would be outside of my subject. It would also lead us to the discussion of many doubtful and difficult questions. But the position of the science before the days of Hipparchus can be fairly well ascertained from the account which Ptolemy has given of the labours of his great predecessor.

Astronomers had ascertained the general motions of the sun and moon, and of all the heavenly bodies visible to the naked eye. They knew that the earth is surrounded on all sides by the stellar sphere, on the concave surface of which, *in appearance*, the stars are set in apparently unchanging groups,—the constellations. They had learned that this hollow sphere is seemingly carried round once a day, as if turning on an axis. This motion of rotation they had found to be absolutely uniform.

Further, by long-continued and careful observations they had found that the sun appears to circuit the stellar sphere on an unchanging path once a year. I speak of a year as though this measure of time and that occupied by a revolution of the sun around the stellar sphere were not necessarily identical,—for this reason, that the year in common acceptance means, and ever has meant, the cycle of the seasons. This cycle we now know indeed, to be brought about by the sun's motion round the stellar sphere on an inclined path, which brings him in midsummer nearer than at any other time to the visible pole of the heavens, and in winter nearest to the unseen pole. But the coincidence, or rather the exceedingly close approach to coincidence between the year of seasons and the period of the sun's circuit of the stellar sphere, was in reality one among those earlier discoveries by astronomers, of whose history we know so little.

The moon had been found in like manner to circuit the stellar sphere in the same direction as the sun, moving on a path somewhat inclined to his, in a period (variable somewhat in length) of about $27\frac{1}{2}$ days, called a sidereal lunar month. The ancient astronomers had also in determining the general laws according to which eclipses of the sun and moon recur, ascertained the general laws of the moon's motion, and had found that her path among the stars is not unchanging like the sun's. Within certain limits of inclination this path undergoes constant changes, the points where it crosses the sun's path shifting constantly,

not always in one direction, yet always with a balance of motion in one direction. If these points were fixed, the sun would of course pass them at intervals of half-a-year. When he was passing them, or within a certain distance from them, eclipses of the sun and moon would occur, so that at intervals of six months eclipses seasons, so to call them, would recur. But the ancients found that the average interval separating eclipse months is only about 173½ days, instead of half-a-year, or 182½ days; which shows that these points where the moon's track crosses the sun's are (on the whole) constantly moving to meet the advancing sun, or are constantly moving backwards.

The earlier astronomers had also learned much about the motions of the five planets or wandering stars known to them. I ought perhaps to say the five *other* planets, for they called the sun and moon planets, because these bodies moved among the stars. They found that the planets, though on the whole advancing, are moving the same way round as the sun and moon, yet at regularly recurring epochs cease thus to advance, travel backwards for awhile, and ceasing to travel backwards, begin again to advance,—making always a much longer journey forwards than backwards, as they advance on a path showing a series of loops and twistings of a most complicated nature.

Not to occupy more space than can be spared with the account of what the astronomers before Hipparchus had discovered, let it suffice to say, that they had in a general way determined the periods of the sun's and moon's motions and of the planetary revolutions, and had recognized the regular recurrence of certain changes in the distances of sun, moon, and planets, indicating peculiarities in their paths which might (as they judged) admit of being explained, but which certainly none among them had succeeded in interpreting.

It is, however, necessary to notice that more than a century before the time of Hipparchus the Alexandrian School of Astronomy had been founded by Ptolemy Soter, one of Alexander's generals, who reigned over Egypt after the death of Alexander. His son, Ptolemy Philadelphus, gave to the astronomers of this school a large edifice containing an observatory and the celebrated library formed by Dimetrius of Phallos. Here Aristillus and Timocharis made their observations, and to this school also belonged the well-known astronomers Aristarchus of Samos and Eratosthenes. The latter was the first successful measurer of our earth's globe, and has been called the Father of Chronology.

According to Strabo, Hipparchus was born at Nicæa, in Bithynia. Although we know neither the year of his birth nor of his death, it is certainly known that his labours were in progress during the thirty-five years following 160 B.C. Probably his first observations were made in Bithynia. But it is certain that he afterwards continued his work at Rhodes. It has been supposed by some that he also observed for some time at Alexandria; but although Ptolemy refers to the views of Hipparchus respecting observations made at Alexandria, he nowhere says that Hipparchus himself observed there.

From among the many services rendered to astronomy and to mathematics by Hipparchus, I propose here to consider three only: first, his determination of the length of the year; secondly, his discovery of that mighty motion of the rotational axis of the star sphere which gives rise to what is technically called the procession of the equinoxes; and thirdly, his investigation of the motions of the sun and moon. All three were noble achievements; all three were based on exact observation; but they were exceedingly diverse in character. The first was a triumph of mensurational astronomy; the second revealed the existence of constant mutation where everything had seemed fixed and unchanging; the third revealed order and regularity really existing among movements apparently most complicated and perplexing.

The year had been supposed in the time of Hipparchus to last exactly 365 days 6 hours. It is indeed probable that the ancient Chaldean astronomers had made more exact determination of this important time-measure. But it is certain, that the astronomers of the Alexandrian school had regarded $365\frac{1}{4}$ days as the true length of the year of seasons. Hipparchus was the first to recognize from direct observation of the sun that the year is somewhat less than $365\frac{1}{4}$ days in length. Aristarchus of Samos, in the year 281 B.C., had observed as closely as he could the time when the sun reached his greatest range north of the celestial equator, or made his nearest approach towards the visible pole. In other words, Aristarchus had *timed* to the best of his ability the summer solstice of the year 281 B.C. Hipparchus, in the year 134 B.C. or nearly a century and a half later, made a similar observation. By dividing the time between the two epochs into as many parts as there were years in the interval, he inferred that three hundred years contain 109,574 days, instead of 109,575 days, as they would if a year lasted exactly $365\frac{1}{4}$ days. This made the length of the year 365 days-5 hours 55 minutes 12 seconds. The result is not strictly correct. Three hundred years contain in reality about 109,572 $\frac{3}{4}$ days. But the correction made by Hipparchus was important in itself, and still more as showing the necessity for further observation.

Hipparchus himself recognized the probability that his determination of the length of the year would require correction; and the way in which he showed this involved the recognition of two most important principles.

In the first place Hipparchus observed that the correctness of his estimate depended mainly on the length of time which had elapsed between his own observation and that made by Aristarchus. The errors, whatever they might be which Aristarchus and he himself might have made in determining the true epochs of the solstices they respectively observed, combined to produce a certain error in the total estimated interval between the two solstices. This error might be large in itself. If one observation had been made at the summer solstice of one year, and the second at the summer solstice of the next year, the interval, instead of being a true year of 365 days 5 hours 48 minutes 49 seconds, might

be a day or so too long, or a day or so too short. Hipparchus himself acknowledged that his error in determining the time of the solstice might amount to a quarter of a day. Aristarchus might have made a similar error, or a larger one. Suppose, however, the errors in the two observations to have been each half a day in length, and such that either both seemed to shorten the interval (the first being too late, the second too early), or both to lengthen it (the first being too early, the second too late). Then if the interval had been but a single year, the measure of the year would have been a day too short or a day too long. But the interval between the two observations being in reality 147 years, an error of a day in determining this interval would correspond only to an error of $1/147$ of a day for each year, or not quite ten minutes. As the error actually amounted to little more than six minutes, we see that the actual error as between the observations of Aristarchus and Hipparchus amounted to not much more than half a day. The result is creditable to both astronomers. We must be careful not to assume, as some have done, that the error lay in the observation of Hipparchus. It arose from the comparison between his observation and that made by Aristarchus, and most probably the largest part of the error was in the work of the earlier observer.

Hipparchus, in measuring the year in this manner, recognized the important principle (one of the fundamental principles of modern astronomy), that the wider apart two observations are for determining such a period, the smaller is the resulting error in the determination of the period itself. But he clearly perceived also that the observation of solstice is not a satisfactory method for determining the length of the year. He only selected this method at first because he had no other way of dealing with a long period. If we consider what the summer solstice of the sun really means we shall perceive why the moment of its occurrence cannot be accurately determined. As midsummer approaches, the sun passes farther and farther north from the celestial equator, but with a constantly diminishing motion,—just as towards noon the end of the hour hand of a clock passes higher and higher, but more and more slowly, (so far as *height* is concerned). At the true midsummer solstice the sun is at his farthest north, just as the end of the hour hand of a clock is at its highest at true noon. Now it is clear that if we had no other way of telling the moment of true noon than by noting when the end of the hour hand was highest, we should be apt to make a mistake of several seconds at least, because of the small change which takes place in this respect near the hour of noon. Or suppose a horizontal line traced on a clock face at exactly the level reached by the end of the hour hand at twelve, and that we were to determine the hour by noting when the end of the hour hand exactly reached this level, it is clear that the slow change of height would cause our estimate to be, very probably, erroneous. On the other hand, suppose a horizontal line across a clock face at the exact level of the end of the hour hand at three and at nine; then we should be able very readily to de-

termines when it was three or nine, by noting when the end of the hour hand passed this level,—for the end crosses this level at right angles. In other words, because the height of the hour hand is changing most quickly near three and at nine, and least quickly near twelve and six, we could much more exactly time the hours three and nine by noting the height of the hour hand's end, than we could time six or twelve. Now in much the same way spring and autumn are the seasons when the sun's midday height is changing most rapidly from day to day. It is then much easier to determine exactly when he is on the celestial equator, or the true epoch of either the vernal or the autumnal equinox, than to determine either when he is farthest north or farthest south of the equator, or the true epoch of the winter or the summer solstice.

Hipparchus clearly perceived this point. In other words, he clearly recognized the principle, a most important one in observation, that the best opportunity for a time observation is obtained when the body observed is most rapidly changing as respects that particular circumstance which is to be noted (in this case the distance of the observed body from the equator or from the visible pole of the heavens.) The principle is simple enough, and seems obvious enough when explained; but it is certain that Hipparchus was the first definitely to indicate its nature and to apply it in astronomical observation. He timed the sun's passages of the celestial equator during a period of thirty-three years. From these observations he deducted the same value for the length of the year as from the solstitial observations, though, as already mentioned, these covered a period of one hundred and forty-seven years, or nearly five times as long.

It should be added that although Hipparchus himself (through no fault of his own) was prevented from determining the year exactly, yet the modern estimate owes its accuracy to his observations. It is from a comparison of more observations of equinoxes by him with recent observations that we have been able to infer the length of the year within a second or so of its true length.

The second great discovery of Hipparchus was a very remarkable one. The first related to a period which has elapsed more than two thousand times since Hipparchus dealt with it; the second relates to a period of which not one-twelfth part has elapsed since his time,—the tremendous precessional period of nearly 25,900 years.

Although we cannot see the stars around the sun in the daytime, we know that his course carries him along a definite track among the stars. Careful observations enable the astronomer to determine the exact position of the various stages of the sun's course,—his equinoxes, his solstices, and the limits of the twelve equal divisions called signs. Until the time of Hipparchus, it was supposed, at least by the astronomers of the Greek school, and certainly at the beginning of his career it was believed by Hipparchus himself, that the positions of the equinoxes and solstices are unchanging. In other words, it was believed that when the sun reaches a particular point in his track among the stars,

spring begins; when he is at another point we have midsummer, at another autumn, and at another midwinter, for all time.

Hipparchus, not long after his observations, began to suspect that the position of these stages in the sun's track is not unchanging. He found that according to Timocharis, who had observed about a century and a half before his time, the bright star Spica was eight degrees behind the autumnal equinoctial point of his time, about 200 years B. C. I say *behind*, meaning that the sun had travelled eight degrees past Spica when he reached the equinoctial point. But Hipparchus found that in his own time, and especially from 120 to 125 B. C., when he carefully studied this particular subject, the star Spica was only about six degrees from the equinoctial point. At first he supposed that possibly the stars along the zodiac—the zone centrally traversed by the sun—might be shifting slowly in a direction opposite to that of the sun's motion. He thought this unlikely, however, because if certain stars changed in position while other stars retained their position, the constellations would be changed. On comparing the positions of stars outside this zone with the positions which earlier observations assigned to such stars, he found that they also partake in the change, as he had anticipated.

The nature of the change thus discovered is often misunderstood. Some little attention is required on the student's part clearly to apprehend it. The stars themselves are not affected by any change so far as this shifting of the equinoctial points is concerned. The position of the sun's course among the stars, again, remains (so far as this motion is concerned) altogether unaltered. What changes, is the position of the polar axis, about which the entire stellar sphere seems to rotate. The equator, or circle midway between the poles of rotation, changes in position, of course, as they change. These poles, which lie $23\frac{1}{2}$ degrees from the unchanging poles of the ecliptic, travel round, retaining this distance almost unchanged, each completing a circuit in about 25,900 years. As a consequence, the celestial equator, retaining its inclination to the ecliptic almost unaltered, shifts round so that its points of intersection with the ecliptic make (each) a complete circuit in a direction contrary to that of the sun's motion, in the same enormous period of time.

Hipparchus only indicated so much as this, all but the true period, which his observations did not enable him to determine exactly. He showed that such and such a change takes place in the position of the polar axis of the stellar sphere, and therefore of the equator, the tropics, colures, and so forth,—all the circles, in fact, which are determined in position by the poles of the diurnal celestial rotation. He left later astronomers and mathematicians to determine whether the change is due to movements really affecting the star sphere, or to a change in the position of the earth herself. And it was left to still more profound research to determine how the actual movement to which the change is due is brought about. But it was a noble discovery, in the days of Hipparchus, to show that what had been regarded as altogether unchanging,

the rotational motion of the sphere of the so-called fixed stars, is in reality subject to slow yet constant change. Whether we consider the interest which the phenomenon possessed in this respect, or the impressive thoughts suggested by the tremendous time-interval necessary for the completion of the precessional circuit, we recognise in this discovery an achievement which marks an epoch in the progress of astronomy. From the time when Hipparchus had established the law of this great precessional change, astronomers found a new and deeper significance in the celestial motions. They saw that the apparent motions, even though unchanging to all appearance, for hundreds, or even (to ordinary observation) for thousands of years, are in reality affected by continual fluctuations, scarce perceptible in one sense, but only because they are so stupendous, that compared with the periods required for their development the duration of the astronomer's life seems but a mere instant.

The third and greatest work of Hipparchus is so important that it will require a chapter to itself.

RICHARD A. PROCTOR, in *The Day of Rest*.

COUNT FERSEN.

READERS of Sir Walter Scott's delightful novel of "The Abbot" will recollect now Mary Stuart, imprisoned in the island of Loch Leven, found her consolation in the knowledge that a band of trusty friends were plotting her deliverance; how lights were seen flitting on the mainland, signalling that the fiery Seyton and the devoted Douglas were on the eve of accomplishing their design. As with Mary Stuart, so with Marie Antoinette. The unfortunate Queen of France, surrounded by gaolers in comparison with whom the savage Scotch of the sixteenth century were miracles of kindness and mercy, yet knew this, that there was one friend whose only thought in life was to free her from the toil with which she was encompassed, a man of unbounded daring, and possessed of that much rarer quality, infinite discretion, without the least thought of self, except to keep himself free from the slightest taint of dishonour. Everybody who peruses his *Memoirs** must agree that the age of chivalry was not dead that produced a hero, *sans peur et sans reproche*, like the gallant Fersen.

The Count Jean Axel de Fersen, of an illustrious Swedish family, was born on the 4th of September, 1755. His father, Field-Marshal de Fersen, took an active part in politics during the reign of Gustavus. The young Count, at the age of fifteen, was sent with a tutor on a con-

* Published at Paris from papers in possession of Count Fersen's nephew, Baron Klinckowström.

tinental tour of long duration. He visited Italy and Switzerland, where he had the honour of an interview with Voltaire.

It was not till his nineteenth year that he first appeared at the Court of Versailles. He early attracted the attention of the Dauphiness, and it is evident that Marie Antoinette became very much interested in the handsome young Swede. Count Fersen mentions in his journal that he was present at the ball of "Madame La Dauphine," which commenced at the sensible hour of five, and finished at half-past nine. And the Count relates how at a masked ball at the Opera House the Dauphiness engaged him a long time in conversation without his at first recognising her. On Count Fersen leaving Paris for London, the Swedish ambassador thus writes to the King of Sweden :

"The young Count Fersen is about to leave Paris for London. He is (of all the Swedes who have been here in my time) the one who has been the best received in the great world. The royal family have shown him much attention. He could not possibly have conducted himself with more discretion and good sense than he has shown. With his handsome person and his talent (*l'esprit*), he could not fail to succeed in society, and that he has done so completely your Majesty will be pleased to hear. That which above all makes M. de Fersen worthy of the distinction shown him is the nobility and elevation of his character."

The Count on his arrival in England was presented at Court, visited Ranelagh and other sights of London. His account of Almack's is as follows :

"Thursday, 19th May 1774.—I have been presented to the Queen, who is very gracious and amiable, but not at all pretty. In the evening I was taken by Comte — to 'Almack's,' a subscription ball which is held during the winter. The room in which they dance is well arranged and brilliantly lighted. The ball is supposed to begin at ten o'clock, but the men remain at their clubs until half past eleven. During this time the women are kept waiting, seated on sofas on either side of the great gallery in great formality ; one would fancy oneself in a church, they look so serious and quiet, not even talking amongst themselves. The supper, which is at twelve o'clock, is very well served, and somewhat less dull than the rest of the entertainment. I was placed by the side of Lady Carpenter,* one of the handsomest girls in London ; she was very agreeable, and conversed a great deal. I had occasion to meet her again some days later, when, to some civil remark I addressed her with, she did not even reply. It surprises one to see young girls talking unreservedly with men, and going about by themselves ; I am reminded of Lausanne in this, where also they enjoy complete liberty."

The Count returned to Sweden in the beginning of 1775. He had already entered the French service in the regiment Royal Barrière. In Sweden he became an officer in a cavalry regiment, and soon attained the rank of lieutenant-colonel. He remained in Sweden some time, joining in the pursuits and amusements of the young nobility at the gay court of Gustavus III. In 1778 he proceeded on another voyage, and passed three months in London, from whence he proceeded to Paris, arriving there in the dead season. Afterwards he went on a visit to the camp of the Count de Broglie in Normandy, and inspected the monastery of La Trappe, of which he gives some interesting details.

* Probably Lady Almeria Carpenter, daughter of Lord Tyrconnel.

In the winter he again appeared at the French Court. He writes to his father :

"Last Tuesday I went to Versailles to be presented to the royal family. The Queen, who is charming, exclaimed, 'Ah! an old acquaintance!' The rest of the royal family did not say a word."

The Count writes again :

"The Queen, who is the handsomest and the most amiable princess, has even had the kindness to inquire after me. She asked Creutz why I did not come to her 'jeu' on Sundays, and on hearing that I had been one day when it did not take place, she made a kind of apology.

"The Queen treats me always with great courtesy. I often go to pay my respects (au jeu), and on every occasion she addresses me with some words of kindness. As they had spoken to her about my Swedish uniform, she expressed a great wish to see me in it, and I am to go full dressed, not to Court, but to see the Queen. She is the most amiable princess that I know."

In society as well as at Court, Count Fersen's success was complete. In M. Geffroy's 'Gustave III. et la Cour de France,' there are many anecdotes respecting it. But of course triumph begets envy, and the favourites of Marie Antoinette, whose relations with her were quite as innocent as those of Count Fersen, began spreading malicious reports about their new rival.

M. Geffroy in his work thus describes the state of affairs :

"On Fersen's return to France, his favour at Court was so great that it could not fail to be much remarked. It was in the year 1779, and we know that the wicked suspicions raised against Marie Antoinette had not waited for the fatal affair of the necklace before attacking her as Sovereign and Woman. Fersen was received in the Queen's intimate circle; the admission extended to Stedingk † was supposed to be a blind, to conceal the much-desired presence of his friend. They brought up against the Queen the small parties given by Mesdames de Lamballe and de Polignac, in their apartments, to which Fersen was admitted; they spoke of meetings and prolonged interviews at the masked balls, (bals de l'opéra), of looks interchanged when other intercourse was wanting at the 'soirées intimes,' at Trianon. They declared that the Queen had been seen to look expressively at Fersen, whilst singing the impassioned lines from the opera of 'Didou:'

'Ah! que je fus bien inspirée
Quand je vous recus dans ma cour'

—to seek his eyes and still conceal her feelings towards him. Nothing more was wanting than to add publicly the name of the young Count to those with which Calumny hoped henceforth to arm herself against Marie Antoinette."

Again, in a secret despatch addressed to Gustavus III. by the Count de Creutz, ‡ we find an account of Fersen's attitude in the situation that was made so difficult for him.

"10th April 1779.—I must confide to your Majesty that the young Count Fersen has been so well received by the Queen, as to give umbrage to many persons: I must own to thinking that she has a great preference for him; I have seen indications of it too strong to be doubted. The modesty and reserve of young Fersen's conduct have been admirable, and above all, the step he has taken in going to

* The games played at the "jeu de la Reine" were quinze, bards, and trictrac.

† Count Fersen's friend and travelling companion.

‡ The Swedish ambassador.

America is to be commended; in absenting himself he escapes all danger, but it evidently required a power of self-command, beyond his years, to overcome such an attraction. The Queen has followed him with her eyes (full of tears) during the last days preceding his going away. I implore your Majesty to keep this secret on her account, and on that of 'Sénateur' Fersen. When the news of the Count's departure was known, all the favourites were delighted. The Duchess of Fitz-James said to him, 'What! monsieur, you abandon your conquest?' 'If I had made one,' he replied, 'I should not have abandoned it. I go away free, and unfortunately without leaving any regrets.' Your Majesty will agree that this was said with a wisdom and prudence marvellous in one so young. But the Queen is more reserved and cautious than formerly. The King not only consults all her wishes, but takes part in her pursuits and amusements."

Count Fersen accompanied the French army to America as aide-de-camp to General Rochambeau, and, owing to his talents and his knowledge of the English language, he was made the intermediary of communication between Washington and the French commander. His letters from America do not show much appreciation of the people he assisted to free. But then allies always speak ill of one another.

The Count writes:

"Money is in all their actions the first object, and their only thought is how to gain it. Every one is for himself, no one for the public good. The inhabitants of the coast, even the best Whigs, supply the English fleet, anchored in Gardner's Bay, with provisions of all kinds, because they pay them well; they fleece us without compunction: everything is an exorbitant price; in all the dealings we have had with them they have treated us more like enemies than friends. Their covetousness is unequalled, money is their god; virtue, honour, all that is nothing to them in comparison with this precious metal. Not but what there are some estimable people among them, there are many who are noble and generous, but I speak of the nation in general, which seems to me to be more Dutch than English."

The Count was present at the surrender of Lord Cornwallis at York Town, which virtually ended the war, and returned to France after the conclusion of the peace of 1783. He still remained in the Swedish service, although at the request of Gustavus III. he received the appointment of Colonel Proprietor of the regiment of Royal Suédois in the service of France. The Count henceforth passed his time between the two countries.

In 1787 he again visited England, and there is a curious account of a fracas that took place between Lady Clermont, the friend of Marie Antoinette and the Prince of Wales at a London assembly, respecting Count Fersen. The Prince's conduct with respect to the Count does not tend to the credit of the "first gentleman of Europe." The insinuations against the Queen of France concerning her relations with the high-minded Swedish nobleman we believe are utterly groundless. There is not a particle of trustworthy evidence that the Queen ever infringed upon the duties of a wife and a mother. Count Fersen was only her friend and servant, more devoted in the dark winter of adversity than in the sunny days of regal grandeur and prosperity. The Duke de Levis, in his Memoirs, describes him as one "who had more judgment than wit, who was cautious with men, reserved towards women, whose air and figure were those of a hero of romance, but not of a French romance, for he was not sufficiently light and brilliant."

In Wraxall there is the following graphic account of the scene we have mentioned :

"As Lady Clermont enjoyed so distinguished a place in Marie Antoinette's esteem, it was natural that she should endeavour to transfuse into the Prince's mind feelings of attachment and respect for the French Queen similar to those with which she was herself imbued. Making allowance for the difference of sexes, there seemed to be indeed no inconsiderable degree of resemblance between their dispositions. Both were indiscreet, unguarded, and ardent devotees of pleasure. But the Duke of Orleans, irritated at her successful opposition to the marriage of his daughter with the Count d'Artois' eldest son, had already prepossessed the Prince of Wales in her disfavour. He was accustomed to speak of her, on the Duke's report, as a woman of licentious life, who changed her lovers according to her caprice. She, indignant at such imputations, which soon reached her, expressed herself in terms the most contemptuous, respecting the heir-apparent, whom she characterised as a voluptuary enslaved by his appetites, incapable of any energetic or elevated sentiments. About this time Count Fersen, who was well known to be highly acceptable to Marie Antoinette, visited London; bringing letters of introduction from the Duchesse de Polignac to many persons of distinction here, and in particular for Lady Clermont. Desirous to show him the utmost attention, and to present him in the best company, soon after his arrival she conducted him in her own carriage to Lady William Gordon's assembly in Piccadilly, one of the most distinguished in the metropolis. She had scarcely entered the room, and made Count Fersen known to the principal individuals of both sexes, when the Prince of Wales was announced. I shall recount the sequel in Lady Clermont's own words to me, only a short time subsequent to the fact.

"His Royal Highness took no notice of me on his first arrival; but, in a few minutes afterwards, coming up to me, "Pray, Lady Clermont," said he, "is that man whom I see here Count Fersen, the Queen's favourite?" "The gentleman to whom your Royal Highness alludes is Count Fersen; but, so far from being a favourite of the Queen, he has not yet been presented at Court."—"G—d d—n me!" exclaimed he, "you don't imagine I mean *my mother*?"—"Sir," I replied, "whenever you are pleased to use the word *queen* without any addition, I shall always understand it to mean *my queen*. If you speak of any other queen I must entreat that you will be good enough to say the queen of France or of Spain." The Prince made no reply, but, after having walked once or twice round Count Fersen, returning to me, "He's certainly a very handsome fellow," observed he. "Shall I have the honour, sir," said I, "to present him to you?" He instantly turned on his heel, without giving me any answer;* and I soon afterwards quitted Lady William Gordon's house, bringing Count Fersen with me."

In 1788 Count Fersen returned to Sweden and accompanied his sovereign on his campaign against Russia, which ended so unfortunately, owing to the disaffection of the Finnish troops. He also was with Gustavus at Gothenburg when besieged by the Danes. The King was only saved from destruction by the conduct of Hugh Elliot, then minister at Copenhagen, who crossed the water and prevailed on the Danish commander to accept a truce. Count Fersen then returned to France, and we are now approaching the most interesting part of his career. He was now appointed the secret envoy of Gustavus, to watch over his interests at the Court of Versailles. The opening scenes of the French Revolution naturally filled his mind with dismay. Talleyrand used to say that those who were not in society before 1789 could not realise "*la douceur de vivre*." Its utter destruction must have been

* The Prince afterwards made a most graceful apology to Lady Clermont for his conduct to her.

appalling to one of its brightest ornaments. The count was present at the dreadful scenes of the 5th and 6th of October at Versailles, and accompanied the King and Queen when they were dragged in triumph to Paris by the victorious populace.

It is a great misfortune that the whole of the journal of the Count Fersen from 1780 until June 1791 was destroyed by the friend to whom it was confided on the eve of the flight to Varennes. Fortunately there is in the "Auckland Memoirs" an account of this eventful enterprise which we believe we can state was drawn up by Lord Auckland himself, when ambassador in Holland, from information derived from Count Fersen and his confederate, Mr. Quintin Craufurd, who was Lord Auckland's friend and correspondent.

The following is the account given in the Auckland papers :

"From intelligence communicated to the Queen, on the 7th of October, 1789, the day after the royal family had been brought from Versailles to Paris, she thought some attempt on her life was still intended. That evening, after she had retired to her apartment, she called Madame de Tourzel to her, and said, 'If you should hear any noise in my room in the night, do not lose any time in coming to see what it is, but carry the Dauphin immediately to the arms of his father.' Madame de Tourzel, bathed in tears, told this circumstance, two days afterwards, to the Spanish ambassador, from whom I learnt it.

"The Count de Fersen was the only person at Paris to whom the King at this time gave his entire confidence. He went privately to the palace by means of one of those passports that were given to some of the household and others who were supposed to have business there, and had therefore liberty to enter at all hours. He saw their Majesties in the King's closet, and by his means their correspondence was carried on, and the King's intentions communicated."

For a long time the King had determined to escape from Paris, and Count Fersen arranged with the most consummate skill all the details of this enterprise. He had two friends in whom he trusted implicitly: Mr. Quintin Craufurd, an English gentleman well known in Parisian society, and Mrs. Sullivan, who resided in Mr. Craufurd's house, and was afterwards known as Mrs. Craufurd. Fersen had the greatest contempt for the levity of the French character, and seems to think that the moment a Frenchman is in possession of a secret he writes about it or confides it to his mistress. Three of the garde-de-corps, however, were called in to assist in the final arrangements. The Count had procured a passport in the name of a "Baroness de Korff," and had ordered a travelling coach in her name. Madame de Tourzel* was to personate Madame de Korff travelling with her family to Frankfort. Count Fersen assumed the whole responsibility of the safe conduct of the royal party as far as Châlons. After that the Marquis de Bouillé, who commanded the troops on the eastern frontier, was charged to protect the travellers by escorts of cavalry.

The night of the 20th of June was finally selected for the attempt at escape, and the travelling carriage was placed at Mr. Quintin Craufurd's house, and a little before midnight Fersen's coachman, a Swede, who

* Governess of the children of France.

did not talk French, and one of the garde-de-corps, mounted as postilion, took the coach with its four Norman horses, and a saddle horse, and halted on the road near the Barrière St. Martin, with orders, in case of seeing any one, to move forwards and return again to their station. Count Fersen went to see the King on the evening of the 20th, and the King determined to depart, although he thought some suspicions were entertained. Count Fersen departed, and at the appointed time arrived with a job coach and horses which he had purchased.

The following is the account of the escape as related by Lord Auckland :

The Dauphin was put to bed at the usual hour, but about half past eleven o'clock * Madame de Tourzel woke him and dressed him in girl's clothes. About the same time Fersen, dressed and acting as a coachman, came with the other coach to the court at the Tuileries called La Cour des Princes, as if to wait for some one who was in the palace. He stopped at the apartment of the Duc de Villiquier, that had a communication with the one above it. Soon after he arrived, Madame de Tourzel came out with the two children. Fersen put them into the carriage. Neither of the children spoke a word, but he observed that Madame Royale was bathed in tears. She had all along shown great sensibility, and a degree of prudence and understanding beyond what might be expected from her years. Fersen drove at a common pace to the Petit Carroussel, and stopped near the house that was formerly inhabited by the Duchesse de la Vallière. Neither that house nor the houses near it have a court to admit carriages, and it is common to see them waiting in the street there. Madame Elisabeth came, attended by one of her gentlemen, who, as soon as he put her in the coach, left her. The King came next; he had a round brown wig over his hair, a greatcoat on, and a stick in his hand. He was followed at some distance by one of the garde-de-corps. They waited for the Queen a full quarter of an hour. The King began to be apprehensive, and wanted to go back to look for her, but Fersen dissuaded him. While they waited for the Queen, Lafayette passed twice in his carriage, followed by two dragoons, once in going to the Rue de Honoré, and again in returning from it. On seeing him the King showed some emotion, but not of fear, and said, loud enough for Fersen to hear him, "Le scélérat!"

"The Queen at last arrived, followed by the other garde-de-corps. She had been detained by unexpectedly finding a sentinel at the top of the stairs she was to descend by. He was walking negligently backwards and forwards, and singing. The Queen at last observed that as he went forward from the stair, the pier of an arch must prevent him from seeing her. She took that opportunity quickly to descend without noise, and made signs to the garde-de-corps to do the same. As soon as the Queen was in the carriage, the two garde-de-corps got up behind it, and Fersen drove away."

Mr. Croker, in his "Essays on the French Revolution," originally published in the "Quarterly Review," observes "that the journey to Varennes is an extraordinary instance of the difficulty of ascertaining historical truth. There have been published twelve narratives by eyewitnesses of, and partakers in, these transactions, and all these narratives contradict each other on trivial, and some on more essential points, but always in a wonderful and inexplicable manner." In the account by Madame Royale, it is positively stated that the Queen conducted the children to the carriage. This assertion very much exercised the mind of Mr. Croker, and it now appears it was incorrect, for the

* Madame Royale gives the time as half past ten, and we think this was the real time.

journal of Count Fersen of the 20th gives the same account of the order in which the royal family escaped as Lord Auckland.*

In one of the accounts it is stated that Count Fersen did not know the streets of Paris, which seems very unlikely; but it appears that such was the Count's caution that he first drove to Mr. Craufurd's house, to see if the travelling carriage had started, and then drove rapidly to the Barrière St. Martin. In the statement by Madame Royale, it is averred that Count Fersen took leave of the royal family there, and this account is adopted by Mr. Croker; but it is an error, for both Count Fersen and Lord Auckland agree that it was at or near Bondy that the parting took place. It will be seen that the King refused to allow Fersen to accompany the royal family in their flight. We think that if he had consented, the escape might have been effected. All that was wanted was a cool head in danger, and that was lamentably wanting.

This is from the Auckland MSS. :

"When they came to the other coach, the one that brought the royal family from Paris was driven to some distance and overturned into a ditch. They got into the travelling coach. Fersen rode before and ordered post-horses at Bondy. It is common for persons who live at Paris to come the first stage with their own horses. The post-horses, on showing the passport, were therefore given without any hesitation. Two of the garde-de-corps mounted on the seat of the coach, the other went before as a courier. The coachman was sent on with the coach-horses towards Brussels, and Fersen accompanied the royal family about three miles beyond Bondy, when he quitted them to go to Mons, and from thence to Montmédy. Though he pressed the King very much to permit him to go along with him, he positively refused it, saying, 'If you should be taken it will be impossible for me to save you; besides, you have papers of importance. I therefore conjure you to get out of France as fast as you can.' He joined his own carriage that was waiting for him near Bourgette, and arrived at Mons at two in the morning of the 22nd, without meeting with any sort of interruption."

The following account from the journal of Count Fersen was written in pencil on scraps of paper, but it will be seen that with the exception of some difference in time it agrees substantially with Lord Auckland's paper.

"29 (1).
"Conversation with the King on what he wished to do. Both told me to proceed without delay. We agreed upon the house, &c., &c., so that if they were stopped I should go to Brussels and act from there. &c., &c. At parting the King said to me, 'M. de Fersen, whatever happens to me I shall never forget all that you have done for me.' The Queen wept bitterly. At 6 o'clock I left her; she went out to walk with the children. No extraordinary precautions. I returned home to finish my affairs. At 7 o'clock went to Sullivan to see if the carriage had been sent; returned home again at 8 o'clock. I wrote to the Queen to change the 'rendezvous' with the waiting-woman, and to instruct them to let me know the exact hour by the garde-de-corps; take the letter nothing moving. At a quarter to 9 o'clock the gardes join me; they give me the letter for Mercy.* I give them instructions, return home, send off my horses and coachman. Go to fetch the carriage. Thought I had lost Mercy's letter. At quarter past 10 o'clock in the Cour des Princes. At quarter past 11 the children taken out with difficulty. Lafayette passed twice. At

* Formerly Austrian ambassador at the Court of Versailles.

a quarter to 12 Madame Elisabeth came, then the King, then the Queen. Start at 12 o'clock, meet the carriage at the Barrière St. Martin. At half past one o'clock reach Boudy, take post; at three o'clock I leave them, taking the by-road to Bourgette.*"

On arriving at Mons the Count wrote to his father a letter acquainting him with the triumphant success of his attempt.

All had gone well when the directions were in the hands of the brave and cautious Swedish officer, but the moment the French commanders took the affair into their own hands at Châlons, everything was lost through their levity and want of common-sense. Baron de Goguelat, an engineer officer who superintended the details of the expedition from Châlons, already had given offence to the inhabitants of St. Menchould, and had quarrelled with Drouet, the postmaster there, through employing another man's horses which were cheaper to take his own carriage back. The Duc de Choiseul, who commanded the first detachment at Somme-Velle, near Châlons, because the travelling carriage was late, retreated not by the main road, where the royal family could have overtaken him, but across a country he did not know, and he did not arrive at Varennes till after the arrest of the royal family, having previously sent a message to the other commander that the "treasure"† would not arrive that evening. On the carriage arriving at St. Menchould, the commanding officer of the hussars there foolishly went to speak to the King, who put his head out of the window and was instantly recognised by Drouet, who immediately after the departure of the King rode off to Varennes and procured his arrest. Everything there was in confusion. The young Count de Bouillé was in bed; his hussars with their horses unsaddled. The Duc de Choiseul, the Count de Damas, arrived with men enough to rescue the prisoners, but nothing was done. The King would give no orders, and the officers were afraid of responsibility. Count de Damas told Mr. Charles Ross, the editor of the *Cornwallis Correspondence*, "that he asked leave of the King to charge with the men the mob who interrupted him. The Queen urged him to do it, but Louis would take no responsibility, and would give no order till it was too late. M. de Damas added he had ever since regretted not acting without orders." The Count de Bouillé fled from Varennes to acquaint his father, who was at the next station, Dun, with the misfortune that had befallen the King. The Marquis hastened with the Royal Allemand regiment to rescue the royal family, but he arrived too late. They had already left for Paris, escorted by the National Guard.

It was at Arlon, on his journey to Montmédy, the fortress on the French frontier where the King intended to set up his standard if successful in his attempt at escape, that Count Fersen heard the news of the failure.

The Count writes in his journal :

* A village on the high-road to Mons.

† The pretext for presence of the troops was that they were to escort treasure to the army.

"Le 23.—Fine weather, cold. Arrived at Arion at eleven o'clock in the evening. Found Bouillé learnt that the King was taken; the detachments not done their duty. The King wanting in resolution and head."

The Count now took up his residence at Brussels, where he was joined by his friend Craufurd, and henceforth employed his whole time until the execution of the Queen in attempting to save her. Although well knowing the fate that would await him if discovered, he wished to return to Paris. His correspondence with Marie Antoinette was constant.

Here is a letter from her, written on the 29th of June :

"I exist. . . . How anxious I have been about you, and how I grieve to think of all you must have suffered from not hearing of us! Heaven grant that this letter may reach you! Don't write to me, it would only endanger us, and above all, don't return here under any pretext. It is known that you attempted our escape, and all would be lost if you were to appear. We are guarded day and night. No matter Keep your mind at ease. Nothing will happen to me. The Assembly wishes to deal gently with us. Adieu. . . . I cannot write more. . . ."

The Field-Marshal de Fersen was very anxious that his son should now return to his own country, where a great career awaited him, but the Count refused to entertain the idea. Count Ferson writes from Vienna,* August 1791:

"29th August.—The confidence with which the King and Queen of France have honoured me impose upon me the duty of not abandoning them on this occasion, and of serving them whenever in future it is possible for me to be of use to them. I should deserve all censure were I to do otherwise. I alone have been admitted into their confidence, and I may still, from the knowledge I have of their position, their sentiments, and the affairs of France, be of service to them. I should reproach myself eternally as having helped to bring them into their present disastrous position without having used every means in my power to release them from it. Such conduct would be unworthy of your son, and you, my dear father, whatever it may cost you, would not you yourself disapprove of it? It would be inconsistent and tickle, and is far from my way of thinking. As I have mixed myself up in the cause, I will go on to the end. I shall then have nothing to reproach myself with, and if I do not succeed—if this unhappy prince finds himself forsaken, I shall, at least, have the consolation of having done my duty, and of having never betrayed the confidence with which he has honoured me."

Baron de Stael, then Swedish ambassador at Paris, who through his wife was suspected of intriguing in favour of the new order of things, seems to have endeavoured on all occasions to counteract the efforts of his former friend. It is singular that Gustavus, a fanatical adherent of the French royal family, should have allowed him to remain in his service.

Count Fersen writes to Marie Antoinette :

"Stael says dreadful things of me. He has corrupted my coachman and taken him into his service; which has annoyed me very much. He has prejudiced many persons against me, who blame my conduct, and say that in what I have done I have been guided solely by ambition, and that I have lost you and the King. The Spanish ambassador and others are of this opinion; he is at Louvain, and has not seen any one here.—They are right; I had the ambition to serve you, and I shall all my life lament my not having succeeded; I wished to repay in some part the benefits which

* The Count went to Vienna to induce the Emperor Leopold to assist his sister.

it has been so delightful to me to receive from you, and I hoped to prove that it is possible to be attached to persons like yourself without interested motives. The rest of my conduct should have shown that this was my sole ambition, and that the honour of having served you was my best recompense."

Count Fersen remained at Brussels, and numerous plans for the relief of the royal family were engaged in by his advice. In February, 1792, he determined, in spite of the extreme danger, to proceed to Paris to see again the King and Queen. He departed from Brussels on Sunday the 12th, and arrived in Paris on Monday evening.

There is the following entry in his journal :

"Went to the Queen. Passed in my usual way, afraid of the National Guards. Did not see the King.

"Le 14, Tuesday.—Saw the King at six o'clock in the evening, he does not wish to escape, and cannot on account of the extreme watchfulness; but in reality he has scruples, having so often promised to remain, for he is an 'honest man.'"

Count Fersen had a long conversation with the Queen on the same evening, in which they talked about the details of the journey from Varennes, and the Queen related what insults they had received: how the Marquis de Dampierre, having approached the carriage at St. Menchould, was murdered in their sight, and his head brought to the carriage; how insolently Pétion behaved, who asked her for, pretending not to know, the name of the Swede who drove them from the palace, to whom Marie Antoinette answered "that she was not in the habit of knowing the names of hackney coachmen."

Count Fersen remained in Paris till the 21st, when with his companion he left for Brussels, where he arrived on the 23d. They were arrested several times, but got through by informing the guards that they were Swedish couriers. On the subject of the flight to Varennes we give one more extract. Just before the execution of the Queen, Drouot, commissary of the Convention, was arrested by the Austrians in attempting to escape from Maubeuge. He was brought to Brussels, and Count Fersen went to see him.

"Sunday, 6th October.—Drouot* arrived at 11 o'clock. I went with Colonel Harvey to see him in the prison of St. Elizabeth. He is a man of from 23 to 34 years of age, six feet high, and good-looking enough if he were not so great a scoundrel. He had irons on his hands and feet. We asked him if he were the postmaster of Saint Menchould who had stopped the King at Varennes; he said that he had been at Varennes, but that it was not he who had arrested the King. We asked him if he had left Maubeuge from fear of being taken. He said No, but to execute a commission with which he was charged. He kept his coat closed to prevent the chain, which led from his right foot to his left hand, being seen. The sight of this infamous villain incensed me, and the effort that I made to refrain from speaking to him (consideration for the Abbé de Liéou and Count Fitz-James) affected me painfully. Another officer who was taken with him maintained that the Queen was in no danger, that she was very well treated, and had everything she could wish. The scoundrel how they lie!—An Englishman arrived in Switzerland, said he had paid 5 louis to be allowed to enter the prison where the Queen was; he carried in a jug of water—the

* Drouot was the postmaster at St. Menchould, not the postmaster's son, as is generally believed. He was afterwards exchanged.

room is underground, and contains only a poor bed, a table, and one chair. He found the Queen sealed with her face buried in her hands—her head was covered with two handkerchiefs, and she was extremely ill dressed;—she did not even look up at him, and of course it was understood that he should not speak to her. What a horrible story! I am going to inquire into the truth of it."

The Count never saw Marie Antoinette again, but he still contrived to correspond with her until her removal to the Conciergerie. Then all hope seemed over.

Count Fersen's sufferings were extreme during the period of apprehension before the Queen's execution. He attempted in vain, through Count Mercy, to prevail on the allies to march on Paris. But the Austrians were more intent on seizing the French fortresses, and the English on the siege of Dunkirk, than in making a desperate campaign on behalf of the royal family. These are the last accounts in Count Fersen's journal respecting the Queen.

"Here are some particulars about the Queen. Her room was the third door to the right, on entering, opposite to that of Custine; it was on the ground floor, and looked into a court which was filled all day with prisoners, who through the window looked at and insulted the Queen. Her room was small, dark, and fetid; there was neither stove nor fireplace; in it there were three beds: one for the Queen, another for the woman who served her, and a third for the two gendarmes who never left the room. The Queen's bed was, like the others, made of wood; it had a palliasse, a mattress, and one dirty torn blanket, which had long been used by other prisoners; the sheets were coarse, unbleached linen; there were no curtains, only an old screen. The Queen wore a kind of black spencer ('caraco'), her hair, cut short, was quite grey. She had become so thin as to be hardly recognizable, and so weak she could scarcely stand. She wore three rings on her fingers, but not jewelled ones. The woman who waited on her was a kind of fishwife, of whom she made great complaints. The soldiers told Michonis that she did not eat enough to keep her alive; they said that her food was very bad, and they showed him a stale, skinny chicken, saying 'This chicken has been served to Madame for four days, and she has not eaten it.' The gendarmes complained of their bed, though it was just the same as the Queen's. The Queen always slept dressed, and in black, expecting every moment to be murdered or to be led to torture, and wishing to be prepared for either in mourning. Michonis wept as he spoke of the weak state of the Queen's health, and he said that he had only been able to get the black spencer and some necessary linen for the Queen from the Temple, after a deliberation in Council. These are the sad details he gave me."

Marie Antoinette was executed on the 16th of October, 1793. It was not till four days afterwards, on the 20th, that the news arrived at Brussels.

The following are extracts from Count Fersen's journal.

"Sunday, October 20th.—Grandmason tells me that Ackerman, a banker, received a letter from his correspondent in Paris, telling him that the sentence against the Queen had been passed the evening before; that it was to have been carried into execution directly, but that circumstances had retarded it; that the people (that is, the said people) were murmuring that it was 'ce matin que Marie-Antoinette doit partir à la guillotine nationale.' Although I have been prepared for this, and have in fact expected it ever since the removal from the Conciergerie, yet the certainty has quite prostrated me. I went to talk of this misfortune with my friends Madame Fitz-James and the Baron de Breteuil; they wept with me, above all, Madame Fitz-James. The 'Gazette' of the 17th speaks of it. It was on the 16th at half-past eleven that this execrable crime was committed, and Divine vengeance has burst upon these monsters!

"Monday, 21st.—I can think of nothing but my loss; it is dreadful to have no actual details, to think of her alone in her last moments without consolation, without a creature to speak to, to whom to express her last wishes; it is horrible. Those hellish monsters! No, without revenge on them my heart will never be satisfied."

Gustavus III. had fallen by the hands of an assassin at a masked ball. The King of France had already been beheaded, the Princesse de Lamballe murdered by the mob of Paris in a manner too horrible to relate, and now the Queen, who trusted him and him alone, had been dragged in a cart with her hands tied behind her to the place of execution and subjected to the insults of a brutal populace. What alleviation could there be to a blow like this? Count Fersen was soon recalled to Sweden by the Regent, and henceforth he interested himself mainly in the affairs of his country. He was much in the confidence of the young King Gustavus IV., and on that unfortunate monarch's expulsion from the throne, Count Fersen, then the chief of the nobility and Grand Marshal, still remained an adherent of the House of Vasa. This was the cause of his disastrous end. Count Fersen, whilst assisting at the funeral of Prince Charles of Holstein, who had been selected to succeed to the throne of Sweden, was murdered in the most cowardly and cruel manner by the mob of Stockholm. His last words were an appeal to God, before whom he was about to appear, to spare his assassins, and this happened in 1810, on the *twentieth* of Jun., the anniversary of his daring enterprise.

Temple Bar.

THE
LIBRARY MAGAZINE.

MARCH, 1879.

CHAPTERS ON SOCIALISM.

PRELIMINARY NOTICE.

It was in the year 1869 that, impressed with the degree in which even during the last twenty years, when the world seemed so wholly occupied with other matters, the socialist ideas of speculative thinkers had spread among the workers in every civilised country, Mr. Mill formed the design of writing a book on Socialism. Convinced that the inevitable tendencies of modern society must be to bring the questions involved in it always more and more to the front, he thought it of great practical consequence that they should be thoroughly and impartially considered, and the lines pointed out by which the best speculatively-tested theories might, without prolongation of suffering on the one hand, or unnecessary disturbance on the other, be applied to the existing order of things. He therefore planned a work which should go exhaustively through the whole subject, point by point; and the four chapters now printed are the first rough drafts thrown down towards the foundation of that work. These chapters might not, when the work came to be completely written out and then re-written, according to the author's habit, have appeared in the present order: they might have been incorporated into different parts of the work. It has not been without hesitation that I have yielded to the urgent wish of the editor of this Review to give these chapters to the world; but I have complied with his request because, while they appear to me to possess great intrinsic value as well as special application to the problems now forcing themselves on public attention, they will not, I believe, detract even from the mere literary reputation of their author, but will rather form an example of the patient labour with which good work is done.

January, 1879.

HELEN TAYLOR.

INTRODUCTORY.

In the great country beyond the Atlantic, which is now well-nigh the most powerful country in the world, and will soon be indisputably so, manhood suffrage prevails. Such is also the political qualification of France since 1848, and has become that of the German Confederation,

(257)

though not of all the several states composing it. In Great Britain the suffrage is not yet so widely extended, but the last Reform Act admitted within what is called the pale of the Constitution so large a body of those who live on weekly wages, that as soon and as often as these shall choose to act together as a class, and exert for any common object the whole of the electoral power which our present institutions give them, they will exercise, though not a complete ascendancy, a very great influence on legislation. Now these are the very class which, in the vocabulary of the higher ranks, are said to have no stake in the country. Of course they have in reality the greatest stake, since their daily bread depends on its prosperity. But they are not engaged (we may call it bribed) by any peculiar interest of their own, to the support of property as it is, least of all to the support of inequalities of property. So far as their power reaches, or may hereafter reach, the laws of property have to depend for support upon considerations of a public nature, upon the estimate made of their conduciveness to the general welfare, and not upon motives of a mere personal character operating on the minds of those who have control over the Government.

It seems to me that the greatness of this change is as yet by no means completely realised, either by those who opposed, or by those who effected our last constitutional reform. To say the truth, the perceptions of Englishmen are of late somewhat blunted as to the tendencies of political changes. They have seen so many changes made, from which, while only in prospect, vast expectations were entertained, both of evil and of good, while the results of either kind that actually followed seemed far short of what had been predicted, that they have come to feel as if it were the nature of political changes not to fulfil expectation, and have fallen into a habit of half-unconscious belief that such changes, when they take place without a violent revolution, do not much or permanently disturb in practice the course of things habitual to the country. This, however, is but a superficial view either of the past or of the future. The various reforms of the last two generations have been at least as fruitful in important consequences as was foretold. The predictions were often erroneous as to the suddenness of the effects, and sometimes even as to the kind of effect. We laugh at the vain expectations of those who thought that Catholic emancipation would tranquillise Ireland, or reconcile it to British rule. At the end of the first ten years of the Reform Act of 1832, few continued to think either that it would remove every important practical grievance, or that it had opened the door to universal suffrage. But five-and-twenty-years more of its operation have given scope for a large development of its indirect working, which is much more momentous than the direct. Sudden effects in history are generally superficial. Causes which go deep down into the roots of future events produce the most serious parts of their effect only slowly, and have, therefore, time to become a part of the familiar

order of things before general attention is called to the changes they are producing; since, when the changes do become evident, they are often not seen, by cursory observers, to be in any peculiar manner connected with the cause. The remoter consequences of a new political fact are seldom understood when they occur, except when they have been appreciated beforehand.

This timely appreciation is particularly easy in respect to the tendencies of the change made in our institutions by the Reform Act of 1867. The great increase of electoral power which the Act places within the reach of the working classes is permanent. The circumstances which have caused them, thus far, to make a very limited use of that power, are essentially temporary. It is known even to the most inobservant, that the working classes have, and are likely to have, political objects which concern them as working classes, and on which they believe, rightly or wrongly, that the interests and opinions of the other powerful classes are opposed to theirs. However much their pursuit of these objects may be for the present retarded by want of electoral organization, by dissensions among themselves, or by their not having reduced as yet their wishes into a sufficiently definite practical shape, it is as certain as anything in politics can be, that they will before long find the means of making their collective electoral power effectively instrumental to the promotion of their collective objects. And when they do so, it will not be in the disorderly and ineffective way which belongs to a people not habituated to the use of legal and constitutional machinery, nor will it be by the impulse of a mere instinct of levelling. The instruments will be the press, public meetings and associations, and the return to Parliament of the greatest possible number of persons pledged to the political aims of the working classes. The political aims will themselves be determined by definite political doctrines; for politics are now scientifically studied from the point of view of the working classes, and opinions conceived in the special interest of those classes are organized into systems and creeds which lay claim to a place on the platform of political philosophy, by the same right as the systems elaborated by previous thinkers. It is of the utmost importance that all reflecting persons should take into early consideration what these popular political creeds are likely to be, and that every single article of them should be brought under the fullest light of investigation and discussion, so that, if possible, when the time shall be ripe, whatever is right in them may be adopted, and what is wrong rejected by general consent, and that instead of a hostile conflict, physical or only moral, between the old and the new, the best parts of both may be combined in a renovated social fabric. At the ordinary pace of those great social changes which are not effected by physical violence, we have before us an interval of about a generation, on the due employment of which it depends whether the accommodation of social institutions to the altered state of human society, shall be the work of wise foresight, or of a conflict of opposite prejudices. The future of mankind will be gravely

imperilled, if great questions are left to be fought over between ignorant change and ignorant opposition to change.

And the discussion that is now required is one that must go down to the very first principles of existing society. The fundamental doctrines which were assumed as incontestable by former generations, are now put again on the trial. Until the present age, the institution of property in the shape in which it has been handed down from the past, had not, except by a few speculative writers, been brought seriously into question, because the conflicts of the past have always been conflicts between classes, both of which had a stake in the existing constitution of property. It will not be possible to go on longer in this manner. When the discussion includes classes who have next to no property of their own, and are only interested in the institution so far as it is a public benefit, they will not allow anything to be taken for granted—certainly not the principle of private property, the legitimacy and utility of which are denied by many of the reasoners who look out from the standpoint of the working classes. Those classes will certainly demand that the subject, in all its parts, shall be reconsidered from the foundation; that all proposals for doing without the institution, and all modes of modifying it which have the appearance of being favourable to the interest of the working classes, shall receive the fullest consideration and discussion before it is decided that the subject must remain as it is. As far as this country is concerned, the dispositions of the working classes have as yet manifested themselves hostile only to certain outlying portions of the proprietary system. Many of them desire to withdraw questions of wages from the freedom of contract, which is one of the ordinary attributions of private property. The more aspiring of them deny that land is a proper subject for private appropriation, and have commenced an agitation for its resumption by the State. With this is combined, in the speeches of some of the agitators, a denunciation of what they term usury, but without any definition of what they mean by the name; and the cry does not seem to be of home origin, but to have been caught up from the intercourse which has recently commenced through the Labour Congress and the International Society, with the continental Socialists who object to all interest on money, and deny the legitimacy of deriving an income in any form from property apart from labour. This doctrine does not as yet show signs of being widely prevalent in Great Britain, but the soil is well prepared to receive the seeds of this description which are widely scattered from those foreign countries where large, general theories, and schemes of vast promise, instead of inspiring distrust, are essential to the popularity of a cause. It is in France, Germany, and Switzerland that anti-property doctrines in the widest sense have drawn large bodies of working-men to rally round them. In these countries nearly all those who aim at reforming society in the interest of the working classes profess themselves Socialists, a designation under which schemes of very diverse character are comprehended and confounded, but which implies at least a remodelling

generally approaching to abolition of the institution of private property. And it would probably be found that even in England the more prominent and active leaders of the working classes are usually in their private creed Socialists of one order or another, though being, like most English politicians, better aware than their Continental brethren that great and permanent changes in the fundamental ideas of mankind are not to be accomplished by a *coup de main*, they direct their practical efforts towards ends which seem within easier reach, and are content to hold back all extreme theories until there has been experience of the operation of the same principles on a partial scale. While such continues to be the character of the English working classes, as it is of Englishmen in general, they are not likely to rush headlong into the reckless extremities of some of the foreign Socialists, who, even in sober Switzerland, proclaim themselves content to begin by simple subversion, leaving the subsequent reconstruction to take care of itself; and by subversion they mean not only the annihilation of all government, but getting all property of all kinds out of the hands of the possessors to be used for the general benefit; but in what mode it will, they say, be time enough afterwards to decide.

The avowal of this doctrine by a public newspaper, the organ of an association ("La Solidarité," published at Neuchâtel), is one of the most curious signs of the times. The leaders of the English working men—whose delegates at the congresses of Geneva and Bâle contributed much the greatest part of such practical common sense as was shown there—are not likely to begin deliberately by anarchy, without having formed any opinion as to what form of society should be established in the room of the old. But it is evident that whatever they do propose can only be properly judged, and the grounds of the judgment made convincing to the general mind, on the basis of a previous survey of the two rival theories, that of private property and that of Socialism, one or other of which must necessarily furnish most of the premises in the discussion. Before, therefore, we can usefully discuss this class of questions in detail, it will be advisable to examine from their foundations the general questions raised by Socialism. And this examination should be made without any hostile prejudice. However irrefutable the arguments in favour of the laws of property may appear to those to whom they have the double prestige of immemorial custom and of personal interest, nothing is more natural than that a working man who has begun to speculate on politics, should regard them in a very different light. Having after long struggles, attained in some countries, and nearly attained in others, the point at which for them, at least, there is no further progress to make in the department of purely political rights, is it possible that the less fortunate classes among the "adult males" should not ask themselves whether progress ought to stop there? Notwithstanding all that has been done, and all that seems likely to be done, in the extension of franchises, a few are born to great riches, and the many to a penury, made only more grating by contrast. No longer en-

slaved or made dependent by force of law, the great majority are so by force of poverty; they are still chained to a place, to an occupation, and to conformity with the will of an employer, and debarred by the accident of birth both from the enjoyments, and from the mental and moral advantages, which others inherit without exertion and independently of desert. That this is an evil equal to almost any of those against which mankind have hitherto struggled, the poor are not wrong in believing. Is it a necessary evil? They are told so by those who do not feel it—by those who have gained the prizes in the lottery of life. But it was also said that slavery, that despotism, that all the privileges of oligarchy were necessary. All the successive steps that have been made by the poorer classes, partly won from the better feelings of the powerful, partly extorted from their fears, and partly bought with money, or attained in exchange for support given to one section of the powerful in its quarrels with another, had the strongest prejudices opposed to them beforehand; but their acquisition was a sign of power gained by the subordinate classes, a means to those classes of acquiring more; it consequently drew to those classes a certain share of the respect accorded to power, and produced a corresponding modification in the creed of society respecting them; whatever advantages they succeeded in acquiring came to be considered their due, while, of those which they had not yet attained, they continued to be deemed unworthy. The classes, therefore, which the system of society makes subordinate, have little reason to put faith in any of the maxims which the same system of society may have established as principles. Considering that the opinions of mankind have been found so wonderfully flexible, have always tended to consecrate existing facts, and to declare what did not yet exist, either pernicious or impracticable, what assurance have those classes that the distinction of rich and poor is grounded on a more imperative necessity than those other ancient and long-established facts, which, having been abolished, are now condemned even by those who formerly profited by them? This cannot be taken on the word of an interested party. The working classes are entitled to claim that the whole field of social institutions should be re-examined, and every question considered as if it now arose for the first time; with the idea constantly in view that the persons who are to be convinced are not those who owe their ease and importance to the present system, but persons who have no other interest in the matter than abstract justice and the general good of the community. It should be the object to ascertain what institutions of property would be established by an unprejudiced legislator, absolutely impartial between the possessors of property and the non-possessors; and to defend and justify them by the reasons which would really influence such a legislator, and not by such as have the appearance of being got up to make out a case for what already exists. Such rights or privileges of property as will not stand this test will, sooner or later, have to be given. An impartial hearing ought, moreover, to be given to all objec-

tions against property itself. All evils and inconveniences attaching to the institution in its best form ought to be frankly admitted, and the best remedies or palliatives applied which human intelligence is able to devise. And all plans proposed by social reformers, under whatever name designated, for the purpose of attaining the benefits aimed at by the institution of property without its inconveniences, should be examined with the same candour, not prejudged as absurd or impracticable.

SOCIALIST OBJECTIONS TO THE PRESENT ORDER OF SOCIETY.

As in all proposals for change there are two elements to be considered—that which is to be changed, and that which it is to be changed to—so in Socialism considered generally, and in each of its varieties taken separately, there are two parts to be distinguished, the one negative and critical, the other constructive. There is, first, the judgment of Socialism on existing institutions and practices and on their results; and secondly, the various plans which it has propounded for doing better. In the former all the different schools of Socialism are at one. They agree almost to identity in the faults which they find with the economical order of existing society. Up to a certain point also they entertain the same general conception of the remedy to be provided for those faults, but in the details, notwithstanding this general agreement, there is a wide disparity. It will be both natural and convenient, in attempting an estimate of their doctrines, to begin with the negative portion which is common to them all, and to postpone all mention of their differences until we arrive at that second part of their undertaking, in which alone they seriously differ.

This first part of our task is by no means difficult; since it consists only in an enumeration of existing evils. Of these there is no scarcity, and most of them are by no means obscure or mysterious. Many of them are the veriest commonplaces of moralists, though the roots even of these lie deeper than moralists usually attempt to penetrate. So various are they that the only difficulty is to make any approach to an exhaustive catalogue. We shall content ourselves for the present with mentioning a few of the principal. And let one thing be remembered by the reader. When item after item of the enumeration passes before him, and he finds one fact after another which he has been accustomed to include among the necessities of nature urged as an accusation against social institutions, he is not entitled to cry unfairness, and to protest that the evils complained of are inherent in Man and Society, and are such as no arrangements can remedy. To assert this would be to beg the very question at issue. No one is more ready than Socialists to admit—they affirm it indeed much more decidedly than truth warrants—that the evils they complain of are irremediable in the present constitution of society. They propose to consider whether some other form of society may be devised which would not be liable to those evils, or would be liable to them in a much less degree. Those who object to the present order of society, considered as a whole, and who accept

as an alternative the possibility of a total change, have a right to set down all the evils which at present exist in society as part of their case, whether these are apparently attributable to social arrangements or not, provided they do not flow from physical laws which human power is not adequate, or human knowledge has not yet learned, to counteract. Moral evils, and such physical evils as would be remedied if all persons did as they ought, are fairly chargeable against the state of society which admits of them; and are valid as arguments until it is shown that any other state of society would involve an equal or greater amount of such evils. In the opinion of Socialists, the present arrangements of society in respect to Property and the Production and Distribution of Wealth, are, as means to the general good, a total failure. They say that there is an enormous mass of evil which these arrangements do not succeed in preventing; that the good, either moral or physical, which they realise is wretchedly small compared with the amount of exertion employed, and that even this small amount of good is brought about by means which are full of pernicious consequences, moral and physical.

First among existing social evils may be mentioned the evil of Poverty. The institution of Property is upheld and commended principally as being the means by which labour and frugality are insured their reward, and mankind enabled to emerge from indigence. It may be so; most Socialists allow that it has been so in earlier periods of history. But if the institution can do nothing more or better in this respect than it has hitherto done, its capabilities, they affirm, are very insignificant. What proportion of the population, in the most civilised countries of Europe, enjoy in their own persons anything worth naming of the benefits of property? It may be said, that but for property in the hands of their employers they would be without daily bread; but, though this be conceded, at least their daily bread is all that they have; and that often in insufficient quantity; almost always of inferior quality; and with no assurance of continuing to have it at all; an immense proportion of the industrious classes being at some period or other of their lives (and all being liable to become) dependent, at least temporarily, on legal or voluntary charity. Any attempt to depict the miseries of indigence, or to estimate the proportion of mankind who in the most advanced countries are habitually given up during their whole existence to its physical and moral sufferings, would be superfluous here. This may be left to philanthropists, who have painted these miseries in colours sufficiently strong. Suffice it to say that the condition of numbers in civilised Europe, and even in England and France, is more wretched than that of most tribes of savages who are known to us.

It may be said that of this hard lot no one has any reason to complain, because it befalls those only who are outstripped by others, from inferiority of energy or of prudence. This, even were it true, would be a very small alleviation of the evil. If some Nero or Domitian were to require a hundred persons to run a race for their lives, on condition that the fifteen or twenty who came in hindmost should be put to death, it

would not be any diminution of the injustice that the strongest or nimblest would, except through some untoward accident, be certain to escape. The misery and the crime would be that any were put to death at all. So in the economy of society; if there be any who suffer physical privation or moral degradation, whose bodily necessities are either not satisfied or satisfied in a manner which only brutish creatures can be content with, this, though not necessarily the crime of society, is *pro tanto* a failure of the social arrangements. And to assert as a mitigation of the evil that those who thus suffer are the weaker members of the community, morally or physically, is to add insult to misfortune. Is weakness a justification of suffering? Is it not, on the contrary, an irresistible claim upon every human being for protection against suffering? If the minds and feelings of the prosperous were in a right state, would they accept their prosperity if for the sake of it even one person near them was, for any other cause than voluntary fault, excluded from obtaining a desirable existence?

One thing there is, which if it could be affirmed truly, would relieve social institutions from any share in the responsibility of these evils. Since the human race has no means of enjoyable existence, or of existence at all, but what it derives from its own labour and abstinence, there would be no ground for complaint against society if every one who was willing to undergo a fair share of this labour and abstinence could attain a fair share of the fruits. But is this the fact? Is it not the reverse of the fact? The reward, instead of being proportioned to the labour and abstinence of the individual, is almost in an inverse ratio to it; those who receive the least, labour and abstain the most. Even the idle, reckless, and ill-conducted poor, those who are said with most justice to have themselves to blame for their condition, often undergo much more and severer labour, not only than those who are born to pecuniary independence, but than almost any of the more highly remunerated of those who earn their subsistence; and even the inadequate self-control exercised by the industrious poor costs them more sacrifice and more effort than is almost ever required from the more favoured members of society. The very idea of distributive justice, or of any proportionality between success and merit, or between success and exertion, is in the present state of society so manifestly chimerical as to be relegated to the regions of romance. It is true that the lot of individuals is not wholly independent of their virtue and intelligence; these do really tell in their favour, but far less than many other things in which there is no merit at all. The most powerful of all the determining circumstances is birth. The great majority are what they were born to be. Some are born rich without work; others are born to a position in which they can become rich *by* work, the great majority are born to hard work and poverty throughout life, numbers to indigence. Next to birth the chief cause of success in life is accident and opportunity. When a person not born to riches succeeds in acquiring them, his own industry and dexterity have generally contributed to the result; but industry and dexterity wor

not have sufficed unless there had been also a concurrence of occasions and chances which falls to the lot of only a small number. If persons are helped in their worldly career by their virtues, so are they, and perhaps quite as often, by their vices: by sevility and sycophancy, by hard-hearted and close-fisted selfishness, by the permitted lies and tricks of trade, by gambling speculations, not seldom by downright knavery. Energies and talents are of much more avail for success in life than virtues; but if one man succeeds by employing energy and talent in something generally useful, another thrives by exercising the same qualities in out-generalling and ruining a rival. It is as much as any moralist ventures to assert, that, other circumstances being given, honesty is the best policy, and that with parity of advantages an honest person has better chances than a rogue. Even this in many stations and circumstances of life is questionable; anything more than this is out of the question. It cannot be pretended that honesty, as a means of success, tells for as much as a difference of one single step on the social ladder. The connection between fortune and conduct is mainly this, that there is a degree of bad conduct, or rather of some kinds of bad conduct, which suffices to ruin any amount of good fortune; but the converse is not true: in the situation of most people no degree whatever of good conduct can be counted upon for raising them in the world, without the aid of fortunate accidents.

These evils, then—great poverty, and that poverty very little connected with desert—are the first grand failure of the existing arrangements of society. The second is human misconduct; crime, vice, and folly, with all the sufferings which follow in their train. For, nearly all the forms of misconduct, whether committed towards ourselves or towards others, may be traced to one of three causes: Poverty and its temptations in the many; Idleness and *désœuvrement* in the few whose circumstances do not compel them to work; bad education, or want of education, in both. The first two must be allowed to be at least failures in the social arrangements, the last is now almost universally admitted to be the fault of those arrangements—it may almost be said the crime. I am speaking loosely and in the rough, for a minuter analysis of the sources of faults of character and errors of conduct would establish far more conclusively the filiation which connects them with a defective organization of society, though it would also show the reciprocal dependence of that faulty state of society on a backward state of the human mind.

At this point, in the enumeration of the evils of society, the mere levellers of former times usually stopped: but their more far-sighted successors, the present Socialists, go farther. In their eyes the very foundation of human life as at present constituted, the very principle on which the production and repartition of all material products is now carried on, is essentially vicious and anti-social. It is the principle of individualism, competition, each one for himself and against all the rest. It is grounded on opposition of interests, not harmony of interests, and under it every one is required to find his place by a struggle,

by pushing others back or being pushed back by them. Socialists consider this system of private war (as it may be termed) between every one and every one, especially fatal in an economical point of view and in a moral. Morally considered, its evils are obvious. It is the parent of envy, hatred, and all uncharitableness; it makes every one the natural enemy of all others who cross his path, and every one's path is constantly liable to be crossed. Under the present system hardly any one can gain except by the loss or disappointment of one or of many others. In a well-constituted community every one would be a gainer by every other person's successful exertions; while now we gain by each other's loss and lose by each other's gain, and our greatest gains come from the worst source of all, from death, the death of those who are nearest and should be dearest to us. In its purely economical operation the principle of individual competition receives as unqualified condemnation from the social reformers as in its moral. In the competition of labourers they see the cause of low wages; in the competition of producers the cause of ruin and bankruptcy; and both evils, they affirm, tend constantly to increase as population and wealth make progress; no person (they conceive) being benefited except the great proprietors of land, the holders of fixed money incomes, and a few great capitalists, whose wealth is gradually enabling them to undersell all other producers, to absorb the whole of the operations of industry into their own sphere, to drive from the market all employers of labour except themselves, and to convert the labourers into a kind of slaves or serfs, dependent on them for the means of support, and compelled to accept these on such terms as they choose to offer. Society, in short, is travelling onward, according to these speculators, towards a new feudality, that of the great capitalists.

As I shall have ample opportunity in future chapters to state my own opinion on these topics, and on many others connected with and subordinate to them, I shall now, without further preamble, exhibit the opinions of distinguished Socialists on the present arrangements of society, in a selection of passages from their published writings. For the present I desire to be considered as a mere reporter of the opinions of others. Hereafter it will appear how much of what I cite agrees or differs with my own sentiments.

The clearest, the most compact, and the most precise and specific statement of the case of the Socialists generally against the existing order of society in the economical department of human affairs, is to be found in the little work of M. Louis Blanc, *Organisation du Travail*. My first extracts, therefore, on this part of the subject, shall be taken from that treatise.

"Competition is for the people a system of extermination. Is the poor man a member of society, or an enemy to it? We ask for an answer.

"All around him he finds the soil preoccupied. Can he cultivate the earth for himself? No; for the right of the first occupant has become a right of property. Can he gather the fruits which the hand of God ripens on the path of man? No; for,

like the soil, the fruits have been *appropriated*. Can he hunt or fish? No; for that is a right which is dependent upon the government. Can he draw water from a spring enclosed in a field? No; for the proprietor of the field is, in virtue of his right to the field, proprietor of the fountain. Can he, dying of hunger and thirst, stretch out his hands for the charity of his fellow-creatures? No; for there are laws against begging. Can he, exhausted by fatigue and without a refuge, lie down to sleep upon the pavement of the streets? No; for there are laws against vagabondage. Can he, flying from the cruel native land where everything is denied him, seek the means of living far from the place where life was given him? No; for it is not permitted to change your country except on certain conditions which the poor man cannot fulfil.

"What, then, can the unhappy man do? He will say, 'I have hands to work with I have intelligence, I have youth, I have strength; take all this, and in return give me a morsel of bread.' This is what the working men do say. But even here the poor man may be answered, 'I have no work to give you.' What is he to do then?"

"What is competition from the point of view of the workman? It is work put up to auction. A contractor wants a workman; three present themselves.—How much for your work?—Half-a-crown: I have a wife and children.—Well; and how much for you?—Two shillings: I have no children, but I have a wife.—Very well; and now how much for yours? One and eightpence are enough for me; I am single. Then you shall have the work. It is done: the bargain is struck. And what are the other two workmen to do? It is to be hoped they will die quietly of hunger. But what if they take to thieving? Never fear; we have the police. To murder? We have got the hangman. As for the lucky one, his triumph is only temporary. Let a fourth workman make his appearance, strong enough to fast every other day, and his price will run down still lower: then there will be a new outcast, a new recruit for the prison perhaps!

"Will it be said that these melancholy results are exaggerated; that at all events they are only possible when there is not work enough for the hands that seek employment? but I ask, in answer, Does the principle of competition contain, by chance, within itself any method by which this murderous disproportion is to be avoided? If one branch of industry is in want of hands, who can answer for it that, in the confusion created by universal competition, another is not overstocked? And if, out of thirty-four millions of men, twenty are really reduced to theft for a living, this would suffice to condemn the principle.

"But who is so blind as not to see that under the system of unlimited competition, the continual fall of wages is no exceptional circumstance, but a necessary and general fact? Has the population a limit which it cannot exceed? It is possible for us to say to industry—industry given up to the accidents of individual egotism and fertile in ruin—can we say, 'This far shalt thou go, and no farther?' The population increases constantly; tell the poor mother to become sterile, and blaspheme the God who made her fruitful, for if you do not the lists will soon become too narrow for the combatants. A machine is invented: command it to be broken, and anaemate science, for if you do not, the thousand workmen whom the new machine deprives of work will knock at the door of the neighbouring workshop, and lower the wages of their companions. Thus systematic lowering of wages, ending in the driving out of a certain number of workmen, is the inevitable effect of unlimited competition. It is an industrial system by means of which the working classes are forced to exterminate one another."

"If there is an undoubted fact, it is that the increase of population is much more rapid among the poor than among the rich. According to the *Statistics of European Population*, the births at Paris are only one-thirty-second of the population in the rich quarters, while in the others they rise to one-twenty-sixth. This disproportion is a general fact, and M. de Sismondi, in his work on Political Economy, has explained it by the impossibility for the workmen of hopeful prudence. Those only who feel themselves assured of the morrow can regulate the number of their children according to their income; he who lives from day to day is under the yoke of a mysterious fatality, to which he sacrifices his children as he was sacrificed to it himself. It is true the workhouses exist, menacing society with an inundation of beggars—what way is there of escaping from the cause? . . . It is clear that any

society where the means of subsistence increase less rapidly than the numbers of the population, is a society on the brink of an abyss. . . . Competition produces destitution; this is a fact shown by statistics. Destitution is fearfully prolific; this is shown by statistics. The fruitfulness of the poor throws upon society unhappy creatures who have need of work and cannot find it; this is shown by statistics. At this point society is reduced to a choice between killing the poor or maintaining them gratuitously—between atrocity or folly."

So much for the poor. We now pass to the middle classes.

"According to the political economists of the school of Adam Smith and Léon Say, *cheapness* is the word in which may be summed up the advantages of unlimited competition. But why persist in considering the effect of cheapness with a view only to the momentary advantage of the consumer? Cheapness is advantageous to the consumer at the cost of introducing the seeds of ruinous anarchy among the producers. Cheapness is, so to speak, the hammer with which the rich among the producers crush their poorer rivals. Cheapness is the trap into which the daring speculators entice the hard-workers. Cheapness is the sentence of death to the producer on a small scale who has no money to invest in the purchase of machinery that his rich rivals can easily procure. Cheapness is the great instrument in the hands of monopoly; it absorbs the small manufacturer, the small shopkeeper, the small proprietor; it is, in one word, the destruction of the middle classes for the advantage of a few industrial oligarchs.

"Ought we, then, to consider cheapness as a curse? No one would attempt to maintain such an absurdity. But it is the specialty of wrong principles to turn good into evil and corrupt all things. Under the system of competition cheapness is only a provisional and fallacious advantage. It is maintained only so long as there is a struggle; no sooner have the rich competitors driven out their poorer rivals than prices rise. Competition leads to monopoly, for the same reason cheapness leads to high prices. Thus, what has been made use of as a weapon in the contest between the producers, sooner or later becomes a cause of impoverishment among the consumers. And if to this cause we add the others we have already enumerated, first among which must be ranked the inordinate increase of the population, we shall be compelled to recognize the impoverishment of the mass of the consumers as a direct consequence of competition.

"But, on the other hand, this very competition which tends to dry up the sources of demand, urges production to over-supply. The confusion produced by the universal struggle prevents each producer from knowing the state of the market. He must work in the dark and trust to chance for a sale. Why should he check the supply, especially as he can throw any loss on the workman whose wages are so pre-eminently liable to rise and fall? Even when production is carried on at a loss the manufacturers still often carry it on, because they will not let their machinery, &c., stand idle, or risk the loss of raw material, or lose their customers; and because productive industry as carried on under the competitive system being nothing else than a game of chance, the gambler will not lose his chance of a lucky stroke.

"Thus, and we cannot too often insist upon it, competition necessarily tends to increase supply and to diminish consumption; its tendency therefore is precisely the opposite of what is sought by economic science; hence it is not merely oppressive but foolish as well."

"And in all this, in order to avoid dwelling on truths which have become commonplace and sound declamatory from their very truth, we have said nothing of the frightful moral corruption which industry, organized, or more properly speaking disorganized as it is at the present day, has introduced among the middle classes. Everything has become venal, and competition invades even the domain of thought.

"The factory crushing the workshop; the showy establishment absorbing the humble shop; the artisan who is his own master replaced by the day-labourer; cultivation by the plough superseding that by the spade, and bringing the poor man's field under disgraceful homage to the money-lender; bankruptcies multiplied; manufacturing industry transformed by the ill-regulated extension of credit into a sys-

* See Louis Blanc, "Organisation du Travail," 4me edition, pp. 6, 11, 53, 57.

tem of gambling where no one, not even the rogue, can be sure of winning; in short a vast confusion calculated to arouse jealousy, mistrust, and hatred, and to stifle, little by little, all generous aspirations, all faith, all sacrifice, and poetry—such is the hideous but only too faithful picture of the results obtained by the application of the principle of competition.*

The Fourierists, through their principal organ, M. Considérant, enumerate the evils of the existing civilisation in the following order:—

1. It employs an enormous quantity of labour and of human power unproductively, or in the work of destruction.

"In the first place there is the army, which in France, as in all other countries, absorbs the healthiest and strongest men, a large number of the most talented and intelligent, and a considerable part of the public revenue. . . . The existing state of society develops in its impure atmosphere innumerable outcasts, whose labour is not merely unproductive, but actually destructive; adventurers, prostitutes, people with no acknowledged means of living, beggars, convicts, swindlers, thieves, and others whose number tends rather to increase than to diminish.

"To the list of unproductive labour fostered by our state of Society must be added that of the judicature and of the bar, of the courts of law and magistrates, the police, gaolers, executioners, &c.—functions indispensable to the state of society as it is.

"Also the people of what is called 'good society'; those who pass their lives in doing nothing; idlers of all ranks.

"Also the numberless custom-house officials, tax-gatherers, bailiffs, excise-men; in short, all that army of men which overlooks, brings to account, takes, but produces nothing.

"Also the labours of sophists, philosophers, metaphysicians, political men, working in mistaken directions, who do nothing to advance science, and produce nothing but disturbance and sterile discussions; the verbiage of advocates, pleaders, witnesses, &c.

"And finally all the operations of commerce, from those of the bankers and brokers, down to those of the grocer behind his counter."†

Secondly, they assert that even the industry and powers which in the present system are devoted to production, do not produce more than a small portion of what they might produce if better employed and directed:—

"Who with any good-will and reflection will not see how much the want of coherence—the disorder, the want of combination, the parcelling out of labour and leaving it wholly to individual action without any organization, without any large or general views—are causes which limit the possibilities of production and destroy, or at least waste, our means of action? Does not disorder give birth to poverty, as order and good management give birth to riches? Is not want of combination a source of weakness, as combination is a source of strength? And who can say that industry, whether agricultural, domestic, manufacturing, scientific, artistic, or commercial, is organized at the present day either in the state or in municipalities? Who can say that all the work which is carried on in any of these departments is executed in subordination to any general views, or with foresight, economy, and order? Or, again, who can say that it is possible in our present state of society to develop, by a good education, all the faculties bestowed by nature on each of its members; to employ each one in functions which he would like, which he would be the most capable of, and which, therefore, he could carry on with the greatest advantage to himself and to others? Has it even been so much as attempted to solve the problems presented by varieties of character so as to regulate and harmonize the varieties of

* See Louis Blanc, "Organisation du Travail," pp. 58—61, 65—66, 4me édition. Paris, 1845.

† See Considérant, "Destinée Sociale," tome 1. pp. 35, 36, 37, 3me éd., Paris, 1818

employments in accordance with natural aptitudes? Alas! The Utopia of the most ardent philanthropists is to teach reading and writing to twenty-five millions of the French people! And in the present state of things we may defy them to succeed even in that!

"And is it not a strange spectacle, too, and one which cries out in condemnation of us, to see this state of society where the soil is badly cultivated, and sometimes not cultivated at all; where man is ill lodged, ill clothed, and yet where whole masses are continually in need of work, and pining in misery because they cannot find it? Of a truth we are forced to acknowledge that if the nations are poor and starving it is not because nature has denied the means of producing wealth, but because of the anarchy and disorder in our employment of those means; in other words, it is because society is wretchedly constituted and labour unorganized.

"But this is not all, and you will have but a faint conception of the evil if you do not consider that to all these vices of society, which dry up the sources of wealth and prosperity, must be added the struggle, the discord, the war, in short, under many names and many forms which society cherishes and cultivates between the individuals that compose it. These struggles and discords correspond to radical oppositions—deep-seated antinomies between the various interests. Exactly in so far as you are able to establish classes and categories within the nation; in so far, also, you will have opposition of interests and internal warfare either avowed or secret, even if you take into consideration the industrial system only."

One of the leading ideas of this school is the wastefulness and at the same time the immorality of the existing arrangements for distributing the produce of the country among the various consumers, the enormous superfluity in point of number of the agents of distribution, the merchants, dealers, shopkeepers and their innumerable employes, and the depraving character of such a distribution of occupations.

"It is evident that the interest of the trader is opposed to that of the consumer and of the producer. Has he not bought cheap and undervalued as much as possible in all his dealings with the producer, the very same article which, vaunting its excellence, he sells to you as dear as he can? Thus the interest of the commercial body, collectively and individually, is contrary to that of the producer and of the consumer—that is to say, to the interest of the whole body of society.

"The trader is a go-between, who profits by the general anarchy and the non-organization of industry. The trader buys up products, he buys up everything; he owns and detains everything, in such sort that:—

"1stly. He holds both Production and Consumption *under his yoke*, because both must come to him either finally for the products to be consumed, or at first for the raw materials to be worked up. Commerce with all its methods of buying, and of raising and lowering prices, its innumerable devices, and its holding everything in the hands of *middle-men*, levies toll right and left: it despotically gives the law to Production and Consumption, of which it ought to be only the subordinate.

"2ndly. It robs society by its *enormous profits*—profits levied upon the consumer and the producer, and altogether out of proportion to the services rendered, for which a twentieth of the persons actually employed would be sufficient.

"3rdly. It robs society by the subtraction of its productive forces; taking off from productive labour nineteen-twentieths of the agents of trade who are mere parasites. Thus, not only does commerce rob society by appropriating an exorbitant share of the common wealth, but also by considerably diminishing the productive energy of the human beehive. The great majority of traders would return to productive work if a rational system of commercial organization were substituted for the inextricable chaos of the present state of things.

"4thly. It robs society by the *adulteration* of products, pushed at the present day beyond all bounds. And in fact, if a hundred grocers establish themselves in a town where before there were only twenty, it is plain that people will not begin to con-

* See "*Destinée Sociale*," par V. Considérant, tome i. pp. 28—40.

same five times as many groceries. Hereupon the hundred virtuous grocers have to dispute between them the profits which before were honestly made by the twenty; competition obliges them to make it up at the expense of the consumer, either by raising the prices as sometimes happens, or by adulterating the goods as always happens. In such a state of things there is an end to good faith. Inferior or adulterated goods are sold for articles of good quality whenever the credulous customer is not too experienced to be deceived. And when the customer has been thoroughly imposed upon, the trading conscience consoles itself by saying, 'I state my price; people can take or leave; no one is obliged to buy.' The losses imposed on the consumers by the bad quality or the adulteration of goods are incalculable.

"5thly. It robs society by *accumulations*, artificial or not, in consequence of which vast quantities of goods, collected in one place, are damaged and destroyed for want of a sale. Fourier (Th. des. Quat. Mouv., p. 334, 1st ed.) says: 'The fundamental principle of the commercial systems, that of *leaving full liberty to the merchants*, gives them absolute right of property over the goods in which they deal; they have the right to withdraw them altogether, to withhold or even to burn them, as happened more than once with the Oriental Company of Amsterdam, which publicly burnt stores of cinnamon in order to raise the price. What it did with cinnamon it would have done with corn; but for the fear of being stoned by the populace, it would have burnt some corn in order to sell the rest at four times its value. Indeed, it actually is of daily occurrence in port, for provisions of grains to be thrown into the sea because the merchants have allowed them to rot while waiting for a rise. I myself, when I was a clerk, have had to superintend these infamous proceedings, and in one day caused to be thrown into the sea some forty thousand bushels of rice, which might have been sold at a fair profit had the withholder been less greedy of gain. It is society that bears the cost of this waste, which takes place daily under shelter of the philosophical maxim of *full liberty for the merchants*.'

"6thly. Commerce robs society, moreover, by all the loss, damage, and waste that follows from the extreme scattering of products in millions of shops, and by the multiplication and complication of carriage.

"7thly. It robs society by shameless and unlimited *usury*—usury absolutely appalling. The trader carries on operations with fictitious capital, much higher in amount than his real capital. A trader with a capital of twelve hundred pounds will carry on operations, by means of bills and credit, on a scale of four, eight, or twelve thousand pounds. Thus he draws from capital *which he does not possess*, usurious interest, out of all proportion with the capital he actually owns.

"8thly. It robs society by innumerable *bankruptcies*, for the daily accidents of our commercial system, political events, and any kind of disturbance, must usher in a day when the trader, having incurred obligations beyond his means, is no longer able to meet them; his failure, whether fraudulent or not, must be a severe blow to his creditors. The bankruptcy of some entails that of others, so that bankruptcies follow one upon another, causing widespread ruin. And it is always the producer and the consumer who suffer; for commerce, considered as a whole, does not produce wealth, and invests very little in proportion to the wealth which passes through its hands. How many are the manufactures crushed by these blows! how many fertile sources of wealth dried up by these devices, with all their disastrous consequences!

"The producer furnishes the goods, the consumer the money. Trade furnishes credit, founded on little or no actual capital, and the different members of the commercial body are in no way responsible for one another. This, in a few words, is the whole theory of the thing.

"9thly. Commerce robs society by the *independence* and *irresponsibility* which permits it to buy at the epochs when the producers are forced to sell and compete with one another, in order to procure money for their rent and necessary expenses of production. When the markets are overstocked and goods cheap, trade purchases. Then it creates a rise, and by this simple manœuvre despoils both producer and consumer.

"10thly. It robs society by a considerable *drawing off of capital*, which will return to productive industry when commerce plays its proper subordinate part, and is only an agency carrying on transactions between the producers (more or less distant) and the great centres of consumption—the communistic societies. Thus the capital engaged in the speculations of commerce (which, small as it is, compared to

the immense wealth which passes through its hands, consists nevertheless of sums enormous in themselves), would return to stimulate production if commerce was deprived of the intermediate property in goods, and their distribution became a matter of administrative organisation. Stock-jobbing is the most odious form of this vice of commerce.

"11thly. It robs society by the *monopolising* or buying up of raw materials. 'For,' says Fourier. (Th. des. Quat. Mouv., p. 359, 1st ed.), 'the rise in price on articles that are bought up, is borne ultimately by the consumer, although in the first place by the manufacturers, who, being obliged to keep up their establishments, must make pecuniary sacrifices, and manufacture at small profits in the hope of better days; and it is often long before they can repay themselves the rise in prices which the monopoliser has compelled them to support in the first instance. . . .'

"In short, all these vices, besides many others which I omit, are multiplied by the extreme complication of mercantile affairs; for products do not pass once only through the greedy clutches of commerce; there are some which pass and re-pass twenty or thirty times before reaching the consumer. In the first place, the raw material passes through the grasp of commerce before reaching the manufacturer who first works it up; then it returns to commerce to be sent out again to be worked up in a second form; and so on until it receives its final shape. Then it passes into the hands of merchants, who sell to the wholesale dealers, and these to the great retail dealers of towns, and these again to the little dealers and to the country shops; and each time that it changes hands it leaves something behind it.

" . . . One of my friends who was lately exploring the Jura, where much working in metal is done, had occasion to enter the house of a peasant who was a manufacturer of shovels. He asked the price. 'Let us come to an understanding,' answered the poor labourer, not an economist at all, but a man of common sense; 'I sell them for 8d. to the trade, which retails them at 1s. 8d. in the towns. If you could find a means of opening a direct communication between the workman and the consumer, you might have them for 1s. 2d., and we should each gain 6d. by the transaction.'"

To a similar effect Owen, in the "Book of the New Moral World," part 2, chap. iii.

"The principle now in practice is to induce a large portion of society to devote their lives to distribute wealth upon a large, a medium, and a small scale, and to have it conveyed from place to place in larger or smaller quantities, to meet the means and wants of various divisions of society and individuals, as they are now situated in cities, towns, villages, and country places. This principle of distribution makes a class in society whose business it is to *buy* from some parties and to *sell* to others. By this proceeding they are placed under circumstances which induce them to endeavour to buy at what appears at the time a low price in the market, and to sell again at the greatest permanent profit which they can obtain. Their real object being to get as much profit as gain between the seller to, and the buyer from them, as can be effected in their transactions.

"There are innumerable errors in principle and evils in practice which necessarily proceed from this mode of distributing the wealth of society.

"1st. A general class of distributors is formed, whose interest is separated from, and apparently opposed to, that of the individual from whom they buy and to whom they sell.

"2nd. Three classes of distributors are made, the small, the medium, and the large buyers and sellers; or the retailers, the wholesale dealers, and the extensive merchants.

"3rd. Three classes of buyers thus created constitute the small, the medium, and the large purchasers.

"By this arrangement into various classes of buyers and sellers, the parties are easily trained to learn that they have separate and opposing interests, and different ranks and stations in society. An inequality of feeling and condition is thus created and maintained, with all the servility and pride which these unequal arrangements

* See Considérant, "Destinée Sociale," tome I. pp. 43—51, 3me édition, Paris, 1843.

are sure to produce. The parties are regularly trained in a general system of deception, in order that they may be the more successful in buying cheap and selling dear.

"The smaller sellers acquire habits of injurious idleness, waiting often for hours for customers. And this evil is experienced to a considerable extent even amongst the class of wholesale dealers.

"There are, also, by this arrangement, many more establishments for selling than are necessary in the villages, towns, and cities; and a very large capital is thus wasted without benefit to society. And from their number opposed to each other all over the country to obtain customers, they endeavour to undersell each other, and are therefore continually endeavouring to injure the producer by the establishment of what are called cheap shops and warehouses; and to support their character the master or his servants must be continually on the watch to buy bargains, that is, to procure wealth for less than the cost of its production.

"The distributors, small, medium, and large, have all to be supported by the producers, and the greater the number of the former compared with the latter, the greater will be the burden which the producer has to sustain; for as the number of distributors increases, the accumulation of wealth must decrease, and more must be required from the producer.

"The distributors of wealth, under the present system, are a dead weight upon the producers and are most active demoralisers of society. Their dependent condition, at the commencement of their task, teaches or induces them to be servile to their customers, and to continue to be so as long as they are accumulating wealth by their cheap buying and dear selling. But when they have secured sufficient to be what they imagine to be an independence—to live without business—they are too often filled with a most ignorant pride, and become insolent to their dependents.

"The arrangement is altogether a most improvident one for society, whose interest it is to produce the greatest amount of wealth of the best qualities; while the existing system of distribution is not only to withdraw great numbers from producing to become distributors, but to add to the cost of the consumer all the expense of a most wasteful and extravagant distribution; the distribution costing to the consumer many times the price of the original cost of the wealth purchased.

"Then, by the position in which the seller is placed by his created desire for gain on the one hand, and the competition he meets with from opponents selling similar productions on the other, he is strongly tempted to deteriorate the articles which he has for sale; and when these are provisions, either of home production or of foreign importation, the effects upon the health, and consequent comfort and happiness of the consumers, are often most injurious, and productive of much premature death, especially among the working classes, who, in this respect, are perhaps made to be the greatest sufferers, by purchasing the inferior or low-priced articles.

"The expense of thus distributing wealth in Great Britain and Ireland, including transit from place to place, and all the agents directly and indirectly engaged in this department, is perhaps, little short of one hundred millions annually, without taking into consideration the deterioration of the quality of many of the articles constituting this wealth, by carriage, and by being divided into small quantities, and kept in improper stores and places, in which the atmosphere is unfavorable to the keeping of such articles in a tolerably good, and much less in the best, condition for use."

In further illustration of the contrariety of interests between person and person, class and class, which pervades the present constitution of society, M. Considérant adds:—

"If the wine-growers wish for free trade this freedom ruins the producer of corn, the manufacturers of iron, of cloth, of cotton, and—we are compelled to add—the smuggler and the customs' officer. If it is the interest of the consumer that machines should be invented which lower prices by rendering production less costly, these same machines throw out of work thousands of workmen who do not know how to, and cannot at once find other work. Here, then, again is one of the innumerable vicious circles of civilization . . . for there are a thousand facts which prove cumulatively that in our existing social system the introduction of any good brings always along with it some evil.

"In short, if we go lower down and come to vulgar details, we find that it is the interest of the tailor, the shoemaker, and the hatter that coats, shoes, and hats

should be worn out; that the glazier profits by the hail-storms which break windows; that the mason and the architect profit by fires; the lawyer is enriched by debauchery; the doctor by disease; the wine-seller by drunkenness; the prostitute by debauchery. And what a disaster would it be for the judges, the police, and the governors, as well as for the barristers and the solicitors, and all the lawyers' clerks, if crimes, offences, and law-suits were all at once to come to an end!"

The following is one of the cardinal points of this school:—

"Add to all this, that civilisation, which sows dissension and war on every side; which employs a great part of its powers in unproductive labour, or even in destruction; which furthermore diminishes the public wealth by the unnecessary friction and discord it introduces into industry; add to all this, I say, that this same social system has for its special characteristics to produce a repugnance for work—a disgust for labour.

"Everywhere you hear the labourer, the artisan, the clerk complain of his position and his occupation, while they long for the time when they can retire from work imposed upon them by necessity. To be repugnant, to have for its motive and pivot nothing but the fear of starvation, is the great, the fatal, characteristic of civilised labour. The civilised workman is condemned to penal servitude. So long as productive labour is so organized that instead of being associated with pleasure it is associated with pain, weariness and dislike, it will always happen that all will avoid it who are able. With few exceptions, those only will consent to work who are compelled to it by want. Hence the most numerous classes, the artificers of social wealth, the active and direct creators of all comfort and luxury, will always be condemned to touch closely on poverty and hunger; they will always be the slaves to ignorance and degradation; they will continue to be always that huge herd of mere beasts of burden whom we see ill-grown, decimated by disease, bowed down in the great workshop of society over the plough or over the counter, that they may prepare the delicate food, and the sumptuous enjoyments of the upper and idle classes.

"So long as no method of attractive labour has been devised, it will continue to be true that 'there must be many poor in order that there may be a few rich;' a mean and hateful saying, which we hear every day quoted as an eternal truth from the mouths of people who call themselves Christians or philosophers! It is very easy to understand that oppression, trickery, and especially poverty, are the permanent and fatal appendage of every state of society characterized by the dislike of work. For, in this case, there is nothing but poverty that will force men to labour. And the proof of this is, that if every one of all the workers were to become suddenly rich, nine-tenths-twentieths of all the work now done would be abandoned."

In the opinion of the Fourierists, the tendency of the present order of society is to a concentration of wealth in the hands of a comparatively few immensely rich individuals or companies, and the reduction of all the rest of the community into a complete dependence on them. This was termed by Fourier *la féodalité industrielle*.

"This feudalism," says M. Considérant, "would be constituted as soon as the greatest part of the industrial and territorial property of the nation belongs to a minority which absorbs all its revenues, while the great majority, chained to the work-bench or labouring on the soil, must be content to gnaw the pittance which is cast to them."†

This disastrous result is to be brought about partly by the mere progress of competition, as sketched in our previous extract by M. Louis Blanc; assisted by the progress of national debts, which M. Con-

* Considérant, "Destinée Sociale," tome i., pp. 59, 60.

† Considérant, "Destinée Sociale," tome i., pp. 60, 61.

‡ "Destinée Sociale," tome i., p. 134.

sidérant regards as mortgages of the whole land and capital of the country, of which "les capitalistes prêteurs" become, in a greater and greater measure, co-proprietors, receiving without labour or risk an increasing portion of the revenues.

THE SOCIALIST OBJECTIONS TO THE PRESENT ORDER OF SOCIETY EXAMINED.

It is impossible to deny that the considerations brought to notice in the preceding chapter make out a frightful case either against the existing order of society, or against the position of man himself in this world. How much of the evils should be referred to the one, and how much to the other, is the principal theoretic question which has to be resolved. But the strongest case is susceptible of exaggeration; and it will have been evident to many readers, even from the passages I have quoted, that such exaggeration is not wanting in the representations of the ablest and most candid Socialists. Though much of their allegations is unanswerable, not a little is the result of errors in political economy; by which, let me say once for all, I do not mean the rejection of any practical rules of policy which have been laid down by political economists, I mean ignorance of economic facts, and of the causes by which the economic phenomena of society as it is, are actually determined.

In the first place, it is unhappily true that the wages of ordinary labour, in all the countries of Europe, are wretchedly insufficient to supply the physical and moral necessities of the population in any tolerable measure. But, when it is further alleged that even this insufficient remuneration has a tendency to diminish; that there is, in the words of M. Louis Blanc, *une baisse continue des salaires*; the assertion is in opposition to all accurate information, and to many notorious facts. It has yet to be proved that there is any country in the civilised world where the ordinary wages of labour, estimated either in money or in articles of consumption, are declining; while in many they are, on the whole, on the increase; and an increase which is becoming, not slower, but more rapid. There are, occasionally, branches of industry which are being gradually superseded by something else, and, in those, until production accommodates itself to demand, wages are depressed; which is an evil, but a temporary one, and would admit of great alleviation even in the present system of social economy. A diminution thus produced of the reward of labour in some particular employment is the effect and the evidence of increased remuneration, or of a new source of remuneration, in some other; the total and the average remuneration being undiminished, or even increased. To make out an appearance of diminution in the rate of wages in any leading branch of industry, it is always found necessary to compare some month or year of special and temporary depression at the present time, with the average rate, or even some exceptionally high rate, at an earlier time. The vicissitudes are no doubt a great evil, but they were as frequent and as severe in former periods of economical history as now. The greater scale of the transactions, and the greater number of persons involved in

each fluctuation, may make the fluctuation appear greater, but though a larger population affords more sufferers, the evil does not weigh heavier on each of them individually. There is much evidence of improvement, and none, that is at all trustworthy, of deterioration, in the mode of living of the labouring population of the countries of Europe; when there is any appearance to the contrary it is local or partial, and can always be traced either to the pressure of some temporary calamity, or to some bad law or unwise act of government which admits of being corrected, while the permanent causes all operate in the direction of improvement.

M. Louis Blanc, therefore, while showing himself much more enlightened than the older school of levellers and democrats, inasmuch as he recognises the connection between low wages and the over-rapid increase of population, appears to have fallen into the same error which was at first committed by Malthus and his followers, that of supposing that because population has a greater power of increase than subsistence, its pressure upon subsistence must be always growing more severe. The difference is that the early Malthusians thought this an irrepressible tendency, while M. Louis Blanc thinks that it can be repressed, but only under a system of Communism. It is a great point gained for truth when it comes to be seen that the tendency to over-population is a fact which Communism, as well as the existing order of society, would have to deal with. And it is much to be rejoiced at that this necessity is admitted by the most considerable chiefs of all existing schools of Socialism. Owen and Fourier, no less than M. Louis Blanc, admitted it, and claimed for their respective systems a pre-eminent power of dealing with this difficulty. However this may be, experience shows that in the existing state of society the pressure of population on subsistence, which is the principal cause of low wages, though a great, is not an increasing evil; on the contrary, the progress of all that is called civilisation has a tendency to diminish it, partly by the more rapid increase of the means of employing and maintaining labour, partly by the increased facilities opened to labour for transporting itself to new countries and unoccupied fields of employment, and partly by a general improvement in the intelligence and prudence of the population. This progress, no doubt, is slow; but it is much that such progress should take place at all, while we are still only in the first stage of that public movement for the education of the whole people, which when more advanced must add greatly to the force of all the two causes of improvement specified above. It is, of course, open to discussion what form of society has the greatest power of dealing successfully with the pressure of population on subsistence, and on this question there is much to be said for Socialism; what was long thought to be its weakest point will, perhaps, prove to be one of its strongest. But it has no just claim to be considered as the sole means of preventing the general and growing degradation of the mass of mankind through the

peculiar tendency of poverty to produce over-population. Society as at present constituted is not descending into that abyss, but gradually, though slowly, rising out of it, and this improvement is likely to be progressive if bad laws do not interfere with it.

Next, it must be observed that Socialists generally, and even the most enlightened of them, have a very imperfect and one-sided notion of the operation of competition. They see half its effects, and overlook the other half; they regard it as an agency for grinding down every one's remuneration—for obliging every one to accept less wages for his labour, or a less price for his commodities, which would be true only if every one had to dispose of his labor or his commodities to some great monopolist, and the competition were all on one side. They forget that competition is the cause of high prices and values as well as of low; that the buyers of labour and of commodities compete with one another as well as the sellers; and that if it is competition which keeps the prices of labour and commodities as low as they are, it is competition which prevents them from falling still lower. In truth, when competition is perfectly free on both sides, its tendency is not specially either to raise or to lower the price of articles, but to equalise it; to level inequalities of remuneration, and to reduce all to a general average, a result which, in so far as realised (no doubt very imperfectly), is, on Socialistic principles, desirable. But if, disregarding for the time that part of the effects of competition which consists in keeping up prices, we fix our attention on its effect in keeping them down, and contemplate this effect in reference solely to the interest of the labouring classes, it would seem that if competition keeps down wages, and so gives a motive to the labouring classes to withdraw the labor market from the full influence of competition, if they can, it must on the other hand have credit for keeping down the prices of the articles on which wages are expended, to the great advantage of those who depend on wages. To meet this consideration Socialists, as we said in our quotation from M. Louis Blanc, are reduced to affirm that the low prices of commodities produced by competition are delusive, and lead in the end to higher prices than before, because when the richest competitor has got rid of all his rivals, he commands the market and can demand any price he pleases. Now, the commonest experience shows that this state of things, under really free competition, is wholly imaginary. The richest competitor neither does nor can get rid of all his rivals, and establish himself in the exclusive possession of the market; and it is not the fact that any important branch of industry or commerce formerly divided among many has become, or shows any tendency to become, the monopoly of a few.

The kind of policy described is sometimes possible where, as in the case of railways, the only competition possible is between two or three great companies, the operations being on too vast a scale to be within the reach of individual capitalists; and this is one of the reasons why businesses which require to be carried on by great joint-stock enterprises cannot be trusted to competition, but, when not reserved by the

State to itself, ought to be carried on under conditions prescribed, and, from time to time, varied by the State, for the purpose of insuring to the public a cheaper supply of its wants than would be afforded by private interest in the absence of sufficient competition. But in the ordinary branches of industry no one rich competitor has it in his power to drive out all the smaller ones. Some businesses show a tendency to pass out of the hands of many small producers or dealers into a smaller number of larger ones; but the cases in which this happens are those in which the possession of a larger capital permits the adoption of more powerful machinery, more efficient by more expensive processes, or a better organized and more economical mode of carrying on business, and thus enables the large dealer legitimately and permanently to supply the commodity cheaper than can be done on the small scale; to the great advantage of the consumers, and therefore of the labouring classes, and diminishing, *pro tanto*, that waste of the resources of the community so much complained of by Socialists, the unnecessary multiplication of mere distributors, and of the various other classes whom Fourier calls the parasites of industry. When this change is effected, the larger capitalists, either individual or joint-stock, among which the business is divided, are seldom, if ever, in any considerable branch of commerce, so few as that competition shall not continue to act between them; so that the saving in cost, which enabled them to undersell the small dealers, continues afterwards, as at first, to be passed on, in lower prices, to their customers. The operation, therefore, of competition in keeping down the prices of commodities, including those on which wages are expended, is not illusive but real, and, we may add, is a growing, not a declining, fact.

But there are other respects, equally important, in which the charges brought by Socialists against competition do not admit of so complete an answer. Competition is the best security for cheapness, but by no means a security for quality. In former times, when producers and consumers were less numerous, it was a security for both. The market was not large enough nor the means of publicity sufficient to enable a dealer to make a fortune by continually attracting new customers: his success depended on his retaining those that he had; and when a dealer furnished good articles, or when he did not, the fact was soon known to those whom it concerned, and he acquired a character for honest or dishonest dealing of more importance to him than the gain that would be made by cheating casual purchasers. But on the great scale of modern transactions, with the great multiplication of competition and the immense increase in the quantity of business competed for, dealers are so little dependent on permanent customers that character is much less essential to them, while there is also far less certainty of their obtaining the character they deserve. The low prices which a tradesman advertises are known, to a thousand for one who has discovered for himself or learned from others, that the bad quality of the goods is more than an equivalent for their cheapness; while at the same time the much

greater fortunes now made by some dealers excite the cupidit· of all, and the greed of rapid gain substitutes itself for the modest desire to make a living by their business. In this manner, as wealth increases and greater prizes seem to be within reach, more and more of a gambling spirit is introduced into commerce; and where this prevails not only are the simplest maxims of prudence disregarded, but all, even the most perilous, forms of pecuniary improbity receive a terrible stimulus. This is the meaning of what is called the intensity of modern competition. It is further to be mentioned that when this intensity has reached a certain height, and when a portion of the producers of an article or the dealers in it have resorted to any of the modes of fraud, such as adulteration, giving short measure, &c., of the increase of which there is now so much complaint, the temptation is immense on these to adopt the fraudulent practices, who would not have originated them; for the public are aware of the low prices fallaciously produced by the frauds, but do not find out at first, if ever, that the article is not worth the lower price, and they will not go on paying a higher price for a better article, and the honest dealer is placed at a terrible disadvantage. Thus the frauds, begun by a few, become customs of the trade, and the morality of the trading classes is more and more deteriorated.

On this point, therefore, Socialists have really made out the existence not only of a great evil, but of one which grows and tends to grow with the growth of population and wealth. It must be said, however, that society has never yet used the means which are already in its power of grappling with this evil. The laws against commercial frauds are very defective, and their execution still more so. Laws of this description have no chance of being really enforced unless it is the special duty of some one to enforce them. They are specially in need of a public prosecutor. It is still to be discovered how far it is possible to repress by means of the criminal law a class of misdeeds which are now seldom brought before the tribunals, and to which, when brought, the judicial administration of this country is most unduly lenient. The most important class, however, of these frauds, to the mass of the people, those which affect the price or quality of articles of daily consumption, can be in a great measure overcome by the institution of co-operative stores. By this plan any body of consumers who form themselves into an association for the purpose, are enabled to pass over the retail dealers and obtain their articles direct from the wholesale merchants, or, what is better (now that wholesale co-operative agencies have been established), from the producers, thus freeing themselves from the heavy tax now paid to the distributing classes and at the same time eliminate the usual perpetrators of adulterations and other frauds. Distribution thus becomes a work performed by agents selected and paid by those who have no interest in anything but the cheapness and goodness of the article; and the distributors are capable of being thus reduced to the numbers which the quantity of work to be done really requires. The difficulties of the plan consist in the skill and trustworthiness required

in the managers, and the imperfect nature of the control which can be exercised over them by the body at large. The great success and rapid growth of the system prove, however, that these difficulties are, in some tolerable degree, overcome. At all events, if the beneficial tendency of the competition of retailers in promoting cheapness is foregone, and has to be replaced by other securities, the mischievous tendency of the same competition in deteriorating quality is at any rate got rid of; and the prosperity of the co-operative stores shows that this benefit is obtained not only without detriment to cheapness, but with great advantage to it, since the profits of the concerns enable them to return to the consumers a large percentage on the price of every article supplied to them. So far, therefore, as this class of evils is concerned, an effectual remedy is already in operation, which, though suggested by and partly grounded on socialistic principles, is consistent with the existing constitution of property.

With regard to those greater and more conspicuous economical frauds, or malpractices equivalent to frauds, of which so many deplorable cases have become notorious—committed by merchants and bankers between themselves or between them and those who have trusted them with money, such a remedy as above described is not available, and the only resources which the present constitution of society affords against them are a sterner reprobation by opinion, and a more efficient repression by the law. Neither of these remedies has had any approach to an effectual trial. It is on the occurrence of insolvencies that these dishonest practices usually come to light; the perpetrators take their place, not in the class of malefactors, but in that of insolvent debtors; and the laws of this and other countries were formerly so savage against simple insolvency, that by one of those reactions to which the opinions of mankind are liable, insolvents came to be regarded mainly as objects of compassion, and it seemed to be thought that the hand both of law and of public opinion could hardly press too lightly upon them. By an error in a contrary direction to the ordinary one of our law, which in the punishment of offences in general wholly neglects the question of reparation to the sufferer, our bankruptcy laws have for some time treated the recovery for creditors of what is left of their property as almost the sole object, scarcely any importance being attached to the punishment of the bankrupt for any misconduct which does not directly interfere with that primary purpose. For three or four years past there has been a slight counter-reaction, and more than one bankruptcy act has been passed, somewhat less indulgent to the bankrupt; but the primary object regarded has still been the pecuniary interest of the creditors, and criminality in the bankrupt himself, with the exception of a small number of well-marked offences, gets off almost with impunity. It may be confidently affirmed, therefore, that, at least in this country, society has not exerted the power it possesses of making mercantile dishonesty dangerous to the perpetrator. On the contrary, it is a gambling trick in which all the advantage is on the side

of the trickster: if the trick succeeds it makes his fortune, or preserves it; if it fails, he is at most reduced to poverty, which was perhaps already impending when he determined to run the chance and he is classed by those who have not looked closely into the matter, and even by many who have, not among the infamous but among the unfortunate. Until a more moral and rational mode of dealing with culpable insolvency has been tried and failed, commercial dishonesty cannot be ranked among evils the prevalence of which is inseparable from commercial competition.

Another point on which there is much misapprehension on the part of Socialists, as well as of Trades Unionists and other partisans of Labour against Capital, relates to the proportions in which the produce of the country is really shared and the amount of what is actually diverted from those who produce it, to enrich other persons. I forbear for the present to speak of the land, which is a subject apart. But with respect to capital employed in business, there is in the popular notions a great deal of illusion. When, for instance, a capitalist invests £20,000 in his business, and draws from it an income of (suppose) £2,000 a year, the common impression is as if he was the beneficial owner both of the £20,000 and of the £2,000, while the labourers own nothing but their wages. The truth, however, is that he only obtains the £2,000 on condition of applying no part of the £20,000 to his own use. He has the legal control over it, and might squander it if he chose, but if he did he would not have the £2,000 a year also. As long as he derives an income from his capital he has not the option of withholding it from the use of others. As much of his invested capital as consists of buildings, machinery, and other instruments of production, are applied to production and are not applicable to the support or enjoyment of any one. What is so applicable (including what is laid out in keeping up or renewing the buildings and instruments) is paid away to labourers, forming their remuneration and their share in the division of the produce. For all personal purposes they have the capital and he has but the profits, which it only yields to him on condition that the capital itself is employed in satisfying not his own wants, but those of labourers. The proportion which the profits of capital usually bear to the capital itself (or rather to the circulating portion of it) is the ratio which the capitalist's share of the produce bears to the aggregate share of the labourers. Even of his own share a small part only belongs to him as the owner of capital. The portion of the produce which falls to capital merely as capital is measured by the interest of money, since that is all that the owner of capital obtains when he contributes nothing to production except the capital itself. Now the interest of capital in the public funds, which are considered to be the best security, is at the present prices (which have not varied much for many years) about three and one-third per cent. Even in this investment there is some little risk—risk of repudiation, risk of being obliged to sell out at a low price in some commercial crisis.

Estimating these risks at $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., the remaining 3 per cent. may be considered as the remuneration of capital, apart from insurance against loss. On the security of a mortgage 4 per cent. is generally obtained, but in this transaction there are considerably greater risks—the uncertainty of titles to land under our bad system of law; the chance of having to realise the security at a great cost in law charges; and liability to delay in the receipt of the interest, even when the principal is safe. When mere money independently of exertion yields a larger income, as it sometimes does, for example, by shares in railway or other companies, the surplus is hardly ever an equivalent for the risk of losing the whole, or part, of the capital by mismanagement, as in the case of the Brighton Railway, the dividend of which, after having been 6 per cent. per annum, sunk to from nothing to $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and shares which had been bought at 120 could not be sold for more than about 43. When money is lent at the high rates of interest one occasionally hears of, rates only given by spendthrifts and needy persons, it is because the risk of loss is so great that few who possess money can be induced to lend to them at all. So little reason is there for the outcry against “usury” as one of the grievous burthens of the working classes. Of the profits, therefore, which a manufacturer or other person in business obtains from his capital no more than about 3 per cent. can be set down to the capital itself. If he were able and willing to give up the whole of this to his labourers, who already share among them the whole of his capital as it is annually reproduced from year to year, the addition to their weekly wages would be inconsiderable. Of what he obtains beyond 3 per cent. a great part is insurance against the manifold losses he is exposed to, and cannot safely be applied to his own use, but requires to be kept in reserve to cover those losses when they occur. The remainder is properly the remuneration of his skill and industry—the wages of his labour of superintendence. No doubt if he is very successful in business these wages of his are extremely liberal, and quite out of proportion to what the same skill and industry would command if offered for hire. But, on the other hand, he runs a worse risk than that of being out of employment; that of doing the work without earning anything by it, of having the labour and anxiety without the wages. I do not say that the drawbacks balance the privileges, or that he derives no advantage from the position which makes him a capitalist and employer of labour, instead of a skilled superintendent letting out his services to others; but the amount of his advantage must not be estimated by the great prizes alone. If we subtract from the gains of some the losses of others, and deduct from the balance a fair compensation for the anxiety, skill and labour of both, grounded on the market price of skilled superintendence, what remains will be, no doubt, considerable, but yet, when compared to the entire capital of the country, annually reproduced and dispensed in wages, it is very much smaller than it appears to the popular imagination; and were the whole of it added to the share of the labourers it

would make a less addition to that share than would be made by any important invention in machinery, or by the suppression of unnecessary distributors and other "parasites of industry." To complete the estimate, however, of the portion of the produce of industry which goes to remunerate capital we must not stop at the interest earned out of the produce by the capital actually employed in producing it, but must include that which is paid to the former owners of capital which has been unproductively spent and no longer exists, and is paid, of course, out of the produce of other capital. Of this nature is the interest of national debts, which is the cost a nation is burthened with for past difficulties and dangers, or for past folly or profligacy of its rulers, more or less shared by the nation itself. To this must be added the interest on the debts of landowners and other unproductive consumers; except so far as the money borrowed may have been spent in remunerative improvement of the productive powers of the land. As for landed property itself—the appropriation of the rent of land by private individuals—I reserve, as I have said, this question for discussion hereafter; for the tenure of land might be varied in any manner considered desirable, all the land might be declared the property of the State without interfering with the right of property in anything which is the product of human labour and abstinence.

It seemed desirable to begin the discussion of the Socialist question by these remarks in abatement of Socialist exaggerations, in order that the true issues between Socialism and the existing state of society might be correctly conceived. The present system is not, as many Socialists believe, hurrying us into a state of general indigence and slavery from which only Socialism can save us. The evils and injustices suffered under the present system are great, but they are not increasing; on the contrary, the general tendency is toward their slow diminution. Moreover the inequalities in the distribution of the produce between capital and labour, however they may shock the feeling of natural justice, would not by their mere equalisation afford by any means so large a fund for raising the lower levels of remuneration as Socialists, and many besides Socialists, are apt to suppose. There is not any one abuse or injustice now prevailing in society by merely abolishing which the human race would pass out of suffering into happiness. What is incumbent on us is a calm comparison between two different systems of society, with a view of determining which of them affords the greatest resources for overcoming the inevitable difficulties of life. And if we find the answer to this question more difficult, and more dependent upon intellectual and moral conditions, than is usually thought, it is satisfactory to reflect that there is time before us for the question to work itself out on an experimental scale, by actual trial. I believe we shall find that no other test is possible of the practicability or beneficial operation of Socialist arrangements; but that the intellectual and moral grounds of

Socialism deserve the most attentive study, as affording in many cases the guiding principles of the improvements necessary to give the present economic system of society its best chance.

JOHN STUART MILL, in *Fortnightly Review*.

CONTENTMENT.

"As having nothing, and yet possessing all things."

A crazy door, low moaning in the wind,
The beat and patter of the driving rain,
Thin drifts of melting snow upon the floor,
Forced through the patch upon the broken pane.

One chair, a little four-legged stool, a box
Spread with a clean white cloth, and frugal fare,—
This is the home the widow and her lad,
Two hens, and his grey cat and kittens, share.

"Ben, it 's full time thee was in bed," she says,
Drawing her furrowed hand across his locks.
"Thee 's warmed th' toes enough, the fire won't last,
Pull to th' coat—I 'll put away the box.

"Then say th' prayers—that 's right, don't pass 'em by,
The time 's ill saved that 's saved from God above,
And don't forgit th' hymn—thee never has,
And choose a one th' father used to love.

"Now lay 'ee down—here, give the straw a toss,
Don't git beneath the winder—mind the snow—
I like that side—I 'll cover 'ee just now,
The boards is by the fire—they 're warm, I know."

No blanket wraps the lithe half-naked limbs,
But love, that teaches birds to rob their breast
To warm their younglings—love devises means
To shield this youngling from the bitter east.

The warm boards laid about the weary child,
He turns a smiling face her face towards—

"Mother," he says, soft pity in his tone,
"What do the poor boys do that have no boards?"

C. O. FRASER-TYTLER, in *The Day of Rest*.

THE ASSOCIATION OF LOCAL SOCIETIES.

Local Societies: What is their aim and what purpose do they serve? How may this aim be most surely gained? How can this purpose be most effectively carried out? These are questions which naturally arise when considering the subject of local societies.

The *aim* of every local society should be to raise the intellectual status of the locality. The *purpose* to do so in that way most generally useful. It is the mind of the community which has to be raised by affecting the minds of the individuals. Individual minds are to be affected by contact with material surroundings. These surroundings influence us through the powers of observation, hence *careful and accurate observation* must exist among the members of a society fulfilling its proper functions. The greater the number of members exercising such observation the greater the usefulness of the society. It is almost needless to instance other mental qualities as necessary for success, because experience shows that when once the observing faculty has received its due share of attention, the power of using the observations made follows in due course. The faculty of observation must be drawn out and cultivated by contact with matter in relation to man, and by contact with matter considered apart from man as existing in a state of nature. And just as it is important that in the culture of the individual a one-sidedness should be specially avoided, so in raising the culture of a community it is equally important that opportunities or suggestions for mental improvement *all round* should be afforded. Hence we are inclined to think it advisable that especially in the case of small country towns scientific studies, or suggestions for such, should proceed from the same platform as these studies which are often spoken of as more purely literary. Of course *literature* includes the records of science, but still for general purposes the meaning is clear when a literary institute or Society is spoken of as distinguished from a scientific. Among the lower types of animals there is a want of specialisation of parts; very different functions may be performed by the same part of the whole of the body; in the higher, specialisation prevails, each function has its own organ, and the function is performed more efficiently. In large towns science may be pursued apart from general literature, and even each special science may stand on its own platform, but in small towns this is out of the question, and I believe unadvisable, for the over-performance of one function in the lowly organised society is checked by the claim of the general body. Moreover, the tastes of a community being naturally various, it becomes essential to present intellectual food of various kinds. Hence we cannot but think that small local societies should be both literary and scientific. The two aspects of culture will support and strengthen each other, and

the introduction of a new clique, or party, or sect be avoided. For it must be remembered that one of the distinct collateral advantages of such societies is that a common platform is provided upon which men of all political or religious beliefs can stand and work together. No one who is acquainted with the social conditions of our small towns can underrate the importance of this.

But how are such societies to work? I would reply, from within, outwards. Not, in the first place, by calling in extraneous help, by engaging eminent men to give courses of lectures, but by arousing the spirit of inquiry and observation amongst the townfolk. Let but a few natives come forward with short papers on any subjects with which they may be especially acquainted, the subjects being treated in such a way as to elicit a discussion or inquiries, a spirit of interest will soon be aroused, and minds put into a proper attitude for the reception of truths before quite unknown to them, and for the prosecution of some special subject as a study. In practice I would strongly advise the following course to be pursued by any embryo literary and scientific society. Have two classes of meetings: one the *ordinary meeting*, at which members alone (and therefore townfolk) should read short papers, upon which a discussion should afterwards be encouraged; and *public lectures*, given mainly by non-residents, and to which the general public should be admitted on the payment of a small fee. At the ordinary meeting the local talent and observation is drawn out, and at the public lecture new subjects are introduced to the notice of members. At the former, notices of local phenomena and history, or the occasional original investigations of members, are recorded; at the latter, new lines of thought are often indicated, or systematic instruction given in some one subject.

A society established on some such basis is then in a position to encourage the collection of objects of *local* natural history, to establish a *local* museum, and carry out field excursions during the summer months. Moreover, the experience of many years past has shown me that the life—and therefore the growth of culture—in such a society is far greater than in those cases where only a yearly course of *lectures* is organised, the greater part of them being given by strangers. Next comes the oft-repeated question, But how long will such a society last? Many are ready to say, We have tried some such plan, and success has attended our efforts for one or two years, and then the society has died out. On this part of the subject a few words will now be said, and the remarks made are founded upon experience gleaned amidst the practical working of local societies in Cumberland during the past nine years.

How, then, can permanence be ensured? In a small town or district local resources and talent are apt to become exhausted or unavailable. A time will surely come when the intellectual movement will wane and the society be on the brink of non-existence. But the very usefulness of such a movement must consist in its stability; there should be a growth, not a bare existence. To insure this stability I suggested some

years ago that the four societies then existing in the Lake District and West Cumberland should be united for general purposes, while each society should retain its individuality. After many preliminary difficulties were overcome, the union was effected, and since that time each society has grown stronger, four new societies have been formed, and the total number of members increased from a few hundred to nearly 1,200.

The objects to be attained by this association of societies are as follows:—1. Increased strength to be derived from mutual help, encouragement, and a spirit of honest emulation. 2. The union affords greater facilities towards publishing transactions and securing the services of eminent lecturers. 3. An annual meeting of the associated societies affords an opportunity for the discussion of principles of working and promotes the general life. 4. The annual meeting being held in a fresh town each year helps to keep the country alive to the Association work, and encourages the formation of new societies.

The constitution of the Cumberland Association is as follows:—The president to be a man of local note and high culture, and to serve for a period not greater than two years.* The Presidents of individual societies to be vice-presidents of the Association. The council of the Association to consist of two delegates from each society, chosen annually. The treasurer and secretary (honorary) to be one and the same person, and fully acquainted with the county in all its aspects.

The working of the Association is carried on thus: The Association secretary keeps a record of all papers and lectures brought before the individual societies. Before the commencement of each winter session he communicates with all the local secretaries, and from his knowledge of available intellectual stores in the county, helps each in the drawing up of the winter programme in whatever direction help may be specially needed. It is his duty also to help forward the establishment of local classes where such are possible. At a council meeting held in the autumn some public lecturer is decided upon who shall go the round of the associated societies during the winter, and a grant is made towards his expenses from the Association funds (of which anon), the rest being made up by each society served.

The annual meeting takes place at Easter or in May, and lasts two or three days. The Association President delivers his annual address, reports from the several societies are read and discussed, original papers are read, lectures given by one or more eminent men, and field excursions made.

At the close of each winter session the local secretaries send into the Association secretary any papers which have been selected by the local committees as worthy of publication. If the Association council approve these papers they are published in the *Transactions* at the Asso-

* The Lord Bishop of Carlisle acted as president for two years, and I. Fletcher, M.P., F.R.S., is now in his second year of presidency.

ciation expense. The funds of the Association are gathered thus: Each society pays an annual capitation grant of 6*d.* per head on all its members. There is also a class of Association members, residing at a distance from, and not belonging to, any local society, who pay an annual subscription of 5*s.*, and are virtually considered members of all the societies, and have the privileges of such. The *Transactions* are sold to the societies and Association members at the price of 1*s.*, the public being charged 2*s.* 6*d.* Some of the societies purchase copies to the full number of their members, and present them, others take only a limited number of copies (determined by the local society committee) and resell to those of their members who care to possess them. In this way the greater part of an edition of 800 copies of the *Annual Transactions* is disposed of. Authors are allowed extra copies of their own papers at a moderate charge, and when all expenses are met, a fair balance is left to carry on to the next year.

It should be noted that of the eight societies in Cumberland, now associated, the local annual subscriptions of members in each society is generally 5*s.*; in one case, however, it is 3*s.* 6*d.*, and in another 2*s.* 6*d.* Is it a rule of the Association that members going from one society to another to afford help in the carrying out of the various programmes, should have their expenses paid by the society helped. Such is the general constitution and mode of working of the Cumberland Association, which has undoubtedly succeeded in its aim, so far as the keeping up of existing societies and the formation of new ones is concerned. The "Annual Transactions," too, include many papers of local value, and some of general interest, while among the eminent men who have kindly come forward to lend their services at the Annual Meetings, are the Astronomer Royal, the Bishop of Carlisle, Prof. Shairp, Prof. Wm. Knight, and I. Fletcher, M.P., F.R.S. At present, however, the Association is but in its infancy, and may be considered more or less of an experiment, yet that some such method of union is desirable amongst local societies in the various counties or districts of England few will deny. Time will show how the system may be improved and varied to suit special circumstances, but I cannot but think that the plan of association to carry out larger objects of the societies, and the annual meeting of the associated societies in successive towns of a county, must economise labour and promote the healthy culture of the county in which the work is carried on.

Amongst the difficulties presenting themselves in the early days of the association, the following occurred. For several previous years a Cumberland and Westmoreland Antiquarian and Archæological Society had flourished, and it was feared that the new County Association would clash with its existence. The Antiquarians thought it best not to amalgamate with the associated society, its constitution being in many points different from theirs, but it was resolved that whenever papers, bearing on local antiquarian or archæological subjects were read before any of the associated societies, these papers should be offered by the Association council to the Antiquarian and Archæological Society for publication in

their *Transactions* if deemed worthy. Moreover, some of the officers of the Association are active members of the Archaeological Society, and so far from there being any antagonism, the two decidedly help one another forward in the general work of gleaning local knowledge and diffusing culture.

As hon. secretary of the Cumberland Association, I should feel very grateful for any hints or suggestions from the readers of *NATURE*. What is wanted in every county is more culture, and that carried on in a *natural way*, and with a true love of nature in all her aspects.

J. CLIFTON WARD, in *Nature*.

ON A RADICAL REFORM IN THE METHOD OF TEACHING THE CLASSICAL LANGUAGES.

THE old feud between the Humanists and Realists has broken out in a new form. Greek, it appears, is to be extruded from the universities; at least that academical platform is to be shaken from under its feet, and that badge of privilege is to be torn from its breast, which for many years have given it a secure position in the palæstra where the youth of Great Britain have been trained to the highest functions of intellectual manhood. Not a few persons—even those who have no particular interest in or sympathy with Hellenic learning—will look on this changed position of the most aristocratic of traditional scholastic studies with unaffected sorrow; nevertheless, they will say, the thing must be done; times are changed, and we most change with them; the most reputable respectabilities, when their day comes, must die, and the claims of the past, however venerable, must yield to the urgent demands of the present.

To understand this matter properly, we must see clearly that it is not Greek merely, as Greek, that is called before the bar of public opinion, but Greek as the highest form of classical culture; Greek as the gold, which Latin is the silver and the copper currency. The real question is, can, not Greek simply, but Greek and Latin as an intimately related and closely interlacing whole, stand in the same relation to the culture of the eighteenth century that they did to the culture of the sixteenth century? and the answer is plainly enough that they cannot. New circumstances have arisen, new tasks are to be performed, new tools are to be provided, new training is necessary. Whoever denies this is blind both before and behind; great changes cannot take place in society without corresponding changes taking place in the three great organs of social life, the State, the Church, and the School. In the sixteenth century Latin was the only key to knowledge, while Greek, with the disadvantage of a narrower range of currency, held the proud position of

the supreme court of appeal in all important matters of theology, philosophy, literature, and science. Latin in the days of Calvin and George Buchanan was as necessary to the exercise of any intellectual influence among educated men, as English is to a Skye crofter, if he would do business in any market outside his native village, or as French is to a Russian diplomatist, if he would make his voice heard with effect at Berlin or Constantinople. And this diminished influence of the classical languages, as against the rich growth and influence of modern culture, is asserting itself more and more every day, and will continue to assert itself. In the face of this fact, the inculcators of classical lore at school and college must in the nature of things abate their demands considerably; and, if they wish to make this abatement less serious, they must by all means in the first place change their tactics, and improve their drill. In other words, whatever loss in certain directions may fall to the higher English culture from the extrusion or subordination of one or both of the classical languages from school or college, may be reduced to its minimum by a dexterous change of front and an improved practical drill. That such a tactical reform in the method of teaching the classical languages is both necessary and practicable, and with a view to impending dangers imperiously urgent, it is the object of the following remarks shortly to set forth.

Everybody complains of the length of time occupied in the study or pretended study of the classical languages, and of the monopoly of cerebral exertion claimed by classical teachers; not a few persons also complain that with all this sway of grammatical discipline the languages are actually not learned, or learned so ineffectually as to be readily forgotten. These complaints are just; and the cause of the unprofitable consumption of time complained of is, to a considerable extent demonstrably, the prevalence of false and perverse methods of teaching. It is a well-known fact that a young man of common abilities, placed in the colloquial atmosphere of some German school or family, will acquire a greater familiarity with the German language in six months than is commonly acquired of Greek, according to our usual scholastic method, in as many years. How is this? Simply because the young man resident in the country, breathing the atmosphere, and submitted continuously to the action of the strange sounds which he wishes to appropriate, learns the foreign language according to the method of Nature; while your classical teacher in one of our great English schools sets that method flatly at defiance, and substitutes for it artificial methods of his own, which have no germ of healthy vitality in them, and from which no vigorous growth, luxuriant blossom, or rich fruitage can proceed. Let us analyze the method of Nature, and see wherein it consists. It consists in the constant repetition of certain sounds in direct connection with certain interesting objects, and in the direct motion of the mind and the tongue on the materials thus supplied by the constant exercise of the ear and the eye. Observe here particularly, also, that the organs primarily

employed by Nature in the acquisition of language are the ear and the tongue; and that the eye and the mind respond to or accompany the action of those organs, in connection with interesting objects full of life and color, and not with uninteresting subjects it may be, or indifferent, certainly not always interesting subjects in grey books. Now contrast this with some salient points of our scholastic practice. Would it be believed?—we do not appeal to the ear in many cases at all; but we teach raw boys to commit to memory rules about how the ear ought to be used, and then allow them systematically to violate these rules whenever they open their mouths—the teachers themselves showing the example, by habitually disowning their own principles in the very act of their inculcation. Worse than this, a painful process is regularly gone through, according to old and orthodox practice, of writing verses, or concatenating strings of words that sound like verses, not by the witness of the ear—which is the special guide in all rhythmical composition—but in accordance with a rule inculcated with the harsh assiduity of continuous intellectual toil, but whose existence is altogether ignored except on the dead leaves of a sheet of paper. The perversity of this method is only equalled by the loss of time which its operation causes. To say *bōnus* and *bēne*, habitually, and then be compelled to write verses on the principle that we ought to say *bōnus* and *bēne*, while we still go on saying *bōnus* and *bēne*, is a method of proceeding to inculcate the elements of human utterance of which the most rude savage is too intelligent to comprehend the absurdity. And if Latin vocalization is treated in this unwholesome fashion by drill-masters of Latin verse, Greek accents have fared even worse. From an imaginary difficulty in pronouncing Greek words, with both accent and quantity observed, our classical teachers have taken the liberty of transferring the whole system of Latin accentuation, inherited through the Roman Church, to Greek words which we know were and are accented on a totally different principle; and in this way, after ten years devoted to minute study of Greek books, an accomplished Oxonian or Cantabrigian Hellenist is rendered himself, or rather been systematically made, utterly incapable of speaking a single sentence of intelligible Greek to any Greek-speaking person whom in his Mediterranean travels, or nearer home in London or Liverpool, he may chance to encounter. And here again, to crown the absurdity with a proportionate loss of brain and time, the unfortunate young Hellenist is to torture his memory with abstract rules about a system of intonation doomed to remain for ever as dead in the real experience of the learner as a brown mummy in the British Museum! So much for the ear, to whose perverse witness of course the tongue must correspond in such wise that in our scholastic practice it is seldom or never exercised except in connection with a dead book, apart altogether from the direct interest and the vivid impression of immediately surrounding objects. The direct action of the mind also on the object, through the direct instrumentality of the tongue, is altogether left out of view. Your classical scholar never thinks in the language

which he pretends to understand; that which he ought to have commenced with as an inseparable element in the method of Nature, after ten years' study he will not even attempt. He can neither readily understand what is spoken to him in the language which he knows, nor can he utter his thoughts readily when he is called on to speak. He can neither think nor hear nor speak in the language which he professes to understand. All his linguistic knowledge lies stored up in the shape of grammatical rules apart, to be consulted slowly, when need may be, like a lawyer's books, not ready for action like the swift steel of an expert swordsman.

In opposition to this strange tissue of absurdities and perversities, in which our indoctrinators of the classical tongues have entangled themselves, we must recur at once to the natural method, commencing not with abstract rules and paradigms, but with living practice from which the rules are to be abstracted and the paradigms gradually built up. The essential elements of this reform are a speaking teacher, with a correct elocution, and a collection of interesting objects on which the thinking and speaking faculty of the learner shall be regularly and continuously exercised. And let no man say that this is learning language like a parrot and not like a man. A certain exercise of the parrot faculty there must necessarily be in all learners of languages according to all methods; but a parrot, at all events, being an unreasoning animal, is exempted from the absurdity of repeating sounds which are in direct contradiction to the rules about sounds which in theory it acknowledges. There is not the slightest necessity for the ignoring of the rule, because you commence with thinking and speaking the thing which the rule inculcates. And as for the paradigms, they will be learned limb by limb in the train of a vivid practice more easily and more expeditiously, and not less accurately, than separately or with an inferior amount of practice. When I commence my Latin lesson by saying to a boy, *Vidēs splendidum solem?* to which he replies, thinking and speaking from the first in Latin, *Video splendidum solem*, I teach him that *m* in Latin is the sign of the objective case, and that active verbs govern the objective, as scientifically and much more effectively than if I had made him first con up the system of complete rules and paradigms, and then, after six months, set him to spell out his rules and paradigms wholesale out of a dead book. A good system of teaching according to the method of Nature implies a graduated series of rules and paradigms, increasing regularly in difficulty and complexity, as practice becomes more expert. But in all cases the practice should precede the rule. The use of language is an art in the first start, as in its highest culmination; a science like law and architecture, only in a second and subsidiary way, for the sake of giving a firmer grasp, and securing a more consistent application of the materials which a rich and various practice supplies.

Observe now how the method here indicated will work in practice. I demand for the fair operation of the natural method two hours a day

of direct teaching at least, and as many additional hours, say two or three more, as the learner can spare; and with a pupil willing to learn—for this must be assumed as the typical case under all methods—I guarantee that he shall learn as much Greek in six months, as under the ordinary scholastic method he may often learn in six years. At all events I guarantee to turn the learner out with double the amount of available Greek in half the time. Well, the first of these two hours is to be spent in a deft linguistic fence in the conversational method, with direct reference to interesting surrounding objects, such as objects of natural history, art, and archaeology, pictures, drawings, &c., and if the weather permit the hour might be spent in the fields, with a living description of trees, plants, birds, running rivers, wimpling brooks, farm-houses, old castles, and modern mansions, all *in situ*, as the botanists say. After this exercise, say in the forenoon, an afternoon hour is to be devoted to reading and analysing such books as to the age and character of the generality of the pupils might be most acceptable; and along with this might be taken regularly a short sentence of Greek to be turned into English on the spot, written down and kept in a book for the sake of formal accuracy, and as an easy introduction to longer exercises in writing and composition. For accuracy of course is always to be aimed at in every department of good teaching; only it is contrary to nature to smother all fluency in a punctilious anxiety to be accurate; and, to use a homely illustration, we must have our nails first and then pare them.

Now note some consequences which will naturally flow from the carrying out of this method.

(1.) If the main thing to be attended to in the first place is the substitution of well-exercised living functions for the knowledge of dead rules and the conning of dead books, the learners must congregate under one teacher only in such numbers as admit of their being daily put through individual drill; and this cannot be, in my opinion, to any purpose if there are more than a score or five-and-twenty in a class. The success of the exercise depends altogether on the frequency with which certain sounds in interesting connection with certain objects are repeated, not merely in the presence of, but by the living organs of the learner; and therefore we may assuredly say that the crowding together of some hundred or two hundred young men of all degrees of age and preparation into one class-room for an hour or two a day, as a palæstra for learning the Greek language, is one of the most prominent, if not the most radical of the reasons, why, as Sydney Smith said, Greek never yet marched in great force beyond the Tweed. This is a method of teaching Greek which can boast of only one virtue, viz., cheapness; a virtue for which the Scottish people for the last two centuries in all scholastic and academical matters have always shown a very nice taste and a very subtle appreciation.

(2.) Note especially how admirably the method of teaching Greek by conversational descriptions of objects, while it immensely increases

the vocabulary of the learner, and expedites the amount of necessary repetition, tends to break down that wall of partition which has been artificially piled up betwixt classical scholars and the devotees of the physical sciences. As a matter of fact, at least seven-tenths of the technical phraseology used in natural history, anatomy, and medicine are pure Greek; and how useful must it be for any student of the language of Aristotle, Theophrastus, Hippocrates, and Dioscorides, to whatever other object his philological studies may be tending, to be able in the course of his linguistic progress to get a firm hold of that universal language of science, without some inkling of which technical language will always be more or less misty, and the exercise of memory on the vocabulary of natural science more or less painful. I need scarcely add that Archæology also, the fair sister-science of Philology, will come in for her righteous share of attention in the schools, the moment that the descriptive method gives to objects their natural prominence in a scientific course of linguistic training.

(3.) I have made no distinction in these remarks between living and dead languages, a difference which some teachers imagine to be of vital importance in the method of teaching. But this is a mistake. The conversational method is the most natural, and therefore the best, in both cases; only some persons in learning modern languages colloquially have no further object in view than to bandy light prattle deftly at a railway station or a dinner table, as the need may be; whereas to the scholar who studies Greek in order to make himself familiar with Christian theology in its early stages, or with Hellenic philosophy in its best models, conversation in the Greek tongue is a means to an end; always, however, the best means, at once the most expeditious and the most effective, and infinitely more natural, rational, and easy, than forcing a series of painfully constrained syllables into the compass of six iambs, contrary to the witness in many cases of the composer's ear. What the conversational method achieves, with signal success beyond all other methods, is familiarity; and without this familiarity a certain strangeness and a feeling of exertion will always attach to the use of a foreign language, which will cause it to be learned with pain and forgotten with ease. Another difference between living and dead languages, so far as the teaching is concerned, lies in the fact that in the former the speaker is always found ready at our call, while in the latter he requires to be produced by training; that is, he must teach himself, of course, before he attempts to teach others; but in this there can be no practical difficulty to the accomplished scholar, as walking upon the plain ground of common colloquy must always be a much easier achievement than dancing upon the tight-rope of artificial meters; and, as Greek, though a dead language in one sense, is a living language in another, any person or company of persons who wished to acquire fluency in modern Greek expression, merely for the purpose of holding converse with the living Greeks on commercial, political and social matters generally, might hire the services of a living Greek for the pur-

pose, and learn the language of Plato precisely as he learns that of Goethe or Molière. And there cannot be any doubt that it would be a wise thing in our merchants and our Government to have a regular training-school of modern Greek attached to the universities, the commercial guilds, or the foreign office; it is impossible to say how much commercial transactions and diplomatic difficulties might be smoothed if John Bull would condescend to come down from his dignified throne of dumb classicality, and speak in a fraternal way to the numerous Greeks with whom he may come in contact in Alexandria, Cairo, Beyrout, Smyrna, Cyprus, and other corners of the Mediterranean, where the Union Jack flaunts with most recognized respect, and the national Shibboleth "All right" most frequently answers to his call.

(4.) With regard to Greek specially it should be noted further that the colloquial style is, beyond all others, the national style; the style of Plato, of Lucian and of Aristophanes. To commence with colloquy in this language is to render ear and tongue familiar from the very beginning with the style of the most perfect masters in the classical use of that most perfect of languages.

(5.) In applying the principles of educational method here laid down to our present school and university system, two important modifications would be required. In the first place, no young person during his school career should be expected in the regular routine of the school to learn more languages than one, besides his mother-tongue, and this one might either be Latin or Greek amongst the ancient, French or German amongst the modern; a restriction which seems necessary, on the one hand, to make room for other and equally important subjects at present too often neglected or unduly subordinated in our schools; and on the other, to give to the learner that sense of progress and power over a strange instrument which he never acquires while painfully footing his way through half-a-dozen unfamiliar paths, rough with stones below, and bristling with thorns on both sides. I have known schools of no mean repute, in which boys are taught a little Latin, a little Greek, a little French, and a little German, all at the same time (to make a respectable show perhaps to the public!) and which generally ends in a great deal of nothing. The ancient Romans contented themselves with two languages, Greek and their mother-tongue, but they knew both thoroughly, and used them with efficiency; we modern Romans pretend to learn half-a-dozen, and know how to use none. In the second place, considering the double relationship of this country to a rich store of inherited ancient learning on the one hand, and a large environment of existing European and Asiatic influences on the other, it should be provided in our general university scheme, that no person shall receive a poll degree without showing a fair proficiency in two foreign languages, one ancient and one modern, with free option. Under such a scheme as this, and with a radically reformed system of linguistic indoctrination, I have not the slightest fear that Greek would continue to hold up its head above all other languages, ancient or modern, proudly, like Aga-

memnon among the chiefs. In fact it would be no appreciable loss to the highest culture of this country if two-thirds of those who now pass through a compulsory grammatical drill in two dead languages, entered the stage of actual life without the knowledge of a single Greek letter: while the remaining third, who did study Greek according to the natural method, would know it at once free from the narrow formalism that too often cleaves to the present system, and accompanied with a kindly intimacy, a human reality, and a vivid appreciation, to which the scholastically-trained Hellenist, according to our perverse practice, will naturally remain a stranger.

JOHN STUART BLACKIE, in *Contemporary Review*.

[P. S.—It may be as well to observe for the sake of objectors, that nothing contained in this paper is intended in the slightest degree to discourage any of those highest exercises in Latin and Greek composition, whether prose or verse, to which honors are justly given in our universities. On the contrary, these exercises will be facilitated in no small degree by the rich materials which a well-graduated practice of ear and tongue in connection with interesting objects will supply. The whole drift of these remarks is simply to say, that familiarity with any language as a living dexterity of ear and tongue, in the order of nature, always precedes the scientific anatomy of that language in grammar and comparative philology, and must always do so in any art of teaching which shall do the greatest amount of efficient work in the least possible time. It must also be borne in mind, what has been too generally forgotten, that all men who learn Greek and Latin are not destined to be philologists; and it is unwise to submit to a curiously minute philological training large classes of students who desire only the human culture, the æsthetical polish, and the healthy discipline which a familiar acquaintance with a foreign language is so well calculated to afford. J. S. B.]

ON THE WORTH OF A CLASSICAL EDUCATION.

What is the worth of a classical education? Why should boys spend so many years on the study of the Greek and Latin languages? What results are obtained to compensate for so much time, labour, and expense consumed on such an occupation? Is it mere routine, or is it the recognition of solid and sufficient advantages derived from it, which makes so many generations of Englishmen persist in bestowing this training on their sons?

These are questions of the highest moment, and they were very distinctly raised by the appointment of a Royal Commission to report on the education imparted by our public schools. Much has been said in the way of reply in the Report of the Commissioners and elsewhere, but the subject is far from being exhausted. It will easily bear a few more words; all the more so because a clear and succinct answer, such an answer as England in the nineteenth century is entitled to demand, has not, as far as I know, been given to this inquiry. The question is still heard on every side, "What is the use of making a boy waste so many years on Greek and Latin?" and it is anything but easy to refer a

parent who puts it, if ignorantly, at any rate honestly, to such a statement as ought to satisfy him in the choice of his son's studies. It is no reply to say that there is no education so good as that of public schools, and that Greek and Latin are the chief staple of that education; for the question still recurs, "Why should the public schools insist on the study of the classics?" May not the sceptical parent complain with much force that if he cannot do better than send his boy to a public school, it is very hard that he should be compelled to purchase that advantage at the cost of a mischievous waste of time and energy? It is not enough to say, as is so commonly said, that the best and ablest men in England are trained at public schools, and thence to argue that the education must be excellent; there would be a sad illicit process in this reasoning. The course of education adopted at public schools must be defended on its own merits, if it is to be defended successfully; otherwise the great men that have issued from their walls might be turned into a justification of every conceivable abuse. On the very face of the inquiry, the classics, or Greek at least, are not needed for direct application to some positive want of society. No one is required to speak or to write in these languages; their virtues, whatever they may be, are expended on the general formation of the boy's mind and character, not on supplying him with knowledge demanded by any calling in life; and consequently the burden of proof lies plainly on the system which imposes on thousands of English boys—not selected boys, but the general mass of the sons of the upper classes—the study of dead languages, and with the certainty, moreover, as demonstrated by experience, that a very few only of these students will ever acquire any but the most meagre acquaintance with these tongues.

Is such a case capable of being defended? I think that it is. I hold that the nation judges rightly in adhering to classical education: I am convinced that for general excellence no other training can compete with the classical. In sustaining this thesis, I do not propose to compare here what is called useful education with classical, much less to endeavour to prescribe the portion of each which ought to be combined in a perfect system. Want of space forbids me to examine here a problem involving so much detail. Let it be taken for granted that every boy must be taught to acquire a certain definite amount of knowledge positively required for carrying on the business of life in its several callings; and, if so it be, let it be assumed that there is a deficiency of this kind of instruction at the public schools. Let that defect be repaired by all means: let Eton and Winchester be forced, by whatever means, to put into every one of their scholars the requisite quantity of arithmetic, modern languages, geography, and physical science. The adjustment of this quantity does not concern us now: let us recognize its necessity and importance. Let all interference of Greek and Latin with this indispensable qualification for after-life be forbidden; but let us at the same time maintain that both things may go on successfully together. The problem before us here is of a different kind. The

education of the boys of the upper classes is necessarily composed of two parts,—general training, and special, or, as it is called, useful, training,—the general development of the boy's faculties, of the whole of his nature, and the knowledge which is needed to enable him to perform certain specific functions in life. Of those two departments of education, the general far transcends in importance the special: and finally I maintain that for the carrying out of this education, the Greek and Latin languages are the most efficient instruments which can be applied.

Their chief merits are four in number.

I. In the first place, they are languages: they are not particular sciences, nor definite branches of knowledge, but literatures. In this respect high claims of superiority have been advanced for them on the ground that they cultivate the taste, and give great powers of expression, and teach a refined use of words, and thus impart that refinement and culture which characterize an educated gentleman. But I cannot help feeling that too much stress has been laid on this particular result of classical training. In the first place it is realized only by a very few, either at school or college: the vast bulk of English boys do not acquire these high accomplishments, at least before their entrance on the real business of life. On the other hand, the great development which civilization, and with it general intelligence, have made in these modern days, produces in increasing numbers vigorous men who have acquired these powers in great eminence without the help of Greek or Latin. The Senate, the bar, and many other professions, exhibit men whose gifts of expression, vigour of language, neatness as well as force in the use of words, and discrimination of all the finer shades of meaning, are fully on a par with those of men who have been prepared by classical and academical training. A Bright and a Cobden are good set-offs against a Marquis of Wellesley or even a Lord Derby, and with this advantage, moreover, that the growth of modern England is sure to furnish an ever-expanding supply of men of the former class. There has been a vast amount of excellent writing in France put forth by men who knew nothing of Greek, and often very little Latin; and there has been equally an incredible quantity of bad writing in Germany, which has flowed, or rather been jerked out of the pens of men whose heads were stuffed with boundless stores of classical learning. The educational value of Greek and Latin is something immeasurably broader than this single accomplishment of refined taste and cultivated expression. The problem to be solved is to open out the undeveloped nature of a human being; to bring out his faculties, and impart skill in their use; to set the seeds of many powers growing; to teach as large and as varied a knowledge of human nature, both the boy's own and the world's about him, as possible; to give him, according to his circumstances, the largest practicable acquaintance with life, what it is composed of, morally, intellectually, and materially, and how to deal with it. For the perform-

ance of this great work, what can compare with a language, or rather with a literature? not with a language carried to soaring heights of philology, for then it becomes a pure science, as much as chemistry or astronomy, but with a language containing books of every degree of variety and difficulty. Think of the many elements of thought a boy comes in contact with when he reads Cæsar and Tacitus in succession, Herodotus and Homer, Thucydides and Aristotle: how many ideas he has perforce acquired; how many regions of human life—how many portions of his own mind—he has gained insight into; with how extended a familiarity with many things he starts with, when the duties of a profession call on him to concentrate these insights, these exercised and disciplined faculties, on a single sphere of action. See what is implied in having read Homer intelligently through, or Thucydides, or Demosthenes; what light will have been shed on the essence and laws of human existence, on political society, on the relations of man to man, on human nature itself. What perception of all kinds of truths and facts will dawn on the mind of the boy; what sympathies will be excited in him; what moral tastes and judgments established; what a sense of what he, as a human being, is, and can do; what an understanding of human life. Every glowing word will call up a corresponding emotion; every deed recorded, every motive unfolded, every policy explained, will be pregnant with instruction; and that instruction must be valued, not only by its use when applied to practice, or by the maxims or rules which it lays down for human action, but infinitely more by the general acquaintance with human nature which it has generated, by the readiness for action which it has produced in a world now become familiar, by the consciousness it has brought out of the possession of faculties, and the tact and skill it has created for their use. Knowledge is not ability, cram is not power, least of all in education. A man may be able to count accurately every yard of distance to the stars, and yet be most imperfectly educated; he may be able to reckon up all the kings that ever reigned, and yet be none the wiser or the more efficient for his learning. But the unfledged boy, who starts with a mind empty, blank, and unperceiving, is transformed by passing through Greek and Latin: a thousand ideas, a thousand perceptions are awakened in him, that is, a thousand fitnesses for life, for its labours and its duties.

But is he able to reason? asks the mathematician. Can he correctly deduce conclusions from premises? Can he follow out step by step a chain of sequences? Can he push his principles to just results? He can, and necessarily must, if he has honestly worked through his books, if he has been properly handled by a competent teacher, if his progress, step by step, has been challenged and justified. Let it be gladly acknowledged that every large exercise of thought has its true and intrinsic advantages: and the patient investigator of natural or mathematical science unquestionably uses and cultivates powers which are amongst the most valuable accorded to humanity. But, on the other hand, no one familiar with education can have failed to perceive what immense stores of

arithmetic and algebra and the calculi may be piled up without calling forth scarcely a single conscious effort of ratiocination; how completely the advance has been obtained by quickness of intelligence, sharpness of observation, and dexterity in the use of expedients. Excellent and valuable qualities, be it cheerfully granted; but still not qualities implying powers of sustained reasoning. George Stephenson, in working his way to the safety-lamp, and many a gardener and sailor, have over and over again displayed capacities for reasoning which all but the highest mathematicians might envy. The opportunities, the demands for reasoning, in a real and sound study of the classics are absolutely endless, and in no field has a teacher such a range for forcing his disciples to think closely and accurately. No doubt a huge amount of continuous thought is needed by the mathematical or astronomical discoverer; but this is a professional quality, and it is very questionable whether it exceeds in severity the demands made on the advocate or the moral philosopher. The question here raised is that of educational value; and I confidently assert that for the purposes of making a youthful student think long and accurately, and of forcing upon him the perceptions of the efficiency and the results of right reasoning, no better tool can be applied than a speech in Thucydides, a discussion in Aristotle, or a chapter in the Epistles of St. Paul.

But is it so in practice? it will be asked. Do boys realise all these fine things? How many, as they emerge from Eton or from Oxford, would venture to be judged by such a test? Is it not notorious rather that the great portion of either public school boys or undergraduates know little of the classics they have spent years upon, and can hardly be said to possess any real knowledge of any kind? Can this be called education? Many answers can be given to this reproach. First of all, it is quite as easy to teach the classics badly as anything else, and there is an immense quantity of bad teaching of the classics in England. A glaring proof of this is found in the great difference which separates school from school, and the proportionate difference in the quality of the products. Then, though it is true that few of the many submitted to classical training become scholars, in the full sense of the word, it does not at all follow that they have gained nothing from their study of Greek and Latin; just the contrary is the truth. The test of educational success is not solely or even chiefly the amount of positively accurate and complete knowledge which has been acquired; but the extent to which the faculties of the boy have been developed, the quantity of impalpable but not the less real attainments he has achieved, and his general readiness for life, and for his action in it as a man. Most unquestionably English education might be and ought to be a great deal better than it is; but would the result have been more satisfactory if the boys of England had never touched Greek or Latin, and had been brought up either in the study of modern languages or of chemistry, astronomy, or mathematics? This is the true issue, the true question to be debated. Each of these two methods would probably have yielded

a larger product of positive knowledge, or, at least, of what is called useful information, though even that is not absolutely certain. If the boys were entirely to fling aside their Greek and Latin books, and to be surrounded by French, German, and mathematical masters, most of them would become tolerably familiar with these modern tongues, and a certain amount of mathematical and natural science would be found in them also. But would the gain thus made have compensated for the loss incurred? It must not be said that the knowledge would have been of the useful kind, because at the outset I started with the admission that for the purposes of a satisfactory education a fitting portion of direct and useful knowledge ought to be combined with the study of Greek and Latin. It is on the excess beyond this, on the general training and broad development of the human being, that the dispute turns; and on this view of the matter I am profoundly convinced that England and Englishmen would be enormous losers. On modern languages, as compared with Greek and Latin, more will be said presently; and it is hoped that it will be shown that of the benefits to be derived from the study of language a far higher proportion can be realized from the classical than from modern languages. With respect to science it seems to be obvious at once that it would leave portions—and those the largest and most important portions—of the youth's nature absolutely undeveloped. I do not believe that there would be any gain in the expansion of intellect; whilst the boy would be turned out empty of countless perceptions, destitute of a multitude of insights into things moral, social, and political, which constitute the most important parts of human life and of his own being. He would be, what was once not uncommon, but is now happily rare, a senior wrangler in the calculus, and an infant among men.

II. But let us now proceed with the second merit of the classical languages as an instrument of education: the greatness of the works they contain, and of the writers who made them. This is a consideration of superlative importance. I hold that the first cardinal principle of education is to bring the nature to be opened out and trained into contact with the highest possible standard of greatness. The rule of educating by means of safe mediocrity is to me purely detestable. No writer is too lofty, provided only that he is capable of being understood, to be placed in the hands of the young: no man too high to be fit for a schoolmaster. This was a truth recognized in the great universities of the middle ages, and it has received in our own days worthy homage from a Niebuhr and an Arnold. The greater the excellence—the loftier, more varied, and richer the influences brought to bear on the young—the riper and the more valuable the fruits. A great writer wields in education a force a thousand times more powerful than an inferior one: the difference is in kind, not in degree. A mind of the first order awakens in those who come under its sway far many more ideas than one of lower degree, expresses them with greater truth, flashes them into lower depths of the spirit of the recipient, kindles a more fervid

enthusiasm, calls forth a more ardent imitation, and reveals things known only to its own genius. The society of the best and greatest men is the most powerful educator down to the end of life: it never ceases to train and to influence; and if it moulds elderly men, how much more youths when the mind is more susceptible of impressions and the character more ready for imitation? Every parent wishes the best companions for his son, and on that principle the greatness of the classical writers acquires unspeakable importance. In no language can an equal number of writers of the very first eminence be brought to bear on the formation of a youthful mind as in Greek. In poetry, history, philosophy, politics, page upon page of the most concentrated force, of the tersest expression, of the richest eloquence, of the nicest and most subtle discrimination, of the widest range and variety, strike successive blows on the imagination and the thinking faculty of the impressible student: they disclose to him what human nature is capable of, what is waiting to be called forth in the boy's own spirit, the heights which others have reached, the thoughts and feelings he may himself create—in a word, all the wondrous powers of the human intellect, all the noble emotions of the human soul. What more direct and more efficient remedy against one of the most common and most damaging weaknesses—onesidedness? Where can a boy be initiated into so many things, catch so many vistas, acquire, if not a profound, yet a most valuable and most fruitful familiarity with so many provinces of manly thought as in the study of Homer, Æschylus, and Sophocles, Aristotle and Plato, Herodotus and Thucydides, Aristophanes and Demosthenes? These men have been the founders of civilization; they have hewn out the roads by which nations and individuals have travelled and travel still: the Greek type is the form of the thought of modern Europe: their writings on most vital points are fresh and living for us now. And no more decisive proof can be given of their genius, or, in other words, of their greatness. Homer and Thucydides are wonderful reading for us now; and upon that single truth the issue of this transcendent question might be staked.

Nor must we leave altogether unnoticed the beauty of form which distinguishes these undying writings. They were composed in days when there was no press; when manuscripts were costly, rare and difficult of multiplication; when writers were far more listened to than read; and when consequently grace of language and attractiveness of the form itself were matters of extreme importance. The very structure of the language, which admitted of such a large transposition of the words of a sentence, prompted care and skill in the elaboration of the style. It would be untrue to assert that modern languages do not also exhibit exquisite graces of form; but they are rare compared with the mass of writing, and they are not appreciated by the many readers. Many is the book—nay, of such is the majority—which is greedily read in spite of the absence of the charm of composition; but, in ancient times, an ill-written book would have found

it difficult to catch readers. But even supposing it not to have been so in fact,—as Horace would seem to hint,—still it remains true that it would be probably impossible to bring together, in any modern language an equal number of books which combine beauty of art and composition with excellence of matter in the same degree as those which I have just named; and the existence of such educational instruments is a heavy weight in the scale in favour of classical education.

III. This consideration brings us to the third head of merit which may be claimed for classical education, and merit of the very first order it is. Greek and Latin are dead languages: they are not spoken tongues. The literatures they contain belong to the past; the nations to which they belong, the societies of which they speak, the social and political feelings they paint, have passed away; and these are very great matters indeed for the purposes of education. Living languages are learnt by the ear; they are imbibed without thought or effort; they need awaken little reflection or judgment; their possession does not necessarily imply any great development of mind or soul. Many a stupid, dull little boy can speak two or three languages if he has had as many nurses; and his intellectual faculties may have been but slightly called into exercise by the process of acquisition. A proposition in Euclid can do more good, educationally, than many days spent in catching a foreign tongue orally. There is a want of difficulty, an absence of effort, a lack of compulsion on the mind to bring its resources into action, which renders living languages a tool of small value and efficiency in opening out the understanding. They fail to do the work required. They may enable a lad to live comfortably in France or Germany; they may powerfully aid him to get his bread in employments for which the power of speaking a foreign language may be a strong recommendation; they may give him what is termed useful knowledge. Lord Clarendon attached much importance to young men destined for diplomacy being taught to speak French easily and gracefully; but this is a professional accomplishment—the useful; it is not that general education which we are here discussing. As was said before, there ought to be an adequate amount in all training of these useful qualifications; but what is now contended for is that there ought to be, that there must be, the general culture also; and that this general culture, this broad development of a boy's whole nature, is incomparably better effected by the dead languages, by Greek and Latin, than by anything else.

The difficulty involved in learning a dead language is an excellent feature in this discipline. Such languages must be learnt by rule. They call on the mind to perceive the relations of grammar at the very outset. A Greek or Latin sentence is a nut with a strong shell concealing the kernel—a puzzle, demanding reflection, adaptation of means to end, and labour for its solution, and the educational value resides in the shell and in the puzzle. Such a sentence compels a boy to think,

whether he is toiling at the first page of the *Delectus*, or on the airy heights of Plato, and that is the solution—the Q.E.D. of the problem. His faculties are always strongly exercised. The necessity to have many tools in his workshop, and to employ many trials and much skill in their application, grows with every step of advance gained. And what are these tools? what these resources of thought? what these applications of mental power and acquired knowledge which are ever set in motion in the study of a classical author? They range over every part of the student's intellectual being; each accumulated force, or fact, as it is acquired, becomes in time an instrument—a necessary and indispensable instrument—for achieving new conquests, for mastering greater authors and harder writings. The mind under training, whether it animates the little urchin in the second form, or holds the ambition which gazes on university honours, ay, or is even the depository of the lore of a Greek professor, is compelled at all moments to perform acts of perception and judgment, to observe distinctions, to discriminate and to select. It appeals to the *Lexicon*, but only to find an array of meanings, shades of signification, and to encounter the perplexities of a choice, which cannot be made without mental effort—that is, without mental progress. In a modern language, the familiar sound of the accompanying words, the accustomed flow of the usual thought, the similarity of the expression to the forms of one's own native tongue, render the task of comprehension easy. But in a dead language, where all is strange, where association does not instantly and unconsciously bring up the sense of each single word, where the mode of thinking is unfamiliar, where the links that bind many words into one sentence have to be sought in unusual terminations and distances of several lines, and then only by carrying in the intellect the laws of grammar and of logic, to study and to master the thought and the expressions of a great writer is a truly educational process, leaving the mind, on its final success, stronger, more able to use itself, richer in new insights, new perceptions, fitter for yet more powerful exercise. Nor does the difficulty dwell in the strangeness of the words alone. Many things must be had recourse to, many resources of knowledge called into help, before the understanding can grasp the sense, not only of a *Thucydides*, or a *Tacitus*, but also of a *Cæsar* or a *Xenophon*. The general character of the subject written about, the scope of a large paragraph, acquaintance with history, with geography, with endless details of many arts and sciences, the laws of politics, the principles of moral life, all must be brought to converge on the opposing obstacle before its resistance can be overcome.

And here it is also where the greatness of the classical writers produces its richest fruits. The mind of the student is compelled to dwell on every utterance, to examine minutely every expression, to master its intrinsic meaning, and then its relation to its companions in the sentence, to reflect whether the suggested translation will meet the requirements of the reasoning, of the general purport of the context, of the broad

aim and complex thought of the writer. Compare the putting of an English boy through Burke and through Thucydides: and see the difference. How much of Burke will inevitably be missed, how much fail to be noticed and to produce effect, simply through the facility of apprehension. The lad will run through Burke swiftly, and gather little: but his course through Thucydides will be long, laborious, full of pains and difficulties, but also, proportionately, full of profound impressions made on the mind, full of reward and acquired power. The world exclaims, Why waste so much time on a single book? The gain, be it answered, may be measured by the time expended. There is hardly a point which more urgently requires to be impressed on those who inquire into classical education, than the immense productiveness of the length of time during which the student is compelled to linger on the words of a great classic. Even were all other points equal, this consideration alone confers a most real superiority on the classics in the province of education.

It is idle, therefore, to assert that the study of the classics is a waste and a failure solely because most youths, nay, all youths, are unable at last to do more than understand a few selected Greek and Latin authors—because not one possesses anything approaching that familiarity with those languages which would enable him to read at once any book written in them, as a man who has learnt the French or German tongue—or because the majority of boys learn so miserably little Greek and Latin, that for very shame it is impossible to call them scholars. The true cost of the education, the result by which it must stand or fall, is the general condition of mind which these boys have obtained when their schooling is over. If positive knowledge were made the standard—if the question to be asked is, “What can a boy do at the end of the process?” then no one could be called educated by the side of the artisans and manufacturers, the navigators and the carpenters of England. These men possess direct and practical knowledge: they can build and sail ships, make watches and steam-engines: but would they on that account be termed educated? How many of the upper classes in any nation can perform specific functions of this kind? Skill and cultivated talent is not education, but something to be added to education, a superstructure to be raised on the foundation and by the help of the general education.

But on the other hand it is a most lamentable fact, which must be honestly acknowledged, that the schools and colleges of England fall painfully short of what the nation has a right to expect of them in the matter of classics. Classical education is the best education: but it may be inadequately given, be taught by incompetent teachers, by means of slovenly and inefficient processes, and with results, in the majority of cases, discreditably small. To praise classical education must not be understood as praising English schools, or their general standard of attainment, or the state in which “pass-men” are turned out at the universities. It may be perfectly true that our classical schools are all the best schools, and yet it may be equally true that they can and

ought to do a vast deal more than they accomplish. On this point I shall say more on the fourth and next head.

But we must not omit to notice one advantage more, derived from the deadness of the classical languages, which possesses the highest educational value. Not only are the languages dead, but also the societies to which they belong. The modern has inherited many individual elements of the ancient world: but the Greek and Latin nations, as such, have passed away. This fact enables both pupil and teacher in the educational process to study classical writings without wakening up interest, the prejudices, or the passions of modern life: and it affords an incomparable facility for examining and apprehending first principles. Even the fairest and most impartial teacher would find it a hard matter to go through Burke in a schoolroom without some Liberal or Conservative bias, some association with modern politics, some hankering to inculcate principles which he thinks salutary for the future conduct and happiness of his disciples. The latter will be also in a still more unfavourable position: most boys have enlisted themselves on one political side or other; and the feelings would be too keen and too passionate to admit of a calm and neutral study of the primary truths of political or social life. How different is it when it is Thucydides or Tacitus that is dwelt upon; how ready is the mind then to follow the great historian in his profound description of human action and human motives, as displayed on an arena entirely severed from modern life. He is thus open to perceive and ready to appreciate the fundamental principles of social organization. His mind is sufficiently free not only to learn the primary truths of civilised life, but also to imbibe the spirit of a statesman or a philosopher, to weigh conflicting considerations, to study tendencies and results, to test causes by their results, or to trace bad effects to their causes. Studies, thus calm and philosophical, ranging over such wide areas, and diving into such depths, are scarcely possible for the young with any writings linked with their own times; and I attribute to this eminent advantage much of the superiority of view, perception of first principles, and general absence of bigotry and narrow-mindedness, which so commonly distinguish classically-educated men.

IV. The last merit to be claimed on behalf of classical education is the field which it opens to the action of the teacher, the close contact which it establishes between the mind of the boy and the mind of his master, the power with which it enables the whole nature of the teacher, his character and intellect, to influence and mould the nature of the pupil. This is the greatest work in education—the development of one human being by another. Books written by great men are great things: but the living man himself is still greater. It is to the imperfect apprehension of this truth that the defective results of English schools are mainly to be attributed. The public feeling of this country does not recognize the extreme value of the specific gift of teaching, even though it was so conspicuously illustrated by the life of Dr.

Arnold. Both the public and schools are content if masters are men of high classical attainment, if they have obtained distinguished honours at the universities, if they can construe any bit of Greek or Latin, if they turn out a good supply of special boys, who carry off in abundance open scholarships and prizes. These are esteemed good schoolmasters, and their schools are lifted up on the wave of public admiration. And yet for all that, they may be in fact radically bad schoolmasters, and the successes achieved by their eminent pupils may furnish but a most scanty justification of the general results of their schools. They may be totally wanting in the true gift of teaching: and a classical education is but a lame affair for the mass of boys without a real teacher.

And in what does the gift of teaching consist? Assuredly not in the possession of a large body of solid learning; that is the smallest and least important qualification for educating youth. It consists infinitely more in the power of sympathy, the ability to place one's self in the exact position of the learner, to see things as he sees them, to feel the difficulties exactly as he feels them, to understand the precise point at which the obstacle bars the way, to be able to present the solution precisely in the form which will open the understanding of the pupil, and enable him, in gathering the new piece of knowledge, to comprehend its nature and its value. Such a teacher will take the mind of the boy as his starting point—and will just keep ahead of his intellectual state, so as to furnish him with such matter only as he will be able to assimilate; his questions will just range above his level, but yet not out of his reach; above all he will feel the true essence, the one function of his task, to make the boy's mind act for itself, and the teacher's office to consist merely in assisting the pupil to think and to understand. This is a work of sympathy, of love, of a genuine delight in the pleasure of teaching, a delight which finds its gratification in perceiving that the pupil has taken in and truly apprehended the knowledge that was set before him. Then as the mind of the learner grows in strength, other powers of the true teacher will come into play. He will seek to impart something higher than accurate information rightly apprehended. He will awaken the perception of broader relations; he will suggest principles and generalizations; he will so handle his own stores as to let the pupil catch first glimpses, then successively clear outlines of the ultimate form in which his own knowledge has finally settled down; whilst the charmed disciple is brought to rejoice in his own strength, to feel that he, too, has the power of grasping high and broad truths, to look with awe at first at the heights which the teacher has succeeded in reaching, and at last to become conscious that he, too, may crown them also, and even rise above them. All this and much more lies in a classical education, in the wide ranges of Greek and Latin writers, in their poetry, their history, their moral and political philosophy. It lies scattered in rich profusion in the verses of a Homer and an Æschylus, the speeches of a Pericles, the political and moral studies of an Aristotle, the orations of a

Cicero and a Demosthenes, and, be it added, in the sacred works of the Greek Scriptures. As I have already pointed out, the deadness of these ancient tongues confers a vast additional force on the process. The student is compelled to travel slowly; he is driven to probe the inner mind, the real thought, of his author; he is forced to seek a rendering which will fit in with the context, and with the general course of the argument, and he must thus of necessity master the bearing and significance of the feeling or the argument. What can be conceived more truly calculated to bring out every element of his own nature? How is it possible to devise a more efficient machinery for enabling the mind of a teacher in all its fulness to act on the expanding faculties of a disciple? And thus at last we reach the culminating point of a classical education, that there is no man so great, if only he is endowed with the true faculty of teaching, who may not find it a field worthy of his noblest powers. Successful generals and prominent statesmen easily command the admiration of mankind. They dazzle by the apparent size and magnitude of the effects they produce. To have defeated a large army, to have guided the destinies of an imperial State, affect directly the lives and positions of millions: the men that wield such powers must be the loftiest of mankind. Yet is it so in truth? If we think only on what man is, if we reflect that the form and colour of both individual and social life must absolutely depend on the minds and characters of the men who compose it, is it true that statesmen and generals determine the course and happiness of humanity in a higher degree than those who form and construct, as it were, humanity itself? No one doubts that the public schools and the universities of England produce wide and lasting effects on her national character. That great writers move the thoughts and opinions of many generations is a simple truism. No one contests that noble and powerful natures amongst the living mightily affect all who come within the reach of their influence. Is it too much to say that a great teacher, or rather a mass of great teachers, may still more profoundly direct and shape minds at ages when docility and impressionableness are the seed-bed supplied by nature? Have an Abelard and an Arnold told little upon mankind?

These remarks are made under the feeling that Englishmen are not sufficiently alive to the immense and the decisive importance of the special qualities of a true teacher. It would be enormously better for a boy to be trained by a real teacher with small learning than by a man of great attainments and no power to influence others. No doubt, in the case of the young as well as of the old, a human being can do the most for himself; but the presence of a spirit capable of stimulating and guiding makes an incredible difference in the work which a boy or a man will do for himself. It is much to be regretted that the Commission on the Public Schools did not take up this great matter and enlighten the country on the cardinal importance of demanding good teachers. A hundred faults might be forgiven to Eton or any other public school,—

to Oxford or to Cambridge,—if only the fundamental truth were recognized that the primary element of education is the teacher, and if as a consequence of that recognition a great teacher were demanded and appreciated by the public with the same earnestness and discernment as a great barrister or a great physician.

BONAMY PRICE, in *Contemporary Review*.

CHARLES LAMB.

THE following new and characteristic anecdotes of Charles Lamb are well worth preservation. They formed a part of the ample recollections of the late Mr. John Chambers, of Lee, Kent.

Mr. Chambers was for many years a colleague at the East India House of Charles Lamb, of whom he had a keen appreciation and warm admiration. He himself is referred to in the Essay by Elia on "The Superannuated Man" under the letters Ch—, as "dry, sarcastic, and friendly," and in these words Lamb accurately defines his character. They probably worked together in the same room, or—in India-house language—"compound," a term which Lamb once explained to mean "a collection of simples." Chambers was the youngest son of the Vicar of Radway, near Edgehill, to whom Lamb alludes in his letter given at page 307, vol. ii., first edition of Talfourd's "Letters of Charles Lamb" (Moxon, 1837). He was a bachelor, simple, methodical, and punctual in his habits, genial, shrewd and generous, and of strong common sense. He lived, after his retirement from active duty in the East India Company's Civil Service, at a snug cottage on the Eltham Road, near London, "with garden, paddock and coach-house adjoining," and delighted to gather round him a small circle of intimate friends, to whom, over a glass of "Old Port," he would relate, as he did with a peculiar indescribable dry humour, his experiences of men and things, and especially his reminiscences of the East India Company and of Charles Lamb. He always spoke of Lamb as an excellent man of business, discharging the duties of his post with accuracy, diligence, and punctuality. Chambers died on the 3d September, 1862, aged 73. It is a matter of regret that of all the stories he related of Lamb these alone are now remembered, and for the first time written down by their hearer. The circumstances under which they were told, the humour of Mr. Chambers, and the running commentary with which he always accompanied any allusion to Lamb, are wanting to lend them the interest, vividness, and charm of their actual narration.

1. Lamb, at the solicitation of a City acquaintance, was induced to go to a public dinner, but stipulated that the latter was to see him safely home. When the banquet was over, Lamb reminded his friend of their

agreement. "But where do you live?" asked the latter. "That's your affair," said Lamb, "you undertook to see me home, and I hold you to the bargain." His friend, not liking to leave Lamb to find his way alone, had no choice but to take a hackney coach, drive to Islington, where he had a vague notion that Lamb resided, and trust to inquiry to discover his house. This he accomplished, but only after some hours had been thus spent, during which Lamb drily and persistently refused to give the slightest clue or information in aid of his companion.

2. Lamb was one of the most punctual of men although he never carried a watch. A friend observing the absence of this usual adjunct of a business man's attire, presented him with a new gold watch which he accepted and carried for one day only. A colleague asked Lamb what had become of it. "Pawned," was the reply. He had actually pawned the watch finding it a useless incumbrance.

3. On one occasion Lamb arrived at the office at the usual hour, but omitted to sign the attendance book. About mid-day he suddenly paused in his work, and slapping his forehead as though illuminated by returning recollection, exclaimed loudly: "Lamb! Lamb! I have it;" and rushing to the attendance book interpolated his name.

4. On another occasion Lamb was observed to enter the office hastily, and in an excited manner, assumed no doubt for the occasion, and to leave by an opposite door. He appeared no more that day. He stated the next morning, in explanation, that as he was passing through Leadenhall Market on his way to the office he accidentally trod on a butcher's heel. "I apologised," said Lamb, "to the butcher, but the latter retorted: 'Yes, but your excuses won't cure my broken heel, and — me,' said he, seizing his knife, 'I'll have it out of you.'" Lamb fled from the butcher, and in dread of his pursuit dared not remain for the rest of the day at the India House. This story was accepted as a humorous excuse for taking a holiday without leave.

5. An unpopular head of a department came to Lamb one day and inquired, "Pray, Mr. Lamb, what are you about?" "Forty, next birthday," said Lamb. "I don't like your answer," said his chief. "Nor I your question," was Lamb's reply.

ALGERNON BLACK, in *Macmillan's Magazine*.

CONTEMPORARY LIFE AND THOUGHT IN RUSSIA.

St. PETERSBURG, *January 14th*, 1879.

POLITICAL AGITATION AMONG THE STUDENTS.

THE event of the day is the political agitation among the students. These disturbances have been very much exaggerated in the reports, not only abroad, but also in Russia itself. Down to the present, at any rate, there is nothing in them at which to be seriously frightened. Their worst aspect is the wrong the actors in the disturbances do themselves; instead of devoting the precious time of youth to earnest studies they are busy trying to solve problems beyond their powers. For this wild end they risk every day seeing the doors of the universities closed to them, and being denied their career. But youths do not much trouble themselves with thoughts of the future, and the spirit of *camaraderie* easily draws them away to any folly. Unfortunately for Russia, this feeling does not confine itself within the limits of one school or university, but has spread till it has attained the proportion of a general *solidarity* among the students of the whole country. Whenever a disturbance arises in any one of the schools, be it in the south, the west, or the east of Russia, deputies are sent to other universities and a concerted action is planned.

The first impulse of the recent troubles was given at the Veterinary Institute of Kharkow, and it may be as well to go a little into the details of what is known of the occurrence.

The official report of the case is somewhat puzzling. It states that one of the professors, by name Jouravsky, in order to further the progress of his pupils, instituted evening lessons for those who wished them. The diligent students welcomed the innovation, but the lazy ones felt dissatisfied at it. The professor received several anonymous letters, containing threats which were to be carried out in case he did not immediately give up these lessons; which were avowed to be mortifying to grown-up students, since they put them on the same level with pupils of secondary schools. He showed the letters to the students favourable to his method, and they begged him to go on, not paying any attention to them. Then the opposition had recourse to violent measures. Assembling in great numbers at the next public lesson of Jouravsky, they interrupted him, making a dreadful noise. At last they drove him out of the room. The authorities naturally interfered and arrested the culprits, who were brought before the University Court.

When things had gone as far as this the students of the University sided with their fellows—the Veterinaries. Further, an unfortunate circumstance occurred serving to fan the flame,—the offended professor was admitted among the judges to whom the case was submitted. This

seemed so unfair to the accused that everybody was shocked. The authorities sought to excuse the irregular proceeding by alleging that Jouravsky alone could give them all the particulars of the affair. But such an explanation was felt to be unsatisfactory. The professor ought, no doubt, to have appeared as a witness, but, being a party concerned, he had no right to sit as judge, and the students were not to blame in protesting against it. Nevertheless the fact of being right in theory did not help them in practice. Their petitions and meetings had for their only result the increasing of the number of the arrested, and the closing the doors of the University of Kharkow against the innocent as well as the guilty.

But here, before going further, it should be added that, side by side with this official cause of discontent, there exists another secret one, which is really still more sad than the first. This is the old, deeply-rooted, national hatred between Russians and Poles, which time, hitherto, has been unable to cure, and the traces of which are very easily to be found in the provinces of the west. Professor Jouravsky is a Pole, and the Russians on that score nourished a bad feeling against him, seizing the first pretext to offend him.

As soon as the agitation had reached its height, and the University was closed, deputies from the students were sent to Moscow and St. Petersburg asking for assistance. At Moscow the students were not disposed to mix themselves in the affair, but at St. Petersburg the youths showed a more lively interest in the movement. Supported by the students of the Medico-Chirurgical Academy—who are known to stand always at the head of every revolutionary agitation—the leaders drew up a petition to the Czarévitch. On the 30th November (old style) they assembled in great numbers and proceeded to the Anitchkow Palace. As that day was the jubilee of the Technological Institute, it was at first thought that the procession was bringing their congratulations on that occasion, and the policemen accordingly let it pass. However, as the line kept increasing in number, and was seen taking another direction, the police grew anxious, and its head, General Zourof, went in person to parley with the procession. Being very politely asked what they wanted and where they were going, they answered that they purposed to present to the heir of the throne a petition in favour of their fellow-students of Kharkow. To this Zourof replied that the time was ill-chosen for going in multitudes to the Anitchkow Palace, the Grand Duchess then lying in childbed, and the Grand Duke being absent from town. These arguments prevailed, and the deputation consented to entrust the prefect with its petition and to separate.

Meanwhile, however, the police, frightened at this stream of students pouring incessantly toward, fancied they could stop it by disconnecting the bridges on the Neva which join the scholastic quarters with the central streets. The University, as well as the Medico-Chirurgical Academy, lies on the left side of the river, and once the bridges are separated communication between them and the other parts is cut. In

this way the procession, which had passed over to the right side, could receive no more reinforcements, but it was also made impossible for it to return home,—without mentioning the inconvenience caused by such a measure to the peaceable citizens. In fact, while Zourof was requiring from the young men he parleyed with the promise to go home, his subordinates were taking pains to hinder them from keeping that pledge. Very soon a sort of panic seized the whole town, and the most incredible tales circulated through it during that day and on the day following. It was said that the students had openly revolted, that shots had been heard, and that a fight was going on in the streets. In reality, nothing more than what is above related had occurred, and, as soon as the bridges were put in order, the students willingly dispersed.

But on the next day, a much more serious event took place at the Medico-Chirurgical Academy. The young men assembled there, wishing to know the result of their petition to the heir of the throne. Hearing that General Zourof was paying a visit to their directors, they sent a deputation to him, begging for an answer. Zourof, who, in his fright, had undertaken an irregular mission, not having the right to present such petitions to members of the Imperial family, was puzzled what to do next. However, he went to the students and made them some vague excuses, alleging that the Czarévitch had not yet given any answer, and that the reply would be immediately communicated to them as soon as it was given. The students contented themselves with these assurances and withdrew. But on reaching the street they were instantly surrounded by a mob of their fellows, who had been waiting for them, and wanted to hear the news. The police, afresh alarmed, ordered them to disperse, and as they did not obey quickly enough, troops were summoned. When they saw themselves being pushed about by the military force, which does not feel graciously disposed towards rioters, they really revolted, and with the cry, "Arrest us all!" turned back to the Academy, crowding the halls and the passages. One hundred and forty-two of them were arrested, while in the fight which ensued many were severely wounded and bruised. It is true that the official report flatly contradicts this last part, denying both the fight and the rumour of there being any wounded, but eye-witnesses persist in affirming the correctness of the rumour, even naming the surgeons who were told off for dressing the wounds of the prisoners. At any rate, the whole town talked about these things as of facts beyond doubt, and the official statement found but few believers.

After this the state of affairs at the University grew worse, and the rector felt obliged to put a stop to the meetings held there, which were becoming more and more loud and frequent. Though the Professor Beketof (who is actually the rector) has always been one of the most popular men among the students, being known for his liberal views and his humane treatment of the young men, his exhortations this time were useless. It is even reported that in their excitement, the young

men, forgetting all they owed him, not only were deaf to his voice, but insulted him. True this is denied by the professors.

The last event of this series of troubles is the surprising demonstration made some days ago by the students of the Roads and Communications Institute. The school had always enjoyed the fame of being inaccessible to political agitation. This favourable circumstance was held to be a special merit of the actual Minister Possiet, within whose province the school was included. His friends proclaimed as loudly as they could that personal influence, or the lack of it, has much to do with all such disturbances, and that good pedagogues know how to prevent them. They refused to recognize in these movements the character of a moral epidemic,—which they clearly are,—and ascribed them all to the awkwardness of the chiefs. Now that the epidemic has gained access to their own sanctuary, they must at last see that it really exists. The students of the Institute went in their turn to the Minister, and presented a petition, the contents of which are but imperfectly known. General Possiet explained to the deputies the illegality of their proceeding. These deputies again boasted of having spoken rudely to their chief.

While all this was going on, the Government naturally thought of new measures of repression. But all that its representatives could devise was the issuing of a proclamation applying the articles of the penal code which concern meetings and riots in the streets to the school buildings, and ordering the police to assist the school-directors at their request in restoring order in the halls. How far such a measure will prove effective it is not easy to say. It is the old story—while everybody agrees that something must be done, nobody knows what course to take, and only criticises somebody else. Happily calm is nearly restored now; but in the beginning of these troubles the panic was great. For a week or more every mention in the newspapers was forbidden, and, as always happens in such cases, the tales spread through the town were much worse than the reality. Since official reports have been issued, the public feeling has grown more rational, and people have ceased to expect every day a revolution.

DISCOVERY OF "THE HORSE."

In my last letter I gave a full account of the hunt for the assassins of General Mesentzef. Since that time the search has been crowned with just one success, which at first sight was full of promise. This was the capture of the horse, the identical steed, which had carried the murderers out of reach. It was found in one of the St. Petersburg Tattersall's, where it had been stabled for the whole winter. The story is told differently, but the version most current is the following: Among others arrested, was a suspicious individual who affirmed himself to be a peasant named Joukovsky, from the province of Viatka; but a bill was found in his pocket for the keeping of a horse and a cab at the Tattersall's. On his being confronted with the master and the grooms of

that establishment, they recognized him to be the coachman of a gentleman to whom belonged the carriage they had in keeping. They said that the vehicle had been in their custody for several months, and that every day it had been taken out for driving by this pretended coachman, whose awkwardness had always shocked them. In the evenings he always brought it back. On the 4th August the grooms observed that the steed came back particularly tired, but they did not think any more about it. Since that date nobody had claimed the horse, nor paid for it, and the eye-witnesses who saw the cab of the murderers profess that the carriage and the horse are undoubtedly the same.

This revelation was interesting at first, but it, alas! did not go further, and the hope of its leading to the capture of the assassins has again faded. The detectives and the magistrates are quite sure of the horse's identity, but unhappily it does not speak, and nothing is to be gained by their unsupplemental knowledge. As to Jonkovsky, he denies every connection with the crime, and no real proofs are brought against him. The murderers are most likely far out of reach, safely hidden in foreign countries; and if the horse could speak, he very likely would tell his judges as much, advising them to let alone a search so desperate as this has become.

A NEW MONTHLY PAPER OF THE REDS.

However, along with the capture of the horse, the police rejoiced in another discovery, still more important. At last, the printing office of the revolutionary party was found, and this mysterious press, which had given so much annoyance to the Government, was to be effectually stopped. The official triumph was immense, and for some days this event became the favourite talk of the circles more or less behind the scenes in State secrets. Such things, naturally, do not get into the daily papers, but they quietly spread, and everybody soon knew that the Reds were deprived of their means of propaganda. The general astonishment was all the greater when a few days later a new publication from the same quarter suddenly saw the light. This time it was not a proclamation or a pamphlet that the party issued, but the first number of a monthly paper, named "Zemlia i Volia" (Country and Liberty). The confiscation of their printing office, and the loss of their compositors, seemed to have had no deteriorating influence upon this publication: on the contrary, the sheet showed a manifest improvement over the preceding ones. It was written in a much better style, printed with much greater care, and its contents displayed a variety of subjects much beyond that to which the public of this party had been accustomed. Besides the usual political and social leaders, it contained poetry (of a sarcastic kind, in which the Emperor and his agents were laughed at), a feuilleton, the chronicle of the day, and advertisements. On the first sheet appeared the cost of subscription, with the information added that the money was to be paid to the persons known by the readers, a notification which is, perhaps, the most curious thing in the paper. The

leading articles show coolness and moderation compared with other writings of the kind. In them the proceedings of the Government, as well as those of their own party, are closely discussed, and a sort of truce is proposed under certain conditions. Violence, it is pretended, is repulsive to the revolutionists, and they only resort to it in extreme cases. In fact, as we have before explained, political questions and forms of government are nearly indifferent to this party,—their aim being a purely social and economical one. What they profess to want is nothing short of the increasing of the happiness of mankind by an equal distribution of riches and the emancipation of the labourer from the capitalist. If the Russian Government will let them quietly pursue this propaganda, not annoying them by arrests and persecutions, they promise in their turn not to recur to open rebellion, nor to political murders. The latter, they assert, do not enter into their programme, but they are obliged to defend themselves when they are attacked, and that is the only mode of revenge open to them. With respect to a Constitution being granted, it would do them more harm than good, and they have no reason to wish for one: the majority of the representatives would belong to their foes, and they would lose the friends whom they find nowadays among the party of the discontented. A good deal of satire is expended on the existence of their underground press, despite its interdiction. They tell the reader to be on his guard, for he has become a great criminal by only perusing their pages, and warn him that he is going to commit a still heavier sin if he advises any friend to look into the paper and convince himself of the absurdities preached there. It will be interesting to see if the paper will really appear with the promised punctuality, and how long it will last.

ADMINISTRATIVE CHANGES.

A new and important change in the administration took place last month. The Minister of the Interior, General Timaschef, has resigned his post, and been temporarily succeeded by his adjunct, Makof. When I tried in my first letter to sketch the political parties now in existence in Russia, I marked out the Minister Timaschef as one of the firmest props of the Conservatives, or, to put it better, of the Reactionaries, and nothing occurred subsequently to change his mind. He remained true to his views, and to the last continued to persecute liberty of thought and of the press. He belonged also to the old military school of the Emperor Nicholas; he had been educated in the Page Corps, and he considered the most severe discipline as offering the greatest benefit for mankind. All that tended to lessen or mitigate the despotic power of the monarch and his functionaries was viewed by him as a serious danger for both the State and the people, and he did all in his power to stop this bad tendency of our age. However, in spite of all his measures the Reds, far from being crushed, pursue their activity, and if the censorship succeeds in silencing liberal views, it endeavours in vain to stop the revolutionary propaganda flourishing by means of the under-

hand press. Disgusted with these failures, General Timaschef preferred leaving his post. In such cases a ready pretext is always furnished by a plea of bad health, and, speaking generally, there is hardly a minister who resigns for any other cause. We shall not be taxed with exaggeration by well-informed persons, if we affirm that in our period there hardly has been a minister less popular than General Timaschef, and that this feeling towards him was shared by his colleagues of the Cabinet. The Liberals saw in him one of their worst foes, the Press knew that he was bent on giving it the least freedom possible, and the bureaucratic hierarchy often found him unpleasant and exacting in his ways. Everyone criticized and blamed his acts, for he had but few partisans. Nevertheless, when it became known that he had resigned, the members of the Cabinet, in company with other high functionaries, made him an extraordinary ovation. They went in a body to his house to give him a solemn farewell and to express their grief at his leaving his office. General Timaschef could not help being touched, and he answered in the same style. The event, which was meant by its authors to remain private, got speedily into the papers, and thus it came to pass that unusual honour has been paid to a very unpopular minister. As to his successor, it is not quite certain if Makof will retain the post, or if he is only a bird of passage. He is comparatively young for such an office, and there are other candidates with better claims to it. Among them the late Minister of Justice, Count Pahlen, and the actual General-Governor of Bulgaria, Prince Doudoukof Korsakof, are often named, but the Emperor's mind being closed to the public, conjectures have no solid grounds to rest upon. In his views Makof is much more a Conservative than a Liberal, and we do not think that the cause of liberty and of progress would be much furthered under his administration. If his tendencies had been otherwise he could not have achieved such a brilliant career under the protection of Timaschef. However, being younger and a true bureaucrat by nature, he will show himself more flexible than the adherents of the old despotic school, and if the wind turns to another quarter, he will easily follow the new direction. Generally speaking, personal changes exercise much less influence in autocratic governments than might be supposed. Things go on pretty much the same despite the opinions of the chiefs, and as soon as a man has attained the post of minister, he looks down from it on the nation with nearly the same eyes as his predecessor. Therefore, this change, though very interesting to the Russian bureaucracy, is not of much import to the nation at large, and outside St. Petersburg people care but little for it.

RECENT CRIMINAL TRIALS.

The number of criminal cases which have lately been tried before our courts asks notice on several grounds. Some of the cases deeply affected the public mind, disclosing as they did social sores of different kinds, as well as the dark side of our modern civilization. The press-

mists, who are every day increasing in number, gladly seized the new weapons furnished to them by this series of crimes, hoping to silence their few adversaries, the optimists, and never was the old theme of human perversity so publicly discussed as during that time.

The characteristic feature of all these cases lay in the fact that they took place in the refined circles which are supposed to be beyond the temptations of vulgar crime. The general opinion prevalent in the educated classes is that the penal code is exclusively made for low people, and everybody is surprised to see it needed in the upper classes. Among the trials three are particularly curious, as giving a true picture of manners and modern life.

The first is that of a lady named Goulak-Artemovsky, accused and convicted of forgery. The story of this lady, now sentenced to banishment in Siberia, is very instructive. Having lost her husband and possessing only a small fortune, she could not resign herself to the humble life she had thenceforward to lead. She was pretty, intelligent, had most fascinating manners, and a great supply of energy; she thought that these endowments were sufficient to help her to a brilliant career, and she determined to step out of obscurity and play a prominent part in the world. She knew that the display of riches, a house furnished with taste and luxury, and presided over by a charming mistress, will always gain a welcome from society, never too eager to scrutinize the sources of display. Her *salon* soon became known in St. Petersburg, and if the ladies belonging to the aristocracy were slow in accepting her invitations, the gentlemen had no such scruples. She knew how to make them feel at their ease, and to amuse them. Play, music, excellent suppers, and so on, awaited them at her house, and she could soon boast of the easiness with which she caught and also kept her birds.

But this was only the first step. It was not enough to have learned how to open a grand house; the chief problem was how to procure the necessary means for going on at that rate; and there our lady began to use her wits. The high functionaries whom she enticed to her house were meant not only to flatter her vanity by their presence, but to be of practical use. A gentleman has seldom the courage to refuse the favours a nice lady asks him after a fine supper, and public business is more quickly decided in a *salon* than in the office. Thus Mrs. Artemovsky undertook the management of private business which required the sanction of the Government, and naturally received large fees from the parties concerned. In Russia the regulation and the interference in private affairs by the State are still very great, and nearly every commercial undertaking needs the consent of the Administration. To obtain it, people instead of taking the straight way, which is very long, resort to secret paths, which are much shorter. Interest plays the leading part in such things, and every one is intent on gaining a private interview to ask for an exception in his favour. Secret agents are in great request, and there is nothing extraordinary in finding women among them. The lady we

speak of had great ability for such work, and at her trial she boasted before the court of the many affairs she had managed successfully, and the profits she had made out of them.

Unhappily for her, the gains did not grow as fast as her expensive wants, and she was obliged to add new sources of revenue. After accepting the office of a secret agent, she undertook that of a banker, discounting fictitious bills. She proceeded in the following manner: Young men, quite destitute of means, but having rich parents, were induced or bribed to put their names to bills for considerable amounts, which were afterwards presented to their fathers, accompanied by a threat of impending imprisonment for debt. In most cases the fathers found themselves obliged to pay, or to make an agreement with the creditors. One of these young men appeared at the bar as a witness, and his testimony was very characteristic. Questioned by the judges, he confessed openly that his debts amounted to nearly one million, while his property was estimated at *three roubles!* It was indeed sold for *one*. He had not the least idea of the number of bills he accepted, and never looked at their sum; he generally did it out of complacency, though he sometimes got a small sum for it—a hundred roubles, for instance. He had nothing to lose, and felt indifferent to the embarrassments to which his old father might be subjected.

Simultaneously with these performances, the lady sought the acquaintance of rich men whom she could take advantage of. With that purpose she invited Nicholas Pastoukhof to call on her, and soon made a conquest of him. Pastoukhof belonged to the tradesman class. He had a large fortune, but lacked the education customarily given in the upper classes, and by nature was very timid. At the start he dared not refuse any proposals made to him in the fashionable drawing-room of his hostess, and he lost eighteen thousand roubles at cards. Later, he fell in love with the charming widow, and asked her hand in marriage. She declined his offer, unwilling to lose her independent station and her liberty by becoming the wife of a merchant. She did not want to break with him, but her disappointment was bitter when she saw him completely estrange himself from her, and when she was not admitted to him during a long illness. It ended in his death, and after her refusal she never saw him again. But as soon as he was dead, she hastened to send to his brothers bills amounting to the sum of fifty-eight thousand roubles, which she pretended were for money she had lent him. She was so sure that the brothers of the deceased, who enjoyed the fame of generous and honorable men, would not begin a scandalous process for such a trifle, that she did not even take the trouble of copying Pastoukhof's signature, and put it down in another hand-writing. This time she was mistaken in her calculations. The Pastoukhofs, who knew the bad influence she had exercised over their brother and the grief she had caused him, refused to be her dupes, and declared that the name on the bills was forged. The case was brought before the court, and the lady could not prove her innocence, despite the interest she excited and the

witnesses who deposed in her favour. The signatures had not the slightest resemblance to the hand-writing of the deceased, and, besides this, it was proved that he never gave bills, having at his disposal as much ready money as he wanted. She was pronounced guilty, and her dazzling career came to an abrupt close.

The second notable case, tried at the court of Kharkow, has more than one point of resemblance to the first, though the crime committed was much heavier. The Doctor Kovaltchoukof, one of the best physicians of that town, was treacherously murdered last winter. After being missed three days his corpse was found locked up in the room of an hotel, whither, it became known he had been summoned to assist a traveller, who had likewise disappeared. Though the traveller had taken the name of Baron Stengel, the police soon discovered him to be no other than Gregory Besobrasof, a member of the aristocracy, and son to a highly-honoured senator. The criminal was arrested at St. Petersburg, where he had thought himself in safety; and, after some vain attempts at denial, confessed his deed.

His career is much the same as that of a great number of men belonging to his station in life. Accustomed from his infancy to luxury, and having no notion of work or self-constraint, he supposed that ready money ought always to be supplied to a gentleman, and that it was unbecoming for one to have to calculate his expenditure. At the end, his father's fortune, when divided between him and his elder brothers, fell below his expectations, and he quickly expended his funds. After that, being unable to work, and knowing only the military service in the guards, which requires more money than it repays, he naturally resorted to borrowing. He kept up the practice as long as it availed, but there came a time when no more loans were to be had, and the situation grew critical. His creditors pressed upon him, and his ordinary resources were quite exhausted. He had attained the age of forty-eight, and he was weary of the life he led; it was high time to put an end to it. While in this frame of mind he met in the Crimea a handsome woman. Learning that she was the wife of Doctor Kovaltchoukof, and that she did not live with her husband, he remembered having heard in passing through Kharkow that the doctor was a rich man and an usurer. This was enough for him; he soon formed a plan for restoring his fortunes.

First of all he sought the lady and easily won her good graces. As she intended to return to St. Petersburg, he claimed the privilege of accompanying her. On the road they got so well acquainted that when they reached the capital her gallant knight proposed to stop at the same hotel, taking there one apartment. At the inn they were supposed to be a married couple and the truth did not come out till later.

This intimacy set up, Besobrasof thought that it was time to remove the obstacle which hindered his marriage, and he went to Kharkow, bought an axe, and with it killed the unfortunate doctor. However, before perpetrating the act, he remembered that he held no promise of

marriage from the woman he was going to make a widow, and he imagined that it would be a clever way of securing her consent to compromise her. Accordingly he despatched to her a mysterious telegram under a false name, informing her "that the deed had been put off, but would be accomplished the next day." It had in part the effect he expected, for as soon as he was arrested for the crime a strong suspicion fell also on the widow of the deceased; she was apprehended in her turn, and accused of participation in the crime.

During the trial, however, her innocence was proved beyond any doubt. One of its strongest evidences lay in the fact that she had no inheritance to expect after her husband's death. His fortune, much smaller than was supposed, had been bequeathed to his children by another marriage, and she perfectly knew it. Why then should she contrive to murder her husband, who never interfered with her behaviour, and lived some hundred of miles from her? But the clearer her innocence appears, the more unaccountable is the crime of Besobrasof. We see in it a striking instance of the giddiness, and of the complete absence of reflection, which are fostered by the education given to our upper classes. This man shows the same inability in the planning of crime as in the management of his whole life. He thinks that if he has gained nothing in the right path, he has only to step out of it to grow rich. He believes that a murder must solve the problems which harass him, and he forgets even to obtain the necessary information before resorting to it. He does not know Kovaltchoukof's fortune—he only vaguely heard about it, and he equally omits to ask if the lady will marry him when a widow. The same childish giddiness is seen in the means he employs to hide himself. Besobrasof clearly thought himself very clever because he gave at the hotel a false name, and, after having slain his victim, locked the door of his room, taking the next train for St. Petersburg. He forgot the existence of photographs, and did not suppose that, his connection with the deceased's wife being known, the police would instantly suspect him. He commits this dreadful crime with the only result of finishing his unhappy life in the mines of Siberia, and dishonouring a name of which his family had till then been over-proud. (This branch of the Besobrasofs are not related to another Besobrasof, member of the Russian Academy of Science, and known throughout Europe as a political economist.)

If the two cases of which we have spoken have a likeness from arising in the same social circles, and being prompted by the same motives of cupidity, the third case presents a somewhat different aspect. Greediness plays no part in it, though the *tableau de genre* it discloses is no less sad.

A youth of seventeen, named Nicolas Posnansky, son of a colonel of *gendarmes*, died suddenly last spring without any serious disease having preceded his death, and the French governess of the family, Marguerite Jujean, was charged with having poisoned him. This event frightened the higher society terribly; all families keeping governesses could find

no expressions strong enough for their indignation. They expected this monster of a criminal to undergo an exemplary punishment, and only grieved over the abolition of the penalty of death, which ought to be inflicted in the case. Their astonishment and anger were proportionately great when the impatiently expected trial finished by the acquittal of the foreigner who had so infamously abused the trust committed to her. However, the reading of the report of the trial soon dispelled this feeling.

The story it disclosed was as follows:—The family life of the Ponsnaskys was unfortunately of a type not uncommon in Russia. The father was completely absorbed by his official duties, hunting after Nihilists, and not caring in the least for what was going on in his own house; the mother thinking only of amusements, passed her mornings in making calls and her evenings at theatres, parties, and clubs; the children were abandoned to the care of hired servants and governesses. The eldest son, Nicolas, laboured under the additional disadvantage of not being his mother's favourite. Endowed with a lively fancy and a precocious wish to learn things beyond his age, he had nobody to counsel him, and to give a good direction to his ambitious designs. At the time the French governess entered their house he was fourteen, and his intellectual and moral growth had attained an unhealthy development. Marguerite felt a profound pity for him, and offered him her friendship, which he gladly accepted. But she lacked the seriousness of mind and the sound knowledge which would have been necessary to rule his unsteady ideas, and their friendship changed into love. The feeling between a woman of forty and a boy of sixteen could not be of long duration. It passed, and was succeeded by a sheer disgust of life in the boy's mind. Nothing can be sadder than the expressions of it found in the diary of the boy read before the court. The political and social questions which he treats and solves according to the Radical doctrines do not make so deep an impression on the reader as the avowal of atheism which he adds to them, and the expression of his sorrow for the faith he has lost. He writes, that he does not believe any more in God, nor in man, and especially not in women. Such confessions coming from a boy of his age, tell eloquently the sorrowful story of his childhood and his adolescence.

When he died suddenly during the night, after an illness which gave no idea of danger, and which had been noticed only by the governess, nobody at first thought of ascribing it to foul play. But some days later, his father learned that a political denunciation had been handed in at the secret police against the boy, and he recognized the handwriting to be of Marguerite Jujean. That was enough to arouse suspicion. From that moment the parents believed that he had perished by poison, and that jealousy prompted the governess to give it to him. The corpse was submitted to a close autopsy, and some traces of morphia were found. Then it was stated that the governess had been near him on the evening before his death, and had even

brought him his physic, asking others not to go into his room, but let him sleep. These were the charges brought against her, and, as was said before, the jury did not find them sufficiently made out for a verdict of guilty. There were no proofs of the jealousy which alone could have actuated her to such a crime, and, indeed, was it likely that a woman of forty would kill a boy out of jealousy? The indignation with which the public at first heard of the supposed crime turned gradually from the foreign governess towards the parents, especially to the mother. Why, people asked, did she keep for years a person whom she knew to be in love with her son, and entrust to her the care of her children? If she did it only to be at liberty to amuse herself, and to lead an easy life, she had no moral right afterwards to complain of the fornicator, whom she kept because she was cheap. Perhaps, this case will serve as a lesson for other families, and that is the only comfort to be derived from it.

A SCANDAL IN THE PRESS.

Our publicists have accustomed us to view their frequent changes of opinion without very lively surprise, but the palm of such mobility undoubtedly belongs to Katkof, the editor of *The Moscow Gazette*. One never knows what he will say next, nor what cause he may defend. One may, however, be sure that whatever be the subject he chooses he will treat it with fire, not sparing his anger against his adversaries. During the last few years, the public has seen in him a great many of these metamorphoses, and has learned at last to discover a connection between them and the personal mutations of ministers or other high functionaries. At the bottom of what seemed inexplicable to those who had not the key of the riddle, lay a very plain rule of conduct. So long as a minister gratified Katkof and proved useful to him, his politics were unconditionally approved in the columns of *The Moscow Gazette*.

From the moment the same minister became guilty of some personal offence, or, more certainly still, if he resigned his portfolio into distasteful hands, his acts met with nothing in those pages but the severest blame. Nevertheless, there had existed hitherto a few departments as to which Katkof remained true to his primitive programme, and one of these was the economical domain. He had shown himself from the beginning an adherent of sound principles in political economy, and had ardently preached, among other things, the restoration of the metallic currency. No organ of our press has lavished so much eloquence upon this subject from the epoch of the Crimean war down to last year, and none has accumulated such a heap of logical proofs and arguments demonstrating the harm of over-issues of paper. The bosom friend of Katkof, his best contributor, and co-editor of *The Moscow Gazette*, the deceased Leontief, specially devoted himself to the working out of these problems, and put his name to the discussions. A good state of the finances, according to his opinion, was not attainable so long as the

metallic currency was not restored, and the price of paper money remained subject to continual fluctuations. When the Minister of Finance again had recourse to these means of filling the treasury exhausted by the expenses of the last war, Katkof criticized him severely, asserting that any other course would have been preferable, and that loans, either foreign or domestic, and the increase of taxes, are less injurious to the country than the over-filling of the market with paper.

It is only a few months since that time, but there has occurred a change in the administration of finances, General Greig succeeding to Reutern in that post. Suddenly, without the least warning or preparation, *The Moscow Gazette* made a prodigious leap from one extreme to the other. It put forward a new view, declaring that the war, so far from having been ruinous to the country, had promoted its prosperity, and this thanks to the issue of paper money. The export trade has increased, industry and trade flourish, and, if the exchange is against us, and our rouble undervalued abroad, that has no influence whatever on our domestic transactions, and it is absurd to care for such a trifle. Russia clearly wanted the supplies of paper money which the needs of the war caused to be issued, and there is no call to stop them because they are disadvantageous to those who travel in foreign countries, or who want to buy foreign goods.

Such views, appearing in the columns of Katkof's organ, caused as much surprise as anger. There ensued violent polemics, which are far from being ended, and the whole St. Petersburg press joins in the combat. Katkof's irritation is growing worse every day, and, according to his custom, he has transferred the fight from the domain of theory to that of personal attack. Abandoning principles, he has declared war against the economists as a body. To hear him, Russia never counted more bitter and dangerous foes than the men of science who warned her against economical fallacies, and our Government committed the grossest errors when it paid attention to their voice. In holding such language, Katkof seems to forget his own past, or else he deliberately throws mud on the best part of his former career. Among the economists he now injures his best friend occupied the first place; and such a defection is really a thing not often seen. What would the deceased Leontief say to it, if he could come back to life for a moment? With what feelings would he look upon such black treason?

While everybody is wondering at such an audacious turning round, some persons search for the cause of it. It may be a wish to please the Emperor, whose mind is troubled by the financial difficulties of the moment, and who is glad to be told that the war has not impoverished but enriched the nation. Also, it may be the desire to attract attention, to gain popularity among the tradesmen, with whom this theory is a favourite one, and to increase the number of his readers. Neither of these motives does honour to Katkof, and even if he gains subscribers, that will be a poor compensation for the respect he loses.

T. S., in *Contemporary Review*.

WILLIAM COBBETT: A BIOGRAPHY.*

THIS book is so well put together, and, on the whole, brings out the figure of one of the sturdiest Englishmen of our grandfathers' time so fairly and clearly, that it is matter of real regret to come upon passages after passage of involved and slovenly writing, in which it is difficult to get at the author's meaning. For instance:—

"The scenery round Farnham is not in itself unique; so far that any well-cultivated English river-valley is like almost any other, with its low hills crowned along their summits with the evidence of prosperous farming. But from the top of one of these eminences the eye soon discovers certain characteristics which compel a deep impression upon the mind of singularity and beauty" (vol. i., p. 3).

Or again, in the description of Cobbett's mind at the age of twenty:—

"Not so high, but as yet to be infinitely dark as to any purpose; a healthy spirit in a healthy body, there stood, working as hard and as cheerily as ever, but ready to the first impulse—which impulse came in no uncommon way, in no more romantic style than that which sets a ball rolling on the impact of the foot" (vol. i., p. 21).

Or again, in the passage on the modern press (vol. ii., p. 292): "There is no space for mutual recriminations, with ostentation of 'private wire,' and elaborate political and literary reviews, if even the taste for dirt-throwing had not vanished." In future editions, which we hope may be called for, the author should revise his own part of the narrative on the model of the terse and simple English of the strong and brave man whom he understands so well, and whose unique figure and career he has done so much to bring again vividly before a new generation.

A short outline of the career of William Cobbett as given in these volumes will, we think, justify us in calling it unique. He was born in 1762 at Farnham, the third son of a small farmer, honest, industrious, and frugal, from whom, as his famous son writes, "if he derived no honour, he derived no shame," and who used to boast that he had four boys, the eldest but fifteen, who did as much work as any three men in the parish of Farnham. "When I first trudged afield," William writes, "with my wooden bottle and satchel slung over my shoulder, I was hardly able to climb the gates and stiles." From driving the small birds from the turnip-seed and rooks from the peas, he rose to weeding wheat, hoeing peas, and so up to driving the plough for 2*l.* a day, which paid for the evening school where he learned to read and write, getting in this rough way the rudiments of an education over which he rejoiced as he contrasts it triumphantly with that of the "frivolous idiots that are turned out from Winchester and Westminster Schools, or from the dens of dunces called Colleges and Universities," as having given him

* By Edward Smith. (Sampson Low & Co.)

the ability to become "one of the greatest terrors to one of the greatest and most powerful bodies of knaves and fools that were ever permitted to afflict this or any other country."

At eleven he was employed in clipping the box-edgings in the gardens of Farnham Castle, and, hearing from one of the gardeners of the glories of Kew, he started for that place with 1s. 1½d. in his pocket, 3d. of which sum he spent in buying "Swift's Tale of a Tub." The book produced a "birth of intellect" in the little rustic. He carried it with him wherever he went, and at twenty-four lost it in a box which fell overboard in the Bay of Fundy, a "loss which gave me greater pain than I have ever felt at losing thousands of pounds" (p. 15). He returned home, and continued to work for his father till 1782, attending fairs and hearing Washington's health proposed by his father at farmers' ordinaries. In that year he went on a visit to Portsmouth, saw the sea for the first time, and was with difficulty hindered from taking service at once on board a man-of-war. He returned home "spoilt for a farmer," and next year started for London. He served in a solicitor's office in Gray's Inn for eight months (where he worked hard at grammar), then enlisted in the 54th regiment, and after a few weeks' drill at Chatham embarked for Nova Scotia, where the corps were serving. Here his temperate habits, strict performance of duty, and masterly ability and intelligence, raised him in little more than a year to the post of sergeant-major over the heads of fifty comrades his seniors in service. His few spare hours were spent in hard study, especially in acquiring a thorough mastery of grammar. He had bought Lowth's Grammar, which he wrote out two or three times, got it by heart, and imposed on himself the task of saying it over to himself every time he was posted sentinel. When he had thoroughly mastered it, and could write with ease and correctness, he turned to logic, rhetoric, geometry, French, to Vauban's fortification, and books on military exercise and evolutions. In this war, by the year 1791, when the 54th was recalled, he had become the most trusted man in the regiment. The colonel used him as a sort of second adjutant: all the paymaster's accounts were prepared by him; he coached the officers, and used to make out cards with the words of command for many of them, who, on parade, as he scornfully writes, "were commanding me to move my hands and feet in words I had taught them, and were in everything except mere authority my inferiors, and ought to have been commanded by me" (p. 46). Notwithstanding the masterfulness already showing itself, Cobbett was a strictly obedient soldier, and left the army with the offer of a commission, and the highest character for ability and zeal.

No sooner, however, was his discharge accomplished, than he set himself to work to expose and bring to justice several of the officers of his regiment who had systematically mulcted the soldiers in their companies of their wretched pay. His thorough knowledge of the regimental accounts made him a formidable accuser; and, after looking into the mat-

ABOUT THE TRANSVAAL.

IN 1876 the President of the late Transvaal Republic of South Africa established a Volunteer corps as a protection against the inroads of the Kaffirs upon the frontier farmers. This corps consisted principally of men of European birth, and was the first body of foreign troops ever employed by the Republic. The corps, which has since been disbanded, went under the name of the Lydenberg Volunteers, and its first leader was a Captain Von Schlieckman, a young and brave German, who had formerly been in the Prussian army. The book which we are about to notice, which is entitled "The Transvaal of To-day" (Blackwood and Sons), is by the captain of this corps, Mr. Alfred Aylward, who succeeded to the command on the death of Captain Von Schlieckman, an event which happened very shortly after the formation of the company. Our author is a decided partisan of the Boers, as he has no wish to conceal; and that he understands the people, no one who reads his book can fail to admit.

The Boers of South Africa, a Dutch colony, may be styled the largest land-owning peasantry in the world. Travellers in the Transvaal who expect to find wealthy proprietary farmers and high farming, are certain to be disappointed. The Boers have been a people continually on "trek" or travel since the beginning of their settlement in Africa. This "trek," the marching out in search of new territory, was in a great degree the result of circumstances; but it was not favourable to an advanced method of farming. Considering the difficulties which the Dutch farmers had to contend with—the continual wanderings, the fights with natives, the sickness and the suffering which they have passed through, we should rather commend the progress they have made, than blame and chide them, as has been done, for such of their ways of life as seem primitive and behind the times.

A Boer's homestead in respect of neatness and general appearance, would not satisfy an Englishman's ideas; but the farmers of the Transvaal have had much to overcome in the construction of their houses and steadings, and are now making great improvements in these matters. There are some twenty-five thousand farms in the territory; but a great deal of the land included in this computation is barren and irreclaimable. Wheat is an uncertain crop in the Transvaal, being subject to rust in the summer season, and only profitably cultivated as a winter-crop under irrigation. It must be borne in mind that the summer is the rainy season. A large proportion of the land will produce Kaffir-corn, maize, pumpkins, mealies, impfi—a species of sorghum or sugar-cane—potatoes, and the like, in abundance.

Our author tells us that the Boers are in many respects a fine race.

Tall and stalwart in appearance, simple in their manners, and domesticated and home-loving in their affections, they have clung steadfastly to the old ways and the old fashions of the people from which they are sprung. For a long period brought into continual contact with a surrounding and ever-pressed barbarism, it speaks much for them that they have retained their adherence to morality and virtue. They are law-loving and law-abiding, faithful husbands and kind fathers. Travellers in the Transvaal, so long as they carry with them the evidence that they are not worthless tramps and adventurers—a somewhat numerous class in the country—are sure of a kindly welcome at the home of a Boer farmer, with entertainment in proportion to the host's condition and means.

The Boers have been fortunate in their conjugal relations. Captain Aylward speaks in terms of high praise of the women, and justly. Throughout all the toils, perils, and privations of the Transvaal settlement, when the great "trek" commenced from the Cape Colony, the women were the faithful and devoted companions of their husbands. At this period, many of them performed deeds of true courage, "carrying the bullet-bags, replenishing the powder flasks, removing the wounded, bringing water to the thirsty, and food to the hungry, in many desperate and fatal engagements." Faithful wives, gentle nurses, and prudent counsellors, it is not surprising that the Boers' wives attained great influence with their husbands, an influence which has had grand effects.

As many of our readers will remember, the charge was frequently brought against the Boers, at the time of our annexation of the Transvaal Republic, that slavery was practised among them. This accusation Captain Aylward denies; and it must be admitted, does much to refute. When so grave a charge is made against a people, it is but justice to hear their defence. During his residence of ten years in South Africa, our author heard of but one case of slavery, and that was in British territory; and Mr. Froude in his "Leaves from a South African Diary" gives it as his opinion that "the whites (Boers) were much more in the position of slaves to the Kaffirs, than the blacks were to them." The truth in this matter seems to be that in the earlier days, numbers of the natives came of their own free-will among the Boers, or placed their children under their care in seasons of war and famine. Thus many blacks grew up from childhood among Boers' families, to whom they rendered free and willing service. There are few farmers' houses without coloured servants acting in some capacity or other, the women as indoor domestics, the men as wagon-drivers, ploughmen, and herds.

The men have bits of land of their own, often with houses and orchards on them, are entirely free to come and go as they please, are industrious and well-behaved; and often so attached to the families they serve, that they are prepared at any moment to fight in defence of their flocks and herds. It is a curious circumstance also that, while such are the relations between the Boers and the peaceful native population, the condition of matters between the blacks and the English colonists is by no means so

satisfactory. The latter do not yet seem to have learned the knack of propitiating and winning the confidence of the people, and yet it is by the English chiefly that the charges of slavery and cruelty have been brought against the Boers.

Living in a country in which game is plentiful, the Boer farmer is usually a sportsman. For big game, the low country and Bushveld is that part of the Transvaal which the hunter must seek. Lions are still plentiful; but elephants and buffaloes are rapidly becoming scarce. Indeed, as the country has become more settled, a great diminution in almost all varieties of game has occurred, and still continues. This seems to be due not entirely to the gun and other modes of destroying wild-creatures. Birds are seldom shot, and yet all kinds of birds are disappearing as fast as the larger animals. A very remarkable change in the seasons has been going on in the country; and as a result of this climatic change, the springs, rivers, and water-pools have become much smaller, in some cases failing altogether. To this cause the decrease in the animals of the country may be in part attributable. Captain Aylward advises all sportsmen purposing to make South Africa their field of operations, to lose no time; for at the present rate of decrease, wild animals, with the exception of springboks and blesboks, will have ceased to exist. Sportsmen will find much useful information and suggestion in regard to sport in South Africa in this book.

Snakes are among the pests of South Africa, being frequently the cause of unpleasant excitement; for though usually shy and retiring, they are apt to retire into inconvenient places. A stranger may lie down on the grass for a few moments, and rise up to discover a snake reposing on his shirt. The most deadly is the imamba; but there are several other species which, though of smaller size, are not less dangerous.

Captain Aylward tells a droll story of a rencontre between a Bushman and a lion. The narrator was acquainted with the man, and has no doubt of the truth of the story. The Bushman while a long way from his home was met by a lion. The animal, assured that he had his victim completely in his power, began to sport and dally with him with feline jocosity which the poor little Bushman failed to appreciate. The lion would appear at a point in the road and leap back again into the jungle to reappear a little farther on. But the Bushman did not lose his presence of mind, and presently hit upon a device by which he might possibly outwit his foe. This plan was suggested by the lion's own conduct. Aware that the brute was ahead of him, he dodged to the right, and feeling pretty sure of the lion's whereabouts, resorted to the course of quietly watching his movements. When the lion discovered that the man had suddenly disappeared from the path, he was a good deal perplexed. He roared with mortification when he espied the Bushman peeping at him over the grass. The Bushman at once changed his position, while the lion stood irresolute in the path, following with his eye the shifting black man.

In another moment the little man rustled the reeds, vanished, and shewed again at another point. The great brute was at first confused, and then alarmed. It evidently began to dawn upon him that he had mistaken the position of matters, and that *he* was the hunted party. The Bushman, who clearly recognised what was passing in his enemy's mind, did not pause to let the lion recover his startled wits. He began to steal gradually towards the foe, who now in a complete state of doubt and fear, fairly turned tail and decamped, leaving the plucky and ingenious little Bushman master of the situation.

A reference to a map of Souther African will shew that the Transvaal territory is flanked by a range of mountains known as the Drakensberg and Lobembo Mountains. The whole country to the right of these ranges and north of Natal is Kaffirland. To the east and south-east of the Transvaal lies the territory of the Zulus, or Kaffirs proper; while north, west, and east is the country of the Bechuana race. The Transvaal is thus hemmed in on all sides by Kaffir tribes.

The name of Zulus has recently become sufficiently familiar to us. They are credited with being an extremely brave and formidable race of savages. They are, while we write, united under one king, and have a settled government, which Captain Aylward says may be best described as a "despotism tempered by polygamy." He asserts that both their numbers and their military prowess have been greatly exaggerated; that, contrary to common report, they have been almost invariably vanquished by the Boers whenever the two have met on equal terms, and that far too much stress has been laid upon the importance and influence of the Zulu nation in South African affairs. He describes them as an utterly impracticable, polygamous, and pagan race, which, while other Kaffir people have been civilised and Christianised, have resisted all attempts in this direction. No authenticated instance did Captain Aylward ever meet with of a genuinely converted Zulu, and his assertion on this point he supports by the testimony of more than one missionary, both Protestant and Catholic. The Zulus stand much lower in his opinion, in every respect, than in that of some who have written on South African subjects, but with less practical experience than our author. He styles the Zulu the "bogy" in South African affairs.

According to Mr. Froude, "the Transvaal Republic is the Alsatia of Africa, where every runaway from justice, every broken-down speculator, every reckless adventurer finds an asylum." There certainly exists in the Transvaal a large class of needy and unscrupulous persons who are a plague to the land—loafers, penniless speculators, land-jobbers, and others of that unprofitable and mischievous genus who are in a chronic state of "waiting for something to turn up," except when they are engaged in some scheme more actively prejudicial to their neighbours.

In regard to the resources of our late annexation in Africa, Captain Aylward's declaration is that they have been greatly overstated. Farming does not hold out promises of either large or rapidly amassed for-

tunes; but the industrious man who possesses energy and habits of thrift may fairly expect to leave to his family the means of keeping themselves in comfort and plenty, as prosperous peasant-proprietors or second-class graziers. If the settler be an Englishman, he must be prepared to regard himself as a Boer, to live the life which Boers live, to look upon the country as his home, as they do, and to cherish no desire of ultimately returning to England with a large fortune. Himself and his children may have health and happiness, lands to hold and till, horses to ride, plenty to occupy their hands, and not much of an exciting kind to exercise their minds; a life quiet to monotony, but cheerful enough for all that in which it is possible to live a good, useful, and contented life. This is a general outline of the condition of a farmer in the Transvaal; and with this the intending settler must rest satisfied. In regard to pastoral pursuits, there are fair openings for sheep-farmers on the Transvaal Highveld and on the plains of the Free State. As compared with the large sheep-farming districts of our Australian colonies, the African sheep-runs must take a decidedly second place. And as a grazing country, the Transvaal is passable and no more.

Much exaggeration has been indulged in on the subject of the mineral resources of South Africa. Nothing that should legitimately have been called gold "fields" have existed there. Small "diggings" there have been, meriting no bigger name than "placers" or "pockets," each of which could be worked out by properly organised companies in a short space. Iron, coal, and copper have all been found in the Transvaal, but are not at present of the least practical value, nor can be until the country is opened up by railways—if that ever comes about. The conclusion of the whole question of the Transvaal's resources seems to be what has been already indicated—namely, that for a long time to come at least, this region of South Africa must be "the mother of flocks and herds," a land nourishing and producing a respectable and well-to-do race of peasant-farmers, owning the fields they occupy. This is a statement which ought to be reiterated, as it must be borne in mind by all intending settlers in the territory, and all interested in the future of the Transvaal.

The subject of our recent annexations in South Africa is of great importance; but without entering further into the question of the attitude which Great Britain has thought fit to assume, we are doubtful if the annexation has met with the approval of the Boers themselves. It is certain that to a very large proportion of them the step has brought nothing but bitterness and discontent.

The book which we have had under notice, and which, it will be gathered, touches on a large variety of South African questions, puts strongly before the reader the grounds which the Boers have for complaint and dissatisfaction. Much has been written on the other side of the question, and it is therefore but justice that the Boers should have secured an advocate. The present volume is full of information and interest, and though avowedly championing our new subjects against the

several charges from time to time brought against them, is written in the main in a fair and impartial spirit. As it is the work of one long and closely acquainted with his subject, it is a valuable contribution to our knowledge of South Africa and South African affairs, and we shall be prepared to hear that it has met with considerable attention.

Chambers's Journal.

AN AMERICAN VIEW OF AMERICAN COMPETITION.

THE competition between the United States and the manufacturing nations of Europe, and especially Great Britain, for the leading places in supplying with machine-made fabrics those nations that do not yet use modern machinery is a subject that just now excites great interest. It is not only important in reference to the peculiar circumstances of the present time, but much more important when we consider the momentous consequences that might follow the establishment on the part of the United States of a permanent manufacturing supremacy. If any such permanent change is indicated by existing circumstances, the cause for it must be looked for in radical and important differences in the competing nations, and not in any temporary and abnormal circumstances peculiar to the present time.

It is some of these permanent differences which we will more especially consider in the present paper. In comparing our power to compete with England we may claim advantages of one kind, and with the nations of Continental Europe advantages of another, in some respects of a different order. In competition with England it is often claimed that our chief advantage lies in a certain alleged versatility and power of adapting means to ends, and in great quickness of perception on the part of working people in respect to the advantages to be gained by the adoption of new processes of inventions. If we have this advantage, there must be special causes for it in the influences that are brought to bear upon the operatives and artisans who do the work, for a very large portion of them are foreign-born or are the children of foreign immigrants.

Why should they work with any more zeal or judgment here than in the countries whence they have come? Why are Irish and French Canadian factory hands to be relied on for more steady work, larger product, better discipline, and more cleanly and wholesome conditions of life, than the operatives of England, Belgium, and Germany? To the writer it appears evident that these advantages, so far as they exist, are due mainly to the following circumstances—

First. Our system of common and purely secular schools, attended by the children of rich and poor alike.

Second. Manhood Suffrage.

Third. The easy acquisition of land.

Fourth. The habit of saving small sums induced by the establishment of Savings Banks throughout the manufacturing States.

Fifth. The absence of a standing army and the application of the revenue derived from taxes on the whole to useful purposes.

In respect to the first of these influences, the public school system, the foreign observer generally takes notice only of the quality of the instruction given, and though he may find something to praise, he finds also much to criticise; he finds in many cases the instruction bad and the subjects often ill-chosen, and he wonders at the misdirection of a force that might be so much more wisely applied. What he fails to notice is that the school itself, entirely apart from its instruction, is the great educator of the children who attend it. The school is, first of all, no respecter of persons; the stupid son of a rich man led in every class by the son of a mechanic cannot in after life look down on him as an inferior, whatever the conventional position of the two may be. Or if the rich man's son have brains as well as fortune, the poor man's son can never attribute to fortune only the lead that he may take in after life. The school is thoroughly democratic, and each pupil learns in it that it depends on himself alone what place he may take in after life, and that although society may be divided into planes, there is no system of caste and no barrier in the way of social success, except the want of character and ability to attain it. The associations of the common school utterly prevent anything like servility in the relation of classes in after life, and although it is sometimes made a little too manifest that "one man is as good as another, and a little better," on the part of those who are more eager than discreet in their effort to rise, yet on the whole the relation of the various classes which must in the nature of things always and everywhere exist, is that of mutual respect, and anything like the old-world distinctions of caste and rank would seem about as absurd to one as to the other. The common school is the solvent of race, creed, nationality, and condition.

Americans note with amazement the difficulties which occur in England on sectarian grounds in the establishment of secular schools. The school committees with us are apt to include members of every denomination, and usually the clergymen of each denomination serve their turn. In the town where the present writer lives there are about eleven hundred pupils in the free schools which are supervised by a committee of nine members. On the present committee are the clergymen of the Unitarian, Episcopal, and Swedenborgian societies, and among the lay members are members of the Orthodox, Baptist, and Catholic Societies. The absence of sectarian prejudice was lately illustrated in a notable way in St. Louis, Missouri. One of the principal Baptist churches was burned; the next day the pastor received offers from eight Christian congregations of several denominations to use their churches half of each Sunday, but all these were declined in favour of the offer of the

Jews, whose Rabbi urged the use of their synagogue on the ground that his own congregation did not need it on Sunday at all; and in the Jewish Synagogue, on the following Sunday and since, the worship of the God of Jew and Gentile has been conducted under Christian forms.

In another way the discipline of the schools affects the processes of manufacture. In the schools, cleanliness, order, and regular habits are enforced, with deference to the teachers and respect for authority; and in these later years coupled with the teaching of music and drawing in all the principal towns and cities. When children thus trained are removed to the mill or the workshop, habits of order and cleanliness, with some æsthetic taste, are already established. Nothing strikes an American manufacturer with so much surprise as the extreme untidiness of the large textile mills of England, and the dirtiness of the factory towns. In this respect, however, it must be confessed that the managers of the New England mills are greatly aided by the absence of smoke, the coal commonly used being anthracite. Much surprise is often expressed by our foreign visitors at the amount of decoration permitted in the fitting of stationary and locomotive engines, and in much of our machinery, but bad as the taste displayed may sometimes be, it is nevertheless a fact that such engines or machines are better cared for and kept in better repair than where no individuality, so to speak, is permitted. On one of our great railways the attempt was not long since made to dispatch the locomotives as they happened to arrive at the central station, sometimes with one, and sometimes with another engine-driver; but the immediate and great increase in the repair account caused the corporation to return very soon to the customary plan of giving each driver his own locomotive with which he may be identified.

The instruction of the school also gives every pupil a superficial knowledge, if no more, of the geography and resources of the country, which the universal habit of reading newspapers keeps up. Hence comes the almost entire absence of any fixed character in the labour of the country—every boy believes that he can achieve success somewhere else if not at home. No congestion of labour can last long—the war and the succeeding railway mania combined concentrated population at certain points to a greater extent than ever happened before, and it has taken five years to overcome the difficulty; but within these five years a million new inhabitants in Texas, half a million in Kansas, and probably a million and a half added to the population of Nebraska, Colorado, Minnesota, and the far north-west indicate that the evil has already found a remedy.

It is already apparent that a very slight increase in the demand for skilled workmen in certain branches of employment would not easily be met in the eastern states except by drawing upon England and Germany. During the years of depression the cessation of railway building, and the use of the excess of railway plant existing in 1873, has caused the dispersion of a large portion of the trained mechanics and artizans who then did the work of supplying this de-

mand; but these are not the men who have crowded the eastern cities and caused the apparent excess of labourers out of work—such men have gone back to the land, or in the new States and territories have found other ways in which to apply their skill and energy, and they will not return. It may be that the greatest danger to the manufacturers of England will not be in our competition in the sale of goods in neutral markets, but in our competition for the skilled workmen and artizans who make these goods, when we again offer them equal or higher wages and better conditions of life in the work that will very soon need to be done to supply the increasing demand in our own country.

The Patent system may here be cited also as a factor in our industrial system. It has been carried to an almost absurd extreme, so that it is not safe for any one to adopt a new method, machine or part of a machine, and attempt to use it quietly and without taking out a patent, lest some sharp person seeing it in use and not published, shall himself secure a patent and come back to the real inventor with a claim for royalty.

Manhood suffrage, subject as it is to great abuses, and difficult as it has made the problem of the self-government of great cities where voters do not meet each other, as in the town meeting, face to face, but where the powers of government are of necessity delegated to men of whom the voters can have little personal knowledge, yet works distinctly in the direction of the safety, stability, and order of the community. Outside of two or three of the very largest cities, where there are concentrated great masses of illiterate *foreign-born* citizens, it would be difficult to find a case of serious abuse of the power of taxation except in the south since the war, where the evil is now mainly abated.

The writer of this paper lives in a small but very rich town containing about seven thousand people, adjacent to a great city: in this town one half of the voters pay only a poll-tax, having no property of their own liable to taxation, and of the poll-tax payers, again, a very large portion, if not a majority, are of Irish birth or extraction. The town has been guilty of many acts of extravagance during these late years of delusive prosperity, and is burthened with a heavy debt; but not a single one of these acts of extravagance has ever originated with the poll-tax payers; they may have sustained such measures, but they have been led into them by men of property and influence. One-fourth part of the population of Massachusetts, the manufacturing *state par excellence*, are foreign-born, mostly Irish and French Canadians, yet nowhere is property more safe, state and municipal credit higher, or elections more orderly and more free from violence. To the man who thinks he can correct the abuses under which he suffers, or supposes that he suffers, by his ballot, any other method seems beneath his dignity, and violent acts like the riots in Pennsylvania a year or two since excite little general uneasiness, because it is felt that there must have been, as indeed there were, spe-

cial and local causes for them, even though such causes may not be positively or publicly defined.

The easy acquisition of land throughout the country under simple forms of conveyance registered in every county gives a motive to economy, and induces habits of saving that are of supreme importance in their effect on society. In the town to which the writer has referred,—and in which he himself can remember the coming of the first Irishman, who became a landowner,—out of about one thousand owners of real estate over two hundred are of Irish birth or extraction. The richest one among them came from Ireland in 1846, a steerage passenger. He now pays taxes on property of the value of fifty thousand dollars, almost all in real estate; his son is superintendent of the repairs of highways and one of the most efficient members of the school committee.

During the last thirty years the factory population of New England has passed through three phases. First came the sons and daughters of the New England farmer, but as the sewing-machine and other inventions opened new demands for women's work, women of American birth passed out to easier or better-paid employments, while the men took up other branches requiring more individual skill. Their places were taken mainly by Irish, with a few Germans and English; but the Irish saved their earnings, and as the New England yeomen emigrated to the richer lands of the great West, they passed out of the mills to buy up the deserted farms of the poorer North-eastern States, where by their persistent industry and manual labour they achieve success and gain a position which satisfies them, but with which the native New Englander is no longer contented. Their places in the mills are now being more and more taken by the French Canadians, who in their new conditions and surroundings show little of the stolid and unprogressive character which have kept them so long contented on their little strips of land on the St. Lawrence River. In the very air they breathe they seem to imbibe a new and restless energy, while the intelligence shown by their children in the schools augurs well for their future progress. On the whole, the simplicity of our system of land tenura, and the ease with which small parcels may be obtained, must be rated among the most important factors in considering our possible advantage over other countries.

Next in our list comes the savings-bank. In 1875, out of the 1,652,000 inhabitants of Massachusetts, 720,000 were depositors in savings-banks to the amount of 238,000,000 dollars (£49,000,000). During the late years of depression the deposit has decreased somewhat in amount, but the decrease has been chiefly owing to the withdrawal of money for other investment, especially in United States bonds. There have been some failures of banks and some losses, as might well have been expected, but they have been less than in any other branch of business, and the savings-bank system stands firmly based on well-earned confidence, and offers an easy means of saving the smallest sums to every man, woman, and child in the State.

To these causes of quick adaptation to any conditions that may arise, or to any necessity for the application of new methods or devices, may be added the custom, which has almost the force of law, of an equal distribution of estate among the children of the testator. *Tools to be used who can use them* is the unwritten law, and neither land nor capital can remain long in the possession of him who cannot direct or use them wisely. Liberty to distribute is esteemed as important a factor in our body politic as liberty to accumulate, even though the liberty may sometimes lead to the apparent waste of great fortunes.

Finally, it must be held that our freedom from the blood-tax of a standing army, and the fact that the proceeds of taxation are on the whole usefully and productively expended are among our greatest advantages, and this is asserted with confidence, notwithstanding the misgovernment of some great cities and of several of the southern States. What are these failures but proofs of the general confidence of the people in local self-government? Great frauds and great abuses can only happen where integrity is the common rule; where each man distrusts his neighbour, or each town, city, or State distrusts the next, the opportunity for fraud or breach of trust cannot occur. The use of inconvertible paper-money during late years has not been without its necessary malign result upon the character of the people, and the newspapers are filled with the fraud and corruption that have come to light, but no newspaper has ever yet recorded one fact that offsets many frauds. In the great Boston fire one of the Boston banks lost, not only every book of account, but every security and note that was in its vaults, amounting to over twelve hundred and fifty thousand dollars. On the morning after the fire its officers had no evidence or record by which any of the persons or corporators who owed it money could be held to their contracts, yet within a very short time duplicate notes were voluntarily brought in by its debtors, many of whom knew not whether they could ever pay them, because the fire had destroyed their own property, and the ultimate loss of that bank from the burning of its books and securities was less than ten thousand dollars.

Our army is but a border police, and although its officers are held in honour and esteem, military life is not a career that very many seek, and as time goes on it will become less and less an occupation to be desired. Although officers of the army have several times been the candidates whom political parties have found it expedient to adopt for the highest executive offices, army influence in legislation has been very slight, and any attempt to increase it is more a cause of jealousy and suspicion than of favour. If the Indian question were not at once the shame of all our past administrations, and the problem most difficult of solution among all that are now pressing upon us, it is doubtful if our army would consist of more than its corps of trained officers with a few soldiers to keep our useless old forts in repair. Thus we are spared not only the tax for its support, but the worse tax of the withdrawal of its

members from useful and productive pursuits. It is in this respect that we claim our greatest advantage over the nations of Continental Europe. What have we to fear from the competition of Germany, if we really undertake to beat her in the neutral markets which we can reach as readily as she can? For a little while the better instruction of her merchants in her technical and commercial schools may give her advantage, but that can be overcome in a single generation, or as soon as the need is felt with us, as it is now beginning to be felt; after we shall have supplied our present want of technical education, the mere difference between the presence of her great army on her soil and its necessary support, and the absence of such a tax on us, will constitute the difference on which modern commerce turns, when the traffic of the world turns on a half a cent a yard, a cent a bushel, or a halfpenny a pound on the great staples; no nation can long succeed in holding the traffic that is handicapped with a standing army. The protection of Germany from our competition in neutral markets may be offset in our yet more dangerous competition for men. The German already knows Texas, and in the one block of 60,000 square miles of land by which the State of Texas exceeds the area of the German Empire, we offer room and healthy conditions of life for millions of immigrants, and on that single square of land if they come in sufficient numbers they can raise as much cotton as is now raised in the whole south, that is to say 5,000,000 bales, and as much wheat as is now raised in the whole north, that is to say, 400,000,000 bushels, and yet subsist themselves besides on what is left of this little patch that will not be needed for these two crops.

It will be obvious that even the least imaginative cannot but be moved by the influences that have been designated, and that versatility and readiness to adopt every labour-saving device will not only be promoted, but absolutely forced into action when such vast areas are to be occupied, and when even the dullest boy is educated in the belief that he also is to be one of those who are to build up this nation to the full measure of its high calling. We may not dare to boast, in view of all we have passed through, but we know that slavery has been destroyed, and that the nation lives stronger, truer, and more vigorous than ever before. We know that it has been reserved for a Democratic Republic to be the first among nations that, having issued government notes and made them legal tender, has resumed payment in coin without repudiation or reduction of the promise. We know that we have paid a third of our great national debt already, and that the rest is now mainly held by our own citizens. We know that within the lives of men of middle age now living the nation will number one hundred millions, and that in whatever else we may be found wanting, we cannot long be kept back in our career of material prosperity, which shall be shared with absolute certainty by every one who brings to the work health, integrity, and energy.

If there is any force in this reasoning, our competition with other manufacturing countries in supplying neutral markets with manufac-

tured goods will not be compassed by low rates of wages paid to our factory operatives or to the working people engaged in our metal works and other occupations, but first by obtaining and keeping such an advanced position in the application and use of improved tools and machinery as shall make high wages consistent with a low cost of production; secondly, by our ability to obtain the raw materials at as low or lower cost. Every employer knows that among employées who are paid by the piece, it is the operative that gains the largest earnings whose production costs the least, because under the control of such operatives the machinery is most effectively guided during working hours. As it is with single operatives, so is it with large masses—if well instructed and working under the incentives to industry and frugality that have been named, their large product will earn for them ample wages, and yet result in low cost of labour to the employer. Such workmen never have any "blue Monday." The workman who in this country habitually becomes intoxicated is soon discharged, and his place is filled by one who respects himself and values his place too much to risk his position in dissipation.

Competition with England in supplying the markets of Asia, Africa and South America with cotton goods is now perhaps the best criterion by which to gauge our ability to compete in other branches of manufacture. It has been often assumed in England that the increasing shipments of cotton goods from this country have been forced by necessity, and merely consisted of lots sold below cost as a means of obtaining ready money; but there is no ground whatever for this general assumption, even though some small shipments may have been made at first with this view. Our export of cotton fabrics amounts as yet to but seven or eight per cent. of our production, and is but a trifle compared to that of Great Britain; but it is not made at a loss, and it constitutes a most important element in the returning prosperity of our cotton mills. The goods exported are mostly made by strong and prosperous corporations, paying regular dividends. They consist mainly of coarse sheetings and drills, and are sold by the manufacturers to merchants, who send them to China, Africa, and South America in payment for tea, silk, ivory, sugar, gums, hides, and wool. They are not made by operatives who earn less than the recent or present rates of wages in England, but in most departments of the mills by those who earn as much or more. This competition had been fairly begun before the late war in this country, but it is now continued under better conditions. The mills of New England are now relatively much nearer the cotton fields than they were then, owing to through connections by rail. Prior to 1860 substantially all the cotton went to the seaports of the cotton States, and from there the cost of moving it to the North or to Liverpool varied but little; but at the present day a large and annually increasing portion of the cotton used in the North is bought in the interior markets and carried in covered cars directly to the mills, where the bales are delivered clean, and much more free from

damage and waste than those which are carried down the Southern rivers on boats and barges, dumped upon the wharves, and then compressed to the utmost for shipment by sea.

And since large and increasing quantities of cotton are not only taking the inland routes by rail for use in Northern mills, but also for shipment to Liverpool from New York and Boston, it must be in the nature of things that those who buy in New York and Boston will have an advantage in price about equal to the cost of shipment to England, with insurance and other necessary charges included. This advantage cannot be less than a farthing or half-cent per pound, and the factory that uses cotton in the manufacture of coarse and medium goods, such as are wanted in the markets named, at half a cent a pound advantage in the price, can pay twenty per cent. higher wages and yet land the goods other things being equal, in neutral markets at the same cost with its foreign competitors why pay the higher price for cotton.

Again, in one of the largest mills in this country, more than one-half of whose products now go to China and Africa, the improvements and changes in machinery since 1860 have given the following result:—In 1860 the average year's product of one operative was 5,317 lbs. of cloth, and the average earnings of women in the mill were \$3.26 per week. In 1878 the average year's product was 7,923 lbs. cloth, and the average of women's earnings \$4.34 per week. It may also be considered that the gold dollar of 1878 will buy 15 to 20 per cent. more of the commodities in common use than the gold dollar of 1860. In that factory the average year's work of one operative will give about 1,600 Chinamen 5 lbs. or 16 yards each of cotton drill, and the entire cost of labour in making the drill, including all payments made, from the agent who controls the factory down to the scrub who washes the floor, is about one and a quarter cents a yard.

This includes the cost of stamping and packing, the custom of this country being to conduct all the processes of manufacture and the preparation of the cloth for the market in the same establishment. The standard printing cloth, twenty-eight inches wide, the fabric more largely produced than any other, is made at a labour cost of less than one cent a yard, including also all the salaries and wages paid and the cost of packing. It will therefore be apparent that the reason why our exports of manufactured cotton, and for similar reasons of other goods and wares, do not increase more rapidly, is not to be found in any excess of cost or in any fault in quality, but in the simple fact that during the fifteen years of war, inflation, railway mania, and municipal extravagance that preceded the hard times from which we are just emerging, little or no attention was or could be paid to foreign markets, and the very habit of foreign commerce was lost. The ways and means of commerce cannot be improvised in a year, or in five years, but the foundations have lately been laid, and our competition may soon become even more serious than it now is, unless the increasing demand of our home markets for the products of our mills shall again absorb all that we can

make. Whether or not we are ready to build mills of any kind for the purpose of supplying foreign markets is a question that the future only can determine.

It may here be proper to say that perhaps the migration of industrial centres, so ably treated in a recent number of the "Fortnightly Review,"* is not to be either promoted or prevented by the possession of great deposits of coal and iron. May it not be true that as less and less power is required, as machinery is simplified and made to run with less friction, and as improvements are made in the combustion of coal to the utilisation of a larger portion of the force contained in each ton, the mere proximity of coal and iron, and the mere possession of these crude forces will not suffice, but that the control of great branches of industry will depend on what may be called finer points. It is not very many years since a young man came to New England from the far west to visit the works where ploughs were made: he told the New England craftsmen that they did not fully understand the nature of the prairie soil, that they had not calculated the true curves of least resistance, and that he intended to establish a plough factory on the Mississippi. They did not much fear his competition, but now his great factory, employing hundreds of workmen, furnishes ploughs even for Eastern use.

The recent period of depression has taught the lesson of economy in all manufactures, and the northern or manufacturing states are just ready to begin work under the conditions of a sound currency and a system of taxation which, though yet onerous and unfit in many ways, is but a light burden compared to what it has been. The country is fairly launched upon the discussion of economic questions, a discussion which will not end until the system of national taxation best fitted to our new conditions shall have been adopted. Our friends abroad must not expect great and revolutionary changes in the matter of taxation. No oppressive duty on food compels action, and there are no advocates for rash or rapid changes. Whether right or wrong in principle, our system now in force was adopted to meet the emergency of war, and our industry has been more or less moulded by and to it. Almost all sources of direct taxation are absorbed by the States as their own sources of revenue, and the national revenue must of necessity be drawn mainly from duties upon imports. It would seem that the experience of nations during the last five years has proved that neither protection nor free trade have availed much to prevent disaster, and perhaps from this conviction it now happens that there is less discussion on these disputed theories than there was ten years since, but rather an earnest desire on the part of almost all men, whatever their convictions may be, that contention shall be avoided, and that whenever the reform of our war tariff is fairly undertaken, it shall be entered upon with care and deliberation, and proceed with as much regard to caution in making

* See "Fortnightly Review" for December, 1873.

changes as was had in England in the conduct of the great reforms begun in 1842 under the sagacious leadership of Sir Robert Peel.

It may also be well for our English friends to consider that according to their present theory the removal of duties on imports enabled them to manufacture at less cost and greatly enlarged their markets. If such was the effect of the gradual and cautious method of change adopted at the instance of Sir Robert Peel, and first applied to the materials which entered into the processes of English manufacture, what might be the effect of the same method in our case? If we begin by abating the duties on materials, while moderately reducing those on finished products which must be kept at a revenue point in almost any case, may not our competition become greater rather than less? If it is becoming serious while we are handicapped according to the English theory by a very high war tariff, what may it be when by common consent without contention it is modified and reduced in a judicious way, and one carefully considered so as not to cause disaster by too radical changes? That such must be the method of change all are now agreed, to whatever school they belong.

In reading articles written in England regarding the effect of tariff legislation in the United States, it frequently appears to be the opinion of the writers that the people of this country have made a mistake in undertaking any branch of manufacturing industry, and that they would have been much more prosperous had they confined their attention mainly to agriculture; conversely that the manufactures of the United States would cease to exist if they were not sustained by a very high and in many respects prohibitive tariff. An example of this method of reasoning is found in the reprint of a series of otherwise very able articles by Mr. A. J. Wilson, under the title of the "Resources of Foreign Countries." Mr. Wilson says: "There is no use in denying the plain fact that the States have succeeded by their high-tariff policy in diverting a considerable part of the industrial energies of the community from the pursuits natural to, and most profitable in, a new country, to the highly artificial, and, for America, mostly very expensive industries of long-settled and civilised nations. Were the sheltering tariff swept away, it is very questionable if any, save a few special manufactures of certain kinds of tools, machinery, railway cars and fancy goods, and a few of the cruder manufactures, could maintain their ground."

It probably escaped Mr. Wilson's notice that a nation that had passed through a popular national election under the most exciting conditions possible, such as the last election of President, without an act of violence in the whole land, had a sort of claim to be called civilised; but apart from this unconscious slip of the pen the whole assumption may be questioned. The fallacy lies in the common unthinking habit of confining the term manufactures to the product of great textile factories, iron mills, and metal works. It is not even necessary to remind writers as able as Mr. Wilson that the war of the Revo-

lution was greatly promoted by the attempt of Great Britain to prevent the establishment of iron and steel works and manufactures of wool in the American colonies; but we may admit that if the sheltering tariff were suddenly swept away, great disaster might ensue to special branches of industry that have undoubtedly been developed or promoted by its enactment. Even then the vast proportion of our manufactures would remain unimpaired, and the industries harmed by "sweeping" changes such as not even the most pronounced believers in ultimate free trade would now dream of proposing, could only be retarded in their development. It cannot be assumed by any observant man that our vast fields of adjacent coal and iron could long remain unused. Even in these last three or four years of extreme depression, a large number of new furnaces have been constructed and put in blast in the Hocking Valley of Ohio, and the production of the best iron is increasing with great rapidity at that point. Neither can it be assumed that with our advantage of position in respect to the production of cotton and food, we could be prevented from at least manufacturing the coarse and medium goods that constitute far more than one-half of the world's demand for cotton fabrics; or that a people whose ancestors had clothed themselves in homespun woollen cloth, could long be prevented from applying machinery to at least the common fabrics that serve the purposes of the million.

Apart even from these special branches, we should surely retain our work in steel wares, for which we even now import a part of the raw material, and yet send the finished product back to Sheffield to be sold; we should retain our great manufacture of leather and all its products; of iron wares of every name and nature; of all the products of wood in which we excel; of all the tools and machinery of agriculture and of the railway service; of all the fittings for the building of houses; of clothing, of carriages and waggons; in short, of all the lesser branches of manufacturing and mechanical industry which may not impose upon the imagination by the magnitude of the buildings in which they are conducted, but yet give employment to millions where the operatives in the special branches to which the term manufactures is apt to be limited can be counted only by hundreds of thousands. The time has gone by for anyone to dream of relegating the people of this country to the single pursuit of agriculture under any possible policy, or even to the crude forms of manufacture. Foreign nations can never again supply us with any large proportion of the staple goods or wares that constitute the principal part of our use of manufactured articles. Goods which depend upon fashion, fancy, and style, and articles of comfort or luxury that we can afford to buy abroad, we shall import in ever-increasing quantities as our means of payment increase with our returning prosperity, and we shall, doubtless, continue to collect a large revenue from them. It may also be considered that the repugnance to direct taxation is so great that even if it were generally admitted that indirect taxation was much more costly, the majority of the people would still

choose to indulge in the luxury of the indirect method, and can afford to do so if they so choose.

It is beginning to be perceived that not only the great moral curse of slavery has been removed, but that in that removal perhaps the greatest industrial revolution ever accomplished has happened. Whatever may have been the abuses of the ballot granted to the negro up to this time, it has yet so far protected him that the incentive to labour has not been wanting, and the mere fact that the last eight crops of cotton raised by free labour exceed the nine ante-war crops of slavery is alone proof sufficient of the advance in the production of wealth that has already ensued. Reference has already been made to the rapid progress of Texas, but Georgia invites the immigrant to easier conditions of life. The upper pine lands of the great State are now to be bought by the hundred thousand acres at half a dollar to a dollar an acre, the true country for the abundant production of wool where no winter shelter for sheep is needed and where all the conditions of health exist. The almost unknown valleys that lie between the Blue Ridge and the lateral ranges of Virginia and North Carolina offer homes for hardy men, nearer the centre of civilization than the far west, but passed by until now because of the curse of slavery. If the well-trained tenant farmers of Great Britain who are now surrendering their farms should turn their attention to the opportunities offered in many parts of Virginia, they would find that it needs only brains and industry to put that great State once more on the list among the rich and prosperous communities. Land can be bought in fee simple for a fraction of the annual rent of an English farm, while its proximity to the north gives assurance of ready markets for its products.

May it not perhaps be in the order of events that our competition with England in supplying neutral markets with manufactured goods, will be warded off by the home demand on our mills and workshops to supply the needs of one of the great tidal waves of population that seems about to be directed upon our shores from foreign lands, and that this great cycle of change, which began in our war of 1861, will be ended upon the same soil by the incursion of a great industrial army devoted to the arts of peace to whom that war has opened the way by destroying slavery. When this country was cursed by slavery it was natural that those who boasted at all should boast too much of our alleged greatness, while those who like a great Southern statesman then, "dreaded the future of our country when they remembered that God was just," kept silent. Now we make no boast, but only mark the fact that even abundance may cease to be a blessing when it cannot reach those who need it. We are seeking to cure evils that war had left behind, and now that we stand once more upon the firm ground of a sound currency and find that we have learned the true lesson of economy and thrift, we look with sadness at the distress in other lands and hope that we may help to remove it.

EDWARD ATKINSON, in *Fortnightly Review*.

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS, January, 1879.

ARTIFICIAL SOMNAMBULISM.

RATHER more than a quarter of a century ago two Americans visited London, who called themselves Professors of Electro-Biology, and claimed the power of "subjugating the most determined wills, paralyzing the strongest muscles, preventing the evidence of the senses, destroying the memory of the most familiar events or of the most recent occurrences, inducing obedience to any command, and making an individual believe himself transformed into any one else." All this and more was to be effected, they said, by the action of a small disc of zinc and copper held in the hand of the "subject," and steadily gazed at by him, "so as to concentrate the electro-magnetic action." The pretensions of these professors received before long a shock as decisive as that which overthrew the credit of the professors of animal magnetism when Hargarth and Falconer successfully substituted wooden tractors for the metallic tractors which had been supposed to convey the magnetic fluid. In 1851, Mr. Braid, a Scotch surgeon, who had witnessed some of the exhibitions of the electro-biologists, conceived the idea that the phenomena were not due to any special qualities possessed by the discs of zinc and copper, but simply to the fixed look of the "subject" and the entire abstraction of his attention. The same explanation applied to the so-called "magnetic passes" of the mesmerists. The monotonous manipulation of the operator produced the same effect as the fixed stare of the "subject." He showed by his experiments that no magnetiser, with his imaginary secret agents or fluids, is in the least wanted; but that the subjects can place themselves in the same condition as the supposed subjects of electro-biological influences by simply gazing fixedly at some object for a long time with fixed attention.

The condition thus superinduced is not hypnotism, or artificial somnambulism, properly so called. The "electro-biological" condition may be regarded as simply a kind of reverie or abstraction artificially produced. But Braid discovered that a more perfect control might be obtained over "subjects," and a condition resembling that of the sleep-walker artificially induced, by modifying the method of fixing the attention. Instead of directing the subject's gaze upon a bright object placed at a considerable distance from the eyes, so that no effect was required to concentrate vision upon it, he placed a bright object somewhat above and in front of the eyes at so short a distance that the convergence of their axes upon it was accompanied with sufficient effect to produce even a slight amount of pain. The condition to which the "subjects" of this new method were reduced was markedly different from the ordinary "electro-biological" state. Thus on one occasion, in the presence of 800 persons, four men were experimented upon. "All began the experiment at the same

time; the former with their eyes fixed upon a projecting cork, placed securely on their foreheads; the others at their own will gazed steadily at certain points in the direction of the audience. In the course of ten minutes the eyelids of these ten persons had involuntarily closed. With some consciousness remained; others were in catalepsy, and entirely insensible to being struck with needles; and others on awakening knew absolutely nothing of what had taken place during their sleep." The other four simply passed into the ordinary condition of electro-biologised "subjects," retaining the recollection of all that happened to them while in the state of artificial abstraction or reverie.

Dr. Carpenter, in that most interesting work of his, "Mental Physiology," thus describes the state of hypnotism:—"The process is of the same kind as that employed for the induction of the 'biological' state; the only difference lying in the *greater intensity* of the gaze, and in the more complete concentration of will upon the direction of the eyes, which the nearer approximation of the object requires for the maintenance of the convergence. In hypnotism, as in ordinary somnambulism, no remembrance whatever is preserved in the waking state of anything that may have occurred during its continuance; although the previous train of thought may be taken up and continued uninterruptedly on the next occasion that the hypnotism is induced. And when the mind is not excited to activity by the stimulus of external impressions, the hypnotised subject appears to be profoundly asleep; a state of complete torpor, in fact, being usually the first result of the process, and any subsequent manifestation of activity being procurable only by the prompting of the operator. The hypnotised subject, too, rarely opens his eyes; his bodily movements are usually slow; his mental operations require a considerable time in their performance; and there is altogether an appearance of heaviness about him, which contrasts strongly with the comparatively wide-awake air of him who has not passed beyond the ordinary 'biological' state."

We must note, however, in passing, that the condition of complete hypnotism had been obtained in several instances by some of the earlier experimenters in animal magnetism. One remarkable instance was communicated to the surgical section of the French Academy on April 16, 1829, by Jules Cloquet. Two meetings were entirely devoted to its investigation. The following account presents all the chief points of the case, surgical details being entirely omitted, however, as not necessary for our present purpose:—A lady, aged sixty-four, consulted M. Cloquet on April 8, 1829, on account of an ulcerated cancer of the right breast which had continued, gradually growing worse, during several years. M. Chapelain, the physician attending the lady, had "magnetised" her for some months, producing no remedial effects, but only a very profound sleep or torpor, during which all sensibility seemed to be annihilated, while the ideas retained all their clearness. He proposed to M. Cloquet to operate upon her while she was in a state of torpor, and the latter, considering the operation the only means of saving her

life, consented. The two doctors do not appear to have been troubled by any scruples as to their right thus to conduct an operation to which, when in her normal condition, their patient most strenuously objected. It sufficed for them that, when they had put her to sleep artificially, she could be persuaded to submit to it. On the appointed day, M. Cloquet found the patient ready "dressed and seated in an elbow-chair, in the attitude of a person enjoying a quiet natural sleep." In reality, however, she was in the somnambulistic state, and talked calmly of the operation. During the whole time that the operation lasted—from ten to twelve minutes—she continued to converse quietly with M. Cloquet, "and did not exhibit the slightest sign of sensibility. There was no motion of the limbs or of the features, no change in the respiration nor in the voice: no emotions even in the pulse. The patient continued in the same state of automatic indifference and impassibility in which she had been some minutes before the operation." For forty-eight hours after this the patient remained in the somnambulistic state, showing no sign of pain during the subsequent dressing of the wound. When awakened from this prolonged sleep she had no recollection of what had passed in the interval; "but on being informed of the operation, and seeing her children around her, she experienced a very lively emotion, which the 'magnetiser' checked by immediately setting her asleep." Certainly none of the hypnotised "subjects" of Mr. Braid's experiments show a more complete abstraction from their normal condition than this lady: and other cases cited in Bertrand's work, "*Le Magnétisme Animal en France*" (1826), are almost equally remarkable. As it does not appear that in any of these cases Braid's method of producing hypnotism by causing the eyes, or rather their optical axes to be converged upon a point was adopted, we must conclude that this part of the method is not absolutely essential to success. Indeed, the circumstance that in some of Braid's public experiments numbers of the audience became hypnotised without his knowledge, shows that the more susceptible "subjects" do not require to contemplate a point near and slightly above the eyes, but may be put into the true hypnotic state by methods which, with the less susceptible, produce only the electro-biological condition.

It will be well, however, to inquire somewhat carefully into this point. My present object, I would note, is not merely to indicate the remarkable nature of the phenomena of hypnotism, but to consider these phenomena with direct reference to their probable cause. It may not be possible to obtain a satisfactory explanation of them. But it is better to view them as phenomena to be accounted for than merely as surprising but utterly inexplicable circumstances.

Now, we have fortunately the means of determining the effect of the physical relations involved in these experiments, apart from those which are chiefly due to imagination. For animals can be hypnotised, and the conditions necessary for this effect to be fully produced have been ascertained.

The most familiar experiment of this sort is sometimes known as Kircher's. Let the feet of a hen be tied together (though this is not necessary in all cases), and the hen placed on a level surface. Then if the body of the hen is gently pressed down, the head extended with the beak pointing downwards, touching the surface on which the hen stands, and a chalk mark is drawn slowly along the surface, from the tip of the beak in a line extending directly from the bird's eye, it is found that the hen will remain for a considerable time perfectly still, though left quite free to move. She is, in fact, hypnotised.

We have now to inquire what parts of the process just described are effective in producing the hypnotic condition, or whether all are essential to success in the experiment.

In the first place, the fastening of the feet may be dispensed with. But it has its influence, and makes the experiment easier. An explanation, or rather an illustration, of its effect is afforded by a singular and interesting experiment devised by Lewisohn of Berlin:—If a frog is placed on its back, it immediately, when the hand which had held it is removed, turns over and escapes. But if the two fore-legs are tied with a string, the frog, when placed on its back, breathes heavily but is otherwise quite motionless, and does not make the least attempt to escape, even when the experimenter tries to move it. "It is as though," says Czermak, describing the experiment as performed by himself, "its small amount of reasoning power had been charmed away, or else that it slept with open eyes. Now I press upon the cutaneous nerves of the frog, while I loosen and remove the threads on the fore-legs. Still the animal remains motionless upon its back, in consequence of some remaining after-effect: at last, however, it returns to itself, turns over, and quickly escapes.

Thus far the idea suggested is that the animal is so affected by the cutaneous pressure as to suppose itself tied and therefore unable to move. In other words, this experiment suggests that imagination acts on animals as on men, only in a different degree. I may cite here a curious case which I once noticed and have never been able to understand, though it seems to suggest the influence of imagination on an animal one would hardly suspect of being at all under the influence of any but purely physical influences. Hearing a noise as of a cat leaping down from a pantry window which looked out on an enclosed yard, I went directly into the yard, and there saw a strange cat running off with a fish she had stolen. She was at the moment leaping on to a bin, from the top of which, by another very easy leap, she could get on to the wall enclosing the yard, and so escape. With the idea rather of frightening her than of hurting her (does one missile out of a hundred flung at cats ever hit them?) I threw at the thief a small piece of wood which I had in my hand at the moment. It struck the wall above her just as she was going to leap to the top of the wall, and it fell, without touching her, between her and the wall. To my surprise, she stood perfectly still, looking at the piece of wood; her mouth, from which

the fish had fallen, remaining open, and her whole attitude expressing stupid wonder. I make no doubt I could have taken her prisoner, or struck her heavily, if I had wished, for she made no effort to escape, until, with a parour broom which stood by, I pushed her along the top of the bin towards the wall, on which she seemed suddenly to arouse herself, and leaping to the top of the wall she made off. My wife witnessed the last scene of this curious little comedy. In fact, it was chiefly, perhaps, because she pleaded for mercy on "the poor thing" that the soft end of the broom alone came into operation; for, though not altogether agreeing with the Count of Rousillon that anything can be endured before a cat, I did not at the moment regard that particular cat with special favour.

The extension of the neck and depression of the head, in the experiment with the hen, have no special significance, for Czermak has been able to produce the same phenomena of hypnotism without them, and has failed to produce the hypnotic effect on pigeons when attending to this point, and in other respects proceeding as nearly as possible in the same way as with hens. "With the hens," he says, "I often hung a piece of twine, or a small piece of wood, directly over their crests, so that the end fell before their eyes. The hens not only remained perfectly motionless, but closed their eyes, and slept with their heads sinking until they came in contact with the table. Before falling asleep, the hens' heads can be either pressed down or raised up, and they will remain in this position as if they were pieces of wax. That is, however, a symptom of a cataleptic condition, such as is seen in human beings, under certain pathological conditions of the nervous system."

On the other hand, repeated experiments convinced Czermak that the pressure on the animal as it is held is of primary importance. It is frequently the case, he says, that a hen, which for a minute has been in a motionless state, caused by simply extending the neck and depressing the head, awakes and flies away, but on being caught again immediately, she can be placed once more in the condition of lethargy, if we place the animal in a squatting position, and overcome with gentle force the resistance of the muscles, by firmly placing the hand upon its back. During the slow and measured suppression, one often perceives an extremely remarkable position of the head and neck, which are left entirely free. The head remains as if held by an invisible hand in its proper place, the neck being stretched out of proportion, while the body by degrees is pushed downwards. If the animal is thus left entirely free, it remains for a minute or so in this peculiar condition with wide-open staring eyes. "Here," as Czermak remarks, "the actual circumstances are only the effect of the emotion which the nerves of the skin excite, and the gentle force which overcomes the animal's resistance. Certainly the creature a short time before had been in a condition of immobility, and might have retained some special inclination to fall back into the same, although the

awakening, flight, and recapture, together with the refreshment given to the nervous system, are intermediate circumstances." Similar experiments are best made upon small birds. Now, it is well known to bird-fanciers that goldfinches, canary-birds, &c., can be made to remain motionless for some time by simply holding them firmly for a moment and then letting them go. "Here, in my hand," said Czermak, in his lecture, "is a timid bird, just brought from market. If I place it on its back, and hold its head with my left hand, keeping it still for a few seconds, it will lie perfectly motionless after I have removed my hands, as if charmed, breathing heavily, and without making any attempt to change its position or to fly away." ("Two of the birds," says the report, "were treated in this manner without effect; but the third, a siskin, fell into a sleeping condition, and remained completely immovable on its back, until pushed with a glass tube, when it awoke and flew actively around the room.")

Also when a bird is in a sitting position, and the head is pressed slightly back, the bird falls into a sleeping condition, even though the eyes had been open. "I have often noticed," says Czermak, "that the birds under these circumstances close their eyes for a few minutes or even a quarter of an hour, and are more or less fast asleep."

Lastly, as to the chalk-line in Kircher's experiment. Czermak found, as already said, that pigeons do not become motionless, as happens to hens, if merely held firmly in the hand, and their heads and necks pressed gently on the table. Nor can they be hypnotised like small birds in the experiment last mentioned. "That is," he says, "I held them with a thumb placed on each side of the head, which I bent over a little, while the other hand held the body gently pressed down upon the table; but even this treatment, which has such an effect on little birds, did not seem to succeed at first with the pigeons: almost always they flew away as soon as I liberated them and entirely removed my hands." But he presently noticed that the short time during which the pigeons remained quiet lengthened considerably when the finger only of the hand which held the head was removed. Removing the hand holding the body made no difference, but retaining the other hand near the bird's head, the hand made all the difference in the world. Pursuing the line of research thus indicated, Czermak found to his astonishment that the fixing of the pigeon's look on the finger placed before its eyes was the secret of the matter. In order to determine the question still more clearly, he tried the experiment on a pigeon which he had clasped firmly by the body in his left hand, but whose neck and head were perfectly free. "I held one finger of my right hand steadily before the top of its beak,—and what did I see? The first pigeon with which I made this attempt remained rigid and motionless, as if bound, for several minutes, before the outstretched forefinger of my right hand! Yes, I could take my left hand, with which I had held the bird, and again touch the pigeon without waking it up; the animal remained in the same position while I held my outstretched

finger still pointing toward the beak." "The lecturer," says the report, "demonstrated this experiment in the most successful manner with a pigeon which was brought to him."

Yet it is to be noticed that among animals, as among men, different degrees of subjectivity exist. "Individual inward relations," says Czermak, "as well as outward conditions, must necessarily exercise some disturbing influence, whether the animal will give itself up to the requisite exertions of certain parts of its brain with more or less inclination or otherwise. We often see, for example, that a pigeon endeavours to escape from confinement by a quick turning of its head from side to side. In following these singular and characteristic movements of the head and neck, with the finger held before the bird, one either gains his point, or else makes the pigeon so perplexed and excited that it at last becomes quiet, so that, if it is held firmly by the body and head, it can be forced gently down upon the table. As Schopenhauer says of sleeping, 'The brain must bite.' I will also mention here, by the way, that a tame parrot, which I have in my house, can be placed in this sleepy condition by simply holding the finger steadily before the top of its beak."

I may cite here a singular illustration of the effect of perplexity in the case of a creature in all other respects much more naturally circumstanced than the hens, pigeons, and small birds of Czermak's experiments. In the spring of 1859, when I was an undergraduate at Cambridge, I and a friend of mine were in canoes on the part of the Cam which flows through the College grounds. Here there are many ducks and a few swans. It occurred to us, not, I fear, from any special scientific spirit, but as a matter of curiosity, to inquire whether it was possible to pass over a duck in a canoe. Of course on the approach of either canoe a duck would try to get out of the way on one side or the other; but on the course of the canoe being rapidly changed, the duck would have to change his course. Then the canoe's course would again be changed, so as to impel the duck to try the other side. The canoe drawing all the time nearer, and her changes of course being made very lightly and in quicker and quicker alternation as she approached, the duck would generally get bewildered, and finally would allow the canoe to pass over him, gently pressing him under water in its course. The process, in fact, was a sort of exceedingly mild keel-hauling. The absolute rigidity of body and the dull stupid stare with which some of the ducks met their fate seems to me (*now*: I was not in 1859 familiar with the phenomena of hypnotism) to suggest that the effect was to be explained as Czermak explains the hypnotism of the pigeons on which he experimented.

We shall be better able now to understand the phenomena of artificial somnambulism in the case of human beings. If the circumstances observed by Kircher, Czermak, Lewissohn, and others, suggest, as I think they do, that animal hypnotism is a form of the phenomenon sometimes called fascination, we may be led to regard

the possibility of artificial somnambulism in men as a survival of a property playing in all probability an important and valuable part in the economy of animal life. It is in this direction, at present, that the evidence seems to tend.

The most remarkable circumstance about the completely hypnotised subject is the seemingly complete control of the will of the "subject" and even of his opinions. Even the mere suggestions of the operator, not expressed verbally or by signs, but by movements imparted to the body of the subject, are at once responded to, as though, to use Dr. Garth Wilkinson's expression, the *whole man* were given to each perception. Thus, "if the hand be placed," says Dr. Carpenter, "upon the top of the head, the somnambulist will frequently, of his own accord, draw up his body to its fullest height, and throw his head slightly back; his countenance then assumes an expression of the most lofty pride, and his whole mind is obviously possessed by that feeling. When the first action does not of itself call forth the rest, it is sufficient for the operator to straighten the legs and spine, and to throw the head somewhat back, to arouse that feeling and the corresponding expression to its fullest intensity. During the most complete domination of this emotion, let the head be bent forward, and the body and limbs gently flexed; and the most profound humility then instantaneously takes its place." Of course in some cases we may well believe that the expressions thus described by Dr. Carpenter have been simulated by the subject. But there can be no reason to doubt the reality of the operator's control in many cases. Dr. Carpenter says that he has not only been an eye-witness of them on various occasions but that he places full reliance on the testimony of an intelligent friend, who submitted himself to Mr. Brad's manipulations, but retained sufficient self-consciousness and voluntary power to endeavour to exercise some resistance to their influence at the time, and subsequently to retrace his course of thought and feeling. "This gentleman declares," says Dr. Carpenter, "that, although accustomed to the study of character and to self-observation, he could not have conceived that the whole mental state should have undergone so instantaneous and complete a metamorphosis, as he remembers it to have done, when his head and body were bent forward in the attitude of humility, after having been drawn to their full height in that of self-esteem."

A most graphic description of the phenomena of hypnotism is given by Dr. Garth Wilkinson:—"The preliminary state is that of abstraction, produced by fixed gaze upon some unexciting and empty thing (for poverty of object engenders abstraction), and this abstraction is the logical premiss of what follows. Abstraction tends to become more and more abstract, narrower and narrower; it tends to unity and afterwards to nullity. There, then, the patient is, at the summit of attention, with no object left, a mere statue of attention, a listening, expectant life; a perfectly undistracted faculty, dreaming of a lessening and lessening mathematical point: the end of his

mind sharpened away to nothing. What happens? Any sensation that appeals is met by this brilliant attention, and receives its diamond glare; being perceived with a force of leisure of which our distracted life affords only the rudiments. External influences are sensed, sympathized with, to an extraordinary degree; harmonious music sways the body into graces the most affecting; discords jar it, as though they would tear it limb from limb. Cold and heat are perceived with similar exaltation; so also sounds and touches. In short, *the whole man appears to be given to one perception.* The body trembles like down with the wafts of the atmosphere; the world plays upon it as upon a spiritual instrument finely attuned."

This state, which may be called the natural hypnotic state, may be artificially modified. "The power of suggestion over the patient," says Dr. Gerta Wilkinson, "is excessive. If you say, 'What animal is it?' the patient will tell you it is a lamb, or a rabbit, or any other. 'Does he see it?' 'Yes.' 'What animal is it now?' putting depth and gloom into the tone of *now*, and thereby suggesting a difference. 'Oh!' with a shudder, 'it is a wolf!' 'What colour is it?' still glooming the phrase. 'Black.' 'What colour is it now?' giving the *now* a cheerful air. 'Oh! a beautiful blue!' (rather an unusual colour for a wolf, I would suggest), spoken with the utmost delight (and no wonder! especially if the hypnotic subject were a naturalist). And so you lead the subject through any dreams you please, by variations of questions and of inflections of the voice; and *he sees and feels all as real.*"

We have seen how the patient's mind can be influenced by changing the posture of his body. Dr. Wilkinson gives very remarkable evidence on this point. "Double his fist and pull up his arm, if you dare," he says, of the subject, "for you will have the strength of your ribs rudely tested. Put him on his knees and clasp his hands, and the saints and devotees of the artists will pale before the truthness of his devout actings. Raise his head while in prayer, and his lips pour forth exulting glorifications, as he sees heaven opened, and the majesty of God raising him to his place; then in a moment depress the head, and he is in dust and ashes, an unworthy sinner, with the pit of hell yawning at his feet. Or compress the forehead, so as to wrinkle it vertically, and thorny-toothed clouds contract in from the very horizon" (in the subject's imagination, it will be understood): "and what is remarkable, the smallest pinch and wrinkle, such as will lie between your nipping nails, is sufficient to crystallise the man into that shape, and to make him all foreboding, as, again, the smallest expansion in a moment brings to the opposite state, with a full breathing of light."

Some will perhaps think the next instance the most remarkable of all, perfectly natural though one half of the performance may have been. The subject being a young lady, the operator asks whether she or another is the prettier, raising her head as he puts the question.

"Observe," says Dr. Wilkinson, "the inexpressible hauteur, and the puff sneers let off from the lips" (see Darwin's treatise on the "Expression of the Emotions," plate IV. 1, and plate V. 1) "which indicate a conclusion too certain to need utterance. Depress the head, and repeat the question, and mark the self-abasement with which she now says 'She is,' as hardly worthy to make the comparison."

In this state, in fact, "whatever posture of any passion is induced, the passion comes into it at once and dramatises the body accordingly."

It might seem that there must of necessity be some degree of exaggeration in this description, simply because the power of adequately expressing any given emotion is not possessed by all. Some can in a moment bring any expression into the face, or even simulate at once the expression and the aspect of another person, while many persons, probably most, possess scarcely any power of the sort, and fail ridiculously even in attempting to reproduce the expressions corresponding to the commonest emotions. But it is abundantly clear that the hypnotised subject possesses for the time being abnormal powers. No doubt this is due to the circumstance that for the time being "the whole man is given to each perception." The stories illustrative of this peculiarity of the hypnotised state are so remarkable that they have been rejected as utterly incredible by many who are not acquainted with the amount of confidence we have on this point.

The instances above cited by Dr. Garth Wilkinson, remarkable though they may be, are surpassed altogether in interest by a case which Dr. Carpenter mentions,—of a factory girl, whose musical powers had received little cultivation, and who could scarcely speak her own language correctly, who nevertheless exactly imitated both the words and the music of vocal performances by Jenny Lind. Dr. Carpenter was assured by witnesses in whom he could place implicit reliance, that this girl, in the hypnotised state, followed the Swedish nightingale's songs in different languages "so instantaneously and correctly, as to both words and music, that it was difficult to distinguish the two voices. In order to test the powers of the somnambulist to the utmost, Mademoiselle Lind extemporised a long and elaborate chromatic exercise, which the girl imitated with no less precision, though in her waking state she durst not even attempt anything of the sort."

The exaltation of the senses of hypnotised subjects is an equally wonderful phenomenon. Dr. Carpenter relates many very remarkable instances as occurring within his own experience. He has "known a youth, in the hypnotised state," he says, "to find out, by the sense of smell, the owner of a glove which was placed in his hand, from amongst a party of more than sixty persons, scenting at each of them one after the other, until he came to the right individual. In another case, the owner of a ring was unhesitatingly found out from among a company of twelve, the ring having been withdrawn from the finger before the somnambule was introduced." The sense of touch has, in other cases,

been singularly intensified, insomuch that slight differences of heat, which to ordinary feeling were quite inappreciable, would be at once detected, while such differences as can be but just perceived in the ordinary state would produce intense distress.

In some respects, the increase of muscular power, or rather of the power of special muscles, is even more striking, because it is commonly supposed by most persons that the muscular power depends entirely on the size and quality of the muscles, the state of health, and like conditions, not on the imagination. Of course every one knows that the muscles are capable of greater efforts when the mind is much excited by fear and other emotions. But the general idea is, I think, that whatever the body is capable of doing under circumstances of great excitement, it is in reality capable of doing at all times if only a resolute effort is made. Nor is it commonly supposed that a very wide difference exists between the greatest efforts of the body under excitement and those of which it is ordinarily capable. Now, the condition of the hypnotised subject is certainly not one of excitement. The attempts which he is directed to make are influenced only by the idea that he *can* do what he is told, not that he *must* do so. When a man pursued by a bull leaps over a wall which under ordinary conditions he would not even think of climbing, we can understand that he only does, because he must, what, if he liked, he could do at any time. But if a man, who had been making his best efforts in jumping, cleared only a height of four feet, and presently, being told to jump over an eight feet wall, cleared that height with apparent ease, we should be disposed to regard the feat as savouring of the miraculous.

Now, Dr. Carpenter saw one of Mr. Braid's hypnotised subjects—a man so remarkable for the poverty of his physical development that he had not for many years ventured to lift up a weight of twenty pounds in his ordinary state—takes up a quarter of a hundredweight upon his little finger, and swing it round his head with the utmost apparent ease, on being told that it was as light as a feather. “On another occasion he lifted a half-hundredweight on the last joint of his fore-finger, as high as his knee.” The personal character of the man placed him above all suspicion of deceit, in the opinion of those who best knew him; and, as Dr. Carpenter acutely remarks, “the impossibility of any trickery in such a case would be evident to the educated eye, since, if he had practised such feats (which very few, even of the strongest men, could accomplish without practice), the effect would have made itself visible in his muscular development.” “Consequently,” he adds, “when the same individual afterwards declared himself unable, with the greatest effort, to lift a handkerchief from the table, after having been assured that he could not possibly move it, there was no reason for questioning the truth of his conviction, based as this was upon the same kind of suggestion as that by which he had been just before prompted to what seemed an otherwise impossible action.

The explanation of this and the preceding cases cannot be mistaken

by physiologists, and is very important in its bearing on the phenomena of hypnotism generally, at once involving an interpretation of the whole series of phenomena, and suggesting other relations not as yet illustrated experimentally. It is well known that in our ordinary use of any muscles we employ but a small part of the muscle at any given moment. What the muscle is actually capable of is shown in convulsive contractions, in which far more force is put forth than the strongest effort of the will could call into play. We explain, then, the seeming increase of strength in any set of muscles during the hypnotic state as due to the concentration of the subject's will in an abnormal manner, or to an abnormal degree, on that set of muscles. In a similar way, the great increase of certain powers of perception may be explained as due to the concentration of the will upon the corresponding parts of the nervous system.

In like manner, the will may be directed so entirely to the operations necessary for the performance of difficult feats, that the hypnotised or somnambulistic subject may be able to accomplish what in his ordinary condition would be impossible or even utterly appalling to him. Thus sleep-walkers (whose condition precisely resembles that of the artificially hypnotised, except that the suggestions they experience come from contact with inanimate objects, instead of being aroused by the actions of another person) "can clamber walls and roofs, traverse narrow planks, step firmly along high parapets, and perform other feats which they would shrink from attempting in their waking state." This is simply, as Dr. Carpenter points out, because they are *not distracted* by the sense of danger which their vision would call up, from concentrating their exclusive attention on the guidance afforded by their muscular sense."

But the most remarkable and suggestive of all the facts known respecting hypnotism is the influence which can by its means be brought to bear upon special parts or functions of the body. We know that imagination will hasten or retard certain processes commonly regarded as involuntary (indeed, the influence of imagination is itself in great degree involuntary). We know further that in some cases imagination will do much more than this, as in the familiar cases of the disappearance of warts under the supposed influence of charms, the cure of scrofula at a touch, and hundreds of well-attested cases of so-called miraculous cures. But although the actual cases of the curative influence obtained over hypnotised patients may not be in reality more striking than some of these, yet they are more suggestive at any rate to ordinary minds, because they are known not to be the result of any charm or miraculous interference, but to be due to simply natural processes initiated by natural though unfamiliar means.

Take, for instance, such a case as the following, related by Dr. Carpenter (who has himself witnessed many remarkable cases of hypnotic cure):—"A female relative of Mr. Braid's was the subject of a severe rheumatic fever, during the course of which the left eye became seri-

only implicated, so that after the inflammatory action had passed away, there was an opacity over more than one half of the cornea, which not only prevented distinct vision, but occasioned an annoying disfigurement. Having placed herself under Mr. Braid's hypnotic treatment for the relief of violent pain in her arm and shoulder, she found, to the surprise alike of herself and Mr. Braid, that her sight began to improve very perceptibly. The operation was therefore continued daily; and in a very short time the cornea became so transparent that close inspection was required to discover any remains of the opacity." On this, Carpenter remarks that he has known other cases in which secretions that had been morbidly suspended, have been reintroduced by this process; and is satisfied that, if applied with skill and discrimination, it would take rank as one of the most potent methods of treatment which the physician has at his command. He adds that "the channel of influence is obviously the system of nerves which regulates the secretions—nerves which, though not under direct subjection to the will, are peculiarly affected by emotional states."

I may remark, in passing, that nerves which are not ordinarily under the influence of the will, but whose office would be to direct muscular movements if only the will could influence them, may by persistent attention become obedient to the will. When I was last in New York, I met a gentleman who gave me a long and most interesting account of certain experiments which he had made on himself. The account was not forced on me, the reader must understand, but was elicited by questions suggested by one or two remarkable facts which he had casually mentioned as falling within his experience. I had only his own word for much that he told me, and some may perhaps consider that there was very little truth in the narrative. I may pause here to make some remarks by the way, on the traits of truthful and untruthful persons. I believe very slight powers of observation are necessary to detect want of veracity in any man, though absence of veracity in any particular story may not be easily detected or established. I am not one who believe every story I hear, or trust in every one I meet. But I have noticed one or two features by which the habitual teller of untruths may be detected very readily, as may also one who, without telling actual falsehoods, tries to heighten the effect of any story he may have to tell, by strengthening all the particulars. My experience in this respect is unlike Dickens's, who believed, and indeed found, that a man whom on first seeing he distrusted, and justly, could explain away the unfavourable impression. "My first impression," he says, "about such people, founded on face and manner alone, was invariably true; my mistake was in suffering them to come nearer to me and explain themselves away." I have found it otherwise; though of course Dickens was right about his own experience: the matter depends entirely on the idiosyncrasies of the observer. I have often been deceived by face and expression: never, to the best of my belief (and belief in this case is not mere-

opinion, but is based on results), by manner of speaking. One peculiarity I have never found wanting in habitually mendacious persons—a certain intonation which I cannot describe, but recognise in a moment, suggestive of the weighing of each sentence as it is being uttered, as though to consider how it would tell. Another, is a peculiarity of manner, but it only shows itself during speech; it is a sort of watchfulness often disguised under a careless tone, but perfectly recognisable however disguised. Now, the gentleman who gave me the experience I am about to relate, conveyed to my mind, by every intonation of his voice and every peculiarity and change of manner, the idea of truthfulness. I cannot convey to others the impression thus conveyed to myself: nor do I expect that others will share my own confidence: I simply state the case as I know it, and as far as I know it. It will, however, be seen that a part of the evidence was confirmed on the spot.

The conversation turned on the curability of consumption. My informant, whom I will henceforth call A., said that, though he could not assert from experience that consumption was curable, he believed that in many cases where the tendency to consumption is inherited and the consumptive constitution indicated so manifestly that under ordinary conditions the person would before long be hopelessly consumptive, an entire change may be made in the condition of the body, and the person become strong and healthy. He said: "I belong myself to a family many of whose members have died of consumption. My father and mother both died of it, and all my brothers and sisters save one brother; yet I do not look consumptive, do I?" and certainly he did not. A. then took from a pocket-book a portrait of his brother, showing a young man manifestly in very bad health, looking worn, weary and emaciated. From the same pocket-book A. then took another portrait, asking if I recognized it. I saw here again a worn and emaciated face and figure. The picture was utterly unlike the hearty well-built man before me, yet it manifestly represented no other. If I had been at all doubtful, my doubts would have been removed by certain peculiarities to which A. called my attention. I asked how the change in his health had been brought about. He told me a very remarkable story of his treatment of himself, part of which I omit because I am satisfied he was certainly mistaken in attributing to that portion of his self-treatment any part of the good result which he had obtained, and that if many consumptive patients adopted the remedy, a large proportion, if not all, would inevitably succumb very quickly. The other portion of his account is all that concerns us here, being all that illustrates our present subject. He said: "I determined to exercise every muscle of my body: I set myself in front of a mirror and concentrated my attention and all the power of my will on the muscle or set of muscles I proposed to bring into action. Then I exercised those muscles in every way I could think of, continuing the process till I had used in succession every muscle over which the will has control. While carrying out this system, I noticed that gradually the will acquired power over muscles which before I had been quite unable to move. I may say, in-

deed, that every set of muscles recognised by anatomists, except those belonging to internal organs, gradually came under the control of my will." Here I interrupted, asking (not by any means as doubting his veracity, for I did not): "Can you do what Dundreary said he thought some fellow might be able to do? can you waggle your left ear." "Why, certainly," he replied; and, turning the left side of his head towards me, he moved his left ear about; not, it is true, wagging it, but drawing it up and down in a singular way, which was, he said, the only exercise he ever gave it. He said, on this, that there are many other muscles over which the will has ordinarily no control, but may be made to obtain control; and forthwith, drawing the cloth of his trousers rather tight round the right thigh (so that the movement he was about to show might be discernible) he made in succession the three muscles of the front and inner side of the thigh rise about half an inch along some nine or ten inches of their length. Now, though these muscles are among those which are governed by the will, for they are used in a variety of movements, yet not one in ten thousand, perhaps in a million, can move them in the way described.

How far A.'s system of exciting the muscles individually as well as in groups may have operated in improving his health, as he supposed, I am not now inquiring. What I wish specially to notice is the influence which the will may be made to obtain over muscles ordinarily beyond its control. It may be that under the exceptional influence of the imagination, in the hypnotic condition, the will obtains a similar control for a while over even those parts of the nervous system which appertain to the so-called involuntary processes. In other words, the case I have cited may be regarded as occupying a sort of middle position between ordinary cases of muscular action and those perplexing cases in which the hypnotic subject seems able to influence pulsation, circulation, and processes of secretion in the various parts or organs of his body.

It must be noted, however, that the phenomena of hypnotism are solely due to the influence of the imagination. The quasi-scientific explanations which attributed them to magnetism, electricity, some subtle animal fluid, some occult force, and so forth, have been as completely negatived as the supernatural explanation. We have seen that painted wooden tractors were as effectual as the metal tractors of the earlier mesmerists; a small disc of card or wood is as effective as the disc of zinc and copper used by the electro-biologists; and now it appears that the mystical influence, or what was thought such, of the operation is no more essential than magnetic or electric apparatus.

Dr. Noble, of Manchester, made several experiments to determine this point. Some among them seem absolutely decisive.

Thus, a friend of Dr. Noble's had a female servant whom he had frequently thrown into the hypnotic state, trying a variety of experiments, many of which Dr. Noble had witnessed. Dr. Noble was at length told that his friend had succeeded in magnetising her from another room and without her knowledge, with some other stories even more marvel-

lous, circumstantially related by eye-witnesses, "amongst others by the medical attendant of the family, a most respectable and intelligent friend" of Dr. Noble's own. As he remained unsatisfied, Dr. Noble was invited to come and judge for himself, proposing whatever test he pleased. "Now, had we visited the house," he says, "we should have felt dissatisfied with any result," knowing "that the presence of a visitor or the occurrence of anything unusual was sure to excite expectation of some mesmeric process." "We therefore proposed," he proceeds, "that the experiment should be carried on at our own residence; and it was made under the following circumstances:—The gentleman early one evening wrote a note, as if on business, directing it to ourselves. He thereupon summoned the female servant (the mesmeric subject), requesting her to convey the note to its destination, and to wait for an answer. The gentleman himself, in her hearing, ordered a cab, stating that if any one called he was going to a place named, but was expected to return by a certain hour. Whilst the female servant was dressing for her errand, the master placed himself in the vehicle, and rapidly arrived at our dwelling. In about ten minutes after, the note arrived, the gentleman in the mean time being secreted in an adjoining apartment, we requested the young woman, who had been shown into our study, to take a seat whilst we wrote the answer; at the same time placing the chair with its back to the door leading into the next room, which was left ajar. It had been agreed that after the admission of the girl into the place where we were, the magnetiser, approaching the door in silence on the other side, should commence operations. There, then, was the patient or "subject," placed within two feet of her magnetiser—a door only intervening, and that but partially closed—but she, all the while, perfectly free from all idea of what was going on. We were careful to avoid any unnecessary conversation with the girl, or even to look towards her, lest we should raise some suspicion in her own mind. We wrote our letter (as if in answer) for nearly a quarter of an hour, once or twice only making an indifferent remark; and on leaving the room for a light to seal the supposed letter, we beckoned the operator away. No effect whatever had been produced, although we had been told that two or three minutes were sufficient, even when mesmerising from the drawing-room, through walls and apartments into the kitchen. In our own experiment the intervening distance had been very much less, and only one solid substance intervened, and that not completely; but here we suspect was the difference—the 'subject' was unconscious of the magnetism, and expected nothing."

In another case Dr. Noble tried the converse experiment, with equally convincing results. Being in company one evening with a young lady said to be of high mesmeric susceptibility, he requested and received permission to test this quality in her. In one of the usual ways he "magnetised" her, and having so far satisfied himself, he "demagnetised" her. He next proceeded to "hypnotise" her, adopting Mr.

Braid's method of directing the stare at a fixed point. "The result varied in no respect from that which had taken place in the foregoing experiment; the duration of the process was the same, and its intensity of effect neither greater nor less." "De-hypnotisation" again restored the young lady to herself. "And now," says Dr. Noble, "we requested our patient to rest quietly at the fire-place, to think of just what she liked, and to look where she pleased, excepting at ourselves, who retreated behind her chair, saying that a new mode was about to be tried, and that her turning round would disturb the process. We very com-posedly took up a volume which lay upon a table, and amused ourselves with it for about five minutes; when, on raising our eyes, we could see, by the excited features of other members of the party, that the young lady was once more magnetised. We were informed by those who had attentively watched her during the progress of our little experiment, that all had been in every respect just as before. The lady herself, before she was undeceived, expressed a distinct consciousness of having felt our unseen passes streaming down the neck."

In a similar way, Mr. Bertrand, who was the first (Dr. Carpenter tells us) to undertake a really scientific investigation of the phenomena of mesmerism, proved that the supposed effect of a magnetised letter from him to a female somnambule was entirely the work of her own lively imagination. He magnetised a letter first, which on receipt was placed at his suggestion upon the epigastrium of the patient, who was thrown into the magnetic sleep with all the customary phenomena. He then wrote another letter, which he did not magnetise, and again the same effect was produced. Lastly, he set about an experiment which should determine the real state of the case. "I asked one of my friends," he says, "to write a few lines in my place, and to strive to imitate my writing, so that those who should read the letter should mistake it for mine (I knew he could do so). He did this; our stratagem succeeded; and the sleep was produced just as it would have been by one of my own letters."

It is hardly necessary to say, perhaps, that none of the phenomena of hypnotism require, as indeed none of them, rightly understood, suggest, the action of any such occult forces as spiritualists believe in. On the other hand, I believe that many of the phenomena recorded by spiritualists as having occurred under their actual observation are very readily to be explained as phenomena of hypnotism. Of course I would not for a moment deny that in the great majority of cases much grosser forms of deception are employed. But in others, and especially in those where the concentration of the attention for some time is a necessary preliminary to the exhibition of the phenomena (which suitable "subjects" only are privileged to see), I regard the resulting self-deception as hypnotic.

We may regard the phenomena of hypnotism in two aspects—first and chiefly as illustrating the influence of imagination on the functions of the body; secondly as showing under what conditions

the imagination may be most readily brought to bear in producing such influence. These phenomena deserve far closer and at the same time far wider attention than they have yet received. Doubt has been thrown upon them because they have been associated with false theories, and in many cases with fraud and delusion. But, rightly viewed, they are at once instructive and valuable. On the one hand they throw light on some of the most interesting problems of mental physiology; on the other they promise to afford valuable means of curing certain ailments, and of influencing in useful ways certain powers and functions of the body. All that is necessary, it should seem, to give hypnotic researches their full value, is that all association of these purely mental phenomena with charlatanry and fraud should be abruptly and definitely broken off. Those who make practical application of the phenomena of hypnotism should not only divest their own minds of all idea that some occult and as it were extra-natural force is at work, but should encourage no belief in such force in those on whom the hypnotic method is employed. Their influence on the patient will not be lessened, I believe, by the fullest knowledge on the patient's part that all which is to happen to him is purely natural—that, in fact, advantage is simply to be taken of an observed property of the imagination to obtain an influence not otherwise attainable over the body as a whole (as when the so-called magnetic sleep is to be produced), or over special parts of the body. Whether advantage might not be taken of other than the curative influences of hypnotism is a question which will probably have occurred to some who may have followed the curious accounts given in the preceding pages. If special powers may be obtained, even for a short time, by the hypnotised subject, these powers might be systematically used for other purposes than mere experiment. If, again, the repetition of hypnotic curative processes eventually leads to a complete and lasting change in the condition of certain parts or organs of the body, the repetition of the exercise of special powers during the hypnotic state may after a while lead to the definite acquisition of such powers. As it now appears that the hypnotic control may be obtained without any effort on the part of the operator, the effort formerly supposed to be required being purely imaginary, and the hypnotic state being in fact readily attainable without any operation whatever, we seem to recognise possibilities which, duly developed, might be found of extreme value to the human race. In fine, it would seem that man possesses a power which has hitherto lain almost entirely dormant, by which, under the influence of properly-guided imaginations, the will can be so concentrated on special actions that feats of strength, dexterity, artistic (and even perhaps scientific) skill may be accomplished by persons who, in the ordinary state, are quite incapable of such achievements.

RICHARD A. PROCTOR, *in Belgravia.*

THE PROGRESS OF GREECE.

"A STRUGGLE, equal in duration to the war which Homer sung, and in individual valour not perhaps inferior, has at last drawn to a glorious close; and Greece, though her future destiny be as yet obscure, has emerged from the trial regenerate and free. Like the star of *Merope*, all sad and lustreless, her darkness has at length disappeared, and her European sisters haste to greet the returning brightness of the beautiful and long-lost *Pleiad*." These are the closing words of a book which, since the appearance of *Finlay's* work, has probably had few English readers, *Emerson's* "History of Modern Greece;" when they were written in 1830 *Capodistria* was still President of the new State, and three years were yet to pass before *King Otho* should arrive at *Nauplia*. During the half-century which has nearly elapsed since then, "the European sisters" have not always been so gracious to "the long-lost *Pleiad*;" indeed they have sometimes been on the verge of hinting that the constellation which they adorn would have been nearly as brilliant without her. But at least there can no longer be any excuse for all-giving that Greece has been a failure without examining the facts. Her record is before the world. The necessary statistics are easy of access to any one who may desire to form an independent judgment. The last few years have been especially fertile in works replete with information on the political, social and economical condition of the country. Among these may be mentioned the work of *M. Moraitis*, "La Grèce telle qu'elle est;" the work of *M. Mansolas*, "La Grèce à l'Exposition Universelle de Paris en 1878;" the essay of *M. Tombasis*, "La Grèce sous le point de vue agricole;" and an interesting little book, full of information and of acute criticism, by *Mr. Tuckerman*, formerly Minister of the United States at Athens, "The Greeks of To-day." It is often instructive to compare *Mr. Tuckerman's* observations with those made more than twenty years ago by his countryman, *Mr. H. M. Baird*, who, after residing for a year at Athens and travelling both in Northern Greece and in the *Morea*, embodied the results in his "Modern Greece." Lastly, *Mr. Lewis Sergeant*, in his "New Greece," has essayed a double task—to show statistically how far Greece has advanced, and to show historically why it has advanced no further. Detailed criticism would be out of place here. *Mr. Sergeant's* book cannot fail to be useful in making the broad facts concerning Greece better known to the British public. It is the only compendium of recent information on Greece which exists in English; and we welcome it accordingly.

In the following pages only a few of the salient points in the condition of modern Greece can be noticed. The facts and views presented

are derived both from study and from personal observation. They are offered merely in the hope that some readers may be induced to seek fuller sources of knowledge regarding a people who, by general consent, are destined to play a part of increasing importance in the east.

The prosperity of Greece must always depend mainly on agriculture. No question is more vital for Greece at this moment than that of recognising the causes which have checked progress in this direction, and doing what can be done to remove them. It was with agriculture with every other form of national effort in the newly established kingdom; it had to begin almost at the beginning. The Turks left the land a wilderness. The Egyptian troops in the Peloponnese, after burning the olives and other inflammable trees, had cut down those which, like the fig-trees, could less easily be destroyed by fire. There was scarcely a family in the country which had not lost some of its members. The Greek peasantry was too poor and too wretched to do more than a bare subsistence by the rudest methods of husbandry. It should never be forgotten in estimating what Greece has done in this department, as in others during the last forty years, that in an earlier part of this period progress was necessarily very slow. The workers had to construct everything for themselves, or even to undo the work of the past before they could get a clean start. Hence, the rate of recent progress is found to have been rapid, the fable inferens is strengthened. Including both the Ionian and the Aegean islands, the Kingdom of Greece contains about fourteen millions of acres. Nearly one-half of this total area is occupied by marshes, or rocky tracts, and is not at present susceptible of cultivation. An inquirer who asks what proportion of the total area is now under cultivation is surprised at first sight by the discrepancy of the different answers. Thus, to take two extremes, M. Mansolas says "nearly one-third," Mr. Tuckerman says "one-seventh," though it should be remembered that Mr. Tuckerman is writing six years earlier than M. Mansolas. The chief source of such discrepancies is that the estimates include the fallows, while the lower exclude them. M. Mansolas, who has written specially on Greek agriculture, is probably the authority on this point. According to him, one-fourth of the total area is under cultivation, but of this nearly one-half is always under the plow. Hence not much more than one-seventh of the total area is in crop at any given time. One-fourth, therefore, of the territory might be cultivated is not under cultivation at all. But it is interesting to learn from M. Mansolas that some 500,000 acres have been brought under cultivation within the last fifteen years. The population of the Kingdom is about a million and a half. It is computed that one-third to one-fourth of this population is engaged in agricultural or pastoral pursuits. The increase since 1830 has been large in all the staple agricultural products, and in some it has been remarkable. The cultivation of olives has increased about three-fold since 1830; of

figs, six-fold; of currants, fifteen-fold; of vines, twenty-eight-fold. The progress of the currant trade has been tolerably steady since 1858. M. Moraitinis puts the area occupied by currant-vines at nearly 40,000 acres; M. Mansolas, at even a higher figure. The average yearly production of currants, before the Greek War of Independence, was about ten million pounds weight. It has lately risen to upwards of a hundred-and-fifty million pounds weight. The produce from arable land is stated to have increased fifty per cent. in the last fifteen years.

Creditable progress has been made, then, by Greece in all the chief branches of her agriculture; in some branches, even great progress. And yet competent observers are generally agreed that Greek agriculture is still very far from doing justice to the natural resources of the country. The causes of this defect deserve the earnest attention of all who wish to see the prosperity of Greece set on a firm basis. Mr. Sergeant touches on every one of the separate causes: but he does not present them, perhaps, quite in the connection or in the proportions best fitted to make the general state of the matter clear. Want of capital is unquestionably the great want of all for Greek agriculture. But, if abundant capital were forthcoming to-morrow, it would still have to contend with a special set of difficulties created by the want of capital at the critical moment nearly fifty years ago. After the War of Independence the Greek lands which the Turks had left—on receiving a large compensation at the instance of the Powers—became the property of the Greek State. Few wealthy purchasers were found. Part of the land was granted by the Government in small lots to peasant holders, subject to taxes on the produce. A great part was left on the hands of the Government and remained unproductive. The system of small holdings, the *petite culture*, has lasted to this day,—the partition of land being especially minute in the mountainous districts and in the Ægean islands. This system has been a constant bar to the introduction of scientific farming. The average agriculturist has been too poor and too ignorant to attempt it. The mode of taxation—a modification of the old *rayah* system—is such that, as Mr. Tuckerman says, “the husbandman suffers delay in bringing his crop to market,—loses by depreciation while awaiting the tax-gatherer’s arrival,—and finally in the tax to which it is subjected.” The importance of encouraging better methods of farming has been recognised from the earliest days of Greece. Capodistria, when President of the Republic, founded in 1831 an Agricultural School at Tirynth. This was, on the whole, a failure, and was closed in 1865. “It was replaced,” Mr. Sergeant says, “by a more technical school, which seems to have had no better fortune than its predecessor.” M. Mansolas, however, gives a somewhat more encouraging account of the new institution, and it may be hoped that it will yet do good work. But the case of Greece is widely different from that of a country in which the land is occupied chiefly by an educated class of large or considerable land-holders. In Greece each several holder of one or two acres has to be converted to scientific farming before agricultural re-

can make way. And the natural conservatism of an agricultural population is intensified by the fact that in these matters every man as hitherto been his own master, with no obligation beyond the payment of his taxes to the State. It is not even the ambition of the peasant farmer to get as much out of the land as he can. The difficulties of communication limit his market, and he is usually content if he can satisfy the wants of his household, with perhaps a narrow margin of profit. Tradition and the influence of climate combine to make these wants few and simple, and so to restrict the amount of energy employed. Greece, as elsewhere, it is in one sense a misfortune that the peasantry are contented with so little. Again, the population of Greece is 1—excluding the Ionian Islands, it has been computed at fifty-eight to the square mile—and the system of small holdings increases the difficulty of agricultural labour. The destruction of the forests in Greece has been due mainly to the long unrestrained recklessness of the peasantry and to the depredations of the wandering shepherds with their flocks of goats. The destruction of the forests has in turn injured the climate and helped to dry up the rivers. The Greek government has not been accessible to these evils, but it has had to contend against deeply-entrenched prejudices and traditions—those, namely, which were engendered by the Turkish rule. Good results may be anticipated from a law lately passed, which permits the tax-paying tenant of public land to buy it from the State, and to pay the purchase-money by instalments spread over eighteen years. This should tend to bring in a better class of agriculturists, and also by degrees to enlarge the cultivated area. The want of roads in Greece has been an obstacle to agricultural industry, as to enterprise of every kind. Seaboard towns sometimes import their wheat when there is an ample supply at a distance perhaps of a day's journey inland, simply because the transport by mules or horses would be too expensive. Mr. Tuckerman computes that there are about one hundred miles of "good highway" in Greece Proper; and if by "good" is meant "thoroughly practicable for carriages," this is perhaps far from the mark.* The fact is that there has been no great demand for roads on the part of the unambitious agricultural class, and the country, with its already heavy burdens, has felt no sufficiently strong incentive to proceed vigorously with a work of such heavy cost. Road-making is expensive in a country so full of rocky tracts and interrupted by frequent chains of hills: the average cost for Greece has been estimated at 600*l.* a mile. The pressure which must ultimately compel the State to complete her road-system will come, not from the agricultural class, but from commerce. Already the exigencies of the currant trade and the silk trade are beginning to open up the Morea. Last summer, on my way from Laconia into Messenia, I came on the still unfinished road

*Tuckerman states, on official authority, that "the roads of the mainland have a total length of 159,933 kilometres." *Lead 839 kilometres, 933 metres: i. e. 521 miles.*

ght future for Greek commerce, and already the prediction has been some measure fulfilled. Next to agriculture, the mainstay of Greece is her merchant marine trading with Turkey and the ports of the Levant. In 1821 Greece had only about 450 vessels; the number in 1874 was 5,202, representing an aggregate burden of 256,677 tons; and the merchant marine of Greece ranks in the scale of importance as the fourth of the world.

The question of national education has from the first days of reconvalescence engaged the most earnest attention of the Greek people. Education is for the Greeks of to-day, not merely what it is for every civilized nation, the necessary basis of all worthy hope; it is, further, the earnest pledge of their unity as a people both within and without the borders of the present Kingdom; it is the practical vindication of their oldest birthright; it is the symbol of the agencies which wrought their partial deliverance; it is the living witness of those qualities and traditions on which they found their legitimate aspirations for the future. During three centuries and a half of Turkish rule the Greek nationality was preserved from effacement by the studies which fostered their language and its religion; and, when the earliest hopes of freedom were to be felt, the first sure promise of its approach was the fact that the studies had been enlarged and had received a new impulse. Koraes the true note in the preface to his translation of Beccaria's "Crimes and Punishments," which he dedicated in 1802 to the republic of the Ionians. "You are now," he said, addressing the youth of Greece, "the instructors and teachers of your country, and the time is fast approaching when you will be called upon to become benefactors. Unite, then, your wealth and your exertions in her behalf; for in her destitution she can boast no public treasury for the education of her children; and forget not that in her brighter days education was a public duty entrusted to her rulers." If ever there was a case in which the deliverance of a people was directly traceable to the awakening of the national intelligence, that case was the Greek Independence. No people could have a more cogent practical lesson than the Greeks have for believing that knowledge is power; they do not value it only or chiefly because it is power. The love of knowledge is an essential part of the Greek character,—an instinct which their historical traditions strengthen, indeed, but have not created. In the war, when the troubled period of Capodistria's Presidency had succeeded to settled institutions, one of the first great tasks taken in Greece was that of thoroughly organizing public instruction. M. Burnouf's words, quoted by Mr. Sergeant, that public instruction was "almost absent" in Greece in 1833, is true in a sense, but needs qualification; it is true that there was no complete or uniform system of public instruction; in the political situation of the Greeks before the war, such a thing had not been possible. On the other hand, many elements of such a system had been supplied by the strenuous efforts of many particular centres of Greek life during a long series of

which is being made from Kalamata to Tripolitza, and followed it for some way. A few more such first-rate highways would be the greatest of boons to the country. There is still no continuous road between Kalamata and Patras; there is nothing worthy to be called a road between Tripolitza and Sparta. The poet tells us that, when Apollo passed from Delos to Delphi,

The children of Hephæstus were his guides,
Clearing the tangled path before the god,
Making a wild land smooth;

and every modern tourist will echo the wish that the rising Polytechnic School of Athens may produce some more "road-making sons of Hephæstus." But it would be a mistake to infer, from the deficiency of roads which is still felt, that Greece has been inactive in public works. Some dozen harbours have been constructed or restored, light-houses have been erected at all the dangerous points in the Greek seas, drainage works have been executed in several places, eleven new cities have arisen on ancient sites, more than forty towns and more than six hundred villages have been rebuilt since the war.

The manufacturing industries of Greece have made rapid progress within the last few years. According to M. Moraitinis, the Peiræus* did not contain a single steam manufactory in 1868. It has now more than thirty such establishments; and the kingdom contains in all no less than 112 steam factories. Most of these have been established within the last ten years. There are, besides, about 700 factories which do not use steam. The number of artisans employed is about 25,000, and the annual products represent a value of about six millions sterling. At the Great Exhibition of 1851 Greece was represented by thirty-six exhibitors. At Paris last year it was represented, according to the list of M. Mansolas, by 593. He notes the progress of cotton-spinning, which since 1870 has diminished the importation of that article by nearly two-thirds. The export of Greek wines has also increased very largely. The first building that the traveller sees as he enters modern Sparta is a silk manufactory, and the large mulberry plantations in the valley of the Eurotas attest the growing importance of this industry. Though Government patronage has never been wanting, the rapid progress of recent years has been due, M. Mansolas thinks, chiefly to private enterprise and to the power of association. This power is gradually overcoming the obstacles long presented by a thin population, by the want of capital, by the absence of machinery, and by the slender demand for luxuries. It is a good sign that whereas in 1845 Greece was importing twice the value of her exports, the ratio of imports to exports has lately been less than three to two. Forty-seven years ago Lord Palmerston predicted a

* Sixty years ago the Peiræus—Porto Leone, under the Turks—had well-nigh ceased to be even a port. The traces of its ancient dignity were few and modest. There was a piece of deal boarding, projecting a few feet into the sea, to serve as a landing stage for small boats; and there was a wooden hut for a guard.

bright future for Greek commerce, and already the prediction has been in some measure fulfilled. Next to agriculture, the mainstay of Greece is her merchant marine trading with Turkey and the ports of the Levant. In 1821 Greece had only about 450 vessels; the number in 1874 was 5,202, representing an aggregate burden of 256,077 tons; and the merchant marine of Greece ranks in the scale of importance as the seventh of the world.

The question of national education has from the first days of recovered freedom engaged the most earnest attention of the Greek people. Education is for the Greeks of to-day, not merely what it is for every civilised nation, the necessary basis of all worthy hope; it is, further, the surest pledge of their unity as a people both within and without the boundaries of the present Kingdom; it is the practical vindication of their oldest birthright; it is the symbol of the agencies which wrought their partial deliverance; it is the living witness of those qualities and those traditions on which they found their legitimate aspirations for the future. During three centuries and a half of Turkish rule the Greek nationality was preserved from effacement by the studies which fostered its language and its religion; and, when the earliest hopes of freedom began to be felt, the first sure promise of its approach was the fact that those studies had been enlarged and had received a new impulse. Kotzebue struck the true note in the preface to his translation of Beccaria's "On Crimes and Punishments," which he dedicated in 1802 to the young republic of the Ionians. "You are now," he said, addressing the studious youth of Greece, "the instructors and teachers of your country, and the time is fast approaching when you will be called upon to become her lawgivers. Unite, then, your wealth and your exertions in her behalf, since in her destitution she can boast no public treasury for the instruction of her children; and forget not that in her brighter days her education was a public duty entrusted to her rulers." If ever there was a case in which the deliverance of a people was directly traceable to the awakening of the national intelligence, that case was the Greek War of Independence. No people could have a more cogent practical reason than the Greeks have for believing that knowledge is power; but they do not value it only or chiefly because it is power. The love of knowledge is an essential part of the Greek character,—an instinct which their historical traditions strengthen, indeed, but have not created. After the war, when the troubled period of Capodistria's Presidency had given place to settled institutions, one of the first great tasks taken in hand was that of thoroughly organizing public instruction. M. Burnouf's remark, quoted by Mr. Sergeant, that public instruction was "almost non-existent" in Greece in 1833, is true in a sense, but needs qualification. It is true that there was no complete or uniform system of public instruction; in the political situation of the Greeks before the war such a thing had not been possible. On the other hand, many elements of such a system had been supplied by the strenuous efforts made at many particular centres of Greek life during a long series of

years. In fact the tradition of Greek culture had, under the heaviest discouragements, been preserved unbroken from the conquest of Constantinople, though it was only in the latter part of the seventeenth century that a few of the schools began to be prosperous or famous. Among these were the lycœums of Bucharest in Wallachia and Yassi in Moldavia, which had been protected by a series of Phanariot Hospodars: the schools of Janina in Epirus, which had owed much to the beneficence of the brothers Zosima, "the Medicis of Modern Greece;" the gymnasium of Smyrna, the College of Scio, the Greek College at Odessa, and many more of nearly equal repute. By 1815 almost every Greek community had its school. Ten years of war and confusion interrupted the work. But, in 1833 there were still the materials, however scattered or imperfect, with which to begin; and there was a spontaneous public sympathy with the object—a sympathy which the successful struggle for freedom had helped not a little to quicken. Under the system of public instruction adopted in modern Greece,* three successive grades of schools lead up to the university: (1), the *Demotic* or Primary National Schools; (2), the *Hellenic* Schools, secondary grammar-schools; (3), the *Gymnasia*, higher schools of scholarship and science, in which the range and the level of teaching are much the same as in the German gymnasium, or in the upper parts of our public schools. From the Gymnasium the next step is to the University of Athens. In all three grades of schools, and also at the University, instruction is gratuitous. With regard to the Primary Schools, Mr. Sergeant writes: "Elementary education in Greece, in addition to being gratuitous, is compulsory—at least in theory. Children are compelled by law to attend the primary schools between the ages of seven and twelve years" (p. 53). M. Mansolas says (p. 36), "between the ages of five and twelve;" and, after adding that there is a small fine for each day of the child's absence, adds the important remarks, "*but this principle has been hardly ever applied.*"

It would be interesting to know whether compulsion has been thus absent because it has been found unnecessary, or because it has been thought undesirable. So far as personal observation enables me to judge, I should be disposed to doubt whether these words of Mr. Tuckerman's can be accepted without reservation:—"It may safely be asserted that no man, woman or child born in the kingdom since the organization of free institutions [*i. e.* say since 1833] is so deficient in elementary knowledge as not to be able to read or write." However that may be, there can be no doubt that primary education in Greece has made extraordinary progress since 1833—such progress as could

* The chief organizer of this system was George Gennadius, the father of the present Minister of Greece in England, and a descendant of Gennadius Scholarius, the first Patriarch of Constantinople after the Turkish conquest. George Gennadius was studying in Germany when the Greek Revolution broke out. He served in the war; he was a prominent speaker in the assemblies; and on the settlement of the State he devoted his life to public education. Many of the Bishops and Scholars of Greece have been his pupils; and the memory of his unselfish energy is still held in deserved honour.

have been made only where the love of knowledge was an instinct of the people—and that at the present time Greece can compare favorably in this respect with any country in the world.* The growth of the higher schools and of the University has not been less remarkable. Within five-and-twenty years the number of the "Hellenic" schools has been nearly doubled; that of the Gymnasia has been nearly trebled; and the total numbers of pupils have grown in corresponding ratio. In 1841 the University of Athens, then recently founded, had 292 students; in 1872 it had 1,244. A few years ago it was estimated that about 81,000 persons—that is about one-eighteenth of the entire population—was under instruction in Greece, either at public or at private establishments. The sum spent by Greece on public instruction is rather more than 5 per cent. of its total expenditure—a larger proportion than is devoted to the same purpose by France, Italy, Austria, or Germany. When Mr. Tuckerman claims for Greece that "she stands first in the rank of nations—not excepting the United States—as a *self-educated* people," the claim, rightly understood, is just. It means, first, that nowhere else does the State spend so large a fraction of its disposable revenue on public education; secondly, that nowhere else is there such a spontaneous public desire to profit by the educational advantages which the State affords.

Closely connected with the progress of the higher education in Greece is a phenomenon which every visitor observes, which almost every writer on Greece discusses, and which has hitherto remained an unsolved problem of modern Greek society. This is the disproportionately large number of men who, having received a university education, become lawyers, physicians, journalists, or politicians. M. Mansolas, after observing that the "dominant calling" in Greece is that of the agriculturist, assigns the second place to "the class of men who exercise the liberal professions, of whom the number is excessive relatively to the rest of the population." Mr. Sergeant quotes on this subject part of a Report drawn up in 1872 by Mr. Watson, one of our Secretaries of Legation at Athens. "While there is felt in Greece," Mr. Watson says, "a painful dearth of men whose education has fitted them to supply some of the multifarious material wants of the country—such, for instance, as surveying, farming, road-making, and bridge-building—there is, on the other hand, a plethora of lawyers, writers, and clerks, who, in the absence of regular occupation, become agitators and coffee-house politicians." As lately as last June the Correspondent of the "Times" at Athens wrote as follows:—"Public life is here the monopoly of the class exercising the so-called liberal professions—of advocates and university men, whose name is legion,—an upper sort of proletariat, divided into two everlastingly antagonistic factions of placemen and place-hunters." It is

* In 1335 there were about 70 primary schools, with less than 7,000 scholars; in 1845, about 450 schools, with 35,000 scholars; in 1874, about 1,130 schools, with 70,060 scholars.

easy to assign one set of causes for this state of things. Where a school and university education is offered free of charge to a people of keen intellectual appetite, it is natural that an unusually large proportion of persons should go through the university course; and where, as in Greece, agriculture is under a system which gives little scope to the higher sort of intelligence, while there is neither public nor private capital enough to provide employment for many architects or civil engineers, it is natural that an unduly large proportion of university graduates should turn to one of the liberal professions, or to some calling in which their literary training can be made available. Mr. Tuckerman has described vividly the process by which the "coffee-house politician" is developed. A young man, of somewhat better birth than the agricultural labourer or the common sailor, finds himself at eighteen a burden on a household which is hardly maintained by the industry of his father. If he followed in his father's steps, his lot would be to till the soil for what, when rent and taxes have been paid, is little more than a bare livelihood, or perhaps to subsist on the salary of a small public office. But the boy has been at a school of the higher grade, and, with a natural taste for learning, has conceived the ambition to make something better of his life than this. What, then, is he to do? He would be glad to get a clerkship in one of the commercial houses of Athens, Patras, or Syra; but there are hundreds of applicants whose chances are better than his. Even if he could afford to try his fortune in a foreign country, the risk would be, in his case, too great. Athens, the busy centre of so many activities, is his one hope. Surely there he will find something to do. He makes his way to Athens, attends the University, and becomes interested in his studies. His years of university life are made tolerably happy by the companionship of fellow-students whose situation resembles his own. Literary and political discussion, enjoyed over the evening coffee and cigarette, comes to be his chief delight. At last he takes his degree. He must choose a profession. The Bar is already overcrowded. A perpetual series of epidemics would be required to provide moderate occupation for half of the physicians. He has not patience to undertake the duties of a schoolmaster among the Greeks of Turkey. It remains that he should be a politician. He writes for the newspapers, and awaits the moment when his party shall hold its next distribution of loaves and fishes. He receives, perhaps, a small post, or some other reward. Thenceforth he is devoted to his new career. Through years of plenty and years of leanness, he is content to wait on the revolutions of the political wheel. If it is suggested to him that this is an unsatisfactory life, his answer is simple: Can you show me a better?

Such cases may be common, and may help to explain why, in addition to the overstocked liberal professions, there should be a large number of party writers and place-seekers. But the continued over-supply in all these careers would still remain inexplicable if we confined our view to the Kingdom of Greece. The clue is to be found in the relations ex-

isting between free Greece and that which is still emphatically "enslaved" Greece—*ἡ δουλὴ Ἑλλάς*. The Kingdom of Greece offers a university education free of charge not only to its own subjects but also to the Greek subjects of the Porte. As to the measure in which the ranks of University men at Athens have been swelled by Greek subjects of Turkey, an interesting piece of evidence will be found in Mr. H. M. Baird's "Modern Greece." Mr. Baird attended classes at the University of Athens, and became intimately acquainted with its life and working. "It is a circumstance well worth noticing," he writes, "that *rather more than one-half* of the matriculated students are from districts under the rule of the Sultan." Thus Athens is a focus of intellectual life not only for the Kingdom of Greece but for the Greeks of Turkey; and the already redundant supply of lettered men is further increased by an influx from abroad. Hence the social equilibrium of Greece is deranged in a manner to which no other country presents a parallel. In other countries the law of supply and demand roughly suffices to maintain a natural balance between the number of those who engage in productive industries and the number of those who embrace the liberal professions or seek office from the State. In Greece this is not so. The population of Greece is a million and a half. The number of Greeks in Turkey is about five millions. Among these five millions there are, of course, many who desire a political or official life. They cannot have this under conditions which they can accept in Turkey. They are therefore driven to seek it in Greece. Educated men, or men desirous of education, throng into the Kingdom of Greece from Epirus, Thessaly, Macedonia, Thrace, Crete. Unfortunately there is no reciprocity. The industrial populations of those provinces are not at the disposition of Greece. Thus the balance of occupation is destroyed. "Five competitors at least," says M. Littré, "dispute each public office." He anticipates an objection. "This invasion from without—this plethora of applicants, so troublesome in its effects—could not free Greece stop it?" "No," he answers, "the evil is unavoidable. Greece has the *duty* of receiving all her children who come to her from without. To repel them would be an affront against kinship; it would be to deny the past and to blight the future: it would be, also, to forego the precious aid of devoted patriotism and of valuable ability."

Mr. Watson, in the Report already noticed, points out, indeed, that the plethora of academically-trained men is not an unmixed evil. "Undoubtedly," he says, "it confers considerable advantages on the Levant in general. . . . Many provinces of the Ottoman Empire are indebted to Athens for a supply of intelligent doctors, divines, lawyers, chemists, clerks." "The rôle of Greece in the contemporary world," M. Lenormant writes, "closely resembles its rôle in antiquity. . . . The Hellenic race represents the motive power in the Ottoman Empire, twenty-two centuries ago, it represented it in Persian Asia." It may be urged, as Mr. Sergeant well urges, that the very existence of

this so-called "over-education" is a proof of the fitness of Greece to perform the part of a civilising power in the East. It may also be said that the general influence of high education widely diffused has done much to leaven Greek life with the spirit of order, industry and sustained effort. Mr. Sergeant's remarks on this point are illustrated by the testimony of foreign observers to the decorous behaviour of the Athenian population on occasions which in most other capitals would scarcely fail to evoke some popular turbulence, or even to let loose the passions of a mob. In the crisis of the revolution under the former reign, which resulted in King Otho signing the constitutional decree, the whole population of Athens was in the streets. "For an entire day the open space in front of the palace was filled with an excited and determined people and a revolted soldiery. All police surveillance was suspended; men of the lowest class paraded the streets with loaded arms, and the largest opportunity for license and lawlessness was afforded: yet not a gun was fired, nor a stone raised, nor was even a flower plucked from the public gardens." The Greek capital, in this instance, only reflected the normal character of the Greek people; there is plenty of popular enthusiasm; but there is no rowdyism.

It seems probable that the large development of manufacturing industry and commerce in Greece during the last few years will tend gradually to diminish the pressure of candidates for the learned or literary callings, by showing men where they may find a sphere of honourable exertion without permanently leaving the country. In fact the intelligent enterprise and power of combination which have lately been exhibited in this field go far to prove that it has already become attractive to men of education. Thus new banks have been established; a new steam navigation company for the Mediterranean and the Black Sea has been formed, under the Greek flag, by Greek capitalists; and the rights of the Franco-Italian company, which since 1865 had worked the mines of Laurium, have been purchased by a new company composed chiefly of Greeks. Projects have been entertained for lines of railway from Athens to Patras, and from Patras to Pyrgos on the north-west coast of Morea. A correspondent quoted by Mr. Tuckerman confirms the view indicated above. "These private undertakings," he writes, "including mining and railway operations, have already begun to produce most satisfactory results, not merely as regards the social, but also as regards the political condition of the country. It is thus that we have lately witnessed quite an unprecedented phenomenon. A large number of clerks and other *employés* of the Civil Service are sending in their resignations, and are accepting posts in these new establishments at rates of remuneration even lower than the Government salaries, preferring the stability and hope of advancement offered them by private enterprise to the torturing and ruinous uncertainty with which they held offices dependent on the arbitrary will of each successive minister. In this new movement I see the solution of one of the great difficulties this country has been labouring under—the fight for public offices."

It is an opinion which is often heard in Greece, both from natives and from foreign residents, that permanence in the Civil Service appointments would do much to steady the politics of the country; others, again, say that this is made virtually impossible by universal suffrage, since the majority will always prefer the chances afforded by a frequent redistribution of many small prizes. In England there are about fifty-two electors to every thousand inhabitants; in France, with universal suffrage, there are 267; in Greece no fewer than 311. It is not worthy that M. Moraitinis—an unquestionably intelligent friend of progress in Greece—appears to regard universal suffrage as being, for Greece, an institution of doubtful expediency, and even goes so far as to suggest that the constitution “might and should be modified” in the direction of withdrawing the suffrage from those “who, having nothing to preserve, are ready to sell their conscience” (p. 569). But we are concerned with Greece and its constitution as they now are. On the main point there is little difference of opinion. The great need of all for Greece, if Greece is to go on prospering, is that politics should cease to be a game played between the holders and seekers of office, and that all local or personal interests whatsoever should be uniformly and steadily subordinated to the public interests of the country. Before this can be thoroughly secured two things must come to pass. First, adequate outlets must be found for the energies of the educated class who have hitherto been driven into making politics a livelihood: this, as we have seen, has in a certain measure been accomplished already, and there seems reason to hope that the growing material prosperity of Greece will by degrees provide a complete solution. Secondly, the Greek people must bring a sound and vigorous public opinion to bear on public affairs—not by fits and starts, but steadily. It has been said, with too much truth, that Greece has been a nation of opinions without a public opinion. The free growth and effective expression of public opinion has been checked by too much centralisation,—by the tendency of many administrations to regard a close bureaucracy as the only shelter for authority. There can be no vitality of public opinion without diffusion of power; but hitherto the average Greek voter in the provinces has been controlled by no real sense of personal responsibility to the country. Public meetings for the discussion of proposed measures have been rare out of Athens. Along with excessive centralisation another cause has been at work—the tendency of the Greek character to set the interests of a district or a town above the general interests of the nation. This “particularism”—scarcely less marked to-day than in the Greek commonwealths of old—may be traced, now as formerly, in some measure to the physical configuration of the country, and to the want, still seriously felt, of easy communication. The old Greeks had common national characteristics, but never formed a nation; the Greeks of to-day are a nation, with a strong national sentiment, but without a sufficiently energetic unity of national purpose. Nothing but such unity of purpose can enforce those reforms which the country

most needs—reforms of principle, not of detail,—the choice of public men on the public grounds of character and fitness, the management of the finances with undeviating regard to the thorough re-establishment of the national credit. There have, indeed, been critical moments when the public opinion of Greece has asserted itself in such questions with decisive result. The successful protest of 1875 against ministerial infringements of the constitution has been the most recent example; and M. Moraitinis may justly argue that a maturity of political education is proved by the disciplined loyalty with which, at that crisis, all classes united to uphold the constitution by constitutional means. The same general characteristic appeared also in the crisis of 1843 and 1862; and it was better marked in 1862 than in 1843, and in 1875 than in 1862. But then, as M. Moraitinis adds, when the danger is past, public opinion goes to sleep again, “and individual interests resume their ascendancy.” What is wanted is that public opinion should be always vigilant.

No impartial observer can refuse to admit that Greece has already done much, and is now in a fair way to do more. Few, probably, would deny that from the outset she has had to contend with grave difficulties not of her own making. In the first place it is only since the beginning of the present reign, that is, since 1863, that Greece has been in the full practical enjoyment of constitutional liberty. Secondly, Greece began life not only as a poor country, in which the first elements of prosperity had to be created anew, but a country loaded with debt for loans of which only a fraction had ever been applied to her benefit. Those who wish to read the whole history of the Greek Loans in the light of contemporary documents may be referred to a recent pamphlet on the subject, consisting of extracts from the English newspapers and periodicals of the day, put together without comment.* Among other facts which deserve to be more generally known, it will be found that, of the second loan of 1,200,000*l.*, all that ever reached Greece was the amount of 209,000*l.* Lastly, there has been that most serious and permanent obstacle of all, the original defect of a bad frontier. It has been already shown how this has affected the balance of social and political life in Greece. The dilemma raised by that ill-judged limitation of the new kingdom could not be expressed more clearly or concisely than in the words of the late Edgar Quinet.† “I am afraid,” he wrote in 1857, “that the artificial boundaries of the new State, and the conditions imposed upon it, may have the effect of hindering its development. Hence, a false position for the Greeks, and a perpetual temptation to get out of it. If they stretch out their hands to their brethren who are still under the yoke, they rouse the anger of their protectors; if they resign themselves to remaining where they are, they are reduced to a hopeless plight,—with no outlets, no commerce, no relations; and their brethren accuse them of betrayal.”

* *The Greek Loans of 1824 and 1825.* London: H. S. King. 1878.

† Preface to *La Grèce moderne et ses rapports avec l'Antiquité.*

An interesting document in illustration of this view has lately been given to the world. In February, 1830, Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg accepted the Crown of Greece, offered to him in a joint note from Lord Aberdeen and the French and Russian Ambassadors in London; but, after some negotiations, he finally declined it in May of the same year. An Athenian newspaper has now printed the letter, hitherto unpublished, which Leopold addressed to Charles X. of France on May 23rd, 1830,—two days after his final decision. In this he states the reasons for his resolve. Prominent among them is this consideration:—that a new ruler of Greece would begin his work at a hopeless disadvantage if he were regarded by the Greek nation as a party to the disastrous truncation of the territory. By the Treaty of Adrianopl (September, 1829), the boundary-line of Greece had been drawn from near the entrance of the Gulf of Volo on the east to the Gulf of Arta on the west. But by a new decision of the Powers (February 3rd, 1830) a large slice was cut off. Leopold does justice to the natural feeling which would make it a bitter sacrifice for the Greeks to leave their brethren in continental Hellas—as well as in Crete, Samos, and elsewhere—under that yoke which all alike had striven to shake off, and he hopes that Charles, “with the magnanimity which distinguishes him,” will appreciate this. He held that in the narrow limits now imposed on the country—the territory adjacent to the Gulfs of Volo and Arta being cut off—it could not be thoroughly prosperous. The truth of Leopold’s forecast was recognised at the Berlin Congress last year by M. Waddington.

The people of Greece are industrious, singularly temperate, with a strong regard for the ties of the family, and with the virtues which that implies; they have proved at more than one trying conjuncture that they have learned the lessons of constitutional freedom; and they possess a versatile intelligence which justly entitles them to be regarded as the gifted race of South-Eastern Europe. Men of all parties and opinions are interested in forming a true judgment of what the Greeks can or cannot achieve. So long as their character and capacity are imperfectly or incorrectly estimated in this country, a necessary element of every “Eastern Question” will be taken at an erroneous value, and the margin of possible miscalculation will be so far increased. If, as now seems not impossible, some means should be devised of sending young Englishmen from our universities to pursue studies in Greece, it may be predicted that the good results will not be confined to the world of letters. Englishmen who have resided in Greece, and who have lived in converse with its people, will gradually help to diffuse a better knowledge of them in this country, and with a better knowledge, a kinder spirit,—such a knowledge and tone as, through similar intercourse with Greece, are already more general in France and Germany than they are in England. It will become more usual to recognise fairly how much the Greeks have done and are still doing, how much they have had to suffer, what diffi-

culties they have overcome, and with what disadvantages they are still contending: to distinguish between ambitions which deserve to be improved and those aspirations for a free development of national life which no people can renounce without losing self-respect and forfeiting the good opinions of those who retain it; and to consider whether the only manifestations of friendship which Greece may reasonably expect from the leaders of European civilization are those in which our friends (with the honourable exception of France) have hitherto been principally zealous,—the offices of candid remonstrance and veiled repression.

B. C. JEBB, in *Macmillan's Magazine*.

MR. IRVING'S HAMLET.

WE intend to give ourselves the pleasure of a few words on Mr. Irving's Hamlet; and as this periodical does not habitually deal with living actors, since we do not consider ourselves the channel for such a purpose, they shall be brief. But Mr. Irving is no ordinary actor. Setting aside his genius, his industrious care in everything he undertakes, we associate him with the possible renovation of our theatre. He has pandered to no low tastes, but recalls and revives the traditional stage of the Kembles and of Macready.

The first thing we notice in his Hamlet is that there is no seeking after an immediate effect. Hamlet comes in with the rest of the Court, and seats himself somewhat listlessly by the side of the Queen. There is in his aspect a profound melancholy, which seems to search for the unknown and the unseen. His eyes look far away from the scene before him, and in their deep gaze there is a restlessness which shows that Hamlet's will is already puzzled. In the first speeches, he exhibits a grief all the more impressive for its weariness and helplessness; whilst in the soliloquy which follows them, there is a deep tenderness in Hamlet's recollection of his father, his voice dwelling on the words, "So loving to my mother, that he might not betwixt the winds of heaven visit her face too roughly," as if he were unwilling to quit that recollection for the one which supplants it of the Queen's inconstancy. It is to be noted that in his present performance Mr. Irving has needlessly changed "betwixt" to "let 'em."

In the "Must I remember?" we note a foretaste of the protest against fate, in which he afterwards indulges. In the comparison between his father and uncle, "But no more like my father than I to Hercules," he pauses a moment before the last word, as if seeking for a simile and thus sustains the spontaneous air which distinguishes his delivery throughout. It has been thought, and not unnaturally, that the dropping of the voice and manner in the last line, "But break, my heart; for I must hold my tongue," is weak and ineffective. Ineffective it is in the sense of missing a stage effect: but in its weakness lies its

consonancy with Mr. Irving's conception; it is an expression of the same sense of weariness and subjugation to fate which is found in the earlier speeches.

The entrance of Horatio and Marcellus brings a welcome change to Hamlet's mood. He receives his old friends with a courteous, but restrained, affection; a touch of irony comes into his tones and look as he says, "We'll teach you to drink deep, ere you depart," and deepens to a bitter scorn upon the words, "Thrift, thrift, Horatio." As he recalls his father's image, he loses himself for a while in reverie, shading his eyes with his hands, as if to hold the memory longer, so that he does not at first take in the meaning of Horatio's words, but answers absently, "Saw? Who?" Horatio's reply rouses him at once, and the hand which before served to conceal the actual world from his consciousness seems now to help him in concentrating his attention upon it. Through the remainder of the scene he is nervous and restless; he walks to and fro in excitement, and stops to question Horatio and Marcellus further. "Then saw you not his face," he says with an air of disappointed conviction rather than of inquiry. In the last speech there seems a certain exultation at having found a chance of breaking by action the passiveness of his misery.

The beginning of the platform scene is finely imbued with a feeling of high-strung expectation, which seeks relief in talk that may distract attention from the thing expected until it comes. The restless searching mind of Hamlet, once started upon the subject taken up merely as a pastime, is beginning to follow it further, when all other thoughts are stayed by the entrance of the Ghost. At this point Mr. Irving seems less fortunate in his conception and execution than elsewhere. Men are not the less horrified at an event full of dread, because they have expected it. Indeed the suppressed agony of fearful waiting is apt to burst forth, when its cause is reached; but the emotion thus awakened does not, or upon the stage should not, show itself in the sudden feebleness of voice and aspect, which Mr. Irving here represents. There should be less of terror than of awe in Hamlet's bearing at the Ghost's appearance. Mr. Irving's tottering frame and hands clutching at the air have more of mere physical fear than of the awe which should strike Hamlet. The breaking away from his companions is finely managed, but there is a certain want of force in the exit of the Prince, with slow dragging steps, followed by the trailing of his sword's point on the ground.

The same tone of weakness used to be kept up through the interview with the Ghost. Even now the actor crouches on the ground; he seems unable to hold up his head, the limpness of his attitude and bearing suggests physical rather than mental disturbance. He has now restored the previously omitted wild and whirling words addressed to the fellow in the cellerage, but there is a certain want of the spirit of over-strung excitement of which these words are the indication. Where one expects wild mirth one finds hysterical depression. On the

other hand, nothing could be better than the changing intonation and gesture of Mr. Irving's Prince as he indicates to his comrades the forms of dubious speech which they are not to employ, and there is an overpowering despair in the arms lifted to heaven and the appeal of the voice as he cries out upon the spite of fate. In the scene with Polonius, the next in which Hamlet appears, the satire of the speech is so biting that some critics have complained of its rudeness; and the same force of satire is present, though veiled with a lighter manner, in the dialogue with Rosencrantz and Guildenstern. In the description of his sinking of spirit he is carried away so that he forgets the presence of his companions, and when he turns and sees the empty smile upon Rosencrantz's face his momentary burst of irritation seems the reaction of a mind brought down from the contemplation of noble things to that which is mean and base. In the words, "He that plays the king shall be welcome," the depth of his secret thought is shown for a moment, but it gives place instantly to a pleasanter mood, broken once again by the reference to his Uncle being king in Denmark.

A rare art is exhibited in the mockery with which Hamlet tells Rosencrantz and Guildenstern that he is but mad north-north-west, and in the fine banter with which he greets Polonius. The mention of Ophelia seems to wake in him a crowd of varying emotions, which, kept under while he greets the players, find some expression as he calls for "a passionate speech." The quickness with which Hamlet's emotions and perceptions shift and change, the habit of introspection which makes him a double personality, looking on at his own emotion and commenting upon it as soon as it has found a form, is perhaps rendered better than anywhere else, in the speech beginning with, "O what a rogue and peasant slave am I." He rises to a climax of rage as he cries, "O vengeance," and then the reaction comes suddenly; the passion dies and gives place to the habit of meditation which ever interposes between Hamlet's desires and his actions, and he speaks of the empty bravery of his words as if they were those of another. From consideration, emotion is again aroused; the notion already suggested of turning the play into an instrument for his purpose takes possession of his mind, and as the curtain falls he is already composing the speech which he designs to insert. Mr. Irving's action here of resting his tablets against a pillar and hastily writing, as if afraid to lose his ideas before he could bind them in words, is striking and impressive.

On Hamlet's next appearance he enters with the air of one lost in thought, and seating himself on a chair in the centre of the hall speaks out his thoughts as they follow each other in the speech, "To be or not to be." Throughout this speech there is a depth of suffering, of pain that struggles for freedom and can find none, expressed in the actor's tones, such as to make his grief common to all who hear him. He has a command of pathos which sometimes misleads him into too much tearfulness; but here there is no fault to find; there is the truth of sorrow so profound that the disturbance of Hamlet's reverie by Ophelia's entrance comes as a relief. The dialogue with Ophelia is full

of a tenderness which he dares not indulge. As he asks "Are you honest?" he forces himself to think of his mother and her dishonour, and to turn love to bitterness. After he has detected Polonius spying his actions from behind the tapestry he changes the maddening excitement which agitates him to the semblance of real madness, and rushes from Ophelia, as if half to persuade her of his disordered intellect, and half because he fears that if he stays his resolution will yield to his emotion. It is a fine touch of Mr. Irving's by which he makes Hamlet stoop and kiss Ophelia's hand just after one of his bitter speeches. The discourse to the players is the very essence of grace and humour, neither too familiar nor too haughty, and the sudden change from that to the deep feeling of the address to Horatio is a good instance of the actor's just conception of Hamlet's changing moods, beneath which one thought is ever working. Here Mr. Irving, with his finely modulated tones, shows fully how Hamlet was troubled by his restless nature, and turned for rest to his ideal of Horatio, which probably differed somewhat from the real Horatio. For the secret of Horatio's seeming in suffering all to suffer nothing may have lain in his possessing a temperament of blunter sense than Hamlet's.

Throughout the play scene Mr. Irving exhibits Hamlet gradually worked up to more and more excitement. He jests, partly for form's sake, partly to keep some guard over himself, with Ophelia, but by the time that the murderer delivers his speech, he is so passionately eager that he repeats the words under his breath, drawing himself nearer and nearer to the King until he rises with the words, "What! frightened with false fire!" and as the King leaves the hall falls into the empty throne with a wild cry of exultation. In the following scene with the recorders the over-strung excitement of Hamlet is rendered with a singular force. It is so great that he is no longer at the trouble of concealing in any way his contempt of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern. The scorn in his face and voice as he compares Rosencrantz to a sponge is withering. (The speech ending "Sponge, you shall be dry again, you shall," is restored by Mr. Irving to its place in the first folio of 1603.) The passion displayed as Hamlet says, "Though you can fret me, yet you cannot play upon me," and flings the broken recorder over his shoulders is intense; and as elsewhere it is changed immediately for an extravagant bantering courtesy to Polonius, as he enters with the Queen's message. In "They fool me to the top of my bent," a note of pathos is struck again; and the actor's tones in the concluding lines of the soliloquy foreshadow the tragedy which is to come. He formerly played the scene with the King at his prayers, which has generally been omitted, and played it finely, representing Hamlet in a state of excitement which would naturally stay him from killing the King unawares without any excuse of instant provocation, and would make him long for some such occasion as he hopes he has found in the following scene with the Queen. The present omission is to be deplored.

In the closet scene Mr. Irving finds a wide field for the exercise of

his power of interpreting the poet's thought. He enters with an air of fixed and steady resolve, which he sustains until it is broken through by the slaying of Polonius, when his pent-up agitation finds expression in the cry of question which hopes for the answer that it is the King whom he has killed. It may be doubted whether he is right in having no visible portraits of the two kings upon the scene, so that he points his mother's attention to air-drawn pictures only, or, as he suggests in a recent paper, to pictures on the fourth wall of the room; but there can be little doubt that in his address to the Queen there is a torrent of indignation, of scathing truth, of irresistible appeal to her shame, before which one expects to see her utterly borne away. At the second visitation of the Ghost the actor's vehemence is changed to an awe which has in it something appalling. The consternation of his intent eyes, hushed voice, and rigid figure communicates itself to his audience. He speaks the words of comfort to his mother enjoined by the spirit and the questions which follow them mechanically as one in a dream. As the vision passes out at the portal his faculties are suddenly freed, and his tones carry a whole tragedy of longing and regret as he exclaims, "My father in his habit as he lived." The tenderness of his final speech to the Queen is admirable in itself, and in its contrast to the earlier part of the scene.

In Mr. Irving's performance, Hamlet's next appearance is in the churchyard, where the jesting with the grave-digger and the sadness underlying it are given with an excellent graciousness. When he has delivered the words, "Now get you to my lady's chamber and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come," he pauses a moment before saying "Make her laugh at that." Both the pause and final words are eloquent in pathos. On first recognising Laertes "a very noble youth," the actor with fine perception indicates that a vague terror arises in Hamlet's mind, and one might expect this to be followed by something more of vehemence in his declaration of himself, "This is I, Hamlet the Dane," and in the struggle with Laertes, in which he engages without leaping into the grave. The intention and action are so scornfully quits the scene are however admirable. So is the fine composure of the scene with Osric, where one may note the weary amusement with which he turns to Horatio, as Osric prattles his foolish words. Yet more admirable is the expression of foreboding and the tender sorrow of the following speeches. The actor has the faculty of concentrating into a few words an amount of pathos which makes a deep impression. Much imagination and thought are conveyed in his speaking of "If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, 'twill be now; if it be not now, yet it will come: the readiness is all." With the last words, he lays his hand reassuringly on Horatio's, but the infinite sadness of his smile and voice betrays the action.

His courteous gaiety reappears in the fencing scene: he balances his foil and takes his position with a confidence which is apparent until the fatal passes are exchanged. Yet under his light demeanour one sees that the prophetic sense of evil is with him still, and that there is not more surprise at the discovered treachery than relief at finding the moment for his vengeance come at last. He rushes upon the King, drags him from his place, and having stabbed him with passionate scorn with the unbarbed sword, staggers to Horatio's support, from which having spent his last strength in wresting the poisoned cup from him, he sinks gradually to the ground. In his dying words there is a deep tenderness, and when with a rapt look he leaves speech for silence, with grief at his death is mingled thankfulness that he has at last found rest. The actor has the rare power of carrying the spectator's mind with his into the Court at Elsinore, so that while one looks and hears, it is not a piece of acting that is being witnessed, it is Hamlet himself who lives and dies before one's eyes: the coolness of after-fiction finds points in the actor's rendering to discuss, to praise, to blame; but while the play is going on, one forgets the player, and remembers only the Prince.

Temple Bar.

THE

LIBRARY MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1879.

DEDICATORY POEM TO THE PRINCESS ALICE.

DEAD PRINCESS, living Power, if that, which lived
True life, live on—and if the fatal kiss,
Born of true life and love, divorce thee not
From earthly love and life—if what we call
The spirit flash not all at once from out
This shadow into Substance—then perhaps
The mellow'd murmur of the people's praise
From thine own State, and all our breadth of realm,
Where Love and Longing dress thy deeds in light,
Ascends to thee; and this March morn that sees
Thy Soldier-brother's bridal orange-bloom
Break thro' the yews and cypress of thy grave,
And thine Imperial mother smile again,
May send one ray to thee! and who can tell—
Thou—England's England-loving daughter—thou
Dying so English thou wouldst have her flag
Borne on thy coffin—where is he can swear
But that some broken gleam from our poor earth
May touch thee, while remembering thee, I lay
At thy pale feet this ballad of the deeds
Of England, and her banner in the East?

THE DEFENCE OF LUCKNOW.

I.

BANNER of England, not for a season, O Banner of Britain, hast thou
Floated in conquering battle or flapt to the battle-cry!
Never with mightier glory than when he had rear'd thee on high
Flying at top of the roofs in the ghastly siege of Lucknow—
Shot thro' the staff or the halyard, but ever we raised thee anew,
And ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England blew.

II.

Frail were the works that defended the hold that we held with our lives—
Women and children among us, God help them, our children and wives!

(885)

Hold it we might—and for fifteen days or for twenty at most.
 'Never surrender, I charge you, but every man die at his post !'
 Voice of the dead whom we loved, our Lawrence the best of the brave ;
 Cold were his brows when we kiss'd him—we laid him that night in his grave.
 'Every man die at his post !' and there hail'd on our houses and halls
 Death from their rifle-bullets, and death from their cannon-balls,
 Death in our innermost chamber, and death at our slight barricade,
 Death while we stood with the musket, and death while we stoop'd to the spade,
 Death to the dying, and wounds to the wounded, for often there fell
 Striking the hospital wall, crashing thro' it, their shot and their shell,
 Death—for their spics were among us, their marksmen were told of our best,
 So that the brute bullet broke thro' the brain that could think for the rest ;
 Bullets would sing by our forehead, and bullets would rain at our feet—
 Fire from ten thousand at once of the rebels that girdled us round—
 Death at the glimpse of a finger from over the breadth of a street,
 Death from the heights of the mosque and the palace, and death in the ground !
 Mine ? yes, a mine ! Countermine ! down, down ! and creep thro' the hole !
 Keep the revolver in hand ! You can hear him—the murderous mole.
 Quiet, ah ! quiet—wait till the point of the pickaxe be thro' !
 Click with the pick, coming nearer and nearer again than before—
 Now let it speak, and you fire, and the dark pioneer is no more ;
 And ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England blew.

III.

Ay, but the foe sprung his mine many times, and it chanced on a day
 Soon as the blast of that underground thunderclap echo'd away,
 Dark thro' the smoke and the sulphur like so many fiends in their hell—
 Cannon-shot, musket-shot, volley on volley, and yell upon yell—
 Fiercely on all the defences our myriad enemy fell.
 What have they done ? Where is it ? Out yonder. Guard the Redan !
 Storm at the Water-gate ! storm at the Bailey-gate ! storm, and it ran
 Surging and swaying all round us, as ocean on every side.
 Plunges and heaves at a bank that is daily drown'd by the tide—
 So many thousands that if they be bold enough, who shall escape ?
 Kill or be kill'd, live or die, they shall know we are soldiers and men !
 Ready ! take aim at their leaders—their masses are gapp'd with our grape—
 Backward they reel like the wave, like the wave flinging forward again,
 Flying and foil'd at the last by the handful they could not subdue ;
 And ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England blew.

IV.

Handful of men as we were, we were English in heart and in limb,
 Strong with the strength of the race to command, to obey, to endure,
 Each of us fought as if hope for the garrison hung but on him ;
 Still—could we watch at all points ? we were every day fewer and fewer.
 There was a whisper among us, but only a whisper that past :
 'Children and wives—if the tigers leap into the fold unawares—
 Every man die at his post—and the foe may outlive us at last—
 Better to fall by the hands that they love, than to fall into theirs !'
 Roar upon roar in a moment two mines by the enemy sprung
 Clove into perilous chasms our walls and our poor palisades.
 Riflemen, true is your heart, but be sure that your hand is as true !
 Sharp is the fire of assault, better aim'd are your flank fusillades—
 Twice do we hurl them to earth from the ladders to which they had clung,
 Twice from the ditch where they shelter we drive them with hand-grenades ;
 And ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England blew.

V.

Then on another wild morning another wild earthquake out-tore
 Clean from our lines of defence ten or twelve good paces or more.

Riflemen, high on the roof, hidden there from the light of the sun—
 One has leapt up on the breach, crying out: 'Follow me, follow me!'
 Mark him—he falls! then another, and *him* too, and down goes he.
 Had they been bold enough then, who can tell but the traitors had won?
 Boardings and ratters and doors—an embrasure! make way for the gun!
 Now double-charge it with grape! It is charged and we fire, and they run.
 Praise to our Indian brothers, and let the dark face have his due!
 Thanks to the kindly dark faces who fought with us, faithful and few,
 Fought with the bravest among us, and drove them, and smote them, and slew,
 That ever upon the topmost roof our banner in India blew.

VI.

Men will forget what we suffer and not what we do. We can fight;
 But to be soldier all day and be sentinel all thro' the night—
 Ever the mine and assault, our sallies, their lying alarms.
 Bugles and drums in the darkness, and shoutings and soundings to arms,
 Ever the labour of fifty that had to be done by five,
 Ever the marvel among us that one should be left alive,
 Ever the day with its traitorous death from the loop-holes around,
 Ever the night with its coffinlike corpse to be laid in the ground,
 Heat like the mouth of a hell, or a deluge of cataract skies,
 Stench of old offal decaying, and infinite torment of flies,
 Thoughts of the breezes of May blowing over an English field,
 Cholera, scurvy, and fever, the wound that *would* not be heal'd,
 Lopping away of the limb by the pitiful-pitiless knife,—
 Torture and trouble in vain,—for it never could save us a life,
 Valour of delicate women who tended the hospital bed,
 Horror of women in travail among the dying and dead,
 Grief for our perishing children, and never a moment for grief,
 Toil and ineffable weariness, faltering hopes of relief,
 Havelock baffled, or beaten, or butcher'd for all that we knew—
 Then day and night, day and night, coming down on the still-shatter'd walls
 Millions of musket-bullets, and thousands of cannon-balls—
 But ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England blew.

VII.

Hark cannonade, fusillade! is it true what was told by the scout?
 Outram and Havelock breaking their way thro' the fell mutineers!
 Surely the pibroch of Europe is ringing again in our ears!
 All on a sudden the garrison utter a jubilant shout,
 Havelock's glorious Highlanders answer with conquering cheers,
 Forth from their holes and their hidings our women and children come out,
 Blessing the wholesome white faces of Havelock's good fusiliers,
 Kissing the war-harden'd hand of the Highlander wet with their tears!
 Dance to the pibroch!—saved! we are saved!—is it you? is it you?
 Saved by the valour of Havelock saved by the blessing of Heaven!
 'Hold it for fifteen days!' we have held it for eighty-seven!
 And ever aloft on the palace roof the old banner of England blew.

ALFRED TENNYSON, in *The Nineteenth Century*.

CHAPTERS ON SOCIALISM.

THE DIFFICULTIES OF SOCIALISM.

AMONG those who call themselves Socialists, two kinds of persons may be distinguished. There are, in the first place, those whose plans for a new order of society, in which private property and individual competition are to be superseded and other motives to action substituted, are on the scale of a village community or township, and would be applied to an entire country by the multiplication of such self-acting units; of this character are the systems of Owen, of Fourier, and the more thoughtful and philosophic Socialists generally. The other class, who are more a product of the Continent than of Great Britain and may be called the revolutionary Socialists, propose to themselves a much bolder stroke. Their scheme is the management of the whole productive resources of the country by one central authority, the general government. And with this view some of them avow as their purpose that the working classes, or somebody in their behalf, should take possession of all the property of the country and administer it for the general benefit.

Whatever be the difficulties of the first of these two forms of Socialism, the second must evidently involve the same difficulties and many more. The former, too, has the great advantage that it can be brought into operation progressively, and can prove its capabilities by trial. It can be tried first on a select population and extended to others as their education and cultivation permit. It need not, and in the natural order of things would not, become an engine of subversion until it had shown itself capable of being also a means of reconstruction. It is not so with the other: the aim of that is to substitute the new rule for the old at a single stroke, and to exchange the amount of good realised under the present system, and its large possibilities of improvement, for a plunge without any preparation into the most extreme form of the problem of carrying on the whole round of the operations of social life without the motive power which has always hitherto worked the social machinery. It must be acknowledged that those who would play this game on the strength of their own private opinion, unconfirmed as yet by any experimental verification—who would forcibly deprive all who have now a comfortable physical existence of their only present means of preserving it, and would brave the frightful bloodshed and misery that would ensue if the attempt was resisted—must have a serene confidence in their own wisdom on the one hand, and a recklessness of other people's sufferings on the other, which Robespierre and St. Just, hitherto the typical instances of those united attributes, scarcely came up to. Nevertheless this scheme has great elements of popularity which the more cautious

and reasonable form of Socialism has not; because what it professes to do it promises to do quickly, and holds out hope to the enthusiastic of seeing the whole of their aspirations realised in their own time and at a blow.

The peculiarities, however, of the revolutionary form of Socialism will be most conveniently examined after the considerations common to both the forms have been duly weighed.

The produce of the world could not attain anything approaching to its present amount, nor support anything approaching to the present number of its inhabitants except upon two conditions: abundant and costly machinery, buildings, and other instruments of production; and the power of undertaking long operations and waiting a considerable time for their fruits. In other words, there must be a large accumulation of capital, both fixed in the implements and buildings, and circulating, that is, employed in maintaining the labourers and their families during the time which elapses before the productive operations are completed and the products come in. This necessity depends on physical laws, and is inherent in the condition of human life; but these requisites of production, the capital fixed and circulating, of the country (to which has to be added the land and all that is contained in it) may either be the collective property of those who use it, or may belong to individuals; and the question is, which of these arrangements is most conducive to human happiness. What is characteristic of Socialism is the joint ownership by all the members of the community of the instruments and means of production, which carries with it the consequence that the division of the produce among the body of owners must be a public act, performed according to rules laid down by the community. Socialism by no means excludes private ownership of articles of consumption; the exclusive right of each to his or her share of the produce when received, either to enjoy, to give, or to exchange it. The land, for example, might be wholly the property of the community for agricultural and other productive purposes, and might be cultivated on their joint account, and yet the dwelling assigned to each individual or family as part of their remuneration might be as exclusively theirs, while they continued to fulfil their share of the common labours, as any one's house now is; and not the dwelling only, but any ornamental ground which the circumstances of the association allowed to be attached to the house for purposes of enjoyment. The distinctive feature of Socialism is not that all things are in common, but that production is only carried on upon the common account, and that the instruments of production are held as common property. The *practicability* then of Socialism, on the scale of Mr. Owen's or M. Fourier's villages, admits of no dispute. The attempt to manage the whole production of a nation by one central organization is a totally different matter; but a mixed agricultural and manufacturing association of from two thousand to four thousand inhabitants under any tolerable circumstances of soil and climate would be easier to

manage than many a joint stock company. The question to be considered is, whether this joint management is likely to be as efficient and successful as the managements of private industry by private capital. And this question has to be considered in a double aspect; the efficiency of the directing mind, or minds, and that of the simple workpeople. And in order to state this question in its simplest form, we will suppose the form of Socialism to be simple Communism, *i. e.* equal division of the produce among all the sharers, or, according to M. Louis Blanc's still higher standard of justice, apportionment of it according to difference of need, but without making any difference of reward according to the nature of the duty nor according to the supposed merits or services of the individual. There are other forms of Socialism, particularly Fourierism, which do, on considerations of justice or expediency, allow differences of remuneration for different kinds or degrees of service to the community; but the consideration of these may be for the present postponed.

The difference between the motive powers in the economy of society under private property and under Communism would be greatest in the case of the directing minds. Under the present system, the direction being entirely in the hands of the person or persons who own (or are personally responsible for) the capital, the whole benefit of the difference between the best administration and the worst under which the business can continue to be carried on accrues to the person or persons who control the administration; they reap the whole profit of good management except so far as their self-interest or liberality induce them to share it with their subordinates: and they suffer the whole detriment of mismanagement except so far as this may cripple their subsequent power of employing labour. This strong personal motive to do their very best and utmost for the efficiency and economy of the operations, would not exist under Communism; as the managers would only receive out of the produce the same equal dividend as the other members of the association. What would remain would be the interest common to all in so managing affairs as to make the dividend as large as possible; the incentives of public spirit, of conscience, and of the honour and credit of the managers. The force of these motives, especially when combined, is great. But it varies greatly in different persons, and is much greater for some purposes than for others. The verdict of experience, in the imperfect degree of moral cultivation which mankind have yet reached, is that the motive of conscience and that of credit and reputation save when they are of some strength, are, in the majority of cases, much stronger as restraining than as impelling forces—are more to be depended on for preventing wrong, than for calling forth the fullest energies in the pursuit of ordinary occupations. In the case of most men the only inducement which has been found sufficiently constant and unflagging to overcome the ever present influence of indolence and love of ease, and induce men to apply themselves unrelaxingly to work for the most part in itself dull and unexciting, is the prospect of bettering their own economic

condition and that of their family; and the closer the connection of every increase of exertion with a corresponding increase of its fruits, the more powerful is this motive. To suppose the contrary would be to imply that with men as they now are, duty and honour are more powerful principles of action than personal interest, not solely as to special acts and forbearances respecting which those sentiments have been exceptionally cultivated, but in the regulation of their whole lives; which no one I suppose, will affirm. It may be said that this inferior efficacy of public and social feelings is not inevitable—is the result of imperfect education. This I am quite ready to admit, and also that there are even now many individual exceptions to the general infirmity. But before these exceptions can grow into a majority, or even into a very large minority, much time will be required. The education of human beings is one of the most difficult of all arts, and this is one of the points in which it has hitherto been least successful; moreover improvements in general education are necessarily very gradual, because the future generation is educated by the present, and the imperfections of the teachers set an invincible limit to the degree in which they can train their pupils to be better than thems lves. We must therefore expect, unless we are operating upon a select portion of the population, that personal interest will for a long time be a more effective stimulus to the most vigorous and careful conduct of the industrial business of society than motives of a higher character. It will be said that at present the greed of personal gain by its very excess counteracts its own end by the stimulus it gives to reckless and often dishonest risks. This it does, and under Communism that source of evil would generally be absent. It is probable, indeed, that enterprise either of a bad or of a good kind would be a deficient element, and that business in general would fall very much under the dominion of routine; the rather, as the performance of duty in such communities has to be enforced by external sanctions, the more nearly each person's duty can be reduced to fixed rules, the easier it is to hold him to its performance. A circumstance which increases the probability of this result is the limited power which the managers would have of independent action. They would of course hold their authority from the choice of the community, by whom their function might at any time be withdrawn from them; and this would make it necessary for them, even if not so required by the constitution of the community, to obtain the general consent of the body before making any change in the established mode of carrying on the concern.

The difficulty of persuading a numerous body to make a change in their accustomed mode of working, of which change the trouble is often great, and the risk more obvious to their minds than the advantage, would have a great tendency to keep things in their accustomed track. Against this it has to be set, that choice by the persons who are directly interested in the success of the work, and who have practical knowledge and opportunities of judgment, might be expected on the average to produce managers of greater skill than the chances of birth.

which now so often determine who shall be the owner of the capital. This may be true; and though it may be replied that the capitalist by inheritance can also, like the community, appoint a manager more capable than himself, this would only place him on the same level of advantage as the community, not on a higher level. But it must be said on the other side that under the Communist system the persons most qualified for the management would be likely very often to hang back from undertaking it. At present the manager, even if he be a hired servant, has a very much larger remuneration than the other persons concerned in the business; and there are open to his ambition higher social positions to which his function of manager is a stepping-stone. On the Communist system none of these advantages would be possessed by him; he could obtain only the same dividend out of the produce of the community's labour as any other member of it; he would no longer have the chance of raising himself from a receiver of wages into the class of capitalists; and while he could be in no way better off than any other labourer, his responsibilities and anxieties would be so much greater that a large proportion of mankind would be likely to prefer the less onerous position. This difficulty was foreseen by Plato as an objection to the system proposed in his Republic of community of goods among a governing class; and the motive on which he relied for inducing the fit persons to take on themselves, in the absence of all the ordinary inducements, the cares and labours of government, was the fear of being governed by worse men. This, in truth, is the motive which would have to be in the main depended upon; the persons most competent to the management would be prompted to undertake the office to prevent it from falling into less competent hands. And the motive would probably be effectual at times when there was an impression that by incompetent management the affairs of the community were going to ruin, or even only decidedly deteriorating. But this motive could not, as a rule, expect to be called into action by the less stringent inducement of merely promoting improvement; unless in the case of inventors or schemers eager to try some device from which they hoped for great and immediate fruits; and persons of this kind are very often unfitted by over-sanguine temper and imperfect judgment for the general conduct of affairs, while even when fitted for it they are precisely the kind of persons against whom the average man is apt to entertain a prejudice, and they would often be unable to overcome the preliminary difficulty of persuading the community both to adopt their project and to accept them as managers. Communistic management would thus be, in all probability, less favourable than private management to that striking out of new paths and making immediate sacrifices for distant and uncertain advantages, which, though seldom unattended with risk, is generally indispensable to great improvements in the economic condition of mankind, and even to keeping up the existing state in the face of a continual increase of the number of mouths to be fed.

We have thus far taken account only of the operation of motives upon the managing minds of the association. Let us now consider how the case stands in regard to the ordinary workers.

These, under Communism, would have no interest, except their share of the general interest, in doing their work honestly and energetically. But in this respect matters would be no worse than they now are in regard to the great majority of the producing classes. These, being paid by fixed wages, are so far from having any direct interest of their own in the efficiency of their work, that they have not even that share in the general interest which every worker would have in the Communistic organization. Accordingly, the inefficiency of hired labour, the imperfect manner in which it calls forth the real capabilities of the labourers, is matter of common remark. It is true that a character for being a good workman is far from being without its value, as it tends to give him a preference in employment, and sometimes obtains for him higher wages. There are also possibilities of rising to the position of foreman, or other subordinate administrative posts, which are not only more highly paid than ordinary labour, but sometimes open the way to ulterior advantages. But on the other side is to be set that under Communism the general sentiment of the community, composed of the comrades under whose eyes each person works, would be sure to be in favour of good and hard working, and unfavourable to laziness, carelessness, and waste. In the present system not only is this not the case, but the public opinion of the workman class often acts in the very opposite direction: the rules of some trade societies actually forbid their members to exceed a certain standard of efficiency, lest they should diminish the number of labourers required for the work; and for the same reason they often violently resist contrivances for economising labour. The change from this to a state in which every person would have an interest in rendering every other person as industrious, skilful, and careful as possible (which would be the case under Communism), would be a change very much for the better.

It is, however, to be considered that the principal defects of the present system in respect to the efficiency of labour may be corrected, and the chief advantages of Communism in that respect may be obtained, by arrangements compatible with private property and individual competition. Considerable improvement is already obtained by piece-work, in the kinds of labour which admit of it. By this the workman's personal interest is closely connected with the quantity of work he turns out—not so much with its quality, the security for which still has to depend on the employer's vigilance; neither does piece-work carry with it the public opinion of the workman class, which is often, on the contrary, strongly opposed to it, as a means of (as they think) diminishing the market for labourers. And there is really good ground for their dislike of piece-work, if, as is alleged, it is a frequent practice of employers, after using piece-work to ascertain the utmost which a good workman can do, to fix the price of piece-

work so low that by doing that utmost he is not able to earn more than they would be obliged to give him as day wages for ordinary work.

But there is a far more complete remedy than piece-work for the disadvantages of hired labour, viz. what is now called industrial partnership—the admission of the whole body of labourers to a participation in the profits, by distributing among all who share in the work, in the form of a percentage on their earnings, the whole or a fixed portion of the gains after a certain remuneration has been allowed to the capitalist. This plan has been found of admirable efficacy, both in this country and abroad. It has enlisted the sentiments of the workmen on the side of the most careful regard by all of them to the general interest of the concern; and by its joint effect in promoting zealous exertion and checking waste, it has very materially increased the remuneration of every description of labour in the concerns in which it has been adopted. It is evident that this system admits of indefinite extension and of an indefinite increase in the share of profits assigned to the labourers, short of that which would leave to the managers less than the needful degree of personal interest in the success of the concern. It is even likely that when such arrangements become common, many of these concerns would at some period or another, on the death or retirement of the chiefs, pass, by arrangement, into the state of purely co-operative associations.

It thus appears that as far as concerns the motives to exertion in the general body, Communism has no advantage which may not be reached under private property, while as respects the managing heads it is at a considerable disadvantage. It has also some disadvantages which seem to be inherent in it, through the necessity under which it lies of deciding in a more or less arbitrary manner questions which, on the present system, decide themselves, often badly enough, but spontaneously.

It is a simple rule, and under certain aspects a just one, to give equal payment to all who share in the work. But this is a very imperfect justice unless the work also is apportioned equally. Now the many different kinds of work required in every society are very unequal in hardness and unpleasantness. To measure these against one another, so as to make quality equivalent to quantity, is so difficult that Communists generally propose that all should work by turns at every kind of labour. But this involves an almost complete sacrifice of the economic advantages of the division of employments, advantages which are indeed frequently over-estimated (or rather the counter-considerations are under-estimated) by political economists, but which are nevertheless, in the point of view of the productiveness of labour, very considerable, for the double reason that the co-operation of employment enables the work to distribute itself with some regard to the special capacities and qualifications of the worker, and also that every worker acquires greater skill and rapidity in one kind of work by confining himself to it. The arrangement, therefore, which is deemed indispensable to a just distribu-

tion would probably be a very considerable disadvantage in respect of production. But further, it is still a very imperfect standard of justice to demand the same amount of work from every one. People have unequal capacities of work, both mentally and bodily, and what is a light task for one is an insupportable burthen to another. It is necessary, therefore, that there should be a dispensing power, an authority competent to grant exemptions from the ordinary amount of work, and to proportion tasks in some measure to capabilities. As long as there are any lazy or selfish persons who like better to be worked for by others than to work, there will be frequent attempts to obtain exemptions by favour or fraud, and the frustration of these attempts will be an affair of considerable difficulty, and will by no means be always successful. These inconveniences would be little felt, for some time at least, in communities composed of select persons, earnestly desirous of the success of the experiment; but plans for the regeneration of society must consider average human beings, and not only them but the large residuum of persons greatly below the average in the personal and social virtues. The squabbles and ill-blood which could not fail to be engendered by the distribution of work whenever such persons have to be dealt with, would be a great abatement from the harmony and unanimity which Communists hope would be found among the members of their association. That concord would, even in the most fortunate circumstances, be much more liable to disturbance than Communists suppose. The institution provides that there shall be no quarreling about material interests; individualism is excluded from that department of affairs. But there are other departments from which no institutions can exclude it: there will still be rivalry for reputation and for personal power. When selfish ambition is excluded from the field in which, with most men, it chiefly exercises itself, that of riches and pecuniary interest, it would betake itself with greater intensity to the domain still open to it, and we may expect that the struggles for pre-eminence and for influence in the management would be of great bitterness when the personal passions, diverted from their ordinary channel, are driven to seek their principal gratification in that other direction. For these various reasons it is probable that a Communist association would frequently fail to exhibit the attractive picture of mutual love and unity of will and feeling which we are often told by Communists to expect, but would often be torn by dissension and not unfrequently broken by it.

Other and numerous sources of discord are inherent in the necessity which the Communist principle involves, of deciding by the general voice questions of the utmost importance to every one, which on the present system can be and are left to individuals to decide, each for his own case. As an example, take the subject of education. All Socialists are strongly impressed with the all-importance of the training given to the young, not only for the reasons which apply universally, but because their demands being much greater than those of any other system

upon the intelligence and morality of the individual citizen, they have even more at stake than any other societies on the excellence of their educational arrangements. Now under Communism these arrangements would have to be made for every citizen by the collective body, since individual parents, supposing them to prefer some other mode of educating their children, would have no private means of paying for it, and would be limited to what they could do by their own personal teaching and influence. But every adult member of the body would have an equal voice in determining the collective system designed for the benefit of all. Here, then, is a most fruitful source of discord in every association. All who had any opinion or preference as to the education they would desire for their own children, would have to rely for their chance of obtaining it upon the influence they could exercise in the joint decision of the community.

It is needless to specify a number of other important questions affecting the mode of employing the productive resources of the association, the conditions of social life, the relations of the body with other associations, etc., on which difference of opinion, often irreconcilable, would be likely to arise. But even the dissensions which might be expected would be a far less evil to the prospects of humanity than a delusive unanimity produced by the prostration of all individual opinions and wishes before the decree of the majority. The obstacles to human progression are always great, and require a concurrence of favourable circumstances to overcome them; but an indispensable condition of their being overcome is, that human nature should have freedom to expand spontaneously in various directions, both in thought and practice; that people should both think for themselves and try experiments for themselves, and should not resign into the hands of rulers, whether acting in the name of a few or of the majority, the business of thinking for them, and of prescribing how they shall act. But in Communist associations private life would be brought in a most unexampled degree within the dominion of public authority, and there would be less scope for the development of individual character and individual preferences than has hitherto existed among the full citizens of any state belonging to the progressive branches of the human family. Already in all societies the compression of individuality by the majority is a great and growing evil; it would probably be much greater under Communism, except so far as it might be in the power of individuals to set bounds to it by selecting to belong to a community of persons like-minded with themselves.

From these various considerations I do not seek to draw any inference against the possibility that Communistic production is capable of being at some future time the form of society best adapted to the wants and circumstances of mankind. I think that this is, and will long be, an open question, upon which fresh light will continually be obtained, both by trial of the Communistic principle under favourable circumstances, and by the improvements which will be gradually effected in

the working of the existing system, that of private ownership. The one certainty is, that Communism, to be successful, requires a high standard of both moral and intellectual education in all the members of the community—moral, to qualify them for doing their part honestly and energetically in the labour of life, under no inducement but their share in the general interest of the association, and their feelings of duty and sympathy towards it; intellectual, to make them capable of estimating distant interests and entering into complex considerations, sufficiently at least to be able to discriminate, in these matters, good counsel from bad. Now I reject altogether the notion that it is impossible for education and cultivation such as is implied in these things to be made the inheritance of every person in the nation; but I am convinced that it is very difficult, and that the passage to it from our present condition can only be slow. I admit the plea that in the points of moral education on which the success of Communism depends, the present state of society is demoralising, and that only a Communistic association can effectually train mankind for Communism. It is for Communism, then, to prove, by practical experiment, its power of giving this training. Experiments alone can show whether there is as yet in any portion of the population a sufficiently high level of moral cultivation to make Communism succeed, and to give to the next generation among themselves the education necessary to keep up that high level permanently. If Communist associations show that they can be durable and prosperous, they will multiply, and will probably be adopted by successive portions of the population of the more advanced countries as they become morally fitted for that mode of life. But to force unprepared populations into Communist societies, even if a political revolution gave the power to make such an attempt, would end in disappointment.

If practical trial is necessary to test the capabilities of Communism, it is no less required for those other forms of Socialism which recognize the difficulties of Communism and contrive means to surmount them. The principal of these is Fourierism, a system which, if only as a specimen of intellectual ingenuity, is highly worthy of the attention of any student, either of society or of the human mind. There is scarcely an objection or a difficulty which Fourier did not foresee, and against which he did not make provision beforehand by self-acting contrivances, grounded, however, upon a less high principle of distributive justice than that of Communism, since he admits inequalities of distribution and individual ownership of capital, but not the arbitrary disposal of it. The great problem which he grapples with is how to make labour attractive, since, if this could be done, the principal difficulty of Socialism would be overcome. He maintains that no kind of useful labour is necessarily or universally repugnant, unless either excessive in amount or devoid of the stimulus of companionship and emulation, or regarded by mankind with contempt. The workers in a Fourierist village are to class themselves spontaneously in groups, each group undertaking a

different kind of work, and the same person may be a member not only of one group but of any number; a certain minimum having first been set apart for the subsistence of every member of the community, whether capable or not of labour, the society divides the remainder of the produce among the different groups, in such shares as it finds attract to each the amount of labour required, and no more; if there is too great a run upon particular groups it is a sign that those groups are over-remunerated relatively to others; if any are neglected their remuneration must be made higher. The share of produce assigned to each group is divided in fixed proportions among three elements—labour, capital and talent; the part assigned to talent being awarded by the suffrages of the group itself, and it is hoped that among the varieties of human capacities all, or nearly all, will be qualified to excel in some group or other. The remuneration for capital is to be such as is found sufficient to induce savings from individual consumption, in order to increase the common stock to such point as is desired. The number and ingenuity of the contrivances for meeting minor difficulties, and getting rid of minor inconveniences, is very remarkable. By means of these various provisions it is the expectation of Fourierists that the personal inducements to exertion for the public interest, instead of being taken away, would be made much greater than at present, since every increase of the service rendered would be much more certain of leading to increase of reward than it is now, when accidents of position have so much influence. The efficiency of labour, they therefore expect, would be unexampled, while the saving of labour would be prodigious, by diverting to useful occupations that which is now wasted on things useless or hurtful, and by dispensing with the vast number of superfluous distributors, the buying and selling for the whole community being managed by a single agency. The free choice of individuals as to their manner of life would be no further interfered with than would be necessary for gaining the full advantages of co-operation in the industrial operations. Altogether, the picture of a Fourierist community is both attractive in itself and requires less from common humanity than any other known system of Socialism; and it is much to be desired that the scheme should have that fair trial which alone can test the workableness of any new scheme of social life.*

The result of our review of the various difficulties of Socialism has led us to the conclusion that the various schemes for managing the productive resources of the country by public instead of private agency

* The principles of Fourierism are clearly set forth and powerfully defended in the various writings of M. Victor Considérant, especially that entitled "La Destinée Sociale;" but the curious inquirer will do well to study them in the writings of Fourier himself; where he will find unmistakable proofs of genius, mixed, however, with the wildest and most unscientific fancies respecting the physical world, and much interesting but rash speculation on the past and future history of humanity. It is proper to add that on some important social questions, for instance on marriage, Fourier had peculiar opinions, which, however, as he himself declares, are quite independent of, and separable from, the principles of his industrial system.

have a case for a trial, and some of them may eventually establish their claims to preference over the existing order of things, but that they are at present workable only by the *elite* of mankind, and have yet to prove their power of training mankind at large to the state of improvement which they presuppose. Far more, of course, may this be said of the more ambitious plan which aims at taking possession of the whole land and capital of the country, and beginning at once to administer it on the public account. Apart from all consideration of injustice to the present possessors, the very idea of conducting the whole industry of a country by direction from a single centre is so obviously chimerical, that nobody ventures to propose any mode in which it should be done; and it can hardly be doubted that if the revolutionary Socialists attained their immediate object, and actually had the whole property of the country at their disposal, they would find no other practicable mode of exercising their power over it than that of dividing it into portions, each to be made over to the administration of a small Socialist community. The problem of management, which we have seen to be so difficult even to a select population well prepared beforehand, would be thrown down to be solved as best it could by aggregations united only by locality, or taken indiscriminately from the population, including all the malefactors, all the idlest and most vicious, the most incapable of steady industry, forsooth, or self-control, and a majority who, though not equally degraded, are yet, in the opinion of Socialists themselves, as far as regards the qualities essential for the success of Socialism, profoundly demoralised by the existing state of society. It is saying but little to say that the introduction of Socialism under such conditions could have no effect but disastrous failure, and its apostles could have only the consolation that the order of society as it now exists would have perished first, and all who benefit by it would be involved in the common ruin—a consolation which to some of them would probably be real, for if appearances can be trusted the animating principle of too many of the revolutionary Socialists is hate; a very excusable hatred of existing evils, which would vent itself by putting an end to the present system at all costs even to those who suffer by it, in the hope that out of chaos would arise a better Kosmos, and in the impatience of desperation respecting any more gradual improvement. They are unaware that chaos is the very most unfavourable position for setting out in the construction of a Kosmos, and that many ages of conflict, violence, and tyrannical oppression of the weak by the strong must intervene; they know not that they would plunge mankind into the state of nature so forcibly described by Hobbes (*Leviathan*, Part I. ch. xiii.), where every man is enemy to every man:—

“In such condition there is no place for industry, because the fruit thereof is uncertain, and consequently no culture of the earth, no navigation, no use of the commodities that may be imported by sea, no commodious building, no instruments of moving and removing such things as require much force, no knowledge of the face of the earth, no account of time, no arts, no letters, no society; and, which is worst of all, continual fear and danger of violent death; and the life of man solitary, poor, nasty, brutish and short.”

If the poorest and most wretched members of a so-called civilised society are in as bad a condition as every one would be in that worst form of barbarism produced by the dissolution of civilised life, it does not follow that the way to raise them would be to reduce all others to the same miserable state. On the contrary, it is by the aid of the first who have risen that so many others have escaped from the general lot, and it is only by better organization of the same process that it may be hoped in time to succeed in raising the remainder

THE IDEA OF PRIVATE PROPERTY NOT FIXED BUT VARIABLE.

The preceding considerations appear to show that an entire renovation of the social fabric, such as is contemplated by Socialism, establishing the economic constitution of society upon an entirely new basis, other than that of private property and competition, however valuable as an ideal, and even as a prophecy of ultimate possibilities, is not available as a present resource, since it requires from those who are to carry on the new order of things qualities both moral and intellectual, which require to be tested in all, and to be created in most; and this cannot be done by an Act of Parliament, but must be, on the most favourable supposition, a work of considerable time. For a long period to come the principle of individual property will be in possession of the field; and even if in any country a popular movement were to place Socialists at the head of a revolutionary government, in however many ways they might violate private property, the institution itself would survive, and would either be accepted by them or brought back by their expulsion, for the plain reason that people will not lose their hold of what is at present their sole reliance for subsistence and security until a substitute for it has been got into working order. Even those, if any, who had shared among themselves what was the property of others would desire to keep what they had acquired, and to give back to property in the new hands the sacredness which they had not recognised in the old.

But though, for these reasons, individual property has presumably a long term before it, if only of provisional existence, we are not, therefore, to conclude that it must exist during that whole term unmodified, or that all the rights now regarded as appertaining to property belong to it inherently, and must endure while it endures. On the contrary, it is both the duty and the interest of those who derive the most direct benefit from the laws of property to give impartial consideration to all proposals for rendering those laws in any way less onerous to the majority. This, which would in any case be an obligation of justice, is an injunction of prudence also, in order to place themselves in the right against the attempts which are sure to be frequent to bring the Socialist forms of society prematurely into operation.

One of the mistakes oftenest committed, and which are the sources of the greatest practical errors in human affairs, is that of supposing that the same name always stands for the same aggregation of ideas. No word has been the subject of more of this kind of misunderstanding

than the word property. It denotes in every state of society the largest powers of exclusive use or exclusive control over things (and sometimes, unfortunately, over persons) which the law accords, or which custom, in that state of society, recognises; but these powers of exclusive use and control are very various, and differ greatly in different countries and in different states of society.

For instance, in early states of society, the right of property did not include the right of bequest. The power of disposing of property by will was in most countries of Europe a rather late institution; and long after it was introduced it continued to be limited in favour of what were called natural heirs. Where bequest is not permitted, individual property is only a life interest. And in fact, as has been so well and fully set forth by Sir Henry Maine in his most instructive work on Ancient Law, the primitive idea of property was that it belonged to the family, not the individual. The head of the family had the management and was the person who really exercised the proprietary rights. As in other respects, so in this, he governed the family with nearly despotic power. But he was not free so to exercise his power as to defeat the co-proprietors of the other portions; he could not so dispose of the property as to deprive them of the joint enjoyment or of the succession. By the laws and customs of some nations the property could not be alienated without the consent of the male children; in other cases the child could by law demand a division of the property and the assignment to him of his share, as in the story of the Prodigal Son. If the association kept together after the death of the head, some other member of it, not always his son, but often the eldest of the family, the strongest, or the one selected by the rest, succeeded to the management and to the managing rights, all the others retaining theirs as before. If, on the other hand, the body broke up into separate families, each of these took away with it a part of the property. I say the property; not the inheritance, because the process was a mere continuance of existing rights, not a creation of new; the manager's share alone lapsed to the association.

Then, again, in regard to proprietary rights over immovables (the principal kind of property in a rude age) these rights were of very varying extent and duration. By the Jewish law property in immovables was only a temporary concession; on the Sabbatical year it returned to the common stock to be redistributed; though we may surmise that in the historical times of the Jewish state this rule may have been successfully evaded. In many countries of Asia, before European ideas intervened, nothing existed to which the expression property in land, as we understand the phrase, is strictly applicable. The ownership was broken up among several distinct parties, whose rights were determined rather by custom than by law. The government was part owner, having the right to a heavy rent. Ancient ideas and even ancient laws limited the government share to some particular fraction of the gross produce, but practically there was no fixed limit.

The government might make over its share to an individual, who then became possessed of the right of collection and all the other rights of the state, but not those of any private person connected with the soil. These private rights were of various kinds. The actual cultivators, or such of them as had been long settled on the land, had a right to retain possession; it was held unlawful to evict them while they paid the rent—a rent not in general fixed by agreement, but by the custom of the neighbourhood. Between the actual cultivators and the state, or the substitute to whom the state had transferred its rights, there were intermediate persons with rights of various extent. There were officers of government who collected the state's share of the produce, sometimes for large districts, who, though bound to pay over to government all they collected, after deducting a percentage, were often hereditary officers. There were also, in many cases, village communities, consisting of the reputed descendants of the first settlers of a village, who shared among themselves either the land or its produce according to rules established by custom, either cultivating it themselves or employing others to cultivate it for them, and whose rights in the land approached nearer to those of a landed proprietor, as understood in England, than those of any other party concerned. But the proprietary right of the village was not individual, but collective; inalienable (the rights of individual sharers could only be sold or mortgaged with the consent of the community) and governed by fixed rules. In mediæval Europe almost all land was held from the sovereign on tenure of service, either military or agricultural; and in Great Britain even now, when the services as well as all the reserved rights of the sovereign have long since fallen into disuse or been commuted for taxation, the theory of the law does not acknowledge an absolute right of property in land in any individual; the fullest landed proprietor known to the law, the freeholder, is but a "tenant" of the Crown. In Russia, even when the cultivators of the soil were serfs of the landed proprietor, his proprietary right in the land was limited by rights of theirs belonging to them as a collective body managing its own affairs, and with which he could not interfere. And in most of the countries of continental Europe when serfage was abolished or went out of use, those who had cultivated the land as serfs remained in possession of rights as well as subject to obligations. The great land reforms of Stein and his successors in Prussia consisted in abolishing both the rights and the obligations, and dividing the land bodily between the proprietor and the peasant, instead of leaving each of them with a limited right over the whole. In other cases, as in Tuscany, the *metayer* farmer is virtually co-proprietor with the landlord, since custom, though not law, guarantees to him a permanent possession and half the gross produce, so long as he fulfils the customary conditions of his tenure.

Again, if rights of property over the same things are of different extent in different countries, so also are they exercised over different things. In all countries at a former time, and in some countries still,

the right of property extended and extends to the ownership of human beings. There has often been property in public trusts, as in judicial offices, and a vast multitude of others in France before the Revolution; there are still a few patent offices in Great Britain, though I believe they will cease by operation of law on the death of the present holders; and we are only now abolishing property in army rank. Public bodies, constituted and endowed for public purposes, still claim the same inviolable right of property in their estates which individuals have in theirs, and though a sound political morality does not acknowledge this claim, the law supports it. We thus see that the right of property is differently interpreted, and held to be of different extent, in different times and places; that the conception entertained of it is a varying conception, has been frequently revised, and may admit of still further revision. It is also to be noticed that the revisions which it has hitherto undergone in the progress of society have generally been improvements. When, therefore, it is maintained, rightly or wrongly, that some change or modification in the powers exercised over things by the persons legally recognised as their proprietors would be beneficial to the public and conducive to the general improvement, it is no good answer to this merely to say that the proposed change conflicts with the idea of property. The idea of property is not some one thing, identical throughout history and incapable of alteration, but is variable like all other creations of the human mind; at any given time it is a brief expression denoting the rights over things conferred by the law or custom of some given society at that time; but neither on this point nor on any other has the law and custom of a given time and place a claim to be stereotyped for ever. A proposed reform in laws or customs is not necessarily objectionable because its adoption would imply, not the adaptation of all human affairs to the existing idea of property, but the adaptation of existing ideas of property to the growth and improvement of human affairs. This is said without prejudice to the equitable claim of proprietors to be compensated by the state for such legal rights of a proprietary nature as they may be dispossessed of for the public advantage. That equitable claim, the grounds and the just limits of it, are a subject by itself, and as such will be discussed hereafter. Under this condition, however, society is fully entitled to abrogate or alter any particular right of property which on sufficient consideration it judges to stand in the way of the public good. And assuredly the terrible case which, as we saw in a former chapter, Socialists are able to make out against the present economic order of society, demands a full consideration of all means by which the institution may have a chance of being made to work in a manner more beneficial to that large portion of society which at present enjoys the least share of its direct benefits.

JOHN STUART MILL in *Fortnightly Review*.

BIOGRAPHIES OF THE SEASON.

The book season has been very remarkable for the number and variety of biographical works. We hardly remember for many years past such an influx of biographies. Perhaps it is somewhat under the mark if we put down the number of such works as being at least fifty. From this mass of recent literature we select for brief discussion a few which seem distinctly to predominate over their fellows in importance and interest.

The biography which is in every way the most careful and elaborate of the present season, and which has the highest positive value, is undoubtedly Professor Seeley's life of the German statesman Stein.* Professor Seeley is the author of "Ecce Homo," a work which elicited a volume of essays from Mr. Gladstone, who gave its author the Chair of History at Cambridge, in succession to Charles Kingsley. He has now vindicated the selection by issuing a huge work, which is in form a biography, but in reality a history. We must, however, warn our readers that it is anything but amusing. It is a work which was very much wanted, and which will be of matchless value to every student and politician. For to understand the German Empire of to-day we must understand that historical Prussia of the Napoleonic age, of which Stein was a central figure. The personal character of Stein is a very interesting one; but it is not presented with that amount of literary art of which it is fairly susceptible. He was a thoroughly honest man. Such a judge as W. A. Humboldt felt an infinite regard and love for him, and speaks of his conversation as full of force and fire. We especially like him in his autobiography and in his letters to his wife. Mr. Seeley brings out graphically that order of German imperial knight-hood to which Stein belonged, which made him a virtual sovereign over his own narrow domain. He was a petty sovereign, only owning the suzerainty of the emperor; and, indeed, he was legally eligible for that throne. There are many incidental points of great interest, such as the relations of Germany and England, and the relations of Hanover towards both. His "Emancipating Edict" was the great means of regenerating Germany. In the language of his monumental epitaph, 'he stood erect when German bowed the knee.' He was one of the greatest factors in the overthrow of Napoleon. We think that Professor Seeley has made an artistic mistake in excluding the brilliant narrative of the invasion of Rome by the allies. Stein administered the French territory in his day as Bismarck did in 1871. He was strongly in favour of Alsace and Lorraine being taken from France and erected

* "Life and Times of Stein." By J. R. Seeley, M.A. (Cambridge; at the University Press.)

into a separate principality. The work illustrates the continuity of history, and enables us to understand the correlation of historical epochs. The War of Liberation must be combined with any just view of the last war. Compared with such a writer as Macaulay, Professor Seeley is dull; but compared with the German writers who have written about Stein, he is Macaulay himself. Just as the French like to get their ideas of Comte, not from Comte himself, but from a translation of Harriet Martineau's version of his writings, so we expect that Professor Seeley's work will be translated into German, and supersede Perthes and other writers.

From a biography of Stein to a biography of Bismarck is a most natural transition. Certainly there are abundant materials in existence for a biography of the German Chancellor. It has been part of the man's method and character to let his whole nature be known with candour, or at least the appearance of candour. In addition to the various "Lives" in existence, and his letters to his wife and sisters, we have now an account of his sayings and doings in the Franco-German war.* Dr. Busch's work has received an extraordinary amount of popularity on the Continent, and we are glad to welcome an excellent English translation. Dr. Busch considers his hero a second Luther. He rather reminds us of him in his "Table Talk," but a more complete parallel will be found in Oliver Cromwell. We have a wonderful series of Bismarck's personal escapes. He seems to have borne a charmed life. He had some of the very narrowest escapes. His vitality is astonishing. He talks without the slightest reserve of everybody and everything. Among innumerable presents he receives a cask of Vienna beer and a trout-pie, which sets him talking of his own streams at Varzin; he tells how he had caught a five-pound trout in a pond only supplied by a few little streams. He is essentially a country gentleman. His daughter says that his real passion in life is for turnips. Nevertheless the blood and iron are everywhere prevalent. He never scruples to express ferocious thoughts in ferocious language. At Paris he is in favour of bombardment; he is in favour of a storm. He thinks that the people brought down with their balloons should be shot as spies. Some of his graphic portraiture is admirably done. Here is his portrait of Thiers: "He is an able and likeable man, witty and ingenious, but with hardly a trace of diplomatic quality—too sentimental for business. Beyond question he is a superior kind of man to Favre; but he is not fit to make a bargain about an armistice—barely fit to buy or sell a horse. He is too easily put out of countenance; he betrays his feelings; he lets himself be cut. I got all sorts of things out of him; for instance, that they have only three or four weeks' provisions not used." Later he says of Thiers: "He has a fine intellect, good manners, and can tell a story very agreeably. I am often sorry for him, too, for he is in a bad position." He gives a description of the Empress Eugénie: "Very

* "Bismarck in the Franco-German War," 1870-71. Translated from the German of Dr. Moritz Busch. (Macmillan.)

beautiful, not over middle height; with much natural intelligence has little acquired learning, and few interests in intellectual matters." It seems that she had once taken him, with other gentlemen, through her rooms, and even into her sleeping apartment; but he had nowhere seen a book or even a newspaper. He has something to say about our Prince of Wales, and speaks, we are sorry to add, in no very friendly way of England: "B. told me a number of amusing stories of the English court, especially of the Prince of Wales—a pleasant personage, which is a hopeful fact for the future, and may he be found to agree with his disagreeable countrymen." There is a very amusing account of Bismarck's stay at Ferrieres, Baron Rothschild's seat. The old house-steward swore that there was not a drop of wine in the place. But it turned out that there were 17,000 bottles in the house. Dr. Busch does not see why the Rothschilds should have been let off the requisition, but they are privileged. We know that they send any amount of luggage across the frontiers, and it is never searched. Bismarck's criticism on Rothschild's chateau was: "Everything dear, but little that is beautiful, and still less comfortable."

There is a curious blending of the ludicrous and the serious in this work, which, indeed, is a reproduction of Bismarck's character. The Prince is a great eater. He gives a recipe for cooking oysters, but makes a radical mistake in supposing that oysters ought to be cooked at all. He does not seem to have been a good sportsman. He only killed one pheasant, though he wounded several, and Moltke does not appear to have done much better. Moltke, it seems, invented a new drink, a sort of punch made with champagne, hot tea, and sherry, which most people will think spoils three good things. Then we suddenly pass to the most serious matters. Coming to these serious things, we see Bismarck at his best. "If I were no longer a Christian, I would not remain an hour at my post. If I could not count upon my God, assuredly I should not do so on earthly masters. . . . Why should I disturb myself and work unceasingly in this world, exposing myself to all sorts of vexations, if I had not the feeling that I must do my duty for God's sake? If I did not believe in a divine order, which has destined this German nation for something good and great, I would at once give up the business of a diplomatist, or I would not have undertaken it. Take from me this faith, and you take from me my fatherland. If I were not a good believing Christian, if I had not the supernatural basis of religion, you would not have had such a Chancellor." One of the books about him makes him complain that God is "very capricious." Like other able men, he laments that he is not allowed to have his own autocratic ways. He puts down his glass of beer with a sigh, and says, "I wished once more to-day, as I have often wished before, I could say for even five minutes, this is to be or is not to be. One has to bother about whys and wherefores to convince people, to entreat them even, about the simplest matters. What a worry is this eternal talking and begging for things!" He does not wish that any son of his should ever grow rich upon the Stock Ex-

change. He only tried his luck once, and then he lost. He says that since he went into public life he has always been in difficulties. Certainly he is one of the most extraordinary men that ever lived. People used to consider him a fool, but his foolery was the most subtle and, extraordinary statesmanship the modern world has known. He has endorsed and consummated the policy of Stein.

To these two German biographies we add a third of a German character. For a biography at once so interesting and instructive as that of the Baroness Bunsen,* by Mr. J. C. Hare, we must go back to his former work, the "Memorials of a Quiet Life." In each case Mr. Hare would be the first to acknowledge that it is not so much his own literary workmanship, as the immense interest of the subject and heroine, that has achieved such a just popularity. His has been a singularly good fortune to be brought into close companionship with such noble women, and thus to have had such splendid opportunities. The Baroness Bunsen's life of the Baron is well known to our readers, and was fully reviewed in the "Piccadilly Papers" on its first appearance. It will be found that the interesting vein of anecdote, dealing with sovereigns and statesmen, was not exhausted in the first great work. Mr. Hare very rightly goes fully into the ramifications of the family history, which brings many high-souled men and women before us. The match with Bunsen was a love-match. He was but a poor man, and straitness of means seems to have been a burden under which the Bunsens struggled more or less through the larger part of their lives. The great Niebuhr strongly advised the match. He would give any daughter of his own to a man like Bunsen; there was in his character and position a greater guarantee of happiness than could be found in mere rank or wealth. The young girl had left her home in South Wales for a season on the Continent, and she never saw it again for three-and-twenty years. The young scholar she married became an ambassador at the Court of London, a peer of Prussia, a close personal friend of his sovereign's. Such a pair seemed to touch the summits of human life. Whatever places were fairest and pleasantest on this earth they saw; whatever people were best worth knowing they knew; whatever interests were highest they had their full share in them. There is much of the deepest interest in the crowded list of illustrious names; much also in the development of gracious natures, and the progress in wisdom and goodness. The Baroness beautifully says: "The removal of all embarrassment in circumstances is one of those things for which I dare not ask in prayer. I can ask, and do, that I and mine may be provided for in the future, as we have been in the past, with all that is needful: relief *will come when it is good for me.*" Among the crowd of letters there are none that please us better than those which she writes to "my own mother;" and those again which, as a wise and tender mother, she writes to her own children. The finest of these letters touch the noblest and most elevating subjects, which no

* "Life and Letters of Frances Baroness Bunsen," By Augustus J. C. Hare. (Daldy, Isbister & Co.)

amount of fashion, business, or amusement ever long banished from the inmost thoughts of the Bunsens. We have marked many passages of great tenderness and wisdom which might well be commended to the notice of all young ladies. Many are the wise hints which the Baroness gives to her daughter; and indeed all readers may profit by the wisdom, tenderness, and culture which pervade these fascinating volumes.

We now take up two scientific biographies. The subject in each case is a distinguished Scotsman. With the steadiness of a man who is making triumphant progress in his profession, Dr. Smiles perseveres in his chosen path of industrial biography. He has all those advantages of print, paper, and pictorial illustration which render his volumes veritable *licres de luxe*. It is a gracious and useful work which Dr. Smiles has set himself in this work,* as in his last book on Mr. Edwards, to take up, "the obscure and simple annals of the poor." He has skilfully included in this work some account of Mr. Peach, who, in wild out-of-the-way corners of Cornwall and Scotland, has done steady and admirable work in natural science. There are also many interesting details respecting Hugh Miller. We abstain from going into full details of Dick's life, because Dr. Smiles's work has already obtained a very wide circulation and popularity. Dick is a remarkable instance of high thinking and poor living. He found his own happiness and exceedingly great reward in studying and deciphering the splendid page of God's Word as revealed in His works. In many Scottish eyes that watched him he seemed sadly unorthodox in his views; but the love of truth and knowledge must have been an acceptable form of worship. Though a poor man, too, he had an amount of theological books that would do credit to many a curate or minister, whether placed or "stickit" of the Kirk. Dick thoroughly indorsed the feeling of Linnæus, when he (Linnæus) laid his hand on a bit of moss, and said, "Under this palm is material for the study of a lifetime." No matter of intellectual interest was foreign to the mind of this wonderful baker. The plaster walls of his bakery were his canvas, which he covered with his firm, correct drawings. His last days were very melancholy, but they were cheered by his indomitable love of Nature, "I think myself blest if I can find one moss in the week." Dr. Smiles gives a touching account of the ejection of the Highlanders from their homes by the great Scottish dukes; but we believe the fact is, that the great Scottish proprietors are now anxious to keep the men at home or to bring them back. Dr. Smiles's hero shows us a wonderful example of perseverance, modesty, and devotion to truth—moral qualities, which in the long-run beat any intellectual qualities—and he may also arouse the valuable and improving suspicion that those who pride themselves on their culture and refinement may be less naturally noble, less truly educated, than many of the poor around us, who are "God's creatures" as much as ourselves.

We are glad that Mr. Stevenson, the great Scottish engineer, has

* "Robert Dick, Baker, of Thurso, Geologist and Botanist." By Samuel Smiles, LL.D. (Murray.)

found a biographer in his son, whose handsome volume* possesses both a scientific value and also a considerable amount of general interest. Stevenson was the Smeaton of Scotland. His Bell Rock Lighthouse is the great monument of his genius in Scotland; and the Wolf Rock Lighthouse on the Cornish coast is also his. His appointment under the Scottish Lighthouse Board gave him this special direction for his engineering ability. On one occasion he lived four months in a tent on a desolate island. A careful study of the Eddystone prepared him for the Bell Rock. A whole fleet of vessels perished in a December storm which might have been saved by a lighthouse; and it was this disaster which produced the ennobling Act of Parliament which at last achieved this great northern lighthouse. There is always a peculiar fascination about the story of a lighthouse; and the account of the Inchcape or Bell Rock with which the curious legend is connected and the lighthouse Stevenson built is full of thrilling interest. This was, however, only one department of his industrial career. Roads and railways, harbours and rivers, bridges and ferries, all received his closest attention; and his own writings on scientific subjects have perpetuated the knowledge of his methods and results. We could have wished that there had been more personal details of his career, but we have not much beyond his catalogue of virtues and the assurance that "few men had more solid grounds than he for indulging in the pleasing reflection that both in his public and private capacity he had consecrated to beneficial ends every talent committed to his trust."

We pass on now to an example of literary biography. Mr. Dobell's is rather a pathetic history.† He was in his way a genuine poet and a man of kindly nature. He did not do the work of the Muses slackly, though neither the state of his health nor his business surroundings could have been much in his favour. He was a member of a large wine-merchant's firm at Cheltenham, and appears to have been possessed of good business qualities. From a very early age he had a genuine love of literature and great powers of expression. The first part of the work is occupied with a very pretty account of his courtship of the young lady whom he afterwards married, a bit of neat poetry quite as pretty in its way as anything which he ever wrote. A five years' courtship came to an end by a marriage when he was only twenty. Soon after he wrote his earliest poem, "The Roman," and intellectually this poem was his high-water mark. It was a decided and deserved literary success. We think it rather unfortunate for his genius that he met several Scottish gentlemen, such as George Gilfillan and Alexander Smith, who flattered him to the top of his bent, and possibly imparted to him a kind of exaggerated self-consciousness. Without doubt he possessed a remarkably lovable and refined nature. His travel letters, though

* "Life of Robert Stevenson, Civil Engineer." By David Stevenson. (Adam & Charles Black.)

† "The Life and Letters of Sydney Dobell." Edited by E. J. Two vols. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

going over hackneyed ground, are full of feeling and poetical observation. The most interesting refer to Scotland, the Isle of Wight, and the south of France. Some of his *morceaux* are interesting, such as his account of Mr. Tennyson, we might also say of "Dr." Emily Blackwell, and especially of Charlotte Brontë. There is an intellectual power and moral beauty about the life which to many readers will be more attractive than his writings.

Two works present themselves for notice in legal biography. Mr. O'Flanagan, who has already done a great deal in Irish legal biography, has given us a pleasant chatty volume on the Irish bar.* As he points out, the most renowned Irishmen of modern times have been barristers, and a book with such a title arouses lively expectations. The volume is partly original and partly a compilation. His own circuit is the more pleasing and also the more original part of the work. Such a sketch, for instance, as that of Whiteside, who was continually being pitted against his quiet, icy brother-in-law, Mr. Napier, is both amusing and authentic. On the other hand the sketch of Richard Lalor Sheil is meagre and defective. The sketch of Lord Chief Justice Blackburn is very short. The advice given to a certain Lord Lieutenant was "Keep a good cook and feast Lord Blackburn." Another piece of good advice is quoted, given by an attorney to a man who had received a public appointment: "Do as little in your office as ever ye can, but do that little well." We thought that we had exhausted everything that could be said about Curran and O'Connell, but our author has still some fresh stories to tell us. Of course such a book would be incomplete without a notice of John Fitzgibbon, Earl of Clare. A ludicrous incident happened to him which could have happened nowhere out of Ireland. He sentenced a prisoner, a man of good family, to fine and imprisonment, and on his release from imprisonment the man challenged the judge to fight a duel. It is said that the learned judge actually took the advice of a military friend on the point whether he ought to fight or not; but his friend ruled that words spoken in the discharge of an official duty could not be a proper cause for a hostile meeting. There is a good story told of that eminent judge, Lord Guillamore. A stupid jury had acquitted a highwayman, an old offender, whose guilt was perfectly obvious. "Is there any other indictment against this *innocent* man?" inquired the judge of the Crown solicitor. "No, my lord." "Then tell the gaoler not to let him loose till I get half an hour's start of him, for I had rather meet him on the road." There is one anecdote which will be read with much appreciation by gentlemen of the long robe. A noble client, thinking that the counsel's fee had not been marked sufficiently high by his attorney, sent the learned gentleman a gold snuff-box and a brace of pounds. The volume opens with the dark story of the trial of James Kingsborough for the murder of Colonel Fitzgerald—a most remarkable story of forensic romance.

* "The Irish Bar:" comprising anecdotes, bon-mots, and biographical sketches. By J. Roderick O'Flanagan. (Sampson Low and Co.)

We are glad to welcome a memorial volume respecting Mr. M. D. Hill, best known as "the Recorder of Birmingham." It is to be lamented that a man of such rare abilities did not attain to a higher judicial position; but few judges and jurists have proved themselves such a living power in the improved administration of the criminal law. He had the good fortune to become engaged to a sensible young lady, Miss Bucknall, and his letters to her are perfect models of this kind of writing. Mr. Hill had some success both in Parliament and at the bar; he possessed a great variety and versatility of gifts; he was the contemporary, on equal terms, of many of the most celebrated men of his day; but he finally settled into the groove of philanthropy, tempered by literature. He took a leading part in the Prison Congress, which was held in London—last year it was at Stockholm—and he, if any man, thoroughly understood the troublesome convict question. People learned to look out for Mr. Hill's charges to the grand jury of the Birmingham sessions, as the best manifestoes of humanitarian principles in the treatment of criminals. He was admirably seconded by Mary Carpenter; and most of our modern improvements are indirectly due to him and the other disciples of Jeremy Bentham. There is rather a paucity of interesting personal matter. The account of his first interview with Bentham is good: De Quincey tells an amusing story in a letter to Mr. Hill. The Hon. Mrs. M. used to sum up the story of her marriage thus: "Yes; the colonel and I had a hundred thousand pounds between us when I married—just a hundred thousand pounds;" and then, after a little pause, she added, with an air of indifference, "Yes, just; I had ninety-nine and the colonel had one." It is to be wished that there was a larger amount of *ana* in this biography. It certainly gives us a most favourable idea of Mr. Hill's goodness and intellectual powers.

Two political biographies shall be taken—one a foreign and one a home subject. Those who study the politics of Central Asia, which are daily assuming enlarged importance, will read with considerable instruction and interest Mr. Boulger's "Life of Yakoob Beg."* Our friends who study the penny dailies must take care not to confound for a moment the Yakoob Beg of this book with the Yakoob Khan of Afghanistan correspondents. Our Yakoob Beg of the volume before us was a soldier of fortune, who in a wonderful manner constructed, by sheer force of genius, a personal rule for a space of a dozen years, which then came to nothing, after the fashion of so many Oriental Governments. The subject is interesting, and might serve for a romance, only we must warn our readers that the author has carefully eliminated well-nigh all the interest and romance of his subject. Mr. Boulger is a member of the Royal Asiatic Society, and he seems to take it for granted that all his readers are considerably Asiatic in their tastes and information. He brings out the attitude of the three contending powers in Asia, the British, the Russian, the Chinese. We cannot agree with Mr.

* "Life of Yakoob Beg, Athalik Gazi, and Badaulet, Amcer of Kashgar." By D. C. Boulger. (Allen & Co.)

Boulger that "of these China is in many respects the foremost." Either Russia or England is far more than a match for China, while from the solidarity of her power and disinterestedness of her aims the Empire of India stands foremost on the Asiatic map. Russia gained more from China in commercial matters, through friendship, than we gained through our three victorious wars. Russia, however, has lost the friendship of China, which might be worth many provinces to her, by unjustly retaining possession of Kuldja; which is of course so much to the good as regards British interests. Yakoob was an English ally of ours, but we do not seem to have taken much pains to cultivate his good graces. On the marriage of the Duke of Edinburgh he had the impudence to send his congratulations to the Czar, "saying that he had heard that the son of his good ally, the Queen of England, was about to wed the daughter of his friend the Czar, and that he hastened to send him congratulations." No reply was vouchsafed to this communication of Yakoob Beg. He found that he was leaning on a broken reed when he trusted us against Russia, just as Yakoob Khan experienced the same thing when he trusted Russia against us. Yakoob Beg, the first of the Central Asiatic powers, was overthrown at last, and the Chinese reconquered Kashgar. Wherever they conquer they turn the wilderness into a garden, but they always conquer with ruthless cruelty. The chapter which our politicians will read with most interest is the concluding one on "The Central Asian Question." We quite agree with Mr. Boulger that English Governments "have never understood the vitality of Chinese institutions;" but when he argues that the British Empire would necessarily go down before a combination of China and Russia, we must venture to express our dissent from him.

William Cobbett had in every respect such a thorough and vigorous nature—with all his Radicalism he was so true a patriot, with all his asperity he had such a kindly nature—that it was well worth while to gather up a formal biography of his life and his works. Mr. Smith's main justification of his undertaking* will be that he has obtained some new letters and reminiscences. His most formidable rival is William Cobbett himself. That racy autobiography must necessarily leave us dissatisfied with any other biography. The ethical value of Cobbett's life was very great. When seventy years old he could write: "I have led the happiest life of any man that I have ever known. Never did I know one single moment when I was cast down; never one moment when I dreaded the future." Even when he was imprisoned for many months he passed the time very happily. It is worth while to master such an extraordinary life. As a private soldier he studied military science as if bent on a field-marshal's *baton*. In America he was intrinsically English among the Republicans. When he came home everything seemed dwarfed. "When I returned to England the trees, the hedges, even the parks and woods, seemed *so small*. It made me laugh

* "William Cobbett: a Biography." By Edward Smith. Two vols. (Samson Low & Co.)

to hear little gutters that I could jump over called *ricers*. The Thames was but a *creek*. Everything was so pitifully small." For all that, he found his true home in England. Most of the reforms which he advocated have now passed into law. But at the same time it must be remembered, in justice to the Government of that day, that perhaps the time was not come when they might be adopted with safety. He was elected a member of the first reformed Parliament, but too late, not long surviving. He was one of the wisest of writers and honestest of men. Greville mentions him as one of the "few bad characters" who had been returned, but his reputation will stand higher than Greville's.

As an example of what we may call "still" biography, we can heartily commend the memoir of the late Mr. Hodgson, Provost of Eton, by his son.* Mr. Hodgson has his own niche in literary history through his early and intense friendship with Byron. Hodgson was the best friend of his best moments. There is a certain amount of original matter respecting Lord and Lady Byron. Lord Byron gains, and his wife becomes depreciated, in the estimate of these pages. She seems to have been unloving and unforgiving; and these volumes give us another instance of the abrupt unfeeling way in which she could terminate the friendship of years at her own caprice. When Hodgson wanted to marry free from debt Byron insisted on giving him a thousand pounds. What a contrast there was between the two friends! The one led a life of learned seclusion as poet, scholar, and divine, discharging every office of life with dignity and success, and dying full of years and honours; the other, self-consumed by his own passions and his own glory. It says something for the moral nature of Byron, that he was able to find this close affinity to his friend. But Hodgson was in truth the most interesting and charming of men. Every one loved him, from the villagers of Bakewell to his great neighbours in their "dukeries." The late Duke of Devonshire writes to him: "On Monday I go to Woburn for the royal visit there. The Queen *boasted* to me in London of having seen you, and told of your reception of her." Again he writes: "The Queen knew your picture directly at Chatsworth, and called her husband to come back and look at it." The last Duke of Devonshire appears in a very amiable light in these pages; he is full of kindness. He writes a capital letter, and is altogether a higher style of character than most of his contemporaries took him to be. When Hodgson married a second time—it was to a daughter of Lord Denman's—the duke lent him Hardwick Hall for his honeymoon, and when he wanted sea air lent him his house at Kemp Town, Brighton: "You are by no means to leave Kemp Town when you say; you must stay as long as it is agreeable to you to remain by the seaside. If I should take it into my head to want to go to Brighton I should like so much to find you there: and I should have my bedroom and library as usual, and you would not be in the least disturbed." The Duke tells of the death of a

* "Memoir of the Rev. Francis Hodgson, B.D." By his Son, the Rev. James T. Hodgson, M.A. (Macmillan.)

friend, Lady Elizabeth, who died after four days' illness in consequence of eating ices at a ball. Other interesting anecdotes might be gathered. Mrs. Leigh, Lord Byron's sister, describes a party at the house of a lady whom Dickens subsequently immortalized in the character of Mrs. Leo Hunter. Sir Joseph Paxton was originally chosen by the Duke of Devonshire from a row of village lads brought before him as candidates for a place in the gardens at Chatsworth. We have a striking sentence relative to the character of the late Lord Denman. When Empson, the editor of the "Edinburgh Review," was dying, he said, "Send my love to Denman; and tell him that I do not forget how long I lived under the shadow of his noble nature." Late in life Lord Melbourne gave Hodgson the Provostship of Eton. As his carriage first drove through the Playing Fields he exclaimed, "Please God, I will do something for these poor boys." The Provost certainly set his mark on Eton. He abolished the Montem—apparently, however, to the Queen's regret—among other reforms, restored the collegiate church, established the school library, and introduced the study of modern languages. He had a perpetual fountain of wit and humour, and, as Byron prophesied, he rhymed to the end of the chapter. His last word was "charming."—*London Society.*

ON THE CHOICE OF BOOKS.*

It is the fashion for those who have any connection with letters, in the presence of thoughtful men and women, eager for knowledge, and anxious after all that can be gotten from books, to expatiate on the infinite blessings of literature, and the miraculous achievements of the press: to extol, as a gift above price, the taste for study and the love of reading. Far be it from me to gainsay the inestimable value of good books, or to discourage any man from reading the best; but I often think that we forget that other side to this glorious view of literature:—the misuse of books, the debilitating waste of life in aimless promiscuous vapid reading, or even, it may be, in the poisonous inhalation of mere literary garbage and bad men's worst thoughts.

For what can a book be more than the man who wrote it? The brightest genius, perhaps, never puts the best of his own soul into his printed page; and some of the most famous men have certainly put the worst of theirs. Yet are all men desirable companions, much less teachers, fit to be listened to, able to give us advice, even of those who get reputation and command a hearing? Or, to put out of the question that writing which is positively bad, are we not, amidst the multiplicity of books and of writers, in continual danger of being drawn off by what is stimulating rather than solid, by curiosity after something accidentally

* A Lecture given at the London Institution.

notorious, by what has no intelligible thing to recommend it, except that it is new? Now, to stuff our minds with what is simply trivial, simply curious, or that which at best has but a low nutritive power, this is to close our minds to what is solid and enlarging, and spiritually sustaining. Whether our neglect of the great books comes from our not reading at all, or from an incorrigible habit of reading the little books, it ends in just the same thing. And that thing is ignorance of all the greater literature of the world. To neglect all the abiding parts of knowledge for the sake of the evanescent parts is really to know nothing worth knowing. It is in the end the same thing, whether we do not use our minds for serious study at all, or whether we exhaust them by an impotent voracity for idle and desultory "information," as it is called—a thing as fruitful as whistling. Of the two plans I prefer the former. At least, in that case, the mind is healthy and open. It is not gorged and enfeebled by excess in that which cannot nourish, much less enlarge and beautify our nature.

But there is much more than this. Even to those who resolutely avoid the idleness of reading what is trivial, a difficulty is presented, a difficulty every day increasing by virtue even of our abundance of books. What are the subjects, what are the class of books we are to read, in what order, with what connection, to what ultimate use or object? Even those who are resolved to read the better books are embarrassed by a field of choice practically boundless. The longest life, the greatest industry, the most powerful memory, would not suffice to make us profit from a hundredth part of the world of books before us. If the great Newton said that he seemed to have been all his life gathering a few shells on the shore, whilst a boundless ocean of truth still lay beyond and unknown to him, how much more to each of us must the sea of literature be a pathless immensity beyond our powers of vision or of reach—an immensity in which industry itself is useless without judgment, method, discipline; where it is of infinite importance what we can learn and remember, and of utterly no importance what we may have once looked at or heard of. Alas! the most of our reading leaves as little mark even in our own education as the foam that gathers round the keel of a passing boat! For myself, I am inclined to think the most useful part of reading is to know what we should not read, what we can keep out from that small cleared spot in the overgrown jungle of "information," the corner which we can call our ordered patch of fruit-bearing knowledge. Is not the accumulation of fresh books a fresh hindrance to our real knowledge of the old? Does not the multiplicity of volumes become a bar upon our use of any? In literature especially does it hold—that we cannot see the wood for the trees.

A man of power, who has got more from books than most of his contemporaries, has lately said: "Form a habit of reading, do not mind what you read, the reading of better books will come when you have a habit of reading the inferior." I cannot agree with him. I think a habit of roading idly debilitates and corrupts the mind for all

wholesome reading; I think the habit of reading wisely is one of the most difficult habits to acquire, needing strong resolution and infinite pains; and I hold the habit of reading for mere reading's sake, instead of for the sake of the stuff we gain from reading, to be one of the worst and commonest and most unwholesome habits we have. Why do we still suffer the traditional hypocrisy about the dignity of literature, literature I mean, in the gross, which includes about equal parts of what is useful and what is useless? Why are books as books, writers as writers, readers as readers, meritorious and honourable, apart from any good in them, or anything that we can get from them? Why do we pride ourselves on our powers of absorbing print, as our grandfathers did on their gifts in imbibing port, when we know that there is a mode of absorbing print which makes it impossible we can ever learn anything good out of books?

Our stately Milton said in a passage which is one of the watchwords of the English race, "as good almost kill a Man as kill a good Book." But has he not also said that he would "have a vigilant eye how Bookes demean themselves as well as men, and do sharpest justice on them as malefactors"? . . . Yes! they do kill the good book who deliver up their few and precious hours of reading to the trivial book; they make it dead for them; they do what lies in them to destroy "the precious life-blood of a master spirit, imbalm'd and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life;" they "spill that season'd life of man preserv'd and stor'd up in Bookes." For in the wilderness of books most men, certainly all busy men, *must* strictly choose. If they saturate their minds with the idler books, the "good book," which Milton calls "an immortality rather than a life," is dead to them: it is a book sealed up and buried.

It is most right that in the great republic of letters there should be a freedom of intercourse and a spirit of equality. Every reader who holds a book in his hand is free of the inmost minds of men past and present; their lives both within and without the pale of their uttered thoughts are unveiled to him; he needs no introduction to the greatest; he stands on no ceremony with them; he may, if he be so minded, scribble "doggerel" on his Shelley, or he may kick Lord Byron, if he please, into a corner. He hears Burke perorate, and Johnson dogmatise, and Scott tell his border tales, and Wordsworth muse on the hill-side, without the leave of any man, or the payment of any toll. In the republic of letters there are no privileged orders or places reserved. Every man who has written a book, even the diligent Mr. Whitaker, is in one sense an author; "a book's a book although there's nothing in't;" and every man who can decipher a penny journal is in one sense a reader. And your "general reader," like the gravedigger in Hamlet, is hail-fellow with all the mighty dead; he pats the skull of the jester; batters the cheek of lord, lady, or courtier; and uses "imperious Cæsar" to teach boys the Latin declensions.

But this noble equality of all writers—of all writers and of all readers

—has a perilous side to it. It is apt to make us indiscriminate in the books we read, and somewhat contemptuous of the mighty men of the past. Men who are most observant as to the friends they make, or the conversation they join in, are carelessness itself as to the books to whom they entrust themselves and the printed language with which they saturate their minds. Yet can any friendship or society be more important to us than that of the books which form so large a part of our minds and even of our characters? Do we in real life take any pleasant fellow to our homes and chat with some agreeable rascal by our firesides, we who will take up any pleasant fellow's printed memoirs, we who delight in the agreeable rascal when he is cut up into pages and bound in calf?

I have no intention to moralise or to indulge in a homily against the reading of what is deliberately evil. There is not so much need for this now, and I am not discoursing on the whole duty of man. I take that part of our reading which is by itself no doubt harmless, entertaining, and even gently instructive. But of this enormous mass of literature how much deserves to be chosen out, to be preferred to all the great books of the world, to be set apart for those precious hours which are all that the most of us can give to solid reading? The vast proportion of books are books that we shall never be able to read. A serious percentage of books are not worth reading at all. The really vital books for us we also know to be a very trifling portion of the whole. And yet we act as if every book were as good as any other, as if it were merely a question of order which we take up first, as if any book were good enough for us, and as if all were alike honourable, precious, and satisfying. Alas! books cannot be more than the men who write them, and as a large proportion of the human race now write books, with motives and objects as various as human activity, books as books are entitled *a priori*, until their value is proved, to the same attention and respect as houses, steam-engines, pictures, fiddles, bonnets, and other thoughtful or ornamental products of human industry. In the shelves of those libraries which are our pride, libraries public or private, circulating or very stationary, are to be found those great books of the world *vari nantes in gurgite vasto*, those books which are truly "the precious life-blood of a master spirit." But the very familiarity which their mighty fame has bred in us makes us indifferent; we grow weary of what every one is supposed to have read, and we take down something which looks a little eccentric, or some author on the mere ground that we never heard of him before.

Thus the difficulties of literature are in their way as great as those of the world, the obstacles to finding the right friends are as great, the peril is as great of being lost in a Babel of voices and an ever-changing mass of beings. Books are not wiser than men, the true books are not easier to find than the true men, the bad books or the vulgar books are not less obtrusive and not less ubiquitous than the bad or vulgar everywhere; the art of right reading is as long and difficult to learn as the

art of right living. Those who are on good terms with the first author they meet run as much risk as men who surrender their time to the first passer in the street, for to be open to every book is for the most part to gain as little as possible from any. A man aimlessly wandering about in a crowded city is of all men the most lonely; so he who takes up only the books that he "comes across," is pretty certain to meet but few that are worth knowing.

Now this danger is one to which we are specially exposed in this age. Our high-pressure life of emergencies, our whirling industrial organization or disorganization, have brought us in this (as in most things) their peculiar difficulties and drawbacks. In almost everything vast opportunities and gigantic means of multiplying our products bring with them new perils and troubles which are often at first neglected. Our huge cities, where wealth is piled up and the requirements and appliances of life extended beyond the dreams of our forefathers, seem to breed in themselves new forms of squalor, disease, blights, or risks to life such as we are yet unable to cope with. So the enormous multiplicity of modern books is not altogether favourable to the knowing of the best. I listen with mixed satisfaction to the peans that they chant over the works that issue from the press each day, how the locks poured forth from Paternoster Row might in a few years be built into a pyramid that would fill the dome of St. Paul's. How in this mountain of literature am I to find the really useful book? How, when I have found it, and found its value, am I to get others to read it? How am I to keep my head clear in the torrent and din of works, all of which distract my attention, most of which promise me something, whilst so few fulfil that promise? The Nile is the source of the Egyptian's bread, and without it he perishes of hunger. But the Nile may be rather too liberal in his flood, and then the Egyptian runs imminent risk of drowning.

And thus there never was a time, at least during the last two hundred years, when the difficulties in the way of making an efficient use of books were greater than they are to-day, when the obstacles were more real between readers and the right books to read, when it was practically so troublesome to find out that which it is of vital importance to know; and that not by the dearth, but by the plethora of printed matter. For it comes to nearly the same thing whether we are actually debarred by physical impossibility from getting the right book into our hand, or whether we are choked off from the right book by the obtrusive crowd of the wrong books; so that it needs a strong character and a resolute system of reading to keep the head cool in the storm of literature around us. We read nowadays in the market-place—I would rather say in some large steam factory of letter-press, where damp sheets of new print whirl round us perpetually—if it be not rather some noisy book-fair where literary showmen tempt us with performing dolls, and the gongs of rival booths are stunning our ears from morn till night. Contrast with this pandemonium of Leipsic and Paternoster Row the sublime picture of our Milton in his early retirement at Horton, when,

musing over his coming flight to the epic heaven, practising his pinions, as he tells Diodati, he consumed five years of solitude in reading over the whole of the ancient writers:—

“Et totum rapiunt, me, mea vita, libri.”

Who now reads the whole of the ancient writers? Who systematically reads the great writers, be they ancient or modern, whom the consent of ages has marked out as classics; typical, immortal, peculiar teachers of our race? Alas! the “Paradise Lost” is lost again to us beneath an inundation of graceful academic verse, sugary stanzas of ladylike prettiness, and ceaseless explanations in more or less readable prose of what John Milton meant or did not mean, or what he saw or did not see, or why Adam or Satan is like that, or unlike the other. We read a perfect library about the “Paradise Lost,” but the “Paradise Lost” itself we do not read.

I am not presumptuous enough to assert that the larger part of modern literature is not worth reading in itself, that the prose is not readable, entertaining, one may say highly instructive. Nor do I pretend that the verses which we read so zealously in place of Milton's are not good verses. On the contrary, I think them sweetly conceived, as musical and as graceful as the verse of any age in our history. I say it emphatically, a great deal of our modern literature is such that it is exceedingly difficult to resist it, and it is undeniable that it gives us real information. It seems perhaps unreasonable to many, to assert that a decent readable book which gives us actual instruction can be otherwise than a useful companion, and a solid gain. I dare say many people are ready to cry out upon me as an obscurantist for venturing to doubt a genial confidence in all literature simply as such. But the question which weighs upon me with such really crushing urgency is this:—what are the books that in our little remnant of reading time it is most vital for us to know? For the true use of books is of such sacred value to us that to be simply entertained is to cease to be taught, elevated, inspired by books; merely to gather information of a chance kind is to close the mind to knowledge of the urgent kind.

Every book that we take up without a purpose is an opportunity lost of taking up a book with a purpose—every bit of stray information which we cram into our heads without any sense of its importance, is for the most part a bit of the most useful information driven out of our heads and choked off from our minds. It is so certain that information, *i.e.* the knowledge, the stored thoughts and observations of mankind, is now grown to proportions so utterly incalculable and prodigious, that even the learned whose lives are given to study can but pick up some crumbs that fall from the table of truth. They delve and tend but a plot in that vast and teeming kingdom, whilst those, whom active life leaves with but a few cramped hours of study, can hardly come to know the very vastness of the field before them, or how infinitesimally small is the corner they can traverse at the best. We know all is not

of equal value. We know that books differ in value as much as diamonds differ from the sand on the seashore, as much as our living friend differs from a dead rat. We know that much in the myriad-peopled world of books—very much in all kinds—is trivial, enervating, inane, even noxious. And thus, where we have infinite opportunities of wasting our efforts to no end, of fatiguing our minds without enriching them, of clogging the spirit without satisfying it, there, I cannot but think, the very infinity of opportunities is robbing us of the actual power of using them. And thus I come often, in my less hopeful moods, to watch the remorseless cataract of daily literature which thunders over the remnants of the past, as if it were a fresh impediment to the men of our day in the way of systematic knowledge and consistent powers of thought: as if it were destined one day to overwhelm the great inheritance of mankind in prose and verse.

I remember, when I was a very young man at college, that a youth, in no spirit of paradox but out of plenary conviction, undertook to maintain before a body of serious students, the astounding proposition that the invention of printing had been one of the greatest misfortunes that had ever befallen mankind. He argued that exclusive reliance on printed matter had destroyed the higher method of oral teaching, the dissemination of thought by the spoken word to the attentive ear. He insisted that the formation of a vast literary class looking to the making of books as a means of making money, rather than as a social duty, had multiplied books for the sake of the writers rather than for the sake of the readers; that the reliance on books as a cheap and common resource had done much to weaken the powers of memory; that it destroyed the craving for a general culture of taste, and the need of artistic expression in all the surroundings of life. And he argued lastly, that the sudden multiplication of all kinds of printed matter had been fatal to the orderly arrangement of thought, and had hindered a system of knowledge and a scheme of education.

I am far from sharing this immature view. Of course I hold the invention of printing to have been one of the most momentous facts in the whole history of man. Without it universal social progress, true democratic enlightenment, and the education of the people would have been impossible, or very slow, even if the cultured few, as is likely, could have advanced the knowledge of mankind without it. We place Gutenberg amongst the small list of the unique and special benefactors of mankind, in the sacred choir of those whose work transformed the conditions of life, whose work, once done, could never be repeated. And no doubt the things which our ardent friend regarded as so fatal a disturbance of society were all inevitable and necessary, part of the great revolution of mind through which men grew out of the mediæval incompleteness to a richer conception of life and of the world.

Yet there is a sense in which this boyish anathema against printing may be true to us by our own fault. We may create for ourselves these very evils. For this I hold, that the art of printing has not been a gift

wholly unmixed with evils; that it must be used wisely if it is to be a boon to man at all; that it entails on us heavy responsibilities, resolution to use it with judgment and self-control, and the will to resist its temptations and its perils. Indeed we may easily so act that we may make it a clog on the progress of the human mind, a real curse and not a boon. The power of flying at will through space would probably extinguish civilisation and society, for it would release us from the wholesome bondage of localities. The power of hearing every word that had ever been uttered on this planet would annihilate thought, as the power of knowing all recorded facts by the process of turning a handle would annihilate true science. Our human faculties and our mental forces are not enlarged simply by multiplying our materials of knowledge and our facilities for communication. Telephones, microphones, pantoscopes, steam-presses, and ubiquity-engines in general, may, after all, leave the poor human brain panting and throbbing under the strain of its appliances, and get no bigger and no stronger than the brains of the men who heard Moses speak, and saw Aristotle and Archimedes pondering over a few worn rolls of crabbed manuscript. Until some new Newton or Watt can invent a machine for magnifying the human mind, every fresh apparatus for multiplying its work is a fresh strain on the mind, a new realm for it to order and to rule.

And so, I say it most confidently, the first intellectual task of our age is rightly to order and make serviceable the vast realm of printed material which four centuries have swept across our path. To organize our knowledge, to systematise our reading, to save, out of the relentless cataract of ink, the immortal thoughts of the greatest—this is a necessity unless the productive ingenuity of man is to lead us at last to a measureless and pathless chaos. To know anything that turns up is, in the infinity of knowledge, to know nothing. To read the first book we come across, in the wilderness of books, is to learn nothing. To turn over the pages of ten thousand volumes is to be practically indifferent to all that is good.

But this warns me that I am entering on a subject which is far too big and solemn for us to touch to-night. I have no pretension to deal with it as it needs. It is plain, I think, that to organize our knowledge, even to systematise our reading, to make a working selection of books for general study, really implies a complete scheme of education. A scheme of education ultimately implies a system of philosophy, a view of man's duty and powers as a moral and social being—a religion, in fact. Before a problem so great as this, on which a general audience has such different ideas and wants, and differs so profoundly on the very premises from which we start, before such a problem as a general theory of education, I prefer to retire. I will keep silence even from good words. I have chosen my own part, and adopted my own teacher. But to ask men to adopt the education of Auguste Comte, is almost to ask them to adopt Positivism itself.

Nor will I enlarge on the matter for thought, for foreboding, almost

for despair, that is presented to us by the fact of our familiar literary ways and our recognized literary profession. That things infinitely trifling in themselves; men, events, societies, phenomena, in no way otherwise more valuable than the myriad other things which flit around us like the sparrows on the housetop, should be glorified, magnified, and perpetuated, set under a literary microscope and focussed in the blaze of a literary magic-lantern—not for what they are in themselves, but solely to amuse and excite the world by showing how it can be done—all this is to me so amazing, so heart-breaking, that I forbear now to treat it, as I cannot say all that I would.

I pass from all systems of education—from thought of social duty, from meditation on the profession of letters—to more general and lighter topics. I will deal now only with the easier side of reading, with matter on which there is some common agreement in the world. I am very far from meaning that our whole time spent with books is to be given to study. Far from it. I put the poetic and emotional side of literature as the most needed for daily use. I take the books that seek to rouse the imagination, to stir up feeling, touch the heart; the books of art, of fancy, of ideals, such as reflect the delight and aroma of life. And here how does the trivial, provided it is the new, that which stares at us in the advertising columns of the day, crowd out the immortal poetry and pathos of the human race, vitiating our taste for those exquisite pieces which are a household word, and weakening our mental relish for the eternal works of genius! Old Homer is the very fountain-head of pure poetic enjoyment, of all that is spontaneous, simple, native, and dignified in life. He takes us into the ambrosial world of heroes, of human vigour, of purity, of grace. Now Homer is one of the few poets the life of whom can be fairly preserved in a translation. Most men and women can say that they have read Homer, just as most of us can say that we have studied Johnson's Dictionary. But how few of us take him up, time after time, with fresh delight! How few have even read the entire Iliad and Odyssey through! Whether in the resounding lines of the old Greek, as fresh and ever-stirring as the waves that tumble on the seashore, filling the soul with satisfying silent wonder at its restless unison; whether in the quaint lines of Chapman, or the clarion couplets of Pope, or the closer versions of Cowper, Lord Derby, of Philip Worsley, or even in the new prose version of the Odyssey, Homer is always fresh and rich. And yet how seldom does one find a friend spend an hour over the Greek Bible of antiquity, whilst they wade thorough torrents of magazine quotations from a petty versifier of to-day, and on a holiday vacation will graze, as contentedly as cattle in a fresh meadow, though the chopped straw of a circulating library. A generation which will listen to "Pinafore" for three hundred nights, and will read M. Zola's seventeenth romance, can no more read Homer than it could read; cuneiform inscription. It will read about Homer just as it will read about a cuneiform inscription, and will crowd to see a few pots which probably came from the neighbourhood of Troy. But to Homer and the primeval type

of heroic man in his beauty, and his simpleness, and joyousness, the cultured generation is really dead, as completely as some spoiled beauty of the ball-room is dead to the bloom of the heather or the waving of the daffodils in a glade.

It is a true psychological problem, this nausea which idle culture seems to produce for all that is manly and pure in heroic poetry. One knows—at least every schoolboy has known—that a passage of Homer, rolling along in the hexameter or trumped out by Pope, will give one a hot glow of pleasure and raise a finer throb in the pulse; one knows that Homer is the easiest, most artless, most diverting of all poets; that the fiftieth reading rouses the spirit even more than the first—and yet we find ourselves (we are all alike) painfully pining over some new and uncut barley-sugar in rhyme, which a man in the street asked us if we had read, or it may be some learned lucubration about the site of Troy by some one we chanced to meet at dinner. It is an unwritten chapter in the history of the human mind, how this literary prurience after new print unmans us for the enjoyment of the old songs chanted forth in the sunrise of human imagination. To ask a man or woman who spends half a lifetime in sucking magazines and new poems to read a book of Homer, would be like asking a butcher's boy to whistle "Adelaida." The noises and sights and talk, the whirl and volatility of life around us, are too strong for us. A society which is for ever gossiping in a sort of perpetual "drum," loses the very faculty of caring for anything but "early copies" and the last tale out. Thus, like the taro in the noble parable of the Sower, a perpetual chatter about books chokes the seed which is sown in the greatest books in the world.

I speak of Homer, but fifty other great poets and creators of eternal beauty would serve my argument as well. Take the latest perhaps in the series of the world-wide and immortal poets of the whole human race—Walter Scott. We all read Scott's romances, as we have all read Hume's History of England, but how often do we read them, how zealously, with what sympathy and understanding? I am told that the last discovery of modern culture is that Scott's prose is commonplace; that the young men at our universities are far too critical to care for his artless sentences and flowing descriptions. They prefer Mr. Swinburne, Mr. Mallock, and the Euphuism of young Oxford, just as some people prefer a Dresden Shepherdess to the Caryatides of the Erictheum, pronounce Fielding to be low, and Mozart to be *passé*. As boys love lollypops, so these juvenile fops love to roll phrases about under the tongue, as if phrases in themselves had a value apart from thoughts, feelings, great conceptions, or human sympathy. For Scott is just one of the poets (we may call poets all the great creators in prose or in verse) of whom one never wearies, just as one can listen to Beethoven or watch the sunrise or the sunset day by day with new delight. I think I can read the "Antiquary," or the "Bride of Lammermoor," "Ivanhoe," "Quentin Durward," and "Old Mortality," at least once a year afresh. Now Scott is a perfect library in himself. A constant reader of ro-

mances would find that it needed months to go through even the best pieces of the inexhaustible painter of eight full centuries and every type of man, and he might repeat the process of reading him ten times in a lifetime without a sense of fatigue or sameness. The poetic beauty of Scott's creations is almost the least of his great qualities. It is the universality of his sympathy that is so truly great, the justice of his estimates, the insight into the spirit of each age, his intense absorption of self in the vast epic of human civilisation. What are the old almanacs that they so often give us as histories beside these living pictures of the ordered succession of ages? As in Homer himself, we see in this prose Iliad of modern history the battle of the old and the new, the heroic defence of ancient strongholds, the long impending and inevitable doom of mediæval life. Strong men and proud women struggle against the destiny of modern society, unconsciously working out its ways, undauntedly defying its power. How just is our island Homer! Neither Greek nor Trojan sways him; Achilles is his hero; Hector is his favourite; he loves the councils of chiefs and the palace of Priam; but the swine-herd, the charioteer, the slave-girl, the hound, the beggar, and the herdsmen, all glow alike in the harmonious colouring of his peopled epic. We see the dawn of our English nation, the defence of Christendom against the Koran, the grace and the terror of feudalism, the rise of monarchy out of baronies, the rise of parliaments out of monarchy, the rise of industry out of serfage, the pathetic ruin of chivalry, the splendid death-struggle of Catholicism, the sylvan tribes of the mountain (remnants of our pre-historic forefathers) beating themselves to pieces against the hard advance of modern industry; we see the grim heroism of the Bible-martyrs, the catastrophe of feudalism overwhelmed by a practical age which knew little of its graces and almost nothing of its virtues. Such is Scott, who we may say has done for the various phases of modern history what Shakespeare has done for the manifold types of human character. And this glorious and most human and most historical of poets, without whom our very conception of human development would have ever been imperfect, this manliest and truest and wisest of romancers we neglect for some hothouse hybrid of psychological analysis, for the wretched imitators of Balzac and the jackanapes phrasemongering of some Osric of the day, who assures us that Scott is an absolute Philistine.

In speaking with enthusiasm of Scott, as of Homer, or of Shakespeare, or of Milton, or of any of the accepted masters of the world, I have no wish to insist dogmatically upon any single name, or two or three in particular. Our enjoyment and reverence of the great poets of the world is seriously injured nowadays by the habit we get of singling out some particular quality, some particular school of art for intemperate praise or, still worse, for intemperate abuse. Mr. Ruskin, I suppose, is answerable for the taste for this one-sided and spasmodic criticism; and every young gentleman who has the trick of a few adjectives will languidly vow that Marlowe is supreme, or Murillo foul. It is the

mark of rational criticism as well as of healthy thought to maintain an evenness of mind in judging of great works, to recognize great qualities in due proportion, to feel that defects are made up by beauties, and beauties are often balanced by weakness. The true judgment implies a weighing of each work and each workman as a whole, in relation to the sum of human cultivation and the gradual advance of the movement of ages. And in this matter we shall usually find that the world is right, the world of the modern centuries and the nations of Europe together. It is unlikely, to say the least of it, that a young person who has hardly ceased making Latin verses will be able to reverse the decisions of the civilised world; and it is even more unlikely that Milton and Moliere, Fielding and Scott, will ever be displaced by a poet who has unaccountably lain hid for one or two centuries. I know, that in the style of to-day, I ought hardly to venture to address you about poetry unless I am prepared to unfold to you the mysterious beauties of some unknown genius who has recently been unearthed by the Children of Light and Sweetness. I confess I have no such discovery to announce. I prefer to dwell in Gath and to pitch my tents in Ashdod; and I doubt the use of the sling as a weapon in modern war. I decline to go into hyperbolic eccentricities over unknown geniuses, and a single quality or power is not enough to arouse my enthusiasm. It is possible that no master ever painted a buttercup like this one, or the fringe of a robe like that one; that this poet has a unique subtlety, and that an undefinable music. I am still unconvinced, though the man who cannot see it, we are told, should at once retire to the place where there is wailing and gnashing of teeth.

I am against all gnashing of teeth, whether for or against a particular idol. I stand by the men, and by all the men, who have moved mankind to the depths of their souls, who have taught generations, and formed our life. If I say of Scott, that to have drunk in the whole of his glorious spirit is a liberal education in itself, I am asking for no exclusive devotion to Scott, to any poet, or any school of poets, or any age, or any country, to any style or any order of poet, one more than another. They are as various, fortunately, and as many-sided as human nature itself. If I delight in Scott, I love Fielding, and Richardson, and Sterne, and Goldsmith, and Defoe. Yes, and I will add Cooper and Marryat, Miss Edgeworth and Miss Austen—to confine myself to those who are already classics, to our own country, and to one form of art alone, and not to venture on the ground of contemporary romance in general. What I have said of Homer, I would say in a degree but somewhat lower, of those great ancients who are the most accessible to us in English—Æschylus, Aristophanes, Virgil, and Horace. What I have said of Shakespeare I would say of Calderon, of Moliere, of Corneille, of Racine, of Voltaire, of Alfieri, of Goethe, of those dramatists, in many forms, and with genius the most diverse, who have so steadily set themselves to idealise the great types of public life and of the phases of human history. Let us all beware lest worship of the

idiosyncrasy of our peerless Shakespeare blind us to the value of the great masters who in a different world and with different aims have presented the development of civilisation in a series of dramas, where the unity of a few great types of man and of society is made paramount to subtlety of character or brilliancy of language. What I have said of Milton, I would say of Dante, of Ariosto, of Petrarch, and of Tasso: nor less would I say it of Boccaccio and Chaucer, of Camoens and Spenser, of Rabelais and of Cervantes, of Gil Blas and the Vicar of Wakefield, of Byron and of Shelley, of Goethe and of Schiller. Nor let us forget those wonderful idealisations of awakening thought and primitive societies, the pictures of other races and types of life removed from our own: all those primæval legends, ballads, songs, and tales, those proverbs, apologues, and maxims, which have come down to us from distant ages of man's history—the old idylls and myths of the Hebrew race; the tales of Greece, of the Middle Ages of the East; the fables of the old and the new world; the songs of the Nibelungs; the romances of early feudalism; the Morte d'Arthur; the Arabian Nights; the Ballads of the early nations of Europe.

I protest that I am devoted to no school in particular: I condemn no school; I reject none. I am for the school of all the great men; and I am against the school of the smaller men. I care for Wordsworth as well as for Byron, for Burns as well as Shelley, for Boccaccio as well as for Milton, for Bunyan as well as Rabelais, for Cervantes as much as for Dante, for Corneille as well as for Shakespeare, for Goldsmith as well as Goethe. I stand by the sentence of the world; and I hold that in a matter so human and so broad as the highest poetry the judgment of the nations of Europe is pretty well settled, at any rate after a century or two of continuous reading and discussing. Let those who will assure us that no one can pretend to culture unless he swear by Fra Angelico and Sandro Botticelli, by Arrolpho the son of Lopo, or the Lombardic bricklayers, by Martini and Galuppi (all, by the way, admirable men of the second rank); and so, in literature and poetry, there are some who will hear of nothing but Webster or Marlowe; Blake, Herrick, or Keats; William Langland or the Earl of Surrey; Heine or Omar Kayam. All of these are men of genius, and each with a special and inimitable gift of his own. But the busy world, which does not hunt poets as collectors hunt for curios, may fairly reserve these lesser lights for the time when they know the greatest well.

So, I say, think mainly of the greatest, of the best known, of those who cover the largest area of human history and man's common nature. Now when we come to count up these names accepted by the unanimous voice of Europe, we have some thirty or forty names, and amongst them are some of the most voluminous of writers. I have been running over but one department of literature alone, the poetic. I have been naming those only, whose names are household words with us, and the poets for the most part of modern Europe. Yet even here we have a list which is usually found in not less than a hundred vol-

times at least. Now poetry and the highest kind of romance are exactly that order of literature, which not only will bear to be read many times, but that of which the true value can only be gained by frequent, and indeed habitual reading. A man can hardly be said to know the 12th Mass or the 9th Symphony, by virtue of having once heard them played ten years ago; he can hardly be said to take air and exercise because he took a country-walk once last autumn. And so, he can hardly be said to know Scott, or Shakespeare, Moliere, or Cervantes, when he once read them since the close of his school days, or amidst the daily grind of his professional life. The immortal and universal poets of our race are to be read and re-read till their music and their spirit are a part of our nature; they are to be thought over and digested till we live in the world they created for us; they are to be read devoutly, as devout men read their Bible and fortify their hearts with psalms. For as the old Hebrew singer heard the heavens declare the glory of their maker, and the firmament showing his handiwork, so in the long roll of poetry we see transfigured the strength and beauty of humanity, the joys and sorrows, the dignity and struggles, the long life-history of our common kind.

I have said but little of the more difficult poetry, and the religious meditations of the great idealists in prose and verse, whom it needs a concentrated study to master. Some of these are hard to all men, and at all seasons. The Divine Comedy, in its way, reaches as deep in its thoughtfulness as Descartes himself. But these books, if they are difficult to all, are impossible to the gluttons of the circulating library. To these munchers of vapid memoirs and monotonous tales such books are closed indeed. The power of enjoyment and of understanding is withered up within them. To the besotted gambler on the turf the lonely hillside glowing with heather grows to be as dreary as a prison; and so too, a man may listen nightly to burlesques, till *Wilde's* inflicts on him intolerable fatigue. One may be a devourer of books, and be actually incapable of reading a hundred lines of the wisest and most beautiful. To read one of such books comes only by habit, as prayer is impossible to one who habitually dreads to be alone.

In an age of steam it seems almost idle to speak of Dante, the most profound, the most meditative, the most prophetic of all poets, in whose epic the panorama of mediæval life, of feudalism at its best and Christianity at its best, stands, as in a microcosm, transfigured, judged, and measured. To most men, the "Paradise Lost," with all its mighty music and its idyllic pictures of human nature, of our first-child parents in their naked purity and their awakening thought, is a serious and ungrateful task—not to be ranked with the simple enjoyments; it is a possession to be acquired only by habit. The great religious poets, the imaginative teachers of the heart, are never easy reading. But the reading of them is a religious habit, rather than an intellectual effort. I pretend not to-night to be dealing with a matter so deep and high as religion, or indeed with education in the fuller sense. I will say nothing of that

side of reading which is really hard study, an effort of duty, matter of meditation and reverential thought. I need speak not to-night of such reading as that of the Bible; the moral reflections of Socrates, of Aristotle, of Confucius; the Confessions of St. Augustine and the City of God; the discourses of St. Bernard, of Bossuet, of Bishop Butler, of Jeremy Taylor; the vast philosophical visions that were opened to the eyes of Bacon and Descartes; the thoughts of Pascal and Vauvenargues, of Diderot and Hume, of Condorcet and de Maistre; the problem of man's nature as it is told in the "Excursion," or in "Faust," in "Cain," or in the "Pilgrim's Progress;" the unsearchable outpouring of the heart in the great mystics, of many ages and many races; be the mysticism that of David or of John, of Mahomet or of Bouddha; of Fennelon or of Shelley.

I pass by all these. For I am speaking now of the use of books in our leisure hours. I will take the books of simple enjoyment, books that one can laugh over and weep over; and learn from, and laugh and weep again; which have in them humor, truth, human nature in all its sides, pictures of the great phases of human history; and withal sound teaching in honesty, manliness, gentleness, patience. Of such books, I say, books accepted by the voice of all mankind as matchless and immortal, there is a complete library at hand for every man, in his every mood, whatever his tastes or his acquirements. To know merely the hundred volumes or so of which I have spoken would involve the study of years. But who can say that these books are read as they might be, that we do not neglect them for something in a new cover, or which catches our eye in a library? It is not merely to the idle and unreading world that this complaint holds good. It is the insatiable readers themselves who so often read to the least profit. Of course they have read all these household books many years ago, read them, and judged them, and put them away forever. They will read infinite dissertations about these authors; they will write you essays on their works; they will talk most learned criticism about them. But it never occurs to them that such books have a daily and perpetual value, such as the devout Christian finds in his morning and evening psalm; that the music of them has to sink into the soul by continual renewal; that we have to live with them and in them, till their ideal world habitually surrounds us in the midst of the real world; that their great thoughts have to stir us daily anew, and their generous passion has to warm us hour by hour; just as we need each day to have our eyes filled by the light of heaven, and our blood warmed by the glow of the sun. I vow that, when I see men, forgetful of the perennial poetry of the world, much-raking in a litter of fugitive refuse, I think of that wonderful scene in the "Pilgrim's Progress," were the Interpreter shows the wayfarers the old man raking in the straw and dust, whilst he will not see the Angel who offers him a crown of gold and precious stones.

This gold, refined beyond the standard of the goldsmith, these pearls of great price, the united voice of mankind has assured us are found in

those immortal works of every age and of every race whose names are household words throughout the world. And we shut our eyes to them for the sake of the straw and litter of the nearest library or bookshop. A lifetime will hardly suffice to know, as they ought to be known, these great masterpieces of man's genius. How many of us can name ten men who may be said entirely to know (in the sense in which a thoughtful Christian knows the Psalms and the Epistles) even a few of the greatest poets? I take them almost at random, and I name Homer, Æschylus, Aristophanes, Virgil, Dante, Ariosto, Shakespeare, Cervantes, Calderon, Corneille, Moliere, Milton, Fielding, Goethe, Scott. Of course every one has read these poets, but who really knows them, the whole of them, the whole meaning of them? They are too often taken "as read," as they say in the railway meetings.

Take of this immortal choir the liveliest, the easiest, the most familiar, take for the moment the three — Cervantes, Moliere, Fielding. Here we have three poets who unite the profoundest insight into human nature with the most inimitable wit: "Penseroso" and "L'Allegro" in one; "sober, steadfast, and demure," and yet with "Laughter holding both his sides." And in all three, different as they are, is an unfathomable pathos, a brotherly pity for all human weakness, spontaneous sympathy with all human goodness. To know "Don Quixote," that is to follow out the whole mystery of its double world, is to know the very tragi-comedy of human life, the contrast of the ideal with the real, of chivalry with good sense, of heroic failure with vulgar utility, of the past with the present, of the impossible sublime with the possible commonplace. And yet to how many reading men is "Don Quixote" little more than a book to laugh over in boyhood! So Moliere is read or witnessed; we laugh and we praise. But how little do we study with insight that elaborate gallery of human character; these consummate types of almost every social phenomenon; that genial and just judge of imposture, folly, vanity, affectation, and insincerity; that tragic picture of the brave man born out of his time, too proud and too just to be of use in his age! Was ever truer word said than that about Fielding as "the prose Homer of human nature?" And yet how often do we forget in "Tom Jones" the beauty of unselfishness, the well-spring of goodness, the tenderness, the manly healthiness and heartiness underlying its frolic and its satire, because we are absorbed, it may be, in laughing at its humour, or are simply irritated by its grossness! Nay, "Robinson Crusoe" contains (not for boys but for men) more religion, more philosophy, more psychology, more political economy, more anthropology, than are found in many elaborate treatises on these special subjects. And yet, I imagine, grown men do not often read "Robinson Crusoe" as the article has it, "for instruction of life and ensample of manners." The great books of the world we have once read; we take them as read; we believe that we read them; at least, we believe that we know them. But to how few of us are they daily mental food! For once that we take down our Milton, and read a book

of that "voice," as Wordsworth says, "whose sound is like the sea," we take up fifty times a magazine with something about Milton, or about Milton's grandmother, or a book stuffed with curious facts about the houses in which he lived, and the juvenile ailments of his first wife.

And whilst the roll of the great men yet unread is to all of us so long, whilst years are not enough to master the very least of them, we are incessantly searching the earth for something new or strangely forgotten. Brilliant essays are for ever extolling some minor light. It becomes the fashion to grow rapturous about the obscure Elizabethan dramatists; about the notes of refinement in the lesser men of Queen Anne; it is pretty to swear by Lyly's "Euphues" and Sidney's "Arcadia;" to vaunt Lovelace and Herrick, Marvell and Donne, Robert Burton and Sir Thomas Browne. All of them are excellent men, who have written delightful things, that may very well be enjoyed when we have utterly exhausted the best. But when one meets beavies of hyper-æsthetic young maidens, in lack-a-daisical gowns, who simper about Greene and John Ford (authors, let us trust, that they never have read) one wonders if they all know "Lear" or ever heard of "Alceste." Since to nine out of ten of the "general readers" the very best is as yet more than they have managed to assimilate, this fidgeting after something curious is a little premature and perhaps artificial.

For this reason I stand amazed at the lengths of fantastic curiosity to which persons far from learned have pushed the mania for collecting rare books, or prying into out-of-the-way holes and corners of literature. They conduct themselves as if all the works attainable by ordinary diligence were to them sucked as dry as an orange. Says one, "I came across a very curious book mentioned in a parenthesis in the 'Religio Medici,' only one other copy exists in this country." I will not mention the work to-night, because I know that, if I did, to-morrow morning at least fifty libraries would be ransacked for it, which would be unpardonable waste of time. "I am bringing out," says another, quite simply, "the lives of the washerwomen of the Queens of England." And when it comes out we shall have a copious collection of washing-books some centuries old, and at length understand the mode of ironing a ruff in the early mediæval period. A very learned friend of mine thinks it perfectly monstrous that a public library should be without an adequate collection of works in Dutch, though I believe he is the only frequenter of it who can read that language. Not long ago I procured for a Russian scholar a manuscript copy of a very rare work by Greene, the contemporary of Shakespeare. Greene's "Funeralls" is, I think, as dismal and worthless a set of lines as one often sees; and as it has slumbered for nearly three hundred years, I should be willing to let it be its own undertaker. But this unsavoury carrion is at last to be dug out of its grave, for it is now translated into Russian and published in Moscow (to the honour and glory of the Russian professor) in order to delight and inform the Muscovite public, where perhaps not ten in a million

can as much as read Shakespeare. This or that collector again, with the labour of half a lifetime and by means of half his fortune, has amassed a library of old plays, every one of them worthless in diction, in plot, in sentiment, and in purpose; a collection far more stupid and uninteresting in fact than the burlesques and pantomimes of the last fifty years. And yet this insatiable student of old plays will probably know less of Moliere and Alfieri than Moliere's housekeeper or Alfieri's valet, and possibly he has never looked into such poets as Calderon and Vondel.

Collecting rare books and forgotten authors is perhaps of all the collecting manias the most foolish in our day. There is much to be said for rare china and curious beetles. The china is occasionally beautiful, and the beetles at least are droll. But rare books now are, by the nature of the case, worthless books, and their rarity usually consists in this: that the printer made a blunder in the text, or that they contain something exceptionally nasty or silly. To affect a profound interest in neglected authors and uncommon books is a sign, for the most part—not that a man has exhausted the resources of ordinary literature—but that he has no real respect for the greatest productions of the greatest men in the world. This bibliomania seizes hold of rational beings and so perverts them, that in the sufferer's mind the human race exists for the sake of the books, and not the books for the sake of the human race. There is one book they might read to good purpose—the doings of a great book collector who once lived in *La Mancha*. To the collector, and sometimes to the scholar, the book becomes a fetish or idol, and is worthy of the worship of mankind, even if it cannot be the slightest use to anybody. As the book exists, it must have the compliment paid it of being invited to the shelves. The "library is imperfect without it," although the library will, so to speak, stink when it has got it. The great books are of course the common books, and these are treated by collectors and librarians with sovereign contempt. The more dreadful an abortion of a book the rare volume may be, the more desperate is the struggle of libraries to possess it. Civilization in fact has evolved a complete apparatus, an order of men and a code of ideas for the express purpose, one may say, of degrading the great books. It suffocates them under mountains of little books, and gives the place of honour to that which is plainly literary carrion.

Now I suppose, at the bottom of all this lies that rattle and restlessness of life which belongs to the industrial maelstrom wherein we ever revolve. And connected therewith comes also that literary dandyism which results from the pursuit of letters without any social purpose or any systematic faith. To read from the pricking of some cerebral itch rather than from a desire of forming judgments; to get, like an Alpine club stripling, to the top of some unscaled pinnacle of culture; to use books as a sedative, as a means of exciting a mild intellectual titillation, instead of as a means of elevating the nature; to dribble on in a perpetual literary gossip in order to avoid the effort of bracing the mind to

think—such is our habit in an age of utterly chaotic education. We read, as the bereaved poet made rhymes—

“For the unquiet heart and brain,
A use in measured language lies;
The sad mechanic exercise,
Like dull narcotics, numbing pain.”

We, for whom steam and electricity have done almost everything except give us bigger brains and hearts, who have a new invention ready for every meeting of the Royal Institution, who want new things to talk about faster than children want new toys to break, we cannot take up the books we have seen about us since our childhood: Milton, or Moliere, or Scott. It feels like donning knee-breeches and buckles, to read what everybody has read, that everybody can read, and which our very fathers thought good entertainment scores of years ago. Hard-worked men and over-wrought women crave an occupation which shall free them from their thoughts and yet not take them from their world. And thus it comes that we need at least a thousand new books every season, whilst we have rarely a spare hour left for the greatest of all. But I am getting into a vein too serious for our purpose: education is a long and thorny topic. I will cite but the words on this head of the great Bishop Butler. “The great number of books and papers of amusement which, of one kind or another, daily come in one’s way, have in part occasioned, and most perfectly fall in with and humour, this idle way of reading and considering things. By this means time, even in solitude, is happily got rid of, without the pain of attention: neither is any part of it more put to the account of idleness one can scarce forbear saying, is spent with less thought, than great part of that which is spent in reading.” But this was written exactly a century and a half ago, in 1729; since which date, let us trust, the multiplicity of print and the habits of desultory reading have considerably abated.

A philosopher with whom I hold (but with whose opinion I have no present intention of troubling you) has proposed a method of dealing with this indiscriminate use of books, which I think is worthy of attention. He has framed a short collection of books for constant and general reading. He put it forward “with the view of guiding the more thoughtful minds among the people in their choice for constant use.” He declares that, “both the intellect and the moral character suffer grievously at the present time from irregular reading.” It was not intended to put a bar upon other reading, or to supersede special study. It is designed as a type of a healthy and rational syllabus of essential books, fit for common teaching and daily use. It presents a working epitome of what is best and most enduring in the literature of the world. The entire collection would form in the shape in which books now exist in modern libraries, something like five hundred volumes. They embrace books both of ancient and modern times, in all the five principal languages of modern Europe. It is divided into four sections:—Poetry, Science, History, Religion.

The principles on what it is framed are these : First it collects the best in all the great departments of human thought, so that no part of education shall be wholly wanting. Next it puts together the greatest books, of universal and permanent value, and the greatest and the most enduring only. Next it measures the greatness of books not by their brilliancy, or even their learning, but by their power of presenting some typical chapter in thought, some dominant phase of history ; or else it measures them by their power of idealising man and nature, or of giving harmony to our moral and intellectual activity. Lastly, the test of the general value of books is the permanent relation they bear to the common civilisation of Europe.

Some such firm foothold in the vast and increasing torrent of literature it is certainly urgent to find, unless all that is great in literature is to be borne away in the flood of books. With this we may avoid an interminable wandering over a pathless waste of waters. Without it, we may read everything and know nothing ; we may be curious about anything that chances, and indifferent to everything that profits. Having such a catalogue before our eyes, with its perpetual warning—*non multa sed multum*—we shall see how with our insatiable consumption of print we wander, like unclassed spirits, round the outskirts only of these Elysian fields where the great dead dwell and hold high converse. As it is we hear but in a faint echo that voice which cries :—

“Onorate l'altissimo Poeta :
L'ombra sua torna, ch'era dipartita.”

We need to be reminded every day, how many are the books of inimitable glory, which, with all our eagerness after reading, we have never taken in our hands. It will astonish most of us to find how much of our very industry is given to the books which leave no mark, how often we rake in the litter of the printing-press, whilst a crown of gold and rubies is offered us in vain.

FREDERIC HARRISON.

HOMES AND HAUNTS OF THE ITALIAN POETS.

TORQUATO TASSO.

A CURVING line of deep blue waters, fringed with mild white foam, softly laves the foot of the cliffs on which Sorrento sits and smiles dreamily amid her orange groves in the dreamy, orange-scented air. Yonder, across the liquid plain, rises Capri. On the opposite side of the bay a tuft of vapour, white and soft as a plume, waves above Vesuvius' awful crest. The mountains behind Sorrento are furrowed with deep narrow gorges, down which many a torrent plunges toward the sea, overshadowed by luxuriant bowers of foliage, and sometimes murmuring a deep *bouidon* to the sound of voices chanting the litany of the Madonna in a wayside chapel, or the sharp jangle of bells that call to worship from some crumbling tower. Sails, white, brown, or red as autumn leaves, are wafted over the wonderful turquoise-tinted Mediterranean that quivers under the sunlight with that exquisite *tremolar della marina* which greeted Dante's eyes when he issued from the *aura morta*—the dark, dead atmosphere of eternal gloom. Half-naked fishermen stretch their brown sun-baked limbs on the brown sun-baked shore. Soft island shapes swim on the sea-horizon veiled in silver haze, and, over all, the sky of Southern Italy spreads an intense delight, an ecstasy of blue!

Sky, sea, islands, silvery vapour, shadowy gorge, and groves of burnished greenery studded with golden globes, are not different at this day from what they were when Tasso's eyes first opened on them more than three centuries ago. Nature here, like some Southern Circe, daughter of the Sun-god and a nymph of Ocean, smiles in eternal youth, and steals away the hearts of all men who behold her.

That sparkling sea, that crystal sky, those evergreen gardens, with their background of mountains, were familiar to the eyes of Torquato Tasso in his earliest years. He was born in Sorrento on the 11th day of March, 1544, a season when, in that southern, sheltered spot, the tepid air is full of perfume and all the sweetness of the spring. Torquato's father was himself a poet of no mean fame—Bernardo Tasso, author amongst other things of a poem in one hundred cantos on the subject of Amadis of Gaul, which is his best known work. Bernardo Tasso belonged to an ancient and noble family of Bergamo, where he himself was born; his wife, Porzia d' Rossi, was a Neapolitan of Pistojesse lineage.

The instances are innumerable of the transplantation of Italian families from one part of the peninsula to another. From Dante to Guarini, the history of an Italian man of letters almost invariably includes a series of migrations from city to city and from court to court, and in

that word "court" lies the explanation of most of the migrations. The numerous Italian potentates and princes, big and little (many of them very little, if their magnitude be measured by the size of the territory they ruled over!), vied with each other in "patronising" the Muses. And in order to do so efficaciously, it was, of course, necessary to bestow some patronage on the poets and artists whom the Muses deigned to inspire; those goddesses being, indeed, unpatronisable except by deputy! One may serve Calliope or Polyhymnia in one's own person, but one cannot patronise them save in somebody else's! This being so, poets, philosophers, painters, sculptors, and such-like folks, were in great request amongst sovereign rulers, and wandered from court to court throughout the length and breadth of Italy, from Turin to Salerno, from the Mediterranean to the Adriatic shores. It is strange and somewhat sad to observe that the result of all this sovereign patronage, however agreeable and flattering it may have been to the Immortal Nine, was in nearly every case to embitter and oppress the souls of the patronised—Dante's fiery pride, Petrarch's lofty sweetness, Tasso's romantic enthusiasm, Guarini's worldly culture—none of these so widely different qualities of these so widely different men availed to mitigate the sorrows, disillusionings, and mortifications to which the favour and familiarity of the great exposed them one and all. An irritable genius, these poets, truly! And we may believe that the sovereign patrons had their trials, too, of a serio-comic and not intolerable kind.

But neither for young Torquato nor for his parents had the inevitable time of sorrow and persecution arrived when he was staring with calm baby eyes at the blue gulf of Sorrento, or conning his first lessons at his mother's knee upon the shores of exquisite Parthenope. He lived the first years of his life in Naples, amidst all the luxuriant images of natural beauty which abound there, and which, it cannot be doubted, made an ineffaceable impression on his tender mind. There is something pathetic as well as a little ludicrous in reading, on the authority of a grave and learned biographer, that at *three years old* Torquato was so passionately fond of study that he would willingly have passed his whole day in school had he been let to do so. He had a tutor, one Don Giovanni d'Angeluzzo, to whose care Bernardo confided him during an absence of the latter from Italy, and this tutor wrote to the absent father wondrous accounts of the child's genius and thirst for learning! Luckily for Torquato, he had a loving mother to prevent him from becoming an odious little prodigy of a pedant, and to keep the bloom of childhood from being quite rubbed off her tender little blossom by the zealous masculine manipulation of the learned Don Giovanni. How beloved this loving mother was by her boy, and how fondly and fervently he kept her memory in his heart, is proved by the following touching lines written years afterwards to record his final parting with her, which took place when he was not yet ten years old:

Me dal sen della madre empia fortuna
Pargoletto divelse. Ah di que' baci,

Ch'ella bagnò di lagrime dolenti.
 Con sospir mi riuembra, e degli ardenti
 Pregià che sen portar l'aure fugaci,
 Che io non dovea giunger più voito a voito
 Fra quelle braccia accoito
 Con nodi così stretti e sì tenaci.
 Lasso ! i' seguì con mal sicure piante,
 Qual Ascanio o Camilla, il padre errante.

Which may be faithfully, if roughly, translated as follows :

Me from my mother's breast, a little child,
 Harsh fortune tore. Ah, of her kisses bathed,
 In tears of sorrow, oft with sighs I dream,
 And of her ardent prayers, dispersed in air ;
 For nevermore, ah ! never face to face
 Within those arms was I to be enfolded
 In an embrace so clinging and so close.
 Alas ! With childish footsteps insecure
 I followed, like Ascanius or Camilla,
 My wandering sire.

Yes, those years of happy study in the light of mother's eyes, and the warmth of mother's fond embraces, came to an untimely end. Little Torquato was really, it should seem, a wonderfully precocious child, even when a due grain of salt is added to the statements on that head of his preceptors. He was sent before he had completed his fourth year to a school kept by certain Jesuit Fathers, who had then but newly, and with cautious modesty, set up a little church and schools in a somewhat obscure street of Naples, called Via del Gigante.* The Tassos then were inhabiting the Palazzo de Gambacorti (an ancestral inheritance), and from the palace to the schools, the future singer of "Jerusalem Delivered" trotted daily in quest of knowledge. It is related that such was the child's passionate thirst for learning, that he often rose before daylight, impatient to be gone to his teachers ; and that on more than one occasion his mother was constrained to send servants with lighted torches to accompany him through the still dark and silent city. The Jesuits were proud of their marvellous young pupil. With their accustomed acuteness of judgment, they doubtless perceived that here was a genius of no common sort, and it is possible that some among them may have looked forward to enlisting the fiery soul of Torquato under the banner of the militant company of Jesus. His confessor—the confessor of an infant of eight years old!—considered his intelligence and his behaviour sufficiently mature and serious to warrant his receiving the sacrament of the Holy Communion at that tender age. At seven he had "perfectly learned the Latin tongue, and was well advanced in Greek," and had composed and publicly recited orations in prose and several poems.

* The above dates are given on the authority of Manso, a contemporary and friend of the poet ; but Tiraboschi (Lett. It., vol. vii. book 3) observes that it is certainly ascertained that the Jesuits were not introduced into Naples before A.D. 1552, and that consequently Tasso must have been at least seven years old when he began to frequent their schools : a much more creditable statement than Manso's.

But now, as I have said, these pleasant days of study and love at home and praise abroad were to end for little Torquato, and in this way: His father, Bernardo, was the secretary and friend and faithful adherent of Ferrante Sanseverino, Prince of Salerno. Now, Don Pedro di Toledo, Viceroy of the Emperor Charles V. in Naples, desired to introduce into that city the tribunal of the Holy Inquisition, *all' uso di Spagna*, "after the custom of Spain," as one of his biographers says, and the city of Naples ungratefully opposed the bestowal of this blessing with might and main. So strong was the feeling of the Neapolitans in the matter that they sent the Prince of Salerno to the Emperor as their ambassador, to plead with his Majesty against the pious project of Toledo. Bernardo Tasso accompanied the prince his master on this embassy, which took place in the year 1547. It was successful, and the prince, on his return to Naples, was received with the utmost enthusiasm by his fellow-citizens, and with scarcely concealed hatred and spite by Toledo, who could not forgive him for having baulked his design. But Prince Ferrante's triumph was short-lived. Toledo filled the mind of Charles V. with suspicious and prejudices against his powerful subject; and possibly not the least efficacious of the viceroy's arguments was the possibility held out to Charles of reclaiming for the imperial crown the customs dues of Salerno, which had hitherto enriched the prince's revenue. We are not now concerned to follow the windings of this story of court treachery and tyranny *all' uso di Spagna*; for our present purpose it suffices to say that the Prince of Salerno was driven from his country, and that Bernardo Tasso followed his master's fallen fortunes into France. On leaving Naples, where he left his wife, he took with him Torquato, who, incredible as it seems, is stated on grave authority to have been involved, child as he was, in the odium with which Toledo and his party covered the Prince of Salerno and his adherents. In the year 1552 the said prince and all who had followed him were publicly declared to be rebels, and the sentence included Bernardo and Torquato Tasso.

The scene now changes for our young poet. His father carried him to Rome and there left him under the charge of one Maurizio Cattaneo, whilst he, Bernardo, accompanied the Prince of Salerno to France. Cattaneo was a gentleman of Bergamo long settled in Rome, where he enjoyed considerable favour at the Papal court, and especially from the Cardinal Albani, whose secretary he was during many years. He was bound to the Tassos not only by ties of friendship but of some distant kindred, and he seems to have fulfilled his charge towards the boy with almost paternal affection. Torquato loved and honoured his memory all his life, and has dedicated one of his dialogues to him, giving it the name of "Cattaneo." Under this good man's care Torquato remained until he had completed his twelfth year. Meanwhile his only sister, Cornelia, who had remained with her mother at Naples, was married to a noble gentleman of Sorrento named Marzio Sersale; and very shortly after the marriage her mother died. Bernardo felt his wife's loss deeply.

They had been a very affectionate and faithful couple, and Bernardo's grief was of course aggravated by his having been absent from Porzia in her last moments. In his sorrow and loneliness he resolved to send for Torquato to rejoin him. It must be explained that Bernardo Tasso, after his patron's final ruin, had returned from France to Italy, and taken refuge at the court of Guglielmo Gonzaga, Duke of Mantua, who had invited him and received him very honourably. So, after some four years passed in the Eternal City, which years were chiefly spent in assiduous study, Torquato took leave of his kind preceptor, Maurizio Cattaneo, and departed for Mantua.

Among the most indelible impressions left on our poet by his stay in Rome appears to have been that of a certain courtly and almost chivalrous tone of manners which is said to have distinguished Maurizio Cattaneo. The latter seems, too, to have concerned himself with the physical, as well as moral and mental, education of his pupil. Torquato was an adept in most of the knightly exercises of the day. When he rejoined his father at Mantua, he was tall for his years, handsome, and strong; and a prodigy of education according to the standard of the times, having fully completed a course of the Greek and Latin Languages, rhetoric, poetry, and logic. His father was, very naturally, filled with joy and pride at the boy's attainments, and although he had sent for him with the intention of keeping him as a companion in his widowed life, yet he shortly sent him to the University of Padua, there to pursue the study of the law, in company with Scipio Gonzaga (afterwards Cardinal), a kinsman of the reigning Duke of Mantua, and within a year or two of Torquato's own age. The two lads fell into a great friendship, lived during their student days in the closest intimacy, and preserved their mutual attachment through life. There, in the stately and learned city, Tasso passed five years of his existence, still so brief, but already chequered with many vicissitudes. Stately, sleepy old Padua, as it is now!—with its great silent spaces which the sunshine reigns over victoriously: its narrower streets full of welcome shade in the spring and summer and autumn days; its wide picturesque piazza all ablaze on market-days with fruits and flowers, amongst which the vivid yellow flowers of the pumpkin burn like flames; its glimpses of red oleander blossoms and polished dark green foliage peeping over garden walls; its wide, silent, dreamy churches, and its haunting memories of a splendid past!

Padua was still splendid in the middle of the sixteenth century, when Torquato Tasso, and Scipio Gonzaga, and many another youth industrious by birth or genius, paced its academic halls. Here Torquato, not yet turned seventeen, passed a public examination in canon and civil law, philosophy, and theology, "with universal eulogy and astonishment of that learned university," as a contemporary writer quaintly declares. But in the following year, when Torquato was but eighteen, the eulogy and astonishment were still further intensified by the publi-

cation of the heroic poem called "Rinaldo." It was, indeed, a marvellous production for a youth of his age, and in the words of his friend and biographer Manso, a brilliant dawn which presaged the rising of that full sun of genius to be disphayed later in the epic of "Jerusalem Deliver'd." The poem was dedicated to the Cardinal Luigi d'Este, brother of the reigning Duke Alfonso II., and published under the auspices of his Eminence. This was the first link in the chain which bound Tasso to the princely house of Este, to their glory and his sorrow as it proved. Bernardo, although naturally proud of his son's genius, seems to have looked with some discontent upon the lad's devotion to poetry. He himself was a poet, and the Muse had not battered his fortunes; and he had thought to give young Torquato a career which opened up a prospect of worldly success, riches, and a solid position—namely, the profession of the law. But let the good Bernardo rough-hew his ends as carefully as he might, the divinity called poetry shaped them far otherwise than he intended. It is an old story. Boccaccio and Petrarch furnish examples of the imperious and irresistible force of inborn genius to break through any bonds of calculating prudence. And long before their time the Roman Ovid sang, undergoing the same struggle against parental authority:

Nec me verbosas leges ediscere, nec me
Ingrato vocem prostituisse foro.
Mortale est quod queris opus; mihi fama perennis
Queritur ut toto semper in orbe canar.

Tasso, like Ovid, chose "undying fame" rather than the weary but profitable labour of studying "verbose laws." The one languished in a horrible exile, the other was imprisoned as a maniac. Rarely does the implacable divinity confer her sovereign favours save in exchange for the very life-blood of her votaries; but perhaps even among the tragic annals of poets there is no record more steeped in sadness than that of the life of Torquato Tasso.

As yet, however, he is surrounded by the rosy light of the *lucente aurora*; youth and hope animate his breast, praise is meted to him in no stinted measure, friendship holds his hand in a firm, cordial grasp, and the clouds that are to darken the meridian and the evening of his day cast no shade upon the brightness of the morning.

So great was the reputation of the "Rinaldo" that the University of Bologna invited the youthful poet to visit that city, conveying the flattering request through Pier Donato Cesi, then vice-legate, and afterwards legate at Bologna, and Cardinal. Torquato went to Bologna and there pursued his studies, and even read and disputed publicly in the schools on various subjects, and especially on poetry. He is said to have been recalled thence at the instance of Scipio Gonzaga, at that time head of the Academy of the "Etherials" of Padua—one of the numberless institutions of the kind which sprang up in Italy in the sixteenth century. Scipio is said to have been jealous of Bologna's having possession of the rising genius instead of Padua; and moreover to have

desired Tasso's return to the latter place from motives of personal attachment to him. Certain it is that Tasso did return to Padua, where he was received with great honour by the "Etherials," amongst whom he assumed the name of "Pentito," or "the repenting one." This singular choice of an appellation is explained by Manso to mean that Tasso repented the time he had spent in the study of law. But Tiraboschi reveals a bit of secret history which Manso either did not know or chose to suppress, and which shows that vexations and mortifications were not spared to the young poet even in these early days of his fame. Tiraboschi possessed a long letter written by Tasso to the vice-legatè Cesi, above-mentioned, from which it appears that the poet during his stay in Bologna was accused of being the author of certain libellous verses, and that his dwelling was consequently searched by the *birri* (officers of the law, in such evil repute that their title is a term of reproach in Italy to this day), and his books and papers carried off, and that this was the true cause of his quitting Bologna. Tasso indignantly defends himself against the charge, and complains with much spirit to the legatè of the injurious treatment he suffered. "Why," says he among other things, "were the *birri* sent to my rooms on a slight and unreasonab!e suspicion, my companions insulted, my books taken away? Why were so many spies set to work to find out where I went? Why have so many honourable gentlemen been examined in such a strange fashion?" He demands moreover, to be allowed to come to Bologna, and justify himself before some wise and impartial judge, "which, however," says Tiraboschi quietly, "does not appear to have been granted to him." The letter bears date the last day of February 1564, and was written from Castelvetro, at that time a feudal tenure of the Counts Rangoni within the territory of Modena.

Tasso was thus within a few days of having completed his twentieth year when he left Bologna.

During his second sojourn in Padua he appears to have sketched out the first plan of his great epic, the "Jerusalem Delivered," which he intended from the first to dedicate to Duke Alfonso d'Este, sovereign of Ferrara. In the year 1565 he was formally invited by the duke to take up his abode at the court of the latter. Chambers were provided for him in the ducal palace, "and all his wants so considered, as that he should be able at his leisure, and free from care, to serve the Muse both by contemplation and composition: the which, in truth, he did, by proceeding with the poem of the "Jerusalem Delivered," and writing these earlier rhymes and dialogues in prose which were the first to be beheld with eagerness and astonishment by the world." (Manso: "Life of Torquato Tasso.")

If ever ghosts walked in the sunlight, I think they would choose the long, sunny, grass-grown silent, slowly crumbling streets of Ferrara for such wanderings. The changes there for the last three centuries or so have been brought about, not so much by the advent of new things, as by the fading and decay of the old. Like an antique arras sorely preyed

upon by moth and dust, Ferrara yet preserves a faint and colourless image of the olden time; and her aspect appeals to the fancy with all that pathos which belongs to things once stately and noble, now rotting in oblivion and decay. As Browning, in his poem entitled "A Toccata of Galuppi," speaks of the fair Venetian dames who used to listen to that quaint music, toying with a velvet mask or drinking in soft sounds of courtship covered by the tinkle of the harpsichord, and exclaims, with the sensitiveness of a poet—

What's become of all the gold
Used to fall and brush their bosoms?
I feel chilly and grown old!

no one may feel chilly in the sunny streets of Ferrara, thinking of all those brave figures, shining with beauty, valour, splendour, and genius, which used to pace them, and have marched across the illuminated disc of this life into the fathomless shadow of the dread beyond.

Duke Hercules, the immediate predecessor of Tasso's patron, Alfonso II. had beautified and extended his city very greatly. In his time and under his auspices a whole new quarter sprang up, enclosed by an extended circuit of walls fortified according to the military science of that day. He caused a number of new streets to be planned, and compelled the monks of various religious houses, such, for example, as the Monastery of St. Catherine, of the Angels, and of the Carthusians, to sell or let on lease their lands which bordered on the new streets, in order to have stately mansions constructed on them. In this way, in the Via degli Angeli alone there arose four or five truly magnificent palaces, besides other handsome edifices; and of these palaces the visitor to Ferrara will probably remember most vividly the Palazzo de Diamanti, so called because the whole of its facade is covered with massive stonework, each block of which is cut in facets, like the surface of a precious stone. This splendid building existed, then, in Tasso's time; but when he first saw it, it was not yet completed. It belonged to the Cardinal Luigi d'Este, to whom it had been bequeathed by Duke Hercules, together with a sum of money to finish it. And the Cardinal finished it accordingly in 1567—that is to say, two years after Tasso first went to reside at the court of Ferrara. The city was then a brilliant scene, the resort of the most famous, talented and illustrious Italians of the day. Beauty, rank and genius figured on that stage. The first parts, the leading personages in the drama, were admirably filled; even tragic elements were not wanting to complete the interest and prevent any chance of a monotony of cheerfulness! A great poet suffering from hopeless love and forcibly imprisoned amongst maniacs, for instance, must have been a thrilling incident. As to the choral masses in the background, the crowd which figured in dumb show, the populace, in short, they suffered a good deal from pestilence and famine in those days; both which scourges fell, of course, more heavily on the poor than on the rich. But still it appears that Alfonso II. did his best for them according to his conceptions of his duty. The population of the city, according to a

census taken in 1592 by command of Pope Clement VIII. soon after the death of Duke Alfonso, amounted to 41,710 souls, exclusive of ecclesiastics, foreigners, and Jews; including those categories, it reached to over 50,000. The number of inhabitants in Ferrara in the present year is but 30,000!

In the year 1570 (according to Tiraboschi and Rosini, 1572 according to Manso) Tasso accompanied the Cardinal Luigi d'Este on an embassy with which the latter was charged by Pope Gregory XIII. to the court of Charles IX. of France. There the poet was loaded with flattery and honours, the king himself particularly delighting to distinguish him for the reason, as it is alleged by contemporary biographers, that Tasso had paid such a splendid tribute to the valour of the French nation in his great poem of "Geoffredo." Thus it would seem that the "Jerusalem Delivered" was originally destined to bear the name of Godfrey de Bouillon, and also that it was far enough advanced at the period of Tasso's visit to France to allow of a portion of it having become known to the world, at least to the little world of courtiers who surrounded the poet.

But Tasso did not remain very long in France. Within a twelvemonth he returned to Ferrara, drawn thither by an irresistible attraction—his unhappy and misplaced passion for the Duchess Eleonora d'Este. It appears clearly from the poet's own words that he became fantastically enamoured of the princess's portrait before he had seen her; for on his first arrival in Ferrara, during the festivities on the occasion of the marriage of Duke Alfonso with Barbara of Austria, Eleonora was too indisposed to leave her room. But very soon his love ceased to be merely a fantastic dream, and became only too serious and fervent. On her part the princess was touched and flattered by the adoration of the greatest poet of his day, who was at the same time a very accomplished cavalier. She seems to have had an insatiable appetite for his homage, his praises, conveyed in immortal verse, and his respectful worship of her at a distance. But the best testimony of the most illustrious Italian commentators seems to exclude the idea that the princess so derogated from her rank as to return Tasso's love like a woman of a less illustrious breed, or as he very certainly desired that she should return it. Scenarios of a much graver kind than a love intrigue between an unmarried princess and a poet were rife enough in that time and place to make such a suspicion neither strange nor improbable. But various circumstances minutely searched for, sifted, and collated, concur to show that there is no ground for darkening Eleonora's maiden fame.

But she cannot, I fear, be acquitted on a different count, that, namely, of a cold, hard, and unwomanly indifference to the terrible misfortunes which fell upon Torquato Tasso for love of her. During his long and horrible imprisonment in the hospital of St. Anna, she vouchsafed no reply to his heartrending appeals to her for mercy; nor, so far as is known, did she make one effort to intercede with the duke her brother for his release. It is true, however, and may be pleaded as an extenu-

sting circumstance that to have done so might have endangered her own position in her brother's court, and might even have resulted in her own imprisonment in some dull cloister, which Madonna Eleonora would have found a dreary exchange for her brilliant, luxurious, flattered existence in Ferrara. Let the excuse count for what it is worth, but after reading the earlier story of Tasso's intercourse with her, the blank, implacable silence with which she received his cries from prison chills and oppresses one after three centuries.

After his return from France Tasso continued to work at the "Gerusalemme Liberata," and produced also a very different species of poem in the charming dramatic pastoral of "Aminta," which has furnished the model for innumerable other dramas of the same kind. It was represented for the first time in Ferrara, in the year 1573, with great pomp and splendour. Afterwards it was played at Florence, the scenery and decorations being under the direction of the celebrated architect Bontalenti. It was received with universal applause, and no sooner was it printed than it was translated into several European languages. The Duchess of Urbino (Lucrezia, sister of Alfonso and Eleonora d'Este) sent for the poet to her court, in order that he might read it to her himself; and he spent some pleasant and tranquil months with this princess, partly at Urbino, and partly in a country seat near to it. He returned, in company with the Duchess Lucrezia, to Ferrara, and not long afterwards made part of the suite of gentlemen who accompanied the reigning Duke Alfonso when the latter went into the Venetian Provinces to meet Henry III. of France, who had then newly succeeded to that throne, on his way from Poland. There was a great gathering of grandees at Venice, and later at Ferrara, whither the Duke invited Henry III., the Cardinal of San Sisto (nephew of Pope Gregory XIII.), Duke Emanuel Philibert of Savoy, Duke Guglielmo Gonzaga of Mantua, and many other notable and puissant seigneurs, to accompany him. The great heats (it was the month of July under an Italian sun), or the fatigues of the journey, or the much banqueting in Venice, or all three causes combined, gave our Tasso a quartan fever, accompanied by so great a languor and weakness as to compel him to renounce all studious application for a time. His health was not fully re-established until the spring of 1575, in which year he had the satisfaction of completing his great poem of the "Jerusalem Delivered."

And respecting the completion of this fine work, certain facts have to be recorded, which it is well to warn the reader are facts: for here the authentic narrative takes upon itself an air of impertinent irony, which might well be attributed to the innocent transcriber of historic events as a flippant attempt to hold up to ridicule the whole race of critics! than whom no variety of the human species are less mirth-inspiring to a right-minded author.

Tasso, then, distrustful of his own powers, thought fit to submit his yet unpublished epic to the judgment of various learned men of letters, who, although it does not appear that they have ever produced any-

thing themselves which posterity delights to honour, yet had a great reputation in their day as holding the secret of the only authentic road by which to reach readers in centuries yet unborn. Unfortunately, it turned out that these erudite persons differed in opinion among themselves to a degree quite fatally confusing to the minds of those who consulted them. For example, it may interest readers of the "Jerusalem Delivered," whether in the original or in Fairfax's translation, to know that several critics considered that the protagonist too manifestly eclipsed all the secondary heroes of the poem; that Scipio Gonzaga pronounced the episode of Erminia too improbable; that Sperone Speroni found the "unity of action" defective; that another objected to the descriptions of Armida and her enchanted garden as too glowing; and that Silvio Antoniano wished that not only all the enchantments, but all the love scenes of whatever nature, should be ruthlessly cut out altogether. Moreover, the episode of Sofronia and Olindo, now deemed one of the most touching and beautiful in the whole poem, very narrowly escaped excision, because the otherwise conflicting criticisms were nearly unanimous in condemning it. Fortunately for us of these later times, Tasso, after undergoing a great deal of annoyance, and many struggles with his better judgment, resolved to pay as little heed to his censors as possible. His dilemma, however, is one which will recur again and again; for the ideal conceptions of a great genius will always be so far above and beyond his performance as to make the suggestion of amendments in the latter seem very possible to him. But the discontent and diffidence of an extraordinary mind as to its own work is a very different matter from the power of an ordinary mind to better it.

The anxiety and curiosity with which the publication of the "Jerusalem Delivered" was expected indirectly caused Tasso endless pain and mortification, for the cantos were seized upon one by one as they were finished, and before the poet had time to revise or reconsider them, and passed from hand to hand until they reached some publisher of the day who gave them to the press full of errors and even with huge gaps here and there of an entire stanza. Manso says that the MSS. of his poem were got from Tasso in this fragmentary manner partly by the importunity of friends, partly by the commands of his sovereign masters. Alas, poor poet! Then, too, there assailed him a furious warfare waged by the Academicians of the Crusca against the "Jerusalem Liberated." This critical body was not exempt from the destiny which appears to afflict all similar institutions, namely, a strange adjustment of the focus of their "mind's eye," which makes them unable to perceive genius at a lesser distance than one or two centuries back. One of their number, a Florentine, Lionardo Salviati, published a pamphlet in which he pronounces Tasso inferior not only to Ariosto, which might be a tenable opinion, but to Bojardo and Pulci. Upon which one of Tasso's biographers mildly observes that this is a judgment "most unworthy of one who had the reputation of being

learned in the Greek, Latin, and Italian literatures, and of a first-rate critic (*un critico di prim' ordine*). And he subjoins farther on, "If criticisms dictated by a spirit of party serve to retard the justice due to an original writer, the latter can, however, easily console himself by the certain hope of occupying that place in the temple of glory which posterity, severe and infallible in its judgments, will assign to him." A comfortable doctrine of the all-the-same-a-hundred-years-hence pattern with which certain minds "easily console themselves" for the misfortunes of other people!

Some time before the completion of his great poem Tasso had the grief of losing his father. Bernardo Tasso had continued uninterruptedly in the service Duke Guglielmo Gonzaga, and died on September 4, 1569, at a place called Ostia, on the Po, of which town he was governor. Torquato hastened to his father, attended him lovingly in his last illness, and after his death consecrated some of his finest verses to his memory.

And now follow thickly on each other's heels misfortune after misfortune, mortification after mortification, treachery after treachery. Envy, hatred, malice, and all the uncharitableness which haunt a court, made Torquato Tasso the chief mark for their poisoned shafts; he stood high enough above the crowd to be well aimed at. Guarini (the author of the "Pastor Fido") set up to be his rival not only in poetry but in the good graces of the Princess Eleonora, and Guarini was a man who might well make the lover, if not the poet, jealous. In 1573 Tasso visited the court of Urbino, and refrained during several months from writing to Eleonora; and that his silence was due to the pain and indignation he felt at seeing (or fancying he saw—the effect on his mind was the same) a rival preferred to himself by a lady whom he had so long and devotedly served, is abundantly set forth by Professor Rosini. But the proofs he has patiently accumulated are far too voluminous for even a portion of them to be given here; and I advise any reader who is interested in the subject to consult Rosini's "Saggio sugli Amori di Torquato Tasso," inserted in the seventeenth volume of the Pisan edition of Tasso's works published by Niccolo Caparro. Envy, base intrigues, and the blackest treachery, prepared and forged the first link in the chain of misery with which henceforward Tasso was bound. Towards the close of the year 1576 (when Tasso was thirty-three years old) a gentleman of the court of Ferrara, his trusted and cherished friend, with whom, in the words of Manso, "he had held all things in common, even his thoughts," betrayed certain secrets, which Tasso had confided to him, to the duke. These "secrets" appear to have been love verses addressed to the Duchess Eleonora, without any superscription, or else, in several cases, with a misleading one, such as "verses written for a friend to his mistress" and so forth. The poems which are still extant are very impassioned, and such as, when addressed by a subject to a woman of Eleonora's rank, were certain to excite the haughty indignation of a despotic prince. By way of example it may suffice to indicate Sonnet

185, the dialogue entitled "Dubbio Sciolto" (Rime, vol. ii. p. 119), and the sonnets numbered 258 and 259. Tasso meets this false friend in the courtyard of the ducal palace in Ferrara, upbraids him with his treachery, and, infuriated by the cynical coolness of his betrayer, strikes him on the face. A duel ensues, in which Tasso (who was a fine swordsman) is manifestly getting the best of it, when two brothers of his adversary come up. All three attack Tasso, who valorously defends himself, and in the midst of a great tumult the combatants are finally separated by the populace. It does not appear that any immediate punishment was inflicted on Tasso, but on the 17th of June in the following year (1577) he was arrested on the accusation of having drawn a dagger on a servant in the apartments of the Duchess of Urbino. He was imprisoned in a room of the palace looking upon the interior courtyard. But after about ten days' confinement he was not only liberated, but the Duke carried him with him on a visit to his ducal villa of Belriguardo, where Tasso passed nearly a fortnight in the intimate companionship of his sovereign. But now mark the change, sudden and terrible as a clap of thunder from a serene sky. On July 11 Tasso is sent back under guard to Ferrara, where he is shut up in the monastery of San Francesco, and declared by the duke's secretary to be a confirmed maniac! (*pazzo spacciato*.) Now, it is to be particularly observed that up to that 17th of June, on which day he was arrested for threatening the servant (as it is said), no hint or suspicion appears to have been rife that Torquato Tasso was not completely sane. He walked, as Tennyson phrases it, "with his head in a cloud of poisonous flies," but not even the fertility in lying of envious courtiers had as yet invented the accusation of madness against him. No; this is only launched after the fortnight spent in intimate seclusion with Duke Alfonso at Belriguardo. The explanation given of this strange fact by Rosini reposes upon a mass of evidence which neither time nor space permit us to examine here. Told with brevity and inevitable completeness, it is this: that the duke, being still doubtful as to the truth of the accusations against Tasso (which accusations were simply that he had not only loved the Princess Eleonora, but aspired and desired to be loved by her in return, and had written verses strongly implying that he was so), was determined to examine into the matter for himself; that for this purpose, and under the guise of sovereign grace and favour, he carried Tasso with him to a retired country house, and there subjected the unhappy poet to a kind of moral torture or question, as appears very clearly from the lines addressed by Tasso about this time to the spirit of Alfonso's father, the great Duke Hercules:

Alma grande d'Alcide. Io so che miri
 L'aspro rigor della real tua prole!
 Che con inuolite arti atti e parole
 Trar da me cerca onde con me s'adiri.

(Great soul of Alcides, I know thou dost behold the harsh rigour of thy royal scion, who with unusual arts, and acts, and words,

seeks to draw from me that which inflames his wrath against me.) That, having satisfied himself as to the existence of the poet's presumptuous passion, Alfonso proposed to him, as the only method by which he could escape drawing worse evils on himself—and, what was infinitely more important in Alfonso d'Este's eyes, avoid raising any scandal against the Princess Eleonora—to feign madness! Extraordinary and incredible as such a theory appears at first sight, there are nevertheless a hundred circumstances, and a hundred passages in the writings of the unhappy poet, which tend strongly to confirm its being the true one. Perhaps the most remarkable of all these occurs in the famous letter addressed by Tasso to the Duke of Urbino. In this he says that, in order to regain the duke's (Alfonso's) good graces, he did not think it shameful "to be the third with Brutus and Solon." Now, of Solon Plutarch relates that he deliberated to feign himself out of his senses, and his servants spread the report throughout the city that he had gone mad: and Brutus is represented by Livy, *ex industria jacrus ad imitationem stultitiæ*. Surely this is very striking and remarkable! And what follows in Tasso's letter is not less so. He says:—"I hoped thus by this confession of madness to open so large a road to the benevolence of the duke, as that, with time, the opportunity should not fail me of undeceiving him and others—if any others there were who held so false and unmerited an opinion of me." Under what conceivable circumstance could it open a way to the benevolence of the duke for Tasso to confess himself mad, save on the hypothesis that the duke desired him to appear so!

However, Torquato, either finding himself unable to keep up the ignoble comedy, or fearing that even the reputation of madness might not avail to secure him from worse treatment, fled from the Monastery of San Francesco a few days after his incarceration there, namely, on July 20, 1577. He departed alone and on foot, and at length, after a journey made in the midst of unspeakable trouble of mind and hardships of body, he reached Rome, where he remained a short time in the house of his old friend and tutor, Maurizio Cattaneo. But here anxieties and suspicions continued to torment him. He seems to have been haunted by the fear of being poisoned. Nor, when we remember the frequent instances in which this sovereign receipt for getting rid of a dangerous foe or a troublesome friend had been applied in Italy, can we set down Tasso's fear as the mere figment of a diseased brain. The poet's heart turned longingly towards the home of his childhood, and towards his sister Cornelia, sole survivor of his family. But the decree of the Neapolitan government, which pronounced him and his father rebels, had never been repealed, and his paternal estates were still confiscated. Tasso was an outlaw in his native land. Nevertheless, the longing to revisit Sorrento and to see his sister became irresistible, and he resolved to gratify it without revealing his purpose to any one. Having gone on a pleasure excursion to Frascati, he set off thence on foot, secretly, and quite alone, to make the

romantic journey which has been so often celebrated by pen and pencil.

We can fancy we see the solitary figure traversing a lonely path at the foot of the mountains, towards Velletri, as the summer evening closes in. Behind him are the rugged hills mantled in purple shadow, home and cradle of the great Latin people whose story has filled every gorge and crowned every peak of them with immortal memories. In front stretches the mysterious and quiet Campagna towards the unquiet and mysterious sea. On the horizon Rome sits brooding on her seven hills, but the great dome of St. Peter's does not yet loom in supreme majesty above the city. It is still unfinished, the drum of the cupola alone being as yet completed. The soil is strewn with colossal fragments of a colossal past; mighty receptacles of dead ashes and living waters, the tombs and aqueducts glimmer white through the brief southern twilight. All is still, silent, forlorn; only at intervals some savage buffalo raises his sullen front from the coarse herbage at the unwonted sound of a footstep, or a wild bird flutters with swift scared flight across the wanderer's path. Infinite sadness on the vast dim plain, infinite sadness in the poet's heart—poor weary human heart, turning from the cruel glitter of courts and the vain glories of public praise, with a sick yearning for love, and truth, and peace!

Near Velletri, Tasso changed clothes with a shepherd, in whose camp he pitched but he passed the night, and next morning pursued his journey. After four days of toilsome travel he reached Gaeta, nearly spent with fatigue, and here, by good chance, he found a bark of Sorrento about to return to that port without touching at Naples. In company with a number of humble passengers—peasants, fishermen, and the like—he embarked in her, and after a prosperous voyage, sailing all night upon the calm summer sea, he reached Sorrento and landed there at sunrise. He went at once to his sister's house. She had married, the reader will remember, Marzio Sersale, a noble cavalier of Sorrento, and was now a widow with two sons. Torquato found her alone, and, feigning to be a messenger from her brother, gave her so lamentable an account of his state and his fortunes that the poor woman, overcome with grief and agitation, swooned away.

If Tasso's object had been to ascertain his sister's true sentiments towards him, he had certainly attained it. He hastened to reassure her as soon as she recovered consciousness, and by degrees revealed himself as the long-absent brother whom she so tenderly loved, and told her all the particulars of his flight from Ferrara, and its cause. He conjured her to keep his presence in Sorrento secret, and she promised to obey him, only making an exception in favour of her sons, Antonio and Alessandro, to whom she confided that the poorly-clad and wretched-looking messenger was no other than their illustrious uncle, with whose fame all Europe was ringing. To the world she gave out that a cousin of hers from Bergamo was come to visit her.

And now fortune, weary of tormenting her victim, allowed Torquato to

enjoy three months of peace and rest amidst the devoted affection of his family and the exquisite beauties of that lovely spot. His two nephews were his constant companions in many an excursion in the neighbourhood, and from the lips of the eldest of them, Antonio, the Marchese Manso gathered the foregoing particulars of Tasso's flight and arrival at Sorrento, which he records in his biography of the poet. But Tasso had not been there above three months before there arrived missives urging him to return to the Court of Ferrara. He himself states distinctly that Madonna Eleonora wrote to persuade him to go back. But for a time he resisted, although his passion for the princess was by no means quenched even by the "heroic" method (as Italian doctors phrase it) taken by Duke Alfonso to cure him of any over-weening attachment to the house of Este. He caused his sister Cornelia to reply to the princess's letter for him, imploring her Highness to permit her to retain her brother with her yet a while after so long an absence, and appealing to her Highness's compassion in moving terms. Tasso himself also wrote to the Duke and Duchess of Ferrara, and to Lucrezia Duchess of Urbino, in the same sense, none of these great personages answering his letters except Madonna Eleonora, who wrote again, urging, nay, commanding him, in the most peremptory terms, to return to her brother's court. This fact, it will at once be perceived, is very important, inasmuch as it proves that there was great anxiety at the Court of Ferrara to get Tasso into their power again; and also that an appeal from Eleonora was deemed the most efficacious means for attaining that object—as, in fact, it proved to be. Tasso could not resist the influence of the princess. But at the moment of setting out from Sorrento he said to his sister, that "he was going to submit himself to a voluntary imprisonment." A remarkable phrase, all the circumstances considered! He reached Rome early in the spring of 1578, and there fell sick of a tertian fever, of which he was not yet wholly cured when he set out again in company with the Cavaliere Gualengo (ambassador of Duke Alfonso in Rome), and finally arrived in Ferrara about the end of March, or a little later.

A series of disappointments and mortifications awaited him here. The duke appeared to treat him with cool contempt; he was denied access to him and to the princesses; and not only so, but was frequently repulsed by the servants with insolence and indignities. But the real key of the enigma is contained in the following passage from the previously quoted letter to the Duke of Urbino:—"He" (the duke) "would fain have had me aspire to no praise of intellect, to no fame of letters, and that amidst ease and comfort and pleasures I should lead a soft and luxurious life, passing, like an exile, from honour, from Parnassus, the Lyceum, and the Academy, to the school of Epicurus, and especially to that part of his school which neither Virgil, nor Catullus, nor Horace, nor Lucretius himself ever frequented." In a word, the duke having declared him mad, insisted that he should continue to pass for such, on pain not only of losing his sovereign favour but of being severely pun-

ished. There is no other explanation of these words. Tasso's original claim to the duke's favour was his genius; and his genius only. The duke had invited him to his court, and had shown him honour there, solely because he was acknowledged to be a man of such eminence that his fame would shed a new lustre even on the illustrious house of Este. The greater the poet, the greater the patron! And now this same Duke Alfonso desires to stifle Tasso's genius, to smother his writings, to drag him from Parnassus down to "Epicurus' sty." He is to lead a meretricious animal life, well-fed, well-clothed, well-lodged, and all that the good duke asks in return is the sacrifice of his genius, his fame, his heart, his mind, and his soul! Unreasonable and irritable poet! Will it be believed that Tasso found the bargain intolerable, and once more fled from his benefactor?

He fled to Mantua, to Venice, to Urbino, to Piedmont, wandering from court to court, and finding mostly but cold comfort; for, as he piteously says in the often-quoted letter to the Duke of Urbino, "interest and the desire to be pleasing to princes shut the door against compassion." An exception must be made to this statement in favour of Charles Emanuel, Prince of Piedmont, who received Tasso with the honours due to his merit, and offered him the same brilliant position that he had enjoyed at first at the court of Ferrara, if he would enter his service. But it was not to be. Alfonso spared no effort to recover the fugitive. He sent a gentleman after him to Pesaro to persuade him to go back, and other temptations were not wanting. In an ode addressed to the Princesses of Ferrara, the poet says himself that he was "deluded" by false promises. But the main accomplice in seconding the duke's desire was in Tasso's own breast—his unconquerable passion for Eleonora, and yearning to see her again. In brief, despite the "strong dissuasions" of the Prince of Piedmont and other gentlemen, Tasso returned once more to fatal Ferrara on February 21, 1579, and two days after was arrested on a charge of having uttered "false, insane, and audacious words against the duke," and imprisoned in the madhouse of St. Anna.

And here the unhappy poet remained for seven years; seven years of misery such as few human beings have been subjected to. Despite what has been said in mitigation of the horrors of his imprisonment, it is but too clear that it was hard and cruel and harsh beyond measure. Tasso's own words on this subject are, alas! too explicit to be mistaken. Heart-rending, in truth, are the terms in which he laments and complains to the deaf ears of his former patrons. To the Duchess Marguerita Gonzaga, third wife of Alfonso, he speaks of making his "gloomy cell" resound with weeping. In a letter to Gonzaga he says that, "oppressed by the weight of so many afflictions, he has abandoned all thought of glory and honour;" that "tormented by thirst, he envies even the condition of the brutes who can freely quench theirs at rivers and fountains;" and that "the horror of his state is aggravated by the squalor of his hair and beard and clothes, and the sordidness and filth which he sees around him." Still more horrible are certain phrases which occur in

his "Discourse" to Scipio Gonzaga. Here he says, "I do not refuse to suffer this punishment, but it hurts me that an unwonted severity is used towards me, and that a new method of castigation is invented for me;" and after those last dreadful words follows a blank filled up with asterisks. The same thing occurs again and again in the course of this "Discorso," and the reason is that Sandelli, who first published it, deemed it prudent to suppress certain phrases and statements which would have furnished too tremendous an indictment against the "magnanimous" Alfonso d'Este, and others of his house. The original MS. from which Sandelli printed his version of the Discourse has eluded the most zealous search, and in all probability was purposely destroyed.

A cell, lighted only by one small grated window, has for generations been shown to visitors in the hospital of Santa Anna as the place of Tasso's imprisonment. A gloomy and terrible place indeed for such a man to pass seven years of his life in! Of late it has become the fashion to deny the authenticity of "Tasso's prison," as the cell is called. You are told that the poet never lived there; that he had excellent light and airy rooms in another part of the hospital—what part is not known—and that the compassion excited by the view of the cell is quite superfluous. Even the guardian who now shows it to the stranger (I revisited Ferrara in the late autumn of 1876), although he clings to the statement that Tasso was veritably confined within those narrow massive walls, declares that in the poet's time there was a larger window looking on the courtyard, and plenty of light and air. Now, for my own part, I see no reason whatever to doubt that tradition is in this, as in so many similar cases, a trustworthy guide. The aspect of the cell agrees perfectly with that which Tasso himself says of his prison. It does not agree with that which courtly gentlemen writing within the times, and by no means beyond reach of the influence of the house of Este, have said of it. The reader is at liberty to choose between these conflicting statements.

Here, then, sighed and wept, and perhaps raved, in the bitter despair and indignation of his soul, Torquato Tasso, an honourable gentleman, a faithful friend, and incomparably the greatest poet of his day. To punish him for the crime of loving his sister, Duke Alfonso gave him obloquy in exchange for glory, solitude for the brilliant society of a court, and instead of the sound of lutes and harmonious voices, the clanking of chains and the howls of maniacs. I cannot presume to decide whether or not there were some morbid strain in Tasso's intellect before he entered St. Anna, but that he did not become a frenzied lunatic before he left it seems to me to indicate a most amazing force of mind.

It is a sickening task to con over the numerous appeals which the wretched prisoner made to the outside world for help. He petitioned the princesses, the Duke of Urbino, the Duke and Duchess of Mantua, various persons at the court of the Emperor Rudolph and at that of Pope Gregory XIII., the Dukes of Savoy and Tuscany, and the su-

preme council of the city of his ancestors, Bergamo, to intercede with his princely gaoler. The good citizens of Bergamo did in truth accede to his prayer. His petition (a very touching one) was read in the council amidst tears of pity. They sent a special ambassador to Alfonso to beg him to release Tasso, and the duke received the ambassador very graciously, and promised to fulfil his request, and the poor prisoner was so elated with hope at the report of this princely promise (strange that he should have believed it even then!) as to be in hourly expectation of release for several days! And then—and then he was plunged back again into the gloom of despair, and months and years passed by and found him still in his dungeon.

At length he left it, with spirits shattered and body enfeebled. The chief instrument of his release was the Abbat Angelo Grillo, whose name should be known and honoured for this good work. The abbat importuned the Emperor and the Pope, and all the great ones of the earth whom he thought likely to assist his object. And finally, in the year of our Lord 1586, and the forty-second of his age, he was allowed to quit the scene of so much misery and degradation. Ferrara was holding high festival on the occasion of the nuptials of Cesare d'Este with Virginia de Medici; amongst the guests gathered there was young Vincenzo Gonzago, Prince of Mantua, the son and heir of Guglielmo Bernardo Tasso's old patron. This youth, induced by the zealous representations of the Abbat Grillo, begged and obtained from Alfonso the permission to carry Tasso with him to Mantua, on condition, however, of keeping him there under strict supervision. After a time this was relaxed, and he was free to go whither he would, except back to Ferrara.

Little is to be said here of the remaining years of our poet's life. He revisited Naples, made a brief sojourn in Florence, and finally came to Rome, whither he was invited to receive the laurel crown in the Capitol. But a pale, inexorable hand withheld the wreath from those worn temples. Tasso came to Rome but to die. He took up his abode among the monks of Sant' Onofrio, the monastery which stand on the Janiculum and dominates the city and the winding course of the Tiber for many a mile.

In the convent garden an ancient oak-tree stood up to the year 1842, which tradition said had been a favorite haunt of the poet. It was greatly injured by a storm in that year, but something of it still remains. There remain, too, the grand outlines of the Sabine and Alban Hills, on which his eyes must often have rested, looking from that lofty garden terrace on to the superb panorama it commands. The sunset light, too, was not different three hundred years ago. Often he must have sat in its rosy glow whilst the spring was smiling around him, and thought of the fast-coming moment when for him the sunshine and the scent of violets and the song of birds should be no more. He died on April 25, 1595, aged fifty-one years. The symbolic crowning in the Capitol was destined not to be, yet none the less do the voices of fame and posterity

award Torquato Tasso a high place among the immortal bards: *Dis miscent superis*. He was laid to rest in the Monastery of Sant' Onofrio, where a tasteless monument has been erected over his tomb, and where his chamber, and a crucifix and other objects used by him, are pointed out to the visitor. In a corridor upon which this chamber opens there is a fresco on the wall by Lionardo da Vinci, a lovely Madonna and child, with the donor of the picture kneeling before her; and on this fine work, full of the intense serious sentiment which distinguishes Lionardo, the poet's eyes must often have rested sympathetically. Perhaps those last days, during which his tide of life was ebbing, were not among the saddest he had known. Poor, vexed spirit! "After life's fitful fever he sleeps well."

FRANCES ELEANOR TROLLOPE, *in Belgravia*.

CUPID'S WORKSHOP.

A BALLAD IN THE OLD STYLE.

Deep within my ladye's eyes
 Little Cupid's workshop lies;
 There with many subtle arts
 Shapeth he his barbed darts—
 Darts to suit the young and old,
 Darts to suit the shy and bold,
 Darts that pierce and wound full sore,
 Darts that scratch and nothing more.

None can pass my ladye by
 But the god within her eye
 Seizes on the fleeting chance,
 And, beneath a furtive glance,
 Shoots a dart, direct and true,
 From those eyes of heaven's blue.
 Those who feel the pleasant pain
 Linger to be pierced again.

Should the heart be cold and stern,
 And the baffled arrow turn,
 Cupid still doth persevere,
 And distils a pearly tear,
 Whose brightest gleam the heart doth melt;
 Then the stab is sharply dealt,
 And the victim feels the thrall
 Which my ladye casts o'er all."

SOMERVILLE GIBNEY, *in Tinsley's Magazine*

PLAIN WORDS ABOUT THE AFGHAN QUESTION

Mandelay, Feb. 10.

THIS strange sequestered capital, which happens at the present writing to be my temporary place of sojourn, is in the outermost ripple of the great world's pool. The news of important events comes to it like a half-dead echo, that dies altogether after a sentence or two of listless comment. Last night I was dining in the society of a little knot of Frenchmen, who have drifted for various causes into this outlandish place, and there came to us by a telegram (in Burmese) the tidings of Marshal MacMahon's resignation and M. Grévy's election. "Ah, mon Dieu!" cried, with a flash of faded radiancy, a white-haired captain of cavalry, whose regiment I saw ride out of Metz to lay down its arms before the conquering Germans; "ah, the good time reapproaches! The next President, look you, will be the Prince Imperial; and from President he will blossom into Emperor; and then I will go back to France!" "O droll visionary," responded a close-cropped engineer, who had been a communiard, "while Gambetta lives, how imbecile to prate of Badinguet's brat!" The subject dropped, and the interrupted conversation recommenced about the "King-woon Menghyr's" *foocy* and the Burmese *prima donna*, "Yin-doo-Malè."

As for myself, a football of journalism, a shuttlecock of Bellona, who in nine years have made six campaigns and three visits to India, the links between home associations and myself have of necessity but feeble hold. But there is one link that still endures bright and strong—the link that binds me to friendships that I know are reciprocal. By devious tracks and with many delays, the *World* drifts out to this corner of quaint semi-barbarism, and in its columns I read how its Conductor had mapped out for himself a new enterprise. My acquaintance with him was born in a Vienna attic years ago, and my love for him and his has ever since been part of my life. The impulse was natural, then, which prompted me straightway to sit down and indite an article for the new venture, in the desire that I might testify in the spirit to hearty interest in the birth of *Time*, and to cordial wishes for its lusty life.

We got such a bellyful of Afghanistan in 1842, that ever since, till lately, we have been suffering under the nightmare thereof. When Collock turned his back on the ugly crags of the Khybur, we closed the page of Afghanistan, and dropped the book into the boundary-rivulet by Hurri-Singh-Ki-Bourj. It was well to banish the black memory of it, when as yet the Punjaub was under Sikh sway, and while our frontier station was Loodianah. But the condition.. radi-

cally altered when we annexed the Punjaub, and our border crossed the Indus and stretched up to the foot of the fore-hills. Then the Afghans became our neighbours; and even if there had been no region and no eventualities on the further side of Afghanistan, it behooved us, as a matter of the merest common sense, to renew relations with them, and to take measures for knowing and maintaining an accurate knowledge of all matters concerning them. What words could be found strong enough to describe her fatuity, if France, as a consequence of the disasters of 1870-1, had raised up a dead wall of demarcation between herself and Germany, utterly refusing to acquire any intelligence of the doings, the ideas, the designs of the latter country, prohibiting her citizens from visiting it—all, in short, but ignoring its existence—while France lay freely open to German inquisition? And yet our “frontier policy,” from the annexation of the Punjaub till Lord Salisbury became Secretary for India in 1874, was an almost exact parallel of such fatuity as this!

The man who is chiefly responsible for this obstinate and wanton “don't know, won't know, and musn't know” caricature of a policy is Lord Lawrence. To the late Sir John Kaye we owe the erection and worship of a number of sham idols, of whom the biggest and the shammiest—to coin a word—is “John Lawrence of the Punjaub.” Why, if “John Lawrence” had had his way, and if it had not been for stout-hearted Sydney Cotton, steadfast Herbert Edwardes, and valiant John Nicholson, all the trans-Indus territory would have been abandoned by our troops and people when the great Mutiny broke out. The more one studies the story of that time, the more apparent does it become that Sir John Lawrence was, in the main, the mere formal sanctioner, and that often after the event of his energetic and stubborn-souled subordinates' acts. The men “of the Punjaub” in India's hour of need were such doers and darers as I have named, with Robert Montgomery and Frederick Cooper added to the list. Lawrence was a signer and assenter, not a doer and darer.

The special weakness of Indian officials is a blind worship of the Juggernaut of routine. Very often the man who is the creator of the routine, and who therefore ought to know that it is no god, but his own handiwork, is its most abandoned devotee. In the language of Scripture, he “worshippeth the work of his own hands;” and his faith in it adheres long after it has become untimely, and may, indeed, have become pernicious. As likely as not, the creator of the routine is the creator of a school as well. The *cultus* of his policy is taken up by his disciples; and because it was the policy of their master, they swear by it and cling to it, walk in its ways, and count an impugner of its wisdom or of its timeliness as a rank heretic and irreverent revolutionary. Lawrence, when he came to the Punjaub, found the flag flying on which was inscribed, “No intercourse with Afghanistan.” It had been a good motto; but the banner had halliards; Lawrence cut them, and nailed it to the mast of his policy

for all time to come. His young men ranged themselves under it when they joined the ranks, and looked upon it as a sacred thing, whose fitness and appropriateness was not to be questioned: at home the Liberal party adopted it with a whole heart.

So there befell us the disgrace, which would be ridiculous were it not so utterly miserable and humiliating, that when the inevitable abandonment of the non-intercourse policy came, and we had to invade Afghanistan, nobody knew anything of the resources, roads, and characteristics of the region ten miles beyond our great cantonments of Peshawur. At the beginning of the present war a *press* was printed by the Quartermaster-General's department, purporting to summarise what was known about the road through the Khybur, between Jumrood and Jellalabad. It may be said of this compilation that it told scarcely anything, and that what it did tell proved to be uniformly and flagrantly wrong. Our knowledge of Afghanistan might have been ample, had our authorities chosen to acquire it, or allow it to be acquired. The objection of the Afghan rulers to receive official residents hardly existed, even in name, until the Ameer Shere Ali became alienated by the *chicane* of our selfish "heads I win, tails you lose" treatment of him. Old Dost Mahomed in 1857 made no bones about allowing "British officers with suitable establishments and orderlies" to be "deputed to Cabul, or Kandahar, or Balkh, or all three places;" and the Lumsdens, in virtue of the treaty of which this was a clause, actually went to Kandahar. But they were recalled when the special matter which brought about the *ad hoc* departure from the Lawrentian policy was no longer urgent. The evidence is overwhelming that at Umballa, in 1869, Shere Ali would have been willing to accept British residents if Lord Mayo had been allowed to make the request. I have good authority for affirming that there is a document in the archives of the Foreign Office at Calcutta, in which is minuted the assurance on the part of Noor Mahomed Shah, the Ameer's envoy sent to Simla in 1873, that his master was willing to consent to the presence of British officers in Afghanistan. But if the Ameer had entertained an objection to their presence, surely it would have been wise to be urgent and peremptory for overruling the same, when all circumstances were favourable to the effort, our hands elsewhere unhampered, and the Ameer squeezable under pressure, not having yet become arrogant because of our long-continued pusillanimity, nor dazzled by the chimera of Russian support. Not less surely it was the very anti-climax of obstinately intentional purlblindness that prohibited unofficial travellers from exploring Afghanistan at their own risk and on their own responsibility. If the enterprise was dangerous, that was their affair; but that Englishmen could travel in Afghanistan without being maltreated was proved by the journeys of Macgregor and Lockwood, of Pelly and March. But the prohibition was stern. When, in India in 1873, I conceived the de-

sign of returning through Afghanistan, and informally asked if there would be any objection, I was informed that leave was not to be procured. "Then I will go without leave," I said. The reply was that I should be pursued and brought back by cavalry if my departure were discovered.

The history of the relations between Shere Ali and ourselves divides itself into epochs. As regards him the epochs are three: the epoch of his tolerable friendliness; the epoch of his surliness; and the epoch of his alienation. As regards our policy the epochs are four: the epoch of the Lawrence policy; the epoch of the Mayo policy, warm and genial compared with the former, but under protest from the powers at home, and frosted by the Lawrentian bias of the Duke of Argyll; the epoch of the Northbrook policy, on the old placidly negative Lawrentian lines; and the Lytton epoch, imbued with, and dictated by, the more peremptory spirit of Lord Salisbury.

Shere Ali began his reign genially enough. He avowed his determination to "follow the laudable example of his father in maintaining strong ties of amity and friendship with the British Government." "John Lawrence of the Punjab" waited silently for six months, and then sardonically wished him a "strong and united government." In 1867 the same Viceroy recognised the rebel Mahomed Azim Khan. He dies, and his brother, another rebel succeeds him, whose accession the bland Viceroy calls an "auspicious event." Shere Ali regains his throne, takes no umbrage at the Viceroy's affability to the rebels, and applies for a meeting to "show his sincerity and firm attachment" to the Government which had called the accession of his enemy an "auspicious event." The Viceroy of course "congratulates him on his success"—another "auspicious event." The other day our resident here at Mandalay was urging on the Burmese Ministers the necessity for consenting to the admission of a guard of British troops for the presidency. They were bent, *more suo*, on procrastination. They urged on him the necessity for preliminary settlement of four grand cardinal principles; and what do you think these were? "Cordiality, brotherly love, charity, and mutual confidence!" Lord Lawrence tenders Shere Ali similar useful platitudes. He recommends to his notice "the excellent virtues, kindness, foresight, and good management." He gives him six lakhs and 4000 guns; but before the meeting could be acceded to, he writes home, "We must wait and see whether Abdul Rahman or any other chief prove victorious." In which event, of course, the man subsidised and congratulated might go to the devil. This is Lord Lawrence's notion of fulfilling his own postulate in a letter to the Ameer: "Of course it is essential that both parties should act with sincerity and truth, so that real confidence may exist between them."

If the Liberal Government had not tied Lord Mayo's hands—it bullied, indeed, that straightforward and right thinking Viceroy for

winning Shere Ali's heart by being cordial to him—we should have secured and retained that potentate's friendship, and have had freely granted to us the run of his country, which impending complications made so essential. As it was, while Lord Mayo lived the Ameer lay under the spell of his genial mastery. But Russia was looming large over against him, and he felt himself between the hammer and the anvil. Some real assistance and firm assurance from us would have even then bound him to us. But to Lord Mayo had succeeded Lord Northbrook, an honourable and upright man, but cold, stiff, unsympathetic, and bound by antecedents and personal conviction to the jelly-fish policy of the Gladstone Government. To the Ameer's pleading for effective backing up by us against Russian aggression Lord Northbrook's chilling response was, that in certain eventualities, and on certain conditions, "probably the British Government would afford the Ameer assistance in repelling an invader." This, to use a slang phrase, was "not good enough." The Ameer saw further and clearer into the Russian designs than did Lord Northbrook and his Council. So late as the beginning of 1876 that worshipful sanhedrim remained besotted with incredulity that "Russian interference was a probable or near contingency," and saw no reason to "anticipate that the Russian Government would deviate from the policy of non-interference so recently declared." The Ameer knew better three years earlier. In 1873 he already had recognised the imminent prospect of Russian aggression; and whether he was right let any one judge who has read Sir H. Rawlinson's article in the *Nineteenth Century* of December last, in which the projects of Russia from 1873, and her actual movements in 1877, are detailed.

He had sickened him at last by dint of our repellent policy; and, recognising his inability to hold his own for himself, Shere Ali went over to the other side, whose emissaries had for years been whispering at his elbow. He is no dodger, this poor shuttlecock of successive Viceroy's. Having thrown himself into the other camp, he did not dissemble his disgust and alienation. There was something of kingliness in his contemptuous refusal to touch the money we offered to him at the end of a very long pole. He ignored alike Lord Northbrook's proposal to send a surveying officer into Afghanistan—a slight which that Viceroy accepted without a murmur of remonstrance—and his piteously limp suggestion that, although the Ameer had not expressed it, he no doubt felt regret at "his inability to welcome servants of the Queen." Shere Ali, in fine, had "cut us."

Lord Salisbury became Secretary of State for India. Now Lord Salisbury is a statesman, and yet further he is a Briton. There is no flabbiness about him. He saw the imbecility of allowing Afghanistan to remain a sealed book to us. He ordered Lord Northbrook to "procure the assent of the Ameer" to the establishment of British residents in Afghanistan. Lord Northbrook pro-

tested in a letter that is a masterpiece of bigoted purblind fatuity. By arguments that are as contemptible as the deprecation of the Ameer's disaffection is abject, the Viceroy's letter urges that the "time was unsuitable;" they were "mere vague rumours" only as to the Ameer's dalliance with Russia; and Sir Richard Pollock's keenness of insight was happily exemplified in his quoted "conviction that no unfavourable change whatever had occurred in the disposition of his Highness." Lord Salisbury read the signs of the times better; he brushed away Lord Northbrook's remonstrances, and peremptorily instructed him "to find some occasion for sending a mission to Cabul." Lord Northbrook's conduct now was, in plain language, insubordinate. A victim to the double hallucination that the Ameer had not been made our enemy, and that a Russian pledge to a non-extension policy was not a grim joke, he repeated his expostulations, and in perhaps the weakest document ever printed in a Blue-book he pleaded that the whole question might be reconsidered.

But his time was up, and his successor chosen. Lord Salisbury let Lord Northbrook slide; and the instructions which Lord Lytton took out with him directed the new Viceroy to find occasion for a temporary mission as a prelude to permanent British agents. If Lord Hartington meant in any other than a political sense his remark that "Lord Lytton was everything that a Viceroy ought not to be," he achieved a miracle of succinct definition. Aiming seemingly at the proud role of *petit maître*, Lord Lytton only succeeds in being a *petit creve*, with a dash of the satyr and a mild infusion of the secondhand Jesuit. In his public capacity he is frequently ridiculous; he is crude, rash, and impulsive; but he is laudably under discipline to the orders of his superior, and has the faculty of writing extremely able despatches. His communication of May 1877 is the model of a modern state paper. It recapitulates the negotiations, or rather failure of negotiations, with the Ameer since his accession to office, and brings the history of events down to the abrupt arrestment of the Peshawur Conference, on the death of the Ameer's envoy.

When it was written the Ameer was almost undisguisedly our enemy. He had not, indeed, wholly thrown off the mask, or altogether interrupted relations; but he was arming, and he was *lie* with Kaufmann up to the hilt. Pacific efforts had been exhausted, and there remained but the expedient of threatening the Ameer with actual hostilities, as the consequence of continued refusal on his part to receive a mission. But Lord Salisbury doubtless felt that there is a time for everything under the sun. Europe was in the throes of a difficulty, the likeliest outcome of which, in the opinion of very many people, would be a European war. England was temporising, if not vacillating; and Lord Beaconsfield had not hardened his heart to confront and confound Russia. I think, speaking for myself, that the Secretary of State was wrong in the line he took. He accepted the *status quo*. The Ameer was to be

left for a time "to reflect on the knowledge he had gained." We let him rest; but we also left unattained the safety and serenity of India. For the attainment of these, a knowledge of events in Afghanistan was surely more essential now than ever previously; to the acquisition of that knowledge the establishment of envoys was essential; the consent of the ruler of Afghanistan was essential to that establishment. Was it not, then, an error of judgment to leave the Ameer in a distinctly and increasingly dangerous attitude of "isolation and scarcely veiled hostility," at a time when, not having fallen entirely under the spell of Russian encouragement, plain speaking, to be followed by acts, would probably have led him to reconsider his decision?

A year elapsed: a Russian mission reached Cabul. With the consent of the Secretary of State, Lord Lytton had commissioned Sir Neville Chamberlain to be the head of an opposition mission, and was hurrying forward his preparations. This haste was a grave error; and another and yet graver error underlay it. There was every reason to believe that the Ameer would refuse to accept the mission. He had declined a mission already, when as yet he had not been hand and glove with the Russians. It was the conviction of most sagacious Anglo-Indians that Shere Ali was prepared to go the length of affronting us. Sir Neville Chamberlain from the first was almost destitute of hope. Now in the event of such a positive affront as the refusal to admit the mission, the bolt of retribution should have sped swift, sure, decisive. But Lord Lytton would have no bolt ready to his hand. The carrying out of the projected camp of exercise at Hassun-Abdul, only three marches behind Peshawur, would have furnished no ground for the charge that he was holding out an olive-branch with one hand while the other held a club behind his back. But, whether out of over-confidence or out of quixotry I know not, he had the strongest faith in the acceptance of the mission. Lord Lytton countermanded the Hassun-Abdul gathering of soldiers.

Thus it fell out that, when the mission was ignominiously stopped, our condition in India resembled that of a turtle suddenly turned over on its back. Then it was that Lord Lytton and his advisers lost their heads. Lord Lytton is a civilian pure and simple; the effort to rise to the conception of him in uniform is frustrated by a sense of the ridiculous. But there were soldiers in council with him—or whose council was at his disposal—who could scarcely have been ignorant of the abyss of unpreparedness into which anxiety for economy had plunged the Indian military establishments on their peace footing. There is no evidence that he submitted his projects to the home authorities, or, indeed, that to this day do these know anything of them. He had, in fact, pledged himself to "no hostile action without full previous communication." What he actually did was this:

Immediately after the repulse of Sir Neville Chamberlain's mission in the beginning of September last, the Viceroy issued orders through the regular channel, the Commander-in-Chief, to Brigadier-General Ross, commanding at Peshawur, to go and drive the Ameer's garrison out of Ali Musjid, and hold that place. Peshawur is the most important cantonment on the north-western frontier of India; its normal garrison consists of some six battalions of infantry, three regiments of cavalry, and three batteries of artillery. It summer Peshawur is a pestilential station, the demon of fever has full sway, and last year he was more than ordinarily fell. It is customary during that period to send away from it to healthier outlying places all the troops that can be spared. Brigadier-General Ross is a soldier who has shown his capacity again and again, and special circumstances made him now exceptionally eager to distinguish himself further. He got his orders, and he promptly mustered his available strength. He found that, when he left behind only three hundred men, chiefly convalescents, to overawe the most turbulent city of Upper India, in which disaffection was known to be rife, there was forthcoming for the prescribed enterprise a force barely one thousand strong, in whose ranks were many men whose efficiency fever had deteriorated. Not less morally than physically brave, General Ross rightly thought it his duty to represent the great risk of disaster which offensive operations of an indefinite character, with this handful of virtually unequipped soldiers, would entail. His arguments were too cogent to be disregarded, and the crazy scheme was abandoned.

Yet the Viceroy—"in Council," as is the technical, though mostly empty, term—still hankered after a coup. In the expectation that the home authorities, as the outcome of the impending Cabinet Council, would pronounce for immediate hostilities, orders from Simla were issued in the third week of October to the principal commissariat officer of Peshawur, that he should have ready by the first week of November supplies for six thousand men for seven days, and adequate transport for the advance of the detachment to Dukka. The rashness of a design to launch six thousand men forty miles into a difficult and disturbed region with but seven days' supply in hand needs no exposure; but death was dealt it, not from remorse at the folly of it, but by orders from home of a contrary tenor, and by the report of the commissariat officer that adequate transport could not be procured on such short notice.

These fortunately abortive struggles to compass premature hostilities are now for the first time made public. The Indian Government has a positive genius for unscrupulous contradiction; but I am prepared to prove the truth of what I have written.

While working after this fashion on his account, Lord Lytton was pleading vehemently with Lord Cranbrook for sanction for an immediate declaration of war. The Blue-book contains but a selection

from the telegraphic correspondence; but the Blue-book furnishes convincing proof of the Viceroy's urgency. His messages contain such expressions as these: "Any demand for apology would, now, in my opinion, be useless, and only expose us to fresh insult, while losing valuable time." "We urgently request immediate sanction to measures stated above," viz. immediate active offensive steps. Nor did he confine his urgency to the official and constitutional channel. *It is not generally known, but it is nevertheless true, that the Viceroy of India, following the example of Colonels Mansfield and Wellesley in the recent Russo-Turkish war, has maintained direct communication on the Anglo-Afghan imbroglio with her Majesty the Queen. How copious and detailed this must have been may be judged from the fact that a single telegram from the Viceroy to the Queen, at an important and difficult crisis, was so long that the cost of it was eleven hundred rupees. Who paid for it—whether the Sovereign or the Viceroy, England or India—I know not; but I do know that it cost what I have stated.*

At this momentous conjecture, Lord Beaconsfield's Cabinet displayed statecraft of a very high, because very difficult, character. The Viceroy was clamouring for an immediate declaration of war. Behind him stood ranged the chief military authorities of our Indian Empire; men who might well be assumed to know that subject which was *par excellence* their own—the condition of India's military establishments. A poor paper-stainer like myself need feel no shame that he followed the lead of experts so eminent. But if the Viceroy had got his way, there would have ensued an ignoble interval of abstract inoperative hostility, while the army was daubing on its war paint, and, like Mr. Winkle, getting ready to begin. For it is not to be deemed that, even on the expiry of the time which the presentation of the ultimatum gave for preparation, the columns were so deficient of complete equipment, that, for instance, the chief commissariat office of the Peshawur column put on record a demi-official repudiation of responsibility if the end of the term of grace given should be the signal for immediate advance. That state of unpreparedness, in the consciousness of which the authorities in India had light hearts, the Cabinet at home was most solemnly sensible of. How, I know not; whether of their own knowledge, or because of the counsels of wise and conversant soldiers that were doubtless at their disposal. To make time for getting ready they prescribed the expedient of the ultimatum; and so brought about the valuable result, that our nakedness was not uncovered before a jibing world. The ultimatum was simply a device to gain time; the *locus pœnitentiæ* a mere *façon de parler*. But there was a fine ring of magnanimity in the expedient; and there was the off—very off—chance that the Ameer would realise the situation, and save us the cost of a war. In the actual issue, it achieved for us the *eclat*—a little hollow, it is true—under the appearance of dashing promptness, of beginning war on the very stroke of the clock. Of the conduct and results of that war, the time has not come to speak.

ARCHIBALD FORBES, *in Time*.

FRESH ASSYRIAN FINDS;

TRIUMPHAL BRONZE GATES OF SHALMANESER THE GREAT.

THE opening of a new chapter in the stirring history of Assyrian discovery cannot be a matter of indifference to any who are in the slightest degree interested in the culture of the Old East, and least of all to intelligent and reverential students of Holy Writ. We none of us need to be reminded that our religion, although meant for all nations, is of Oriental origin, and that even the New Testament, whose very language is Greek or Western, whence we are daily learning it, is best read and understood in the light of the rising sun. Most would acknowledge that in no other light is it intelligible at all. In like manner, the Author of our faith and His apostles were all of them Jews, the flower of God's chosen people, with whose annals, as recorded in the Old Testament, those of the great empires on the Euphrates and the Tigris are for hundreds of years together inextricably interwoven. The astute kingcraft of the Pharaohs was the first to spy and make the most of the opportunity created by the disruption of the Hebrew monarchy on the death of Solomon, and in the fifth year of the wise king's foolish son Shishak sacked Jerusalem. In a hieroglyphical inscription on what is known as the porch of the Bubastite Pharaohs, at Thebes, Shishak, who was the founder of that dynasty of Egyptian kings, has taken care to record that conquest. His son and successor, Osorkon, has with good reason been identified with Zerakh the Ethiopian, mentioned in the second book of Chronicles (xiv. 9), whose huge invading host of Cushites and Libyans was hurled back by Rehoboam's pious grandson Asa. Osorkon is barely named in the contemporary Egyptian records, and had they been as communicative as they are silent about the events of his reign we should hardly have found them chronicling this crushing defeat. It is worth noting, however, that for more than a century and a half afterwards the Pharaohs wisely let the Hebrews alone, and that the next time the great southern monarchy is seen interesting itself in its Palestinian neighbours it is as their friends and allies. It was thus that Sabaco, the So of the Bible, encouraged Hoshea of Israel to shake off the Assyrian yoke, and to spurn paying tribute any longer to Shalmaneser IV., and that he bravely but unsuccessfully fought with that king's successor, Sargon, to ward off Samaria's doom. Thus too the Pharaoh Tirhakah marched to the relief of Hezekiah—whom Sennacherib had shut up in Jerusalem, "like a bird in a cage," as he boasts in his inscription—and by the rumour of his approach performed the part assigned to him by Providence in compelling the Assyrian to raise

the siege. The reader hardly needs to be reminded how marvellously the Bible accounts of these great events have been confirmed to the letter, as well as illustrated and supplemented, by the contemporary cylinders and tablets unearthed by our Bottas and Layards and interpreted by the daring erudition of many an Œdipus, such as Hincks, Norris, Fox, Talbot, and George Smith amongst the dead, with their survivors Oppert and Rawlinson of the first generation of Assyriasts, and Sayce and Schrader of the second. Since Esarhad-don, who succeeded his father Sennacherib, includes "Manasseh, King of Judah," in a list of twenty-two of his vassals which has come down to us, he has been reasonably recognized as the unnamed King of Assyria mentioned in 2 Chron. xxxiii. 11—13. There we read that on account of the worse than heathen sins of Manasseh and his people, "the Lord brought upon them the captains of the host of the King of Assyria, which took Manasseh among the thorns, and bound him with fetters, and carried him to Babylon. And when he was in affliction, he besought the Lord his God, and humbled himself before the God of his fathers, and prayed unto him: and he was intreated of him, and heard his supplication, and brought him again to Jerusalem into his kingdom. Then Manasseh knew that the Lord he was God." If now we turn back to Tiglath-Pileser II., the immediate predecessor of Shalmaneser IV., who began the siege of Samaria which Sargon ended, and with it the kingdom of Israel, we have in unbroken sequence no fewer than five successive kings of Assyria whose autograph annals record their contact, almost always their collisions, with seven Hebrew kings. Five of the seven—namely Menahem, Pekah, and Hoshea of Israel, with Azariah and Ahaz of Judah—are repeatedly spoken of by Tiglath-Pileser in his inscriptions as his contemporaries, with the exception of the first, whom the fragments as yet found mention but once. It seems at first sight that to this single mention of Menahem by Tiglath-Pileser, whose annals, under his eighth year (B. C. 738), say expressly that he took tribute of the King of Samaria so named, there is nothing to answer in the Bible. On the other hand, we read in 2 Kings xv. 19 that "Pul the King of Assyria came against the land: and Menahem gave Pul a thousand talents of silver, that his hand might be with him to confirm the kingdom in his hand." Formerly it was always thought that Pul must have been Tiglath-Pileser's predecessor. But since the discovery and decipherment of the cuneiform inscriptions the opinion has been growing that these are but two names of one and the same Assyrian monarch. It may be remarked that whether we fall in with this view or not the chronological difficulty of making Menahem contemporary with Tiglath-Pileser will remain. Hence we need feel the less repugnance to accept the identification, which, besides being supported by the authority of profound Assyriologists, like Professor Schrader of Berlin and Professor Sayce of Oxford, at once enables us to see in Menahem's tribute to Tiglath-

Pileser the thousand talents of silver which the Bible says he gave to Pul. This Ninevite king with a twofold name would thus be the earliest of the series mentioned expressly in the Hebrew records. A far older sovereign of Assyria, however, and one whose conquests raised the great empire on the Tigris to the highest pitch of glory, speaks of two kings of Israel in his annals with whom he was successively brought into contact. This is Shalmaneser II., who reigned, according to the cuneiform astronomical canon, from B. C. 860 to B. C. 825. It was he who, to hand down his name to future ages, reared on high in the midst of his new capital Calah, where the mound of Nimrod now marks the site, the famous black obelisk brought by Layard to this country, and which is now in the British Museum. On it are five lines or rows of sculptures, representing the tributes rendered to their conqueror by the different subjugated countries, with accompanying legends. The inscription annexed to the second row of bas-reliefs was deciphered by the late learned Dr. Hincks, and independently of him by Sir Henry Rawlinson. Both found it to contain the name of Jehu. It reads: "I received tribute from Jehu, son of Omri; silver, gold, gold in plates, *zukur* of gold, gold cups, gold *ceiani*, sceptres which are in the hand of the king and Idellium." The late Mr George Smith afterwards recognised in the annals of Shalmaneser II., engraved on one of Layard's bulls, a further record of the same fact, which at the same time it dates in the conqueror's eighteenth year, B. C. 843.

Meanwhile Professor Oppert, of Paris, had already brought to light a synchronism of Shalmaneser II., in his sixtieth year, B. C. 855, with Benhadad of Damascus and Ahab of Israel, predecessors respectively of Hazael and Jehu. This was in the far more detailed annals of the Assyrian king found at Kurkh, the modern name given to some important ruins on the right bank of the Tigris, twenty miles from Diarbekir, which are thought to represent the city Karkathio-kerta of the classical geographers. Under that year the Assyrian autocrat boasts of having shattered, by a crushing defeat at Karkar on the banks of the Orontes, a Syrian league of twelve members which had been formed against him. Benhadad brought into the field 1,200 chariots, with as many other warlike equipages, and 20,000 men; Irkhuleni of Hamath, who ruled also over Karkar, Farga, Ada, &c., had 700 chariots, an equal number of reserve carriages, and 10,000 men; Ahab, 2,000 chariots and 10,000 men. There was even an Egyptian contingent of 1,000 men, besides 1,000 fighting camels from Arabia. The other members of the league sent from 200 to 500 warriors each, and from 10 to 30 chariots, if any. Shalmaneser says he poured over them a deluge like the Air God, and slew 14,000 of their troops, destroying them from Karkar to Gilzau, so that there was no room on the battlefield for their corpses, which were tumbled into the Orontes, and choked up its waters.

The above slight sketch of the relations between the twofold

Hebrew monarchy, from Ahab's elder contemporary Asa downwards, and the Assyrian empire, always implacable, save when soothed by slavish submission and heavy tribute, may seem to give undue prominence to Shalmaneser II. and his victory at Karkar. But the reader, it may be hoped, will hardly think so any longer when told that by far the most remarkable of the latest finds brought by Mr. Hormuzd Rassam from the Tigris valley to enrich the British Museum is a magnificent and altogether unique historical monument belonging to this great king of kings—nothing less, in short, than a colossal pair of gates from his palace, plated with noble bronzes illustrative of the battle in question, amongst the other glories of his reign. Of the circumstances under which the discovery was made, and of the monument thus rescued from oblivion, a brief account must now be given.

It was at the end of 1877 that the Trustees of the British museum, having resolved on the resumption of Mr. George Smith's renewed exploration of the Assyrian mounds, entrusted the enterprise to Mr. Rassam. Many years before he had been successfully engaged in the same work under the direction of Sir Henry Rawlinson, and accordingly the results to which he could point on his return in the following autumn not only fully justified the confidence with which he had already been honoured, but led to his being sent out again, after a rest of a few weeks, armed with far larger powers and a widely extended commission. He had naturally, following Mr. George Smith's lead, begun with ransacking once more the debris of the royal libraries in the Kouyunjik mound, where Nineveh once stood, opposite the site of the modern Mosul. The fresh search was rewarded by the recovery of about 1,500 new cuneiform fragments, most of which are sure to be found to fit others already in the British Museum. In a corner of Assurbanipal's library Mr. Rassam found a beautiful decagonal cylinder, inscribed with the annals of that king down to his twentieth year, each of the ten faces running to a hundred and twenty lines. Proceeding to Nimroud, a score of miles down the Tigris, he reopened the trenches abandoned by Sir A. H. Layard thirty years before, and brought to light portions of the palace of Assurnazirpal, the father of Shalmaneser II., as well as the temple of Istar, the Assyrian Venus. It was during his excavations here that tidings reached Mr. Rassam which awakened his keenest interest. At the mound of Balewat, about nine miles to the north-east of Nimroud, some Arab gravediggers, in plying their calling, had unearthed a number of ancient bronzes. By an extraordinary coincidence, it so happened that several years before he had come into possession of a couple of Assyrian bronze fragments of just the same kind, which had been found at this very spot, and two or three other pieces had been bought by a French archæologist, M. Schlumberger, of Paris. The latter were shown in the Trocadéro at the late Paris Exposition, and were described by M. Lenormant in the

'Revue Archæologique.' They join Mr. Rassam's pieces, of which an account was given some time ago by Mr. W. St. Chad Boscawen before the Society of Biblical Archæology, as we are reminded in the paper read before the same learned body by Mr. Theophilus G. Pinches, which is the groundwork of the present article. It may be imagined, therefore, how eager Mr. Rassam was for closer acquaintance with an old friend. Taking with him a large staff of his workmen he lost no time in making his way to Balawat, and though annoyed at times by riots amongst the Arabs for disturbing a Moslem cemetery, succeeded, partly by good temper and partly by making the best use of the Sultan's firman, in making extensive excavations on the hitherto virgin site. The mound may be described as pretty nearly rectangular in shape, and its corners may be said in a general way to be turned towards the four cardinal points of the compass. It represents an ancient Assyrian city, which before the reign of Assurnazirpal, father of Shalmaneser II., was known by the name of Kharuta. Though very near to Nineveh, the old Assyrian capital, it had been taken and held by the Babylonians during the long period of the rival empire's political decline. But when Assurnazirpal came to the throne, which he held from B. C. 885 to B. C. 860, he soon showed himself a great warrior, not only by expelling the invaders from his country, but by the recovery of long-lost conquests reviving its ancient glories. He ruled from the Zagros mountains and the Armenian lake Van as far as the Lebanon range and the Syrian coasts of the Mediterranean. Aramæa, Mesopotamia, and Babylonia he brought under his yoke. To the recovered city, now marked by the ruins at Balawat, he gave the name of Imgur-Beli, "the fortress of Bel," and with the stones of a deserted palace built a temple to the war-god, Makhir, or Adar, as the name is read by some, near the city's north-eastern wall. These facts are recorded on alabaster tablets which Mr. Rassam found in a coffer made of the same material, deposited beneath the altar of the temple itself. They shed a fresh and welcome ray of light on the period of decay which preceded the reign of this monarch, and which has always been one of the darkest in Assyrian history. In the opposite or western half of the Balawat mound were laid bare four stone platforms, marking the sides of an irregular square. It was here that the bronze fragments had been lighted on by the Arab gravediggers, and by further and more systematic excavations round these platforms, carried on with the utmost care, immense plates of that metal, covered with historical bas-reliefs in *repoussé* work, were taken out bodily. The most perfect specimens were 8½ feet long by about 1 foot broad, the historical representations ranging in an upper and a lower tier. The subjects treated on these plates are Shalmaneser's battles, sieges, triumphal processions, the tortures inflicted on his prisoners, acts of royal worship, and his marches through difficult countries—over hill and down dale, as well as across the Tigris and other dan-

gerous rivers, both out and home. It was not until their arrival at the British Museum that these bas-reliefs were recognized as having originally ornamented an immense pair of rectangular folding gates, probably of cedar, each leaf being about 22 feet high, 6 feet broad, and 3 inches thick. The height was deduced from the length of the two strips of bronze edging found with this set of bas-reliefs, which it was seen must have been nailed upon those portions of the gates where they clipped, and which are technically called the "styles." The "style" bronzes are inscribed with a history in duplicate of the first nine years of Shalmaneser's reign, these inscriptions on the vertical edgings thus furnishing the text, to which the chasings on the fourteen *relievi*, seven for each leaf, nailed horizontally across the gates at equal distances, add most artistic and telling illustrations. The doorposts were cylindrical, and about a foot and a quarter in diameter, as is inferred from the existing bulge of several of the best-preserved horizontal plates, which at that end are shaped like a drum. Between the inner edge of the drum and the style the distance is 4½ feet, as measured in the writer's presence by the British Museum expert, Mr. Ready, who was the first to identify as a pair of gates this unique and grand Assyrian monument—which, added to the diameter of the drum, gives a total breadth of six feet for each leaf, as above. The posts were shod with pivots, on which the gates turned in sockets, being held up at the top by strong rings fixed in the masonry. The pivots are at the Museum, but the sockets and rings are unfortunately missing.

The inscription on the "styles," although fuller for the period it embraces than the other great historical texts of Shalmaneser II., is found to be very carelessly engraved, besides neglecting the strict chronological order of events. As yet it has been only very partially translated. Of the horizontal chased bands a large proportion are in a sadly fragmentary state. The subjects are nearly always indicated by short legends accompanying the pictures. Thus the titles of a couple of plates, which at the date of the visit spoken of above to the British Museum were likely to be soonest added to the four already on public view, consist of but a few words put into the triumphant king's mouth. On the upper band of the first plate he says, "The city Arnè of Arame I captured." on the lower band, "The city . . . (name undeciphered) of Arame son of Gusi I captured." The legends of the other bronze, relating to the same Armenian war, are for the upper and lower tiers respectively, "The capital of Arame of the people of Ararat I captured"—"The tribute of the Gozanians." To the same war belongs one of the four bronze bas-reliefs already publicly shown. Over the upper tableau we read, "An image of my Majesty over against the sea of the land of Nairi (the modern Lake Van) I set up, victims to my gods I sacrificed;" over the lower, "The city Saguni of Arame king of Ararat I captured." Over the representation of captives coming be-

fore the king in a rocky country, given on the upper band of another of the four, there is no legend; in the lower the king says, "The royal city of Rizuta I captured—in the fire I burnt." The other two both belong to the great Syrian war in which the Benhadad and Ahab of the Bible, with their allies, were so signally defeated. On both bands of the one bronze is read the legend, "The tribute of Sangara of the Carchemishians I received," and in both instances it surmounts a representation of the city Carchemish, taken, however, from different points of view. It will be remembered that, according to the Kurkh inscription, Sangara, king of Carchemish, was a member of the Syrian League. Another prominent leader was the Hamathite King Urkhileni, and to the loss of three of his cities the bas reliefs on the last of the four horizontal plates, first shown at the Museum, refer. The upper row is superscribed, "The city Parga of Urkhileni of the Hamathites I captured," and in the same line, "The city Ada I captured." Beneath either legend is depicted, in the same noble style of art characteristic of the monument throughout, the beleaguering of the walls by the Assyrian hosts, and from the arrangement of the scenes to right and left of Shalmaneser's camp it is thought that the two sieges must have been going on at one and the same time. Parga, to the left, seems to have been the stronger of the two, since it is attacked by the battering-ram, which, armed with its formidably pointed head, is seen advancing up the slopes of the hill crowned by the battlemented towers. On the other side a strong body of archers protected by an immense covering shield are drawing the bow against the garrison. The chariots with their prancing horses and exulting warriors seem to have cleared the way, like cavalry in the times before artillery superseded its functions, for these decisive operations. In the siege of Ada the King himself shoots the arrow against it. The legend over the lower row of bas-reliefs reads, "The city Karkar of Urkhileni of the Hamathites I took." It was near this important city on the river Orontes, which has been identified with Aroer, that as will be recollected, the decisive battle of the campaign was fought. Here then we have for the first time before our eyes in a contemporary work of art the very scene and catastrophe, so to speak, of the tragedy in which Ahab and Benhadad were conspicuous actors. The drama has its beginning, middle, and end. In one Assyrian tent we see the inauguration of the siege with religious rites, whilst in another goes forward the work of the commissariat department. One woman before her kneading-trough is making loaves for the troops, which a second bakes in a round field-oven, whilst a third piles them up in a field overtopping their heads. The beleaguering army is depicted with great spirit, both in the moment of its being led forth in bounding chariots to the assault, and as it returns in triumph to the royal pavilion, in which, as the centre of the whole representation, we seem to hear Shalmaneser from his throne anti-

pating Cæsar's boast, "I came, I saw, I conquered." Guarded by their conquerers, and introduced by court officials, envoys of high rank, who have fled from the burning city, present to the king their tribute of gold, silver, copper, changes of raiment, and horses, while a long file of wretched captives brings up the rear. To the extreme left is seen Karkar in flames. Alike as a work of high art, such as could hardly have been looked for from Assyria in the ninth century before the Christian era, and for its interesting association with the history of Biblical personages, it will be owned on all hands to be a most striking tableau.

BASIL H. COOPER, in *Sunday Magazine*.

ENTOMOLOGY.

"I SHOULD ha' forgot it; I should certainly ha' forgot it," was the exclamation of Mr. Samuel Weller on a well-known occasion; and it was the same phenomenon which acted thus upon the mind of that distinguished character that recalled to the recollection of the present writer an almost forgotten intention to say a few words in praise of the study of Entomology. I can hardly hope to produce anything at all equal to those flowers of eloquence which bloomed in Mr. Weller's valentine under the genial influence of "nine-penn'orth of brandy-and-water, luke;" but the spring of the year seems to be a peculiarly appropriate season for the publication of a plea for entomology, a department of natural history the scientific importance of which seems hardly to be sufficiently recognised, and I must trust to the good nature of the reader to forgive any deficiencies that may be apparent in the present article under the comparison that I have so injudiciously provoked.

It must be confessed that there were few indications of spring in the weather at the time when the shopwindows this year displayed those tempting absurdities, which, we may presume, a good many people find pleasure in sending to each other, seeing that their delivery leads to the practical result of a great increase in the postman's labour; but on the other hand, the matter to which I wish to direct the reader's attention has its interest at all periods of the year, although there is, perhaps, a special fitness at the present season in delivering a lecture on the study of entomology. For while it is quite true that even in winter many exceedingly interesting insects are to be met with, generally by hunting them up in their places of concealment among moss, under the bark of trees, under stones, and in other recondite places, it must be confessed that the entomologist's great harvest is to be reaped during the other three seasons

of the year, and it is certainly advantageous for the beginner to commence his researches at a time when the abundance of insect life surrounding him in all directions, and forcing itself, as it were, upon his notice in all his walks, offers a constant succession of objects of interest. In the spring, when all nature wakes from the torpor of winter, this is especially the case. With the first days of sunshine thousands of insects make their appearance—the solitary bees and sandwasps are to be seen emerging from the galleries in which they have passed their early stages, or flying busily about the flowers and hovering over the banks of sand or clay in which they are about to burrow and deposit their eggs; the brilliant tiger-beetles flit about sandy lanes and commons, sparkling in the sunlight like living emeralds; the field-paths glitter in the morning with the small carnivorous beetles commonly known as “sunshiners,” whose place is taken in the evening by their larger relatives, the great ground beetles (*Carabus*); plenty of that multitude of beetles of various groups which deposit their eggs in the droppings of horses and cattle are seen flying steadily through the air; on the surface of still waters the whirligig-beetle is enjoying his mystic circular dance, while from time to time the water-beetles come quietly up, and, after applying their tails for a moment to the surface, in search of air, plunge down again into the depths; or the water-boatman (*Notonecta*) hangs for a short time in a similar position, with his long oar-like legs outspread ready for action on the least alarm; and even a few early butterflies, the beautiful “Brimstone” especially, flutter gaily through the air. On a fine day in spring or early summer the entomologist perhaps of all men in this *blasé* nineteenth century realises most fully the charm of old Izaak Walton’s pastoral. Entomology may not improperly be denominated the modern “Contemplative Man’s Recreation.”

It is unnecessary, and would lead me too far, to expatiate on the insect phenomena of the summer and autumn—on the succession of new forms which replace or mingle with those of the springtide, and keep the interest of the entomologist alive until quite late in the year. But there is one point which I would urge upon the beginner in the study of insects, and that is to yield to that instinct which is sure to prompt him at first to collect and gain some knowledge of *all* the forms which attract his attention, before sitting down to the special investigation of some one department which is almost equally certain to be the result of his further progress. It is only by this means that the full benefit of the study which it is my desire to recommend to the reader can be obtained.

It is, perhaps, hardly necessary at this time of day to vindicate the study of entomology, or indeed of any branch of zoology, from the charge of being merely the amusement of contemptibly frivolous minds. A century ago such a notion was by no means uncommon; and although some writers of that age occasionally touched upon subjects of natural history, this was done

with a tone of conscious superiority, which sounds almost as if the gentlemen in question felt that they were patronising Nature by condescending to take any notice of her productions. The entomologist, especially, was always somewhat of an object of pity, a sort of harmless lunatic. Dr. Johnson, we may fancy, would place him just a step or two higher than that young man who was last heard of "running about town shooting cats;" with others he was a *virtuoso*, and we all know pretty well what that term indicated; and even Richardson, the mild idol of the tea-table, refers to natural-history pursuits in a fashion which may be taken to indicate pretty clearly the estimation in which they were held in his day. Lady G., Sir Charles Grandison's sister, writes to her husband: "He will give away to a *virtuoso* friend his collection of moths and butterflies: I once, he remembered, rallied him upon them. 'And by what study,' thought I, 'wilt thou, honest man, supply their place? If thou hast a talent this way, pursue it; since perhaps thou wilt not shine in any other.' And the best of anything, you know, Harriet, carries with it the appearance of excellence. Nay, he would also part with his collection of shells, if I had no objection. 'In whom, my lord?' He had not resolved. 'Why, then, only as Emily is too little of a child, (!) or you might give them to her.' . . . He has taken my hint, and has presented his collection of shells to Emily; and they two are actually busied in admiring them; the one strutting over the beauties, in order to enhance the value of the present; the other curtsying ten times in a minute, to show her gratitude. Poor man! when his *virtuoso* friend has got his butterflies and moths, I am afraid he must set up a turner's shop for employment." There! isn't the badinage delightful? And, as if to point the moral, "a fine set of Japan china with brown edges" is spoken of in the same letter in terms of appreciation, although the fussiness of my Lord G. in connection therewith receives a stroke or two. The gentle, moral Richardson evidently thought entomologists a somewhat contemptible race, as, at a later period, did that redoubtable satirist, "Peter Pindar," whose descriptions of Sir Joseph Banks in pursuit of the "Emperor of Morocco," and boiling fleas to ascertain whether they were lobsters, are pretty well known.

If we consider the origin of this contempt, which undoubtedly until comparatively recent times did pursue the unfortunate entomologist, we may pretty safely refer it to two causes: in the first place, the ignorance of all natural-history matters which must have prevailed in a society in which Oliver Goldsmith shone as a naturalist; and in the second to the fact, that most of the entomologists of the time were really mere collectors of insects as pretty things, to whom, therefore, the term *virtuoso* was peculiarly applicable. But the mere collecting of insects is surely at least as good as any other manifestation of the *cacoethes colligendi*: which is so general an affection of humanity, and which leads to the accumulation of books in good bindings, of coins and medals, old china, statues, and other works of art, by people who have no true apprecia-

tion of their value. Even the making of butterfly pictures seems to be almost as intellectual an employment as the collecting of postage-stamps, which has been prosecuted with considerable zeal by a good many people in the present day. To this general ridicule we must, I think, add, in the case of entomology, that the practical collecting of insects for amusement was looked upon as a sort of sport, and therefore contemptible, because the game was so small; just on the same principle that the quiet angler is looked down upon by those who love "the roysse of houndys, the blastes of hornys, and the scrye of foulis, that hunters, fawkeners, and foulers make," according to Dame Juliana Berners. Although the marked feeling here alluded to is happily extinct, its effects, no doubt, to some extent survive, and it may be due to them that professed zoologists at the present day unquestionably know less of insects than of any other class of animals.

Nowadays it will hardly be formally denied that all branches of natural history are well worth studying; and it is the object of the present article to show that entomology, however it may have been maligned in the past, presents certain advantages to the intending student which may well give it in many cases a preference over other departments of zoology. It has already been stated that entomological researches may be carried on all the year round, and it may be added that there is no locality in which they cannot be pursued—a matter of no small consequence to that great majority whose connections or avocations tie them down more or less to one spot. Even in the heart of large cities some representatives of most of the orders of insects may be met with; and suburban gardens, if at all favourably placed, may furnish quite a large collection to those who work them systematically. The late Mr James Francis Stephens used to relate that he had obtained over 2,000 species of insects in the little garden at the back of his house in Foxley Road, Kennington. Short excursions, which the custom of Saturday half-holidays renders particularly easy, will enable the entomologist who is condemned to a town life to have many opportunities of adding to his stores both of specimens and of knowledge, whilst the resident in the country may find fresh objects of interest in whatever direction he turns.

Further, the means of procuring these objects are very simple and inexpensive. The student of marine zoology may be left out of the question, because a seaside residence is more or less essential for his pursuits; but even he cannot do very much practically without dredging, which is a troublesome and expensive operation. On the other hand, the ornithologist must either buy his specimens, or drag his gun about with him wherever he goes, on the chance of falling in with some desirable species; the representatives of other classes of animals than birds and insects in inland situations in this country are too few to enable them to come into competition with the latter. The entomologist requires only a net or two and a few pillboxes and bottles, all of which he can carry in his pockets, to set him up in his pursuit; and when he

brings home his prizes he wants only two or three papers of pins, a few pieces of cork, and a close-fitting box or two lined with cork, for the preparation and preservation of his specimens. No doubt, with his progress, the appliances made use of by the entomologists will increase in number and complexity; but the student of most other branches of zoology must either skin and stuff his specimens or preserve them in spirit or some other fluid, and his collections will in consequence cost more and occupy much more space.

As the characters upon which insects are classified are nearly all external—that is to say, derived from parts which may be investigated without destroying the specimens—their systematic study is very easily pursued, whilst their small size, by enabling a large number of species to be brought together within a very limited space, affords peculiar facilities for the comparison of characters, and for the recognition of the agreements and differences presented by the members of the same group. If the entomologist chooses to go further, and to investigate the anatomical structure of the objects of his study, their smallness may at first sight seem to be an obstacle in his way, but this is soon got over, and it then becomes an advantage, seeing that, owing to it, such researches may be carried on anywhere, without the necessity of devoting a special apartment to the purpose, which can hardly be dispensed with in the case of vertebrate animals. Moreover, as the hard parts of insects are nearly all outside, their anatomy, which is perhaps the most interesting of all, may be studied with the greatest ease, and in fact the most instructive parts of the morphology of insects are those which it is essential for the student to know in order to understand their classification. Thus, for example, the investigation of the structure of the mouth in insects of different orders will give the student a clearer idea of the meaning of the term *homology*, and of the changes which the same parts may undergo in animals, than could be furnished him by any other examples; and the series of modifications, occurring not only in the various types, but even in the same individuals, at different stages of their development, is most striking and instructive.

Again, these developmental stages, the transformations or metamorphoses of insects, some knowledge of which is also necessary for the comprehension of the classification of these animals, furnish a study of never-ceasing interest, partly for its own sake, partly as giving the student a clear conception of the phenomena of metamorphosis, which plays so important a part in other departments of zoology, and partly from the views which it opens up as to the natural history of insects and their complex relations to the world outside them. Here the parasitism of so many insects in their preparatory stages may especially be cited, as affording an endless and most instructive subject of investigation; and the whole series of phenomena comprised in the life-history of insects affords an easily studied representation of the great system of checks and counterchecks which pervades all nature in the destruction of herbivorous by carnivorous animals, of the latter by other carnivora,

and of both by parasites. Indeed, no other class of animals exhibits these inter-relations and mutual reactions between different organisms so clearly and so multifariously as the insects. Besides the ordinary division into herbivorous and carnivorous forms, we find many of both series restricted to one particular article of diet, or to nourishment derived from a very few species nearly allied to each other; in their modes of activity insects reproduce those of all other classes of animals, combined with a few peculiar to themselves; the insidious phenomena of parasitism are displayed by them with a perfection of distinctness such as we meet with nowhere else; and their influence is exerted in a thousand ways for the modification of other organisms with which they are brought into contact. Thus, according to Mr. Darwin's theory, which is adopted by a great many naturalists, the action of insects is of the utmost importance in the fertilisation of flowering plants,—nay, as an extension or corollary of this view, we find some who are prepared to maintain that insects are the cause of the development and beautiful coloration of flowers. All these different aspects of the relations of insects to the world outside them open up an infinity of paths for investigation, each of them leading to most interesting and important results, and calling for an exertion of the powers of observation which, as a mere mental training, cannot but produce the most beneficial results. Moreover, so much remains to be done in most of these fields of research, that almost every earnest worker may look forward to the probability of ascertaining some previously unknown facts of more or less importance—a hope which is not without its influence upon most minds. By the knowledge of the facts involved in the recognition of this general system the entomologist may often render important services to the farmer and the gardener, and thus give a direct practical value to his studies. Nearly every production of the field or the garden is subject to the attacks of insects, which, in case of their inordinate increase, may easily cause very great damage to the crops, or even destroy them altogether. In the face of such enemies the cultivator is often quite helpless, and not unfrequently mistakes his friends for his foes, attributing the mischief produced by concealed enemies to more prominent forms, which are really doing their best for his benefit. In such cases the entomologist may step in to the assistance of his neighbour, indicate to him the real cause of the damage, and in many instances the best remedy, and the best time to employ it.

The asserted influence of insect agency upon the forms and colours of flowers, referred to above, leads to other considerations which may serve to give additional importance to the study of entomology. For while it is believed that plants and flowers are modified by the unconscious influence of insects, it is, on the other hand at least equally certain that the insects will undergo modifications in their turn: and there seems to be some reason to believe that the great and burning question as to the origin of species,

or distinct form of animals and plants, by evolution—that is to say, the modification of organisms under the influence of external causes, assisted by the survival of those best adapted to the prevailing conditions—will finally be fought out upon entomological grounds. In this respect the careful observation and comparison of the insect-faunas of scattered islands of common origin cannot but lead to most interesting results; as may, indeed, be seen from the brilliant researches of Mr. Wallace upon the butterflies of certain islands in the Eastern Archipelago, and from the elaborate investigations of the late Mr. Vernon Wollaston upon the beetles of the Atlantic islands. In the case of the Cape Verde islands the last-mentioned distinguished entomologist, although a staunch anti-evolutionist, was compelled to admit that he did not believe all the closely related permanent forms which he felt himself compelled to describe as species really owed their existence to distinct acts of creation.

One of the most curious phenomena the full recognition of which we owe to the promulgation of the doctrine of evolution is the *mimicry* or imitation of one organism of the general characters of another, or of some inanimate object, instances of which are tolerably numerous. Here again insects hold the first place. The subject was first approached in a philosophical manner by Mr. Bates, who found in the Valley of the Amazon whole groups of butterflies which imitated most closely the form and coloration of other species belonging to quite a distinct sub-family. Mr. Bates discovered that the imitated forms were endowed with certain properties which rendered them disagreeable to insectivorous birds, and hence concluded that these mimetic resemblances in general were acquired by a process of selection for protective purposes. Many other instances of the same kind have since been detected in various parts of the world, and they are by no means deficient even in this country.

In the preceding rapid and very imperfect sketch I have endeavoured to indicate the more important of the manifold pleasures and advantages which the study of entomology offers to its votaries, even supposing them to pursue it as a mere amusement. But even in connection with this method of study it has been pointed out that certain philosophical notions will crop up, such as the homology of the parts of the mouth in biting and sucking insects, the phenomena of the metamorphoses and of parasitism, the close inter-relation of diverse organisms, and the question of the origin of species. The influence of such studies in training the mind to habits of observation such as involve the close appreciation of evidence has also been mentioned as a great and important educational advantage.

There is yet another side to the question. In these days of competitive and other examinations, and of wide-spread science-teaching, great numbers of students learn more or less of what is called zoology from lectures and text-books, their object being in most cases, perhaps, only to pass what they call an "exam." By this means a certain

amount of morphological knowledge gets crammed into their heads, but of the practical application of this they are as innocent as the babe unborn. For the due comprehension even of the principles of zoology it is essential that the student should possess something more than a mere book-knowledge, often merely of structural details; and an acquaintance with those principles is becoming day by day more necessary, as natural-history considerations are assuming a more and more prominent position in our general philosophy. How is this to be attained?

It is manifestly impossible for anyone who does not devote himself entirely to zoological pursuits to make himself practically acquainted with the whole animal kingdom; he must perforce confine his attention more or less to some special group, and extend the knowledge of the principles and method of zoology thus acquired to the formation of a general conception of the whole. I have already indicated that, from the ease with which it is followed, and the total absence of restriction as to locality, the study of entomology presents special advantages; and in other respects, if pursued in no contracted spirit, its influence on the mind of the student will be at least equally beneficial with that of any other branch of natural history.

Popular Science Review.

ART-EDUCATION IN GREAT BRITAIN.

WHOEVER explores a mountain-pass must necessarily often look back. From the vantage-ground he has gained the climber measures his advance, taking note of his point of departure the better to guide his future ascent. He looks down on the country he has already traversed; he marks the spot where he diverged from the true course, the swampy land that appeared likely to bar all progress, the torrent that he forded at the risk of his life. Far beneath him, insignificant because of their distance, lie the many obstacles which were once so formidable. His breath grows more and more regular with the momentary repose; then, glancing up at the towering peaks through which he must still force his way, he tightens his belt by a hole or two, and springs forwards with a fresh impulse. But suppose him to be not alone in his quest; nay, rather one of a multitude striving in the same direction; not engaged in a race to gain the highest mountain-peak, where one alone can come off victor, but struggling across a barrier which bars the path to a land where there is ample room for all to live in honour and prosperity; he must grievously regret that his own efforts will be of no benefit to others, and that a combination of all did not lighten the general task.

A similar reflection must have forced itself on the mind of many an English artist midway in his profession. Looking back on his

career, he must regret years lost whilst obscurely labouring at the elementary stages of his profession, when he might have been guided onward with expedition and certainty by those already familiar with the road, or aided by a causeway of education constructed so as to smooth all difficulties except those incident to the journey and his own incapacity for the effort. In this age of organisation, when men work less and less by their sole hand, and combine more in every pursuit in life, it seems strange that art throughout its branches should in this country have a strong bias in the contrary direction. During the great period which culminated in the Renaissance, art was among the most highly trained and organised of all human pursuits. Almost as much may be said of the continental schools at the present day. We produce a surprising number of original thinkers, but are a source of perplexity to our brothers on the Continent, who admit that we have many artists through natural aptitude, but deny, and with reason, that we have any national school. The English are becoming in the year 1879 a highly educated race. Schools are endowed for all classes and every profession; the higher mathematics will soon be as familiar as the alphabet, and the thumb of labour must ere long grow intimate with the leaves of the Greek Testament. The schoolmaster inflates our progeny to gigantic proportions, whilst we creep feebly about among our offspring's feet. So be it; let art share in the coming benefits; let the young artist claim his place among the intellectual giants thus matured; I challenge the divine instinct of this generation to organize his efforts, and devise a scheme for his scientific instruction.

In art, as in every other branch of education, there are two chief modes of instruction open to a people. Either the nation undertakes the duty, through its Government, and acts by endowed schools and colleges, tested by public examination (the Government becoming responsible for the result); or professions gradually crystallise into corporate bodies, undertake their own training, and supply the instruction necessary for their advance. In this country it has been a problem which of these two modes is the better fitted for art; neither system has obtained, and art-education has fallen betwixt two stools.

A little more than a century ago a body of English artists petitioned their monarch, who, at their request, constituted a Royal Academy of Arts. Their first President was a man of genius, and among them were men of great worth and talent. The constitution of the Academy was so framed as to give the members several privileges, as well as academic honours, for which they undertook corresponding duties. They bound themselves to become the accredited exponents of the art of their country; yearly to place the best artistic works before the public, and, above all, to conduct a national school of art by academic teaching. They were to replenish their body by election from among the most worthy aspirants for the honours of the Academy, and thus to remain in harmony with their profession

and with the nation. As is usual with corporations, the honours and privileges grew to be more insisted on than the duties they undertook, and the reason is not far to seek. A body corporate is always jealously alive to its own side of the bargain, whilst the public often grows indifferent to the service for which it has stipulated at the time of creation. For half a century after the Academy had received its charter, the nation was occupied in anything rather than art and artists; the genius of the race was bent on war, politics, and trade, and turned a disdainful eye towards the adornment of life. During that period, the Royal Academy, although retaining its honours and privileges, performed but the semblance of its duties; it prospered, and was well satisfied, and so was the public. Years advanced, and in their train followed success in war, increase of liberty, wealth and well-being before unheard of; and with these, an interest in all connected with art again revived. The Royal Academy found itself suddenly brought to a reckoning by the public for the neglect of its duties, but time had sanctified its vested rights; the foundation of its house had petrified, and no storm could shake the structure.

Probably, had the attention of the nation been turned towards the fine arts whilst the Academy was still young and in a plastic condition, a school of art worthy of the British nation might have been developed. But indifference on one side engendered neglect on the other; who shall say that the Royal Academy is more to blame than the nation, because it has not succeeded in the principal object for which it was constituted? The school was starved and neglected, and grew to be a cripple whilst still in arms; both parents were equally neglectful, and both to blame.

The renewed interest of the nation was first appreciated by the authorities of South Kensington. Sir Henry Cole, taking the first of the tide, with a splendid audacity rode on the back of his department over the whole Empire; the force of the sustaining stream must have been prodigious, and so was the energy of the man who took the lead. Schools of art were established from one end of Great Britain to the other; India was invaded, and our farthest colonies were impregnated with South Kensington ideas; but art did not benefit in proportion. The endeavours of the department were directed to the advancement of manufactures through the assistance of art, and it cemented an alliance of the two; but a school of art in the higher sense was not within the scheme of the department, or if it were, it withered before it grew to any fair proportion.

These efforts are worthy of consideration, and were made at different times and in opposite directions: one by the agency of a corporate body, the other through a department of the Government; the one untimely crippled through want of vitality, the other diverted into side channels. Nevertheless, they have not been without excellent results; the creation of a Royal Academy was an acknowledgment of the importance of art by the body politic, and the honours

accorded to its members by the Crown placed all artists on a higher social level than they had hitherto held. South Kensington and its numerous dependencies brought art and manufacture into a close alliance, but has neither succeeded in giving art a proper school, nor in obtaining for artists that status in society that they hold in other countries.

In order to appreciate the isolation of the English artist as compared with his brothers on the Continent, we have only to look over the catalogue of the different sections of the Fine Arts in the Universal Exhibition held at Paris last year. Glancing down the list of the French exhibitors, it is impossible to avoid remarking the constant recognition of their merit by the State, and the honours they achieve in their career. On examination, one is struck by the number of men whose early promise has been fostered by the State, who have studied at Rome in the Academy, and whose works have been purchased for the nation. The catalogue runs somewhat thus; "E. Blanc, born at such a town, studied at such a local school, became pupil under such a painter, won such and such medals, is of such a rank in the Legion of Honour." Here is a brief epitome of his success, of equal significance to himself as to the public. He is not only acknowledged as an honour to his profession, but to his country; further, it appears that he is one of a brotherhood who have studied under some acknowledged master, and who are bound by ties of scholarship to each other.

Turning to the English section, name follows name, without any illustration whatever, excepting the occasional R.A. or A.R.A., that is well understood; so many names to so many works, and all is told. It may be urged that Englishmen do not care for the recognition of their merit by the State, and are satisfied with the solid rewards of their profession; that they despise the bit of ribbon so eagerly sought for by a French citizen, and think it unbecoming and frivolous. But although an inch of colour at the button-hole may offend the sobriety of our race, can it be doubted that, were some mode adopted by which the nation were to mark its approval of excellence, either in art or science, it would be eagerly sought for? It would imply honour, and that is a nobler incentive than gain.

It would be unreasonable at the present time to endeavour to change the fabric of British art, which has been a century in development; its web is of such proportions, and of so complicated a texture, that praise is rather due to those who assist in keeping it in working order. Also the genius of the race is closely interwoven with its growth, and sanctifies with its glory the system it has helped to create. Rather let us consider how our present system may be developed in new directions, so as to give us all that we can desire—better instruction, honour, and continued prosperity. Let education stand foremost in this trio, and be our first appeal to the Royal Academy. It is bound by the terms of its charter to fulfil this duty;

it includes most of the celebrated artists of the nation, and is the only body in the realm which, by its wealth and position, has the power to undertake such a duty, and above all because *noblesse oblige*. It is possible that some among its number may consider the present schools of the Academy sufficient to redeem all their pledges to the nation. With them there can be no dispute; we have to deal with the brain of the Academy, and to that we appeal. Although most of its members are anxious to do nobly by the nation, they may find their action shackled by those who wish to keep the even tenor of their old way. If it be not a haven where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest, then what good shall their lives do unto them? The *vis vivas* of the institution has of late received a fresh impulse, and with it a fresh development may probably follow.

There is one means by which, in any case, those who desire to assist English art may help the advance of a new era. They may induce her chief men to form schools of their own, and transmit their art and their reputation to a younger generation. All great artists have done this in past times, and do so still on the Continent. Were half a dozen masters of our own nation to undertake the task, a wonderful progress would soon be apparent; brotherhoods would spring up, and with them a keener rivalry in all excellence. Men fit to head the chief sections of thought would take the lead, and the next generation of students would find itself under trained leaders. Suppose that such men as Millais, Watts, Burne Jones, Sir F. Leighton, Poynter, Hook, and others were to gather round them a number of sympathetic students, is it not evident that the mass of knowledge which they have accumulated would fructify in the minds of others, and not expire with their own lives?

Alas for the knowledge that has died out with Reynolds, Constable, and Crome! Each might have instructed a succession of great painters, whose education would have redounded to their glory. What of Turner, who lived the intimate crony of Nature for sixty years, and learned from her fresh secrets day by day? What a storehouse of knowledge came to naught at his death! Have we not lost enough? Let this isolation be abandoned. Remember how the old Italian artists lived and died amidst their schools; how knowledge was accumulated and kept alive through a thousand channels; how new affluents joined to widen the swelling river of Italian art, till it has flooded the whole of Europe with its glory.

A future no less great may be in store for the art of England. It springs from the loins of a race that dominates the world, sections of which will probably form half a dozen great nations, and civilise a third part of the earth. What a field in which to fructify; what an Empire to influence! Such need be no dream of ambition; it is the birthright of all living Englishmen. Here the artist has a more open area for success than those who would achieve fame in other fields of thought. In all other efforts our race can point to a supreme

mind. Bacon, Shakespeare, Locke, and other giants stand forth; but a supreme artist is still wanting to illustrate our race, and challenge comparison with the world. The beginning of all fresh growth must be at first feeble. A little thing will crush the acorn that may become an oak. Thus I fear that many small difficulties may deter our masters from taking on themselves duties to which they are unaccustomed, although it were the only mode of insuring a great future. Among the chief is the loss of time, and the consequent loss of profit; and if artists will not sacrifice some portion of these, then would our acorn be crushed at once. I will not believe that art alone, among the liberal professions, is so ignominiously selfish. Artists will do what the members of other professions undertake, and will devote a certain portion of their time for the good of the commonwealth. If they do not gather quite so great riches, they will reap the more honour, and obtain an influence which may reward them in many unexpected ways.

The same difficulty meets us in another guise. It is urged that the pupils themselves may forsake their master to make profit of their immature knowledge. This is very seldom the case in other countries, and I cannot believe that English Students are less alive to their own honour and their true interests than those of other races. Another difficulty appears to be the limited size of our studios, and the consequent difficulty of accommodating pupils. This may be surmounted by the payment of such a bonus to the master as will enable him to procure his pupils the very simple accommodation that is required. Every new procedure in life must entail a readjustment of its surroundings; but I see no greater difficulty, if the will to act be only present. Let but half a dozen, let but only two inaugurate the work, and a new epoch will dawn.

If the leaders of the profession are to accept new duties, let the Government revise the teaching of its schools. Let South Kensington and its numerous affiliations offer the means of a real preparation for the higher branches of art, and fit pupils for the more advanced teaching that will open to them. The scholars of a master ought to be grounded in the grammar of their profession. A professor does not teach the syntax, but deals with the literature he professes. Let the Government recognise excellence in art, and give it the honourable distinction. The absence of some acknowledgment of merit is a great defect in our body politic, and tends to make wealth the only measure of success. The often-quoted sentiment that duty is an all-in-all reward to our race, is put forth as an excuse for ignoring those who deserve public distinction in unofficial life. Were it the custom of the country to leave merit unmarked in all professions and in every rank, under the plea that all Englishmen do their duty, and are therefore equally meritorious, there would be a fine flavour of honourable pride in the myth; but that is no longer our belief. The nation distributes honours, and gives

decorations; but they are all given to officials (that is, to those who serve the Government or the Crown in one capacity or the other): those men who serve their country no less in an unofficial capacity are ignored.

Finally, in this country the source of all progress must be in the efforts of the leaders of the people, and not in their Government. It is to them I make my chief appeal; 'tis they who must move, and the Government will be moved. The time is ripe; the art of the day is full of promise; young men hold the most prominent places; there are no giant names to overshadow future merit, no malign influences to impede. The Royal Academy possesses a President worthy of that illustrious body; let them take "the direct forthright" and show the way; let all petty jealousies lie prostrate. The rest of the profession must follow, and will follow to such good purpose that, centuries hence, when England's art has spread over the whole earth, the present generation shall be remembered as the foster-mother of its mature glory.

COUTTS LINDSAY, *in Time.*

TOILERS IN FIELD AND FACTORY.

No. I. EXODUS.

It was Arctic weather in the county of Kent in the month of January in this present year. A thinly-powdered snow, like the frost on the figures of a Twelfth-night cake, lay adust on the rich brown earth of the hop-fields. The tall-hop-poles stacked about the fields suggested the notion of a vast encampment deserted by its troops. The cowl and sloping sides of the local "oasts" presented to fancy the vision of a Brobdingnagian monastic priesthood turned out of house and home, and grown stony with the cold. The fields were empty and silent, and in the distance Canterbury Cathedral lifted its towers into the blue, and offered a quiet invitation from these lonely spaces. As I moved forward to accept that silent call, I came upon an aged man, who stood at the edge of a forest of bare hop-poles, looking idly down their geometrical perspectives. The old man, though bent, was sturdy. His hands and his face were gnarled with years and weather, and his cheek was streaked with rose, like the skin of a ripe apple. There was a certain dull dignity about him—I cannot describe it better—which I have found not uncommon amongst the more elderly workers in the fields, and a certain bowed sadness with it which enlisted liking and respect.

He gave me a cheerful "Good-day" in answer to my salutation, and we fell into talk together. I offered the very obvious statement that there was not a great deal being done there. "No," he said,

"very little; more the pity." I supposed the men were on strike. "No," he answered, "not on strike. Locked out." What was the difference between being locked out and being on strike? The aged man paused on his staff to accost me, and said he didn't rightly know. But how he looked at it was this. When the men wanted more wages, and the masters wouldn't give it, and the men stood out for it, then it was a strike. When the masters wanted to drop the men's wages, and the men wouldn't stand it, and the masters wouldn't give more, why then they were locked out. Was he locked out? Why, yes, he was, he answered, with a sort of reservation in his air, as though he were not altogether sure, and would rather not commit himself. The amount in dispute in his case was eightpence a week. He believed it was less with some and more with others. Was it worth while, I asked him, to stand out for that? "Ah," he said, gravely plodding along beside me, "eightpence is the price of a quarter-bushel o' wheat. That's how we look at it. It ud pay a man's rent, nigh on, eightpence a week ud. Why, it don't cost me *that* for firing." Eightpence a week began to take an aspect of importance. But had not the farmers lost money lately? Could they afford to pay more than they offered? He shook his head and turning on me with a slow and bovine observation, as if uncertain whether to give me his confidence or not, he said, with great seriousness, that times was changed, and folks changed with 'em. How changed? He shook his head again. "They lives more expensive and extravagant. They holds their heads higher. It's been a rare time for getting on since I remember. Look at the town there. Everybody's got on besides we." Meaning the agricultural labourers. "Yes. The labourers is where they allays was. Everybody else is got on like, and lives more expensive and extravagant; all but the labourers."

But surely, I reminded him, he must be able to remember far worse times than this—when he was a boy, for instance? Well, yes, he admitted, with a slow and thoughtful gravity, he was old enough to remember when Boneyparty died. Bread was dear and wages was low, but that was along of the war and the corn-laws, and made no sort of count with these times. He stopped to fill his pipe, and told me, whilst he fumbled over my tobacco-pouch, with his stick under one arm, that to his mind England was over-grown, and it was no sort o' good for a working-man to think of staying in it—not if he wanted to be better off than his father had been before him. Striving to test the old man's political economics, I asked him why a man should wish to be better off than his father had been. He smiled quietly at this, and shook his head, like a rural philosopher he was. "Don't you think, sir, as you'd better ax my master that afore you axes me?" I persisted there must always be master and servant, labourer and farmer. "Ah," he answered, "but you mustn't tell me as us can't have a shout for it,

about who's a-going to be man and whose a-going to be master." Ay, but how about his pastors and masters, and the place to which it pleased Providence to call him? He smiled again, half in enjoyment of his pipe, I fancy, and half in enjoyment of his rejoinder. "It's a-pleasing Providence to call one o' my sons to Noo Zealand nex' week. He'll have his oppoortoonity theer as he can't get it here, never. England's over-growed. No. I don't say it's nobody's fault particular. The country's over-growed. I've been working on the land fifty year, and wheer am I now? I'm a working on the land now, or leastways I should be if I wasn't locked off of it." Was he himself, I asked, going to New Zealand? "No, sir," he answered; "I be too old. I've got one son theer, as went out a-emigrating four year ago. An' I've got another as is going along with Mr. Simmons nex' week—him and his wife. No, sir, I sha'n't attempt for to go out theer after 'em, not at my time o' life. I shall put *my* old bones down in *my* own-born parish, I shall." I am not willingly unmindful of the home-made pathos of these people, who never read one sentence of sentiment in their lives, and who are ignorant of all written poetry outside Bible and Hymnal and Church-service. Yet I ventured to follow my companion's thoughts a little further. It was hard, I said, to part with his children. He smiled again slowly—a ruminant smile, as if a bullock should unbend from his common gravity. 'He ain't no chicken, my son ain't. He can take care o' *himsel*."

We came together to the old man's house, one of three cottages, built of mellow brick and cloaked in the upper part with wood after the quaint architectural fashion of the county. It had a little garden, then frost-bound and powdered lightly with thin snow, but looking orderly, and as if it could be prosperous in the more genial seasons of the year. In the kitchen sat an old woman, beside a small but sufficient fire, clicking a set of knitting-needles. In a recess, against the whitewashed wall, with an old copy of the "South-Eastern Gazette" between it and the whitewash, hung a part of a fitch of bacon, with a bit of lath to keep the string which supported it from slipping. The unclothed deal table with its red legs was as clean as the snow which lay upon the fields outside, and the floor and the walls and the hearthstone, and the one tin candlestick which, side by side with a great lump of rock-glass, ornamented the mantelpiece, were as clean as the table. The old woman dusted a chair for me, and would not sit down again until I was seated. The old man and I resumed our talk, and at the first mention of New Zealand his wife stopped the knitting-needles, above a pendent half-yard of gray stocking, and asked if I had been there. I answered "No," and then she questioned me as to what I knew about it. When I had sufficiently exposed my ignorance to myself, and had told her what little I could, she wiped her eyes, and said he hoped the poor creeturs 'ud do well there. But she didn't know

rightly, so she said, poor soul, about Mr. Simmons; and I believe that if anybody had assured her that the purpose of the Union Secretary was to sink the emigrating five hundred in the Bay of Biscay, she would have gone off on foot to Biddenden at once, to warn her son against him. Some folks said, so she told me, that Mr. Simmons sold the men and women he took out; but I dismissed that preposterous trouble. Like a woman—always more open to religious comfort than a man—she laid bare the simple hopes she had of seeing George again, “in Canaan,” which was evidently a much more real place to her than New Zealand. There occurred to me some memorable words: “My Household gods plant a terrible fixed root, and are not rooted up without blood. They do not willingly seek Lavinian shores.” It became, in the face of this one old woman’s homely-troubled faith and tears, not altogether easy to think that a wrong-headed system, or a charlatan’s meddling, or an unavoidable fate was bringing about this Exodus from Kent and Sussex, and grieving five hundred households. It seems not unlikely that it may be England’s trouble yet, as well as a mere household sorrow; and it behoves all concerned to think very honestly which of those three causes has sent the Kentish agitators’ boasted eight thousand from English shores. Mr. Simmons, editor of the “Kent and Sussex Times,” and General Secretary of the Labourer’s Union, charges the Exodus to the wrong-headedness of the farmers and landlords; the farmers and landlords for the most part charge it to the interested meddling of Mr. Simmons; and some political economists go with my old labourer in the belief that “this country is over-grown.”

Before I left the old labourer, I got from him his son’s name and address; and finding that “George” lived in a part of the county which I was bound to visit, I made a note of him, and in due time called upon him. On the night on which I drove over from Headeorn, the snow lay deep upon the ground and made heavy going for the horses, and the snow came down like a cloud and made it rather cold going for the outside passengers. My fellow-outsider and I met at the Railway Inn and waited for the coach together, and fell into talk about the strike. That was the title he gave it. “Call it a lock-out, if you like. I call it a strike, and I call it a criminal folly too. I know three men in the county who’ve gone bankrupt this year. I’m living on my own means now, and farming at a loss. I don’t believe a man in Kent has made farming pay this three years. As for the men, they never were so well off in this world as they are in Kent this minute. Why, only nine or ten years ago, they used to have to put in three days’ work and a half to get the cost of a bushel of wheat. They can earn a bushel of wheat in two days now.” A trifle of exaggeration there, I ventured to hint. “Well, that’s putting it roughly. Say two days and a half. At that rate five days’ work a week produces as much food as seven days could

have done ten years ago. Now look you, my rent hasn't been changed for eighty years—rent of my farm, I mean—good years and bad years have been all one to the landlord. With good years I launched out a bit. Now I've got to draw my horns in and retrench. The talk about agricultural distress and agricultural wages is enough to make a man sick if he knows anything about the question. Look at my carter now. I pay him seventeen shillings a-week. He lives rent free with his bit of garden, and I give him manure for his garden, and all that sort of thing." I made some timid overture towards the discovery of what "all that sort of thing" might include; but my interlocutor was in a great heat by this time, and anathematised agricultural discontent with great fluency until the coach came, when he mounted, and took refuge from the storm in silence and an enormous muffler.

I had a talk with the driver of the coach, to whom I appealed as an unprejudiced observer; but beyond the statement of his own grievances I secured nothing by that motion. "I be bad enough off for anything," said this unprejudiced observer; and beyond that hypothesis, and a fluent and discursive enlargement upon it, he declined to venture, until the coach stopped, when he offered what he supposed to be a hint, in the observation that "this was the sort o' nigt when a drop o' summat warm 'udn't hurt a man, *by George!*"

I found the intending emigrant next morning half a mile beyond the confines of the straggling village, and found him as ready to talk as any man I ever met. He knew all about New Zealand, and had recent letters from his brother there, painting all things *en couleur de rose*. I had not talked with him long before I discovered that he was a democrat with very decided political ideas. He had had some schooling, and read the papers. I think I could even name the particular weekly print he favoured. I have seen much matter in its columns in my time of which his speech reminded me. He was dead set against what he described as the Holy Garchy of the landlords. "The farmers think as they can crush the Union; but they'll find their mistake out afore long. They'll find out as the Union'll crush *them*." Then what would happen? Why then they'd come to their senses. But if all the farmers were crushed, who would employ the agricultural labourers? O, the land would come into the hands of the people, and men would farm for themselves. "We shall have to learn coöperation, sir. If the governing classes only acted fair, there'd be no need for anybody to emigrate. There's land enough, and more than land enough, to keep all the men in England. Look at the wastes as your lords and dukes keeps to shoots over. Why, pretty near every bird they shoot robs one man of his plot o' ground. Look at the Prince o' Wales, and what *he* does for a living. Look at the Civil List, and the people as lives on the poor. O yes; England's a very good place for a man as has got a park to live in; but it's no place for a poor man,

sir, as is a bit handy with his hands and wants to get on in life. It ain't the farmers' fault so much as it is the landlords' and the governing classes'. Why, look about here. Look at Lord Holmesdale, the biggest landlord in Kent, drawing thousands an' thousands a year out o' the land. We've had bad years here; but do you think as my lord's took a penny off the farmers' rents? Not he; nor wouldn't. Catch him at it! Catch any of the farmers asking him! They know better. I never quarrelled with my bread-and-butter here, but I waited for my chance to go; and now I've got it, and I'm going. There's nothing to satisfy a man's heart in this country. You can grind, grind, grind, while the drones live on the sweat of your brow, and tell you you're lucky when the parish buries you. I'm going to a country wheer I can hold my head up *like a man*." And so on, in the like turgid manner, expressing many deep-rooted and genuine discontents. "Did you ever see 'em bleed a horse for the blind staggers? Well, England's got the blind staggers now, and this emigration's a-bleeding her. It'll cure her. O, never you fear, it'll cure her; but it'll take the best blood out of her. Suppose all the working men took the tip and emigrated, wheer would the landlords be then, with their Prince o' Wales—eh?" And so on again. I have heard many scores of men talking in this disloyal and passionate strain within the last half year. I have heard many hundreds applaud such talk. There is room enough in the country for the political schoolmaster to move in, and sulky fire enough for this man's favourite broadsheet to fan to dangerous flame. He came to a milder mood after a time, and spoke with natural regret about parting with his father and mother. There are graveyards in Kent and Sussex as elsewhere; homesteads endeared by many experiences; ties of country and kindred. The agricultural Briton leaving home—the real man, that is, who has grit in him—makes no sentimental proclamation of his sorrow. The probabilities are that such pathetics as *must* find a way out of him will come forth clothed with curses, and that his favourite substantive will be used with shocking frequency. I confess that I liked this man the better in this connection, because he cursed a little and was very vulgar.

I asked him to formulate his complaint. He had his formula ready, and it came to this. That if a man wanted to buy a bit of land in England he had to pay nearly as much to be allowed to buy it as he had to pay for the land itself. That if he got the land in that part of the country, either for his own or by rental, it incurred a tithe; and if hops were grown upon it, an extraordinary tithe of eighteen shillings and tenpence an acre.

That this tithe went to the support of men who made it the systematic business of their lives to be hard and oppressive with the poor, and who, when they held the civil power, as they often did, exercised it with a cruel rigour. That freedom of speech was only possible to him at his own personal peril; that he himself suffered for it heavily;

and that, politically, he was "a serf." That the laws of primogeniture and entail, and those relating to the transfer of land, amounted together to a dishonest appropriation of his birthright as a man. That landlords preserved game; and in order to have the pleasure of killing something, kept or laid bare great spaces of land, and so crowded poor men out of their native country. He wound up this general indictment by a quotation from Scripture: "Woe unto them that join house to house, that lay field to field, till there be no place, that they may be placed alone in the midst of the earth." I made inquiries about him afterwards. The farmer who had employed him until the beginning of the strike summed up his belief in him thus: "He's a pretty goodish man to have about, handy and sober and that, but he's a wrong-headed fool of a fellow—Communist, it's my belief." To this the farmer added that "live and let live" was his motto; and that these here Radicals was radicalous. Then, in the belief that he had made a pun, the farmer blushed and chuckled, and looked, in a comfortable self-gratulatory way, ashamed of himself.

Getting back to Canterbury, and there putting myself into the hands of a clear-headed young gentleman from the northern part of this island, who has made it his business to master this whole question from his own standpoint, I was conveyed to a certain public-house in that venerable city, a house from the whitewashed wall whereof a very flat white lion glared vaguely on the street. This house was, and is, the rendezvous of the locked-out labourers in that part of the county. There sat on the table in the common room a heavy-looking man, whose clothes wrinkled upon him in folds of rhinoscerine weight and thickness. He swung his corduroy legs there and stared with a disconsolate face into an empty beer-mug. There were seven or eight other people scattered about in the semi-darkness of the place; but this one figure was in broad light, and looked remarkably miserable. Being asked if he would drink, the man cheered up; and having been supplied, entered into speech with us. Was he one of the labourers on strike? He examined that question in the froth on the top of his mug; he looked for an answer to it, with the mug at his lips, on the ceiling. He regarded it in the flake of froth which dripped down the outside of the exhausted measure. He threw the question out of window, and surveyed it with his head on one side, as though it had been spread on the wall opposite. Then he rubbed his head slowly, as if to excite his intellectual faculties by friction. Finally he responded: "No, I bean't on strike; I be locked-out, I be." Not a Kentish man evidently. His tongue bewrayeth him. "Wat's the differ betwixt bein' locked-out an' bein' on the strike? Well—got a pipe o' bacca, measter?—thenky!—I doan't muddle about them things." Having hard times just now? "Why, no, sir, naht particeler." Getting money from the fund, perhaps? "Why, yis, but naht a lot o' that noyther." How much? He extracted an answer to this problem by dint of

rubbing an uplifted eyebrow with his thumb-nail. "Fifteen bob a week strike-pay we gets." But I had thought he was not on strike. He held ocular consultation with the authority at the bottom of the empty mug for half a minute, and then came down upon us with the aspect of one who elucidates. "That's what they calls it—strike-pay." How much, I asked him, would he be able to earn at work? "Why, fifteen bob a week," he answered, with sulky anger. Then he got as much for doing nothing as he could get for working? "No, I doan't; I gets extras when I be at work." How much in extras? "Well, sir, sometimes us gets so much and sometimes us doesn't." Did he like his holiday? "No, I doan't; my hands is empty. I wahnts a pick or a 'shool or somethin' for to put into 'em. You b'leeve me, sir, us is reglar mizzable. Us ain't got nothin' to do. Us cahn't fill usses hands, an' us cahn't drink ahl day, because us cahn't affard it." More pathetics. It had not occurred to me until now that these people did not in some measure enjoy their well-paid idleness. But here I thought on the blankness of the prospect. No chess, no billiards, no books, no journals, no piano, no club, no conversation; nothing to think about; nowhere to go; nothing to do; no spare money to spend. A blank prospect!

We fell to talk about the country and its interests. Was there any patriotism extant here? Had they any ill-will to England that they were going to leave her? "England b ——d!" said one, and the others raised a sympathetic murmur. "Ah," said a little man from the corner, with a sage nod of the head, "preaps they'll be a-wanting us to fight the Roosians by and by." Well, come now, he surely wouldn't be glad of that? He wouldn't like to see his own side beaten? "I don't say as I should," he responded; "leastways, not altogether. But it *ud* serve 'em right to get a licking for their pains. What do *they* want to go a-turning the Bone and Sinni out o' the country for?" Who was to blame for that? "Why not us bean't," said the heavy man who sat upon the table. "Nor yet the farmers," said a third. Who then? "Why the landlords," said a fourth from a dark corner. "An' the parsons," said the man on the table, launching into unreportable invective. I may say here, generally, that I have found the mention of a parson act as a more or less powerful irritant upon the nerves of almost all the agricultural labourers I have freely talked with. Excepting some two or three cases in which clergymen have misused their powers as guardians of the poor and as magistrates, I am without reasons for this curious despite and hatred. But that it does exist, I know; and it is a matter about which almost anybody who has real acquaintance with rural life will talk, with contrasted sympathy here and abhorrence there.

I could find in the depth of winter, and in the midst of a struggle between money and muscle, no signs of poverty amidst the labourers of Kent and Sussex. Yet to the eyes of the intending emigrants and many others, those pleasant counties were at best

but a sort of Goshen, in a land pitch-dark elsewhere, and smitten—could you only believe the delegates—with more and heavier plagues than Egypt knew. There were reasons for going which I have had no time to indicate, some of them the stupidest or most trivial imaginable. But whoever thought about it at all amongst the emigrants seemed to have resolved on this step as a sort of self-helpful protest against the land-laws and the clergy. Let the delegates say what they will, these men and women were well-fed, well-housed, well-clothed. Few need fly from Kent to escape poverty, of the grinding hungry sort at least; and the labourers of the west would think Sussex a paradise.

On the 28th of January last departing Israel assembled in Egypt, and met its Moses at the Skating-Rink, at Maidstone. At night the great building was filled with a moving crowd of men and women—for the most part intending emigrants and their friends. The general air was one of cheerful alacrity. The first tug of parting was already over, and the last was waiting at Plymouth, with the big ship which would by and by drop down into unknown seas with half this crowd in company. Strolling through the place, reading the declamatory banners, and catching spoken fragments of hope, and good-bye, and brag, and despondency, I lighted on a chirpy little man, with blue eyes and a fresh complexion, and a gorgeous neckerchief of Turkey red, and with him and a pale-faced chum of his struck up a conversation. There was a hectic certainty of success expressed in the little man's speech. "Yes," he said, "I'm a-going to do well in Noo Zealun. I know all about plantations, an' I shall have plantations o' my own in a 'ear or two. It's the beautifullest work as is, an' I know all about it. O, yes, I've been pretty well off in England, but I shall be better off in Noo Zealun. I'll tell you why. I'm a-going there to shake weights off of *my* shoulders. I'm going to shake the Queen off of *my* shoulders. An' the Prince o' Wales. An' the R'yal Fam'ly. An' the Chancel Thicks Chequer' (so he named that high functionary). An' the National Debt. An' the tithes, an' the taxes, an' the poor's rates, an' the parsons, an' the wull lot on 'em. I'm a-going to start fresh, I am. No fear o' me. I shall be all right in Noo Zealun." "Let's hope so," said the pale-faced chum. "I ought to do pretty decent. I can turn my hand to nigh a'most anythin'." They were both a little wistful, and it was evident that the New Zealand prospects were somewhat nebulous to look at.

The whole meeting held but little anger or bitterness, and not one sign of urgent poverty. The old-fashioned agricultural dress was no more to be seen than the Adamic fig-leaf. The men wore tweed or broadcloth coats, and the women had each some copy of the finenesses of the town. A wonderful collection of metallic butterflies and beetles might have been made from their bonnets. But it is of course unnecessary to insist on the fact that no outward

pressure of common discomfort had brought about this movement. Not even the inward pressure of common discontent could alone have stirred this body of men to action. Public opinions are not available as motive forces. They grease the wheel, but some notable person must set his shoulder to it and keep it going. Here, in Kent and Sussex, the notable person is Mr. Alfred Simmons. This man has, by his own showing, moved the wheel to such purpose that he has rolled more than eight thousand people out of this country to look for a better. He is an important factor in this question, and it is worth while to look at him. When he arose to address the assembly at the Rink, the careless buzz which had accompanied the other speakers ceased at once. The scattered crowd, moving in vague individual orbits, suddenly grew compact and still. The deliverer and law-giver had his last word to say on the edge of the wilderness. It seemed to me a very poor last word—an egotistic narrow-minded talk. It was chiefly about himself and his being misrepresented. He prayed that any later man who should rise up to do good to the people might meet more Christian charity than he had met with. The scoffers say that Mr. Simmons's advocacy has made him well-to-do. Mr. Simmons repudiated with scorn the allegation that he had made money out of the labourers. Yet rumour credits him with some advance in wealth and social position since he first consecrated himself to his present office. There is no accusation in this common belief. The labourer is worthy of his hire—occasionally. Why not the labourer's advocate?

Next morning the little Israel marched out of Egypt with bag and baggage. The procession, led by a body of handbell-ringers, walked to the station amidst multitudinous farewells. There were good-byes of all sorts at the railway station. There were good-byes said by parting lovers pretty sure to meet again, and lovers not so certain. There were good-byes of old folks to broad-built sons and daughters, whom they would see no more, and chubby grandchildren, who here went out of life for ever, except as shadows. Father, and mother, and sturdy chum; and apple-cheeked sweetheart, heavy with much weeping; and long, brown, Sussex furrow; and pleasant orchard of old Kent,—good-bye!

Do these, who leave us, push ungratefully aside the motherly arms of the land which nurtured them, and would fain hold them still? Or has she been careless of their well-being? Or has her wide bosom no longer any room for them. These questions are the legacy the emigrants bequeath us.

Time.

WAGNER AS A DRAMATIST.

THE influence of Wagner on music, and especially on the musical drama, has now been very great for something like a quarter of a century; and the growth and changes of his reputation throughout this time have been extremely curious. Almost as soon as he was famous he became a mark for ridicule, and in some countries—notably in England—he was ridiculed before he was known; while in France he has been hooted down, partly from a false feeling of patriotism, and has never had a chance of being fairly judged. Then, when we in England had heard his greatest works—"Lohengrin," "Tannhauser," the "Flying Dutchman"—more or less well done, and had thus some genuine knowledge of him, there was a certain reaction, both from the ridicule and the praise, and while his satirists were forced to admit his real dramatic power, his admirers found an insufficiency of beauty in much of his work, and often something to object to even in his beauties. Then it became the fashion among both classes, to say that he was greater as a dramatic poet than as a musician; and this opinion is perhaps just now the popular one among those who take most interest in his work.

If this be so, it is surely wrong that, while so much has been written of his music, and of the general effect of his works, there should have been no critical examination—in England at all events—of his special dramatic faculty: no review of his collected stage works, which might note their characteristics, their merits and failings, and might estimate the share that his powers as a dramatist has had in raising him to his present fame. Of course, one cannot exactly compare his dramatic genius to his musical genius, as one cannot compare Beethoven to Shakespeare, but one may perhaps discover whether they go hand in hand, each helping and suiting the other, or whether either does all the work, and carries its weaker brother along with it.

That Wagner deserves the most careful and thorough criticism is, I think, unquestionable. He has done a great work for the operatic stage, not merely in his abolition of the commonplace recitative, and other absurd conventionalities, but in his entire reform of the language and style of plot of musical plays. If we compare his libretti with those of Scribe, or the best of his contemporaries, we find an astonishing difference. As a rule, though Scribe's plots were finer than those of the average librettist, and his construction was good, his language was wanting in poetry and distinction, and his stories were those of ordinary plays, by no means specially and exclusively suited for music. Of all faults, these are the ones with which Wagner can least be charged: there can be no question that the legends of the "Flying Dutchman," of "Tannhauser," of the "Walküre," are distinctively adapted for the lyric

stage—as are (by exception) those of “*Der Frieschutz*” and of “*Faust*,” and as is not, for example, that of “*Fidelio*.” There is no want of poetry in him—rather, perhaps, a want of prose of life, common sense and steady strength.

His work bears, indeed, a strong likeness to certain schools of painting and poetry now fashionable in England—to the productions of Burne Jones and of Swinburne. Like theirs, his technical knowledge is very great; like them, he avoids as the one deadly fault commonplaceness of style; and like them he often chooses subjects interesting rather to minds trained to art than to the mass of mankind—to a certain extent, perhaps, he holds the creed of “for art’s sake,” though, like most who profess it, he loses no chance of exemplifying his own ultra-modern system of morals.

Now it must be noticed that this addressing a small selected audience is, if not absolutely a new thing in the history of dramatic art, at all events a thing opposed to all traditions of the theatre. Of all the arts, the stage has ever been the most democratic, has appealed to the widest audience. Raffaele and Turner, Beethoven, and even Handel, are little known except to the tolerably educated classes; but, to-day, as three hundred years ago, every unwashed boy who can get together sixpence has some knowledge of Shakespeare, has heard, it may be in a barn, the roarings of some lusty Othello: and were not Æschylus and his younger brethren the birthright of every citizen of Athens? So it has been a necessity that the drama should always be the simplest, the most readily enjoyed of arts; the scholarly exercises of Bach and the wild fancies of Blake have alike no parallel on the stage, and the intolerance of a mixed audience has given rise to that curious hybrid—which has no fellow in any other art—the poet’s “play for the closet,” to be read not acted.

Note the universal human interest of all Shakespeare’s greatest tragedies—jealousy, ambition, ingratitude, revenge, are passions felt alike in Seven Dials, in St. Petersburg, and in Athens; and he has set them forth in their barest and plainest forms. The case of the great Greek dramatists is almost stronger, for they took stories familiar to each person in their audience, and often connected with his deepest hopes and fears; Calderon in his finest plays, addressing a Spanish audience, appealed most of all to the great characteristic quality of the Spaniards of his day—superstition; and Molière lashed savagely the pests of all ages—hypocritical priests, quack doctors, misers, and libertines.

The danger and the drawback of this is evident—in appealing to the crowd, it is very difficult not to sacrifice something of the respect of the scholar. None but the greatest stage-poets have succeeded in winning the suffrages both of the many and of the few; and it is perhaps this peculiar difficulty which gives to the drama its supremacy. Nothing must be too great or too little for the dramatist; his mind must be at once strong and refined, his imagination must be immense and yet perfectly healthy. A good high-class play must be powerful, complete, coherent, clear, not overlong, sympathetic, wholesome, varied

and yet harmonious in style, poetic yet practicable, with sufficient incident and with sufficient thought.

If it requires some knowledge and some critical power to determine to what extent an ordinary tragedy or comedy possesses these qualifications, it is incomparably more difficult to estimate the literary and dramatic value of a drama written for music, and to be judged first of all by its suitability to a musical setting. The complex incident and the subtle thought of the Shakespearian drama would, no doubt, be entirely out of place on the lyric stage, where all should be simple, clear, and massive; and where, probably, general types of humanity, and even ideals, ought to take the place of the intensely individualised characters of English tragedy and comedy. It would be unfair, and indeed absurd, to judge Wagner by the standard of Shakespeare; a better comparison is with the Greek tragedians, to whom he is as like in some respects as he is singularly unlike them in others. Take the one trilogy of Æschylus which we know; in many ways Wagner seems to have followed its manner and tried to reproduce its effects. There is the wonderful picture of its opening—the solitary sentinel, appealing to the stars, the only companions of his yearlong watch; the tower, the dark sky, the sleeping city; and then the bursting forth of the signal flame from the distant peak. Then come the gathering, the welcoming home of the king; and then the triumphant proclamation of his murder by Clytemnestra to the shuddering citizens, which closes the first part of the trilogy. In the second part, the Chorus, are many resemblances to Wagner—he would probably have gloried in setting to music the madness of Orestes—and, in the third, the sleep of the Furies may be taken as the prototype of the grandest things that Wagner has done, of the Dutchman's phantom crew, the revels of the Venusberg, and the meeting of the Walkuren; while the pursuit of Orestes, the curious gradual change of scene and flight to Athens, and even the somewhat lame conclusion of the assembled citizens, have all a likeness to the style of the German melodramatist.

Of his utter alienation, on the other hand, from the Greek spirit, it is almost superfluous to speak; and what little it is necessary to say on this point will be implied in the following pages—for, when it is shown how absolutely and unceasingly self-conscious is the genius of Wagner, his unlikeness to the Greek tragedians is surely sufficiently demonstrated.

What Wagner himself would probably consider the great distinction between his work and that of his predecessors—Greek, English, or German—is the fact that with him the opera is professedly a combination of all the arts: music, the drama, and painting have each their share—and it may be said that in his latest work their shares are almost equal: at Bayreuth, in the "Nibelungen" tetralogy, the scenery played nearly as important a part as the singers. This characteristic has grown as his genius has developed—his theory has been formulated and perfected gradually. Music, he says, was not made to live alone.

All our artistic senses should be appealed to at once; and Wagner does not merely, with Shakespeare, tell us how "the morn, in russet mantle clad, walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill," or make us hear, with Beethoven, the sounds of birds, of village revelry, of gathering and passing storms, or show our eyes, with Turner, the wild colouring of the mists and stream which surround a rushing train—he combines all these elements of beauty, and tries to exhaust at once every possibility of pleasure.

This characteristic has, as I say, grown greatly since he wrote his first acted opera (a version of Shakespeare's "Measure for Measure"), which was in no way dependent on its scenery; and, indeed, all Wagner's special characteristics (his eccentricities, as some call them) have been constantly on the increase. Men of genius may perhaps be divided into two classes—those who gradually conquer their peculiarities, and those whose peculiarities gradually conquer them. It is perhaps not unfair to say that this self-repression is the hall-mark of perfectly sane and genuine genius—there are exceptions, but they have generally some exceptional cause: as, for example, the deafness of Beethoven.

A brief chronological sketch of the dramatic works of Wagner from the first published, "Rienzi," to "Parsifal," of which the music is as yet only partly composed, may help to show the growth and changes of his mind; but the stories of his best operas are now so widely known in England—to all who take any interest in the man—that the sketch may be very brief. As a prefix to it, let me quote some part of his own account of the unpublished version of "Measure for Measure" already mentioned—in which, with few of his later peculiarities, his powerful grasp of dramatic situation is very noticeable.

As a promise of the hereafter, it is to be remarked that Wagner when he wrote this "Liebesverbot" ("The Veto on Love") was completely under the influence of the "Young Europe" school in morals, and that he turned Shakespeare's serious story into a merry glorification of sensuality at the expense of asceticism. The scene is laid in Palermo; a German governor, Friedrich, is carrying out in the King's absence the reforms of Shakespeare's Angelo. The people grumble, and a young scapgrace, Lucio, is about to head a rising, when he sees his friend Claudio being led to prison—Friedrich has revived an old law punishing illicit love affairs with death. There seems but one chance of saving Claudio—his sister Isabella may be able to soften with her pleading the Governor's heart; and Lucio hastens to tell her of her brother's danger.

She has just entered a convent, as a novice; and the second scene shows her talking with another novice, Mariana, who confides to her the story of her shame—her seduction by the present Governor of Palermo. When, a few moments later, Isabella hears from Lucio that this hypocritical governor is about to punish her brother, for a lesser fault, with death, her indignation against Mariana's vile betrayer

knows no bounds; but she unhesitatingly resolves to see Friedrich, and win Claudio's pardon from him.

The third scene begins with a burlesque trial (by Brighella, chief of the police) of breakers of the new laws; then Friedrich comes, and is about to try Claudio, when his sister demands a private interview. Her pleadings, as in Shakespeare's play, move the stern Governor to love; and in the end he offers to save her brother at the price of her dishonour. When she understands him, she furiously throws open the window and summons the people to an exposure of his hypocrisy. The crowd is rushing in, when Friedrich, in a few quick sentences, convinces her that if he contradicts her—if he says that she had tried unsuccessfully to bribe him—he, and not she, will be believed. She is silent: till, as the Governor is about to pass sentence on her brother, the memory of Mariana's story suggests to her a stratagem. She proclaims to all, assuming the gayest manner, that a festival is in store for them—that Friedrich's severity was a mere pretence, to heighten the surprise of a carnival in which he will himself take the merriest part. He is about to reprove her sternly, when in a whisper she excites him to feverish joy by promising that on the following night she will grant all his wishes. This, amid general excitement, closes the first act.

The second commences with the scene between Isabella and Claudio, as in Shakespeare; then Isabella instructs Mariana in her plot, and shocks even the reckless Lucio by telling him that she must yield to Friedrich's love—a consummation which he vows at all hazards to prevent. In the final scene at a pleasure garden where Isabella has made an appointment with Friedrich, she finds, to her horror, that he has played her false—has still sentenced her brother to death. Friedrich's real motive has been a perverted conscientiousness—"one hour on Isabella's breast; then death to himself and to Claudio by the same law:" that is what he looks forward to—but Isabella, seeing in his action only a fresh hypocrisy, denounces him to the disaffected people. Lucio, however, thinking she has really yielded to the Governor, tells the crowd to give no heed to her—when a comic cry for help is heard, and Brighella rushes in, with the masked Friedrich and Mariana, whom he has arrested. At this moment the return of the king is announced; and Friedrich, gloomily asking for death, is told by the released Claudio that their crime is no longer to be punished capitally. Of course, he marries Mariana, and Lucio Isabella, and all ends happily.

The admirable construction of this story, the swift and dramatic action, need hardly be pointed out; nor the fact that, except perhaps in the sensuousness, there is hardly anything in it which reveals to us the presence of Wagner, as we know him from later works. Like almost all his plays, however, it opens remarkably well—with a picturesque and spirited group: so begin "Rienzi," "Tannhauser," "Lohengrin," and the "Meistersinger." It is perhaps also worth noticing that Wagner has chosen for adaptation nearly the least pleasant in story of all Shakespeare's comedies.

The "Liebesverbot" failed, from insufficient rehearsal and other causes, and has never been reproduced; * but his next work, "Rienzi," acted at Dresden in October, 1842, was greatly successful, and won him disciples and admirers all over Germany. The opera was distinguished from most of its contemporaries by its breadth of purpose, and in many parts of its music the Wagnerian style was already distinctly perceptible; but the story, founded on real history—as interpreted in Bulwer's novel—differed altogether in tone from his later legendary plots.

The first and second acts were completed, music and words, early in 1839, and between them and the rest of the play, written after the first enthusiasm was past, there is a very perceptible difference. As a fact, the plot of the novel, amply sufficient in the earlier part, fails towards the end in the coherence and strength needed for the theatre; but this fault of beginning far better than he ends is a very common one with Wagner, as with many poet-dramatists. In "Tannhauser," "Lohengrin," "Tristan," the opening gives a splendid promise, which is not altogether fulfilled, and which causes some feeling of disappointment. The poetry of situation with which the drama opens is not always followed by sufficient poetry of event, and we miss the *crescendo* necessary on the stage, where simple beauty should lead up to powerful interest.

That Wagner has the great dramatic secret of knowing where to begin is as plain in "Rienzi" as in any of his later poems. As the curtain rises, Orsini and other nobles of his faction are seizing and carrying away Irene, when they are attacked by Colonna and his partisans, and a fight commences. The priests interfere in vain, but Rienzi appears and, supported by the people, stops the tumult. He confides Irene to the care of Adriano, and the first of Wagner's many love-duets takes place—ending, as usual, in a mute ecstatic embrace. Then (after one of those daybreak effects of which the poet is so fond) the people elect Rienzi tribune, and the curtain falls on their acclamations. The second act begins with the beautiful chorus of the Messengers of Peace: then the nobles plot against the new tribune, and Adriano feels that he must be unfaithful to either his father or his friend. Then, after Rienzi has received the ambassadors of many lands, a grand ballet takes place, in which is represented, in elaborate pantomime, the story of Lucretia! As it ends, the treacherous nobles stab Rienzi, who is saved by his secret coat of mail. The traitors are doomed to death; but, after a long struggle, Rienzi, at the intercession of Adriano, commits his one act of unwise wisdom, and spares them. As the curtain falls for the second time, they swear to be faithful to him and to the state.

These two acts are full of incident and movement, the remaining three disconnected and thin. In Act III. Rienzi is fighting the nobles, and conquers them, killing Colonna; in Act IV. Adriano, to revenge

* It was played for the first and last time at Magdeburg in 1836, and was Wagner's second opera. His first, "Die Fee" (never acted) was a version of Carlo Gozzi's "Serpent Woman."

his father's death, stirs up the discontented people; Rienzi wins them back, but in the end is excommunicated by the Church; and in Act V. Adriano and Irene part finally, and then perish with Rienzi in the burning Capitol.

This libretto has great merits and great faults, but neither are distinctively Wagnerian, except perhaps the strong and simple construction of the early acts, the fine choice of scene throughout, and the mistake of giving so prominent a place to a character so vacillating as Adriano is here made. Wagner's chief people are indeed very seldom heroic—Tannhauser is far from an estimable person; Senta is untrue to Erik, her first love; Elsa wants faith; Tristan is false to his friend; Adriano not to be relied on, and the people in "Parsifal" by no means "nice." His nominal heroes are generally mere lay figures—Lohengrin, even the Dutchman, nay, Tannhauser himself, make very little individual impression on us, while Siegfried, though distinct enough, is little more than a jolly boy, quite unworthy of his Walkure bride. On the other hand, Senta, Elsa, Elizabeth, and Brunnhilde, have each a rare charm, a distinct and especial beauty.

The stride from "Rienzi" to the "Flying Dutchman" is very great, though the one was first performed within a month or two of the other. Journeying to England, the ship which carried Wagner was kept at sea more than three weeks by contrary winds, and once the captain was compelled by a storm to put into a Norwegian port. On board, Wagner heard the legend of Ahasuerus (as Heine calls the Dutchman) and, fascinated by it, he determined to use it as an opera; nor can one imagine a subject more suited to his peculiar genius. He treats it, one may say, in its most elementary form, with scarcely any complication of plot—with none, in fact, except the introduction of another lover for the girl, a mistake in every way. In the first act the Dutchman meets the captain of a Norwegian vessel blown out of its course in a storm, and offers to wed his daughter—which offer is greedily accepted by Daland (the Norwegian), whose love for gold perhaps scarcely harmonises with the tone of the story; in the second act, Senta, laughed at by all her companions for her devotion to the portrait of the Dutchman, meets and loves the original, throwing over her betrothed, Erik; and in the last, through a misunderstanding, the Dutchman thinks that she, too, is faithless; he departs, and she wildly leaps into the sea; then in a moment the vessel disappears, and the Dutchman and his saviour, the faithful girl, are seen transfigured above the waves.

Here, for once, Wagner gives us an opera solely depending on the music, and the weird tone of the story; and here he has—also for once—felt that so simple a plot must be developed briefly: the "Flying Dutchman" is really a short opera. It is purely Wagneresque, and its effect—though sometimes obtained by means too obvious—is very striking; the force of "local colour" could hardly go farther than in the pilot's song, the spinning-chorus (with its imitative "Summ' und

brumm' du gutes Radchen,") or the sailors' chorus—evidently a reminiscence of the English voyage :

Hussasaha !
 Klipp' und Sturm draus—
 Yollohohe !
 Lachen wir aus !

! One can hear the windlass, the sailors' cries, the plunging of the vessel, as later one sees the red-brown sails, the phantom lights, the ghostly crew and ship, in the chorus—

Yohohoe! Yohohoe! Hoe! Hoe! Hoe!
 Huih—ssa!
 Nach dem Land treibt der Strum
 Huih—ssa! *

But the "Flying Dutchman" does not show us Wagner fully developed—it is a transition opera. The story is weird, but it is perfectly human; it is even one which other dramatists have used. The incidents are thoroughly tragic, and the tendency to introduce the lighter as well as the graver events of legend among situations of the deepest human interest is not yet apparent. In "Tannhauser" what one may call the fairy-tale element begins—the bringing-in of the blossoming cross has a strange effect amid scenes of death and despair: still odder seems the visible transformation of the magic swan in "Lohengrin:" while in the "Nibelungen" tetralogy we are in sheer fairy-tale, among talking birds and magic helmets, intermingled with an occasional flash of savage human passion like that in the hut of Hunding.

"Tannhauser" was produced two years after the "Flying Dutchman"—in 1845. As a poem, it stands very high indeed among Wagner's works; but it is essentially a poem, a legion, rather than a stage play. It contains many fine situations, but hardly one of them has the full effect on the stage it would seem to deserve, and all are quite at the mercy of the scene painter; the vulgar mounting of the play at Covent Garden three years ago entirely spoilt it—and his constant danger would seem to tell against Wagner's theory of a combination of arts. An independent art is much safer; and, while "Macbeth" and "King Lear" may gain as much from good scenery as "Lohengrin" and "Tannhauser," they lose comparatively little by bad.

The first act of this play is, indeed, nothing but Tannhauser's changing mind, as shown in the varying scenery which works upon it. Wagner describes this scenery very finely and very minutely in his stage directions, and it is almost doubtful whether any painted pictures could call up so surely and so exactly as poetical words the ideas he wishes to convey. Eloquent stage directions are, indeed, a bad sign; they are, to begin with, false art—a play is essentially a thing to be seen and

* It is worth noticing by how much less obvious (and more artistic) means Shakespeare gets these effects of local colour: thus, though the witches have a language of their own, it is not one of coined words like Yohohoe, &c.

heard, not read. But here, as in other things, Wagner seems greedily to attempt to combine all claims to glory; and this, like his other characteristics, grows upon him from play to play.

The splendid story on which "Tannhauser" is founded is well known—and is told, almost perfectly, in the overture, one of Wagner's grandest achievements; the conclusion to the legend formed by the miracle of the flowering cross is, I believe, entirely Wagner's addition—I do not know that the two stories have ever been combined before. Taking the whole as a legendary poem, the effect is good; but the second story is quite undramatic—it is certainly not one of the few miracles suited for theatrical representation. Yet the pilgrims chanting on their way to Rome add another to the rich contrasts of this work, perhaps the most varied and vivid in colouring of its author's creations.

At the beginning, "the scene," he tells us, "represents the interior of the Hill of Venus (the Hoerselberg, near Eisenach). At the back is a vast grotto, which, bending to the right, seems to be lost in the distance. In the remotest part of the background is a blue lake, in which naiads are bathing, and on its high banks sirens repose. In front Venus lies on a couch; before her, almost kneeling, his head on her breast, is Tannhauser. All the grotto glows with a rosy light. The middle is occupied by a group of dancing nymphs; on rocks which jut out from both sides of the grotto lie pairs of lovers; they come one after another to join the dance of the nymphs. A troop of bacchantes comes from the background, whirled in a disordered and noisy dance; with mad gestures they pass through the groups of nymphs and lovers, swiftly throwing them into confusion. To the sounds of the dance, which grows wilder and wilder, there answers like an echo, from the background, the sirens' song, "Come from the shore, come from the land, whither in the arms of burning love a fiery delight shall assuage your longings!" Forming a passionate group the dancers stop, and give ear to the song. Then the dance revives, and reaches the wildest impetuosity. At the height of this bacchant fury, a sudden languor makes itself felt on every side. The pairs of lovers withdraw little by little from the dance, and lie on the rocks, as in a delicious exhaustion. The troop of bacchantes disappears in the background, whence spreads a vapour which grows denser and denser; in front also a cloudlike vapour descends and veils the sleeping figures. At last Venus and Tannhauser are alone left visible, while the song of the sirens echoes far away. Then comes the scene in which Tannhauser expresses his longing to return to earth, and Venus tries every way to detain him at her side; at length his insistence prevails, though she tells him that only in returning to her will he find peace and safety—and when he declares that his safety is in the Virgin, a terrible peal of thunder is heard, Venus disappears, and Tannhauser suddenly stands alone "in a beautiful valley, the blue sky above him." On the right, at the back, is Wartburg; on the left, far away, the Hoerselberg. A mountain-path on the right, half-way up the valley, leads to the foreground, where it branches off;

near this is an image of the Virgin Mary, up to which a little projection in the hillside leads. From the heights, on the left, the tinkling of sheepbells is heard; on a high peak a shepherd boy sits, singing and playing on a pipe.

In describing all this, the poet can convey to us exactly what he means: should he, in such a case, trust to scene painter and dancers to do as much? Assuming that the play was mounted with a true feeling of its poetry, the effect would no doubt be charming; but even then, would it not lose rather than gain, if we compared it with the ideal awakened in us by reading the book? Of the third act, with its journeying pilgrims, its weary return of Tannhauser to the foot of the Venusberg, and its miracle of the budding cross, the same may surely be said; and even the Tournament of Song is better fitted for description than for the stage—the thing which gives dramatic spirit to the scene, Tannhauser's gathering feeling and impetuous outburst in favour of the less pure form of love being, at all events in its present subtle and elaborately worked-out form, hardly suited for the spoken and not at all for the musical, drama. Yet the effect of the opening and of the final situation of this scene is very striking; and there is perhaps in no opera a grander expression of pure joy than the chorus of minstrels and ladies as they enter the Hall of Contest—it is like the song of a lark circling upwards, pouring out unrestrained its melody. "Tannhauser" is full of picturesque situations, but they are not all good stage situations, and the story, as a whole, has not the compression and strength needed for the theatre.

In this respect his next opera was much stronger, and it has accordingly proved of all his works the most effective on the stage. There is probably no more perfect act on the lyric stage than the first of "Lohengrin;" the story is striking, compact, and stately, and is worked out with an admirable clearness. The rest is perhaps not so good: the second act contains only one incident—Ortrud's sudden burst of pride on the cathedral steps—and that is in no way necessary to the story; and similarly the incident brought in to relieve the over-simplicity of the last act—Telramund's attack on Lohengrin—has no result whatever. This is a characteristic of many poets who attempt to write plays suited for the stage; they introduce a good deal of action, but it is action dragged in at random, and is no indispensable result of the plot.

Yet "Lohengrin" is dramatically the best of Wagner's operas, and it need hardly be said, incomparably superior to the ordinary libretto. All Wagner's works are, indeed, those of a poet, and of a man with an unquestionable dramatic instinct; and there is not one in which there is, at least, of a very high order of power may not be found. Only it may be doubted whether his genius is of that complete and sound order which alone can produce a thoroughly satisfactory work. If it be said that if he had written any one thing wholly successful, this is certainly "Lohengrin."

A feature in this opera very characteristic of its author is the night-effect, followed by daybreak, in the second act. The long and gloomy dialogue between Ortrud and Telramund is carried on in a darkness only relieved by the gleam of the illuminated palace-windows; later on, the dawn comes gradually, and sunrise is announced by trumpets answering from tower to tower; then, when the day has fully broken, the bridal procession mounts the cathedral steps. The effect is a fine one, though it is perhaps too much and too often relied on by Wagner; there is such a dawn in the first act of "Rienzi," and there are scenes in almost all his plays which depend a great deal upon their "night-feeling"—or their dawn or sunset feeling—for their effect. This is particularly noticeable in the "Walkure," the "Meistersinger," and, above all, "Tristan and Isolde"—"Lohengrin's" successor, though not produced till fifteen years later—in which the very backbone of the second and third acts is the contrast between the poetry of night and of day.

As this is perhaps the least known in England of Wagner's operas, except the "Meistersinger" it may be worth while to give a brief summary of the story of its first act—the rest may be dismissed in a word or two. The groundwork of the plot is of course the old Arthurian legend. Tristan of Cornwall slew Morold, the lover of Isolde, princess of Cornwall; yet afterwards, Tristan falling wounded into her hands, she spared him, and even by her care and nursing healed his wound. Some time after, he came as ambassador from King Marke of Cornwall, to demand Isolde's hand for his master; and he is returning, with her on board the vessel, as the opera begins. She is bitterly indignant that he should make her another's wife—nor, indeed, is it quite clear why he has done so. He keeps aloof from her, and when she sends for him will not come. Exasperated, she orders her old servant Brangäne, who is cunning in all magic drinks, to prepare a poison for him; and at last, as they near land, Tristan comes to speak to her, and she gives him the cup, which he drinks, believing in his heart that it is poisoned. Before he has drained it, she snatches it from him, and drinks off the remainder—determined that they shall die together. But it is not a poison; Brangäne's courage had failed her, and she brewed instead a love-potion. This works at once; the lovers rush into each other's arms; and when the ship reaches land, and the king's arrival is proclaimed, it is almost unconsciously that Isolde lets Brangäne clothe her in her royal robe. As the shout of the sailors welcomes King Marke, his bride falls senseless to the ground.

Hardly anything could be stronger than this act, though it is very long; nothing could well be weaker than its successor, of which the only action is the discovery by Marke, at the end, of his wife's infidelity. The act is entirely filled with the development of a somewhat strained poetic antithesis between night and day: sheltering night being the friend of love, glaring and pitiless day its foe. The expression of love throughout this act is, as in most of Wagner's work, sensual in the

extreme; he seems, indeed, to be like his own bard Tannhauser, incapable of singing the praise of any but the most earthly passion.

The third act is better than the second, but is far from strong. Tristan is dying all through it, and when the end comes, and he, his faithful squire, Kurwenal, Isolde, and the traitor Melot, all die, one cannot but feel it a relief. The excess of talk over action has come to a climax, in this play,* as, indeed, Wagner avows in a defence of the growing length (and diminishing incident) of his works. In his early operas, he says, he allowed for the frequent repetition of words common in lyric dramas; later, "the whole extent of the melody is indicated beforehand in the arrangement of the words and verses." He chooses legendary plots, he tells us, because "the simple nature of their action renders unnecessary any painstaking for the purpose of explanation of the course of the story; the greatest possible portion of the poem can be devoted to the portrayal of the *inner* motives of the action." When he composed "Tristan" his theories were perfected, and he absorbed himself "with complete confidence in the depths of the inmost processes of the soul, and fearlessly drew from this inmost centre of the world, their outward forms." This view of the duties of a dramatist—if to a slight extent to be paralleled in some works of the Greek tragedians—will generally be considered a wrong and an impracticable one; its curious opposition to the tendency of modern philosophy is worth noticing—the great musical reformer and innovator would seem to hold reactionary views in science.

Three years after "Tristan and Isolde" was produced Wagner's one comic opera, "The Master Singers of Nuremberg." This he holds the most likely of his works to please in England, probably because humour and common sense are generally supposed to some extent to go together. But Wagner's humour is so exceedingly German, and is accompanied by such a minimum of common sense, that I fear an English audience would hardly be reconciled by it to an opera chiefly concerned with the difference between two schools of poetry, and exactly half as long again as "Tristan and Isolde." Not that the "Meistersinger" has not its merits—in "local colouring" it is charming, and in indication of dramatic position; and the life of a German town in the busy, cheery days of Hans Sachs is pleasantly painted. Some isolated pictures are especially quiet and true, as the sunny Sunday morning of the third act with the poet-shoemaker reading his big Bible; but these ordinary merits of Wagner are here opposed to more than his ordinary defects of over-length, want of invention of incident, and of what I may call *surroundings*—strength and common sense—of plot. These, and the sense of humour which prevents absurdity, are great necessities in a dramatist; and unfortunately Wagner has them not.

A fault from which the "Meistersinger," perhaps from the nature of its story, is comparatively free, is one very usual with Wagner—a

* Which is as a matter of fact, almost Wagner's last—the greater portion of the "Nibelungen" tetralogy was composed before it.

constantly strained feeling, a never-ceasing tension, such as is admirably exemplified in the works of those poets and artists whose likeness to our German composer we have a ready noticed: Swinburne, Burne Jones, and the like. It is the absolute opposite of the quiet ease of Walter Scott, of Haydn, of the Dutch painters; it is feverish, effective, exciting, in the end extremely wearying; it is like the electric light, always brilliant, dazzling, and the same, compared with the tranquil and yet constantly varying daylight; and—to quote a critic who sets Cervantes above Hugo—it “wants dulness, which all great works must have their share of.”

The grand performance of the “Nibelungen” tetralogy at Bayreuth, in 1876, was so fully noticed at the time by English journalists that any recapitulation of the drama’s plot would be superfluous. One cannot but think that a work of such enormous length, filling four long evenings, ought to be upon a subject of the highest and (may I not say, *therefore?*) the most tragic interest, as is the *Æschylean* trilogy, unless, indeed, it be purely an historical series, to be judged rather as a sort of dramatic panorama than a play. This Wagner’s poem of course is not; and the interest excited by that which is nominally the main-spring of the story—the fate of the gods—is very languid. To begin with, it is not at all clearly set before one; the gods are not present at the conclusion, and the effect it will have upon them is by no means evident. The light fairy-tale tone of a great deal of the story—especially in the Prelude and in the Second Day—is no doubt intended as a relief to the tragic incidents; but I think the whole would gain greatly if the story, instead of being relieved by the introduction of these passages, were shortened by their omission—which would at all events reduce the four evenings to three.

As a fact, however, the main plot of the poem is the fate, not of the gods, but of Brunnhilde; this is what must catch the attention of every audience, as of every reader, who cannot but feel that the play proper is contained in Acts II. and III. of the “Walkure,” the end of “Siegfried,” and the “Gotterdammerung”: in considerably less, that is to say, than one-half of the tetralogy; and that all which does not closely concern Brunnhilde is really episodic. This applies especially to the one powerful act devoted to the history of “Sigmund” and “Sieglinde,” whose very strength—superb, though feverish and unhealthy—is its worst fault, as it directs the interest of the audience into a wrong channel, which leads nowhere. But it must be said that Brunnhilde is a magnificent picture—a thing which has a place apart, of its own, in literature; which we meet now for the first time and can never forget. The whole effect of the Walkuren, shouting from rock to rock, galloping on their wild horses, is unique and grand. That this effect is to some extent obtained, as in the “Flying Dutchman,” by too obvious means is true; there is more than enough of “Hoyotoho! Hoyotoho! Heiaho!”—but this, and an accompanying consciousness of the effect he is producing, is a constant characteristic

of Wagner. So, too, is a certain straining after originality, an attempt to be unlike other people, which too often produces mere eccentricity.

Something like the over-easy effects of local colour just mentioned is the expedient used by Wagner in this play, as in "Tristan," of causing love by a potion—a dramatic effect, powerful indeed, but dangerous from the extreme ease with which it can be employed to bring about a telling situation. And, in the last place, as we have the "Nibelungen" drama, the curious want of humour of the German intellect must be noticed—is not the effect absolutely funny of Brunnhilde's half-uttered request to Wotan, which her words later on to Siegfried fully explain, that she may marry only Sieglinde's child, who is not to be born for many months, and who may surely turn out to be a girl!

Such scenery as is required—and has once been obtained—for the "Ring of the Nibelungen," was certainly never heard of before the days of Wagner. The first scene, at the bottom of the Rhine: Brunnhilde's resting-place, ringed round with fire; the final tableau, when the flaming funeral pile, on which rest Siegfried, Brunnhilde, and her horse, is covered by the sudden overflowing of the Rhine upon whose waters float the three river maidens, Woglinde, Wellgunde, and Flosshilde: all these things are the nearest approach to the impossible which mortal scene-painter has yet proved possible. The enormous expense of such scenery must always be a bar to the production of the plays—the audience at Bayreuth had to pay very dearly for its four evenings, and Wagner's tendency to appeal to the few rather than to the many, already noticed, was thus further illustrated. This wild addition to the difficulty of worthily producing a great opera seems a mistake. It will never be too easy to obtain an intelligent chorus, a strong band, and fine singers who are also fine actors; why make it also a necessity to secure a painter of genius and to pay very highly for his work? It is right that a great play should give great opportunities for scenery—"Agamemnon," "Macbeth," "Faust," do this—but it should never be really dependent upon anything but its merits and its actors.

To pass to Wagner's latest-written opera. In "Parsifal," it must be said, his eccentricities are carried to their extreme, his redeeming qualities hardly appear. The hero—the Percival of the Arthurian legend—is a youth of perfect purity, and of ignorance as perfect; the chief and concluding incident of the first act is the holy supper of the knights of the Sangrail, which he watches with no apparent interest—but which (it would seem) inspires him to attack, alone and unarmed, the castle of a magician, Klingsor, who has obtained possession of the Sacred Spear, the touch of which alone can cure the King Amfortas (Arthur, the only king associated in our minds with the Holy Grail, is not mentioned by Wagner). To defend himself Klingsor sends forth beautiful and alluring maidens—"in lightly thrown-on garments, as though waked from sleep"—and, after their failure to entrap Parsifal, one Kundry, a strange, dark woman, who "was once Herodias." This

person is in the power of Klingsor, but it is unwillingly that she does his work; yet, when she sets herself to it, she certainly leaves no stone unturned, and it is after a scene which (one would hope) could not possibly be acted upon any stage that Parsifal triumphs. Then Klingsor himself attacks the hero, hurling the spear at him—but, by a miracle, it rests swinging in the air over the head of Parsifal, who, taking it in his hand, makes the sign of a cross with it, and in a moment all the enchanted garden disappears, the maidens turn to faded flowers scattered on the ground, and Kundry only remains, kneeling in agony at the young hero's feet.

In the last act this strange female, who speaks throughout it not a single word, except the one exclamation, "Dienen! dienen!" begins her expiration by parodying the Magdalene's act, washing the feet of Parsifal and wiping them with her hair; and Parsifal heals the wound of Amfortas, touching it with the sacred spear. This is really the whole story, which is filled up with elaborate details concerning the Grail and the ceremonies attending Holy Communion—and with certain other details into which it is as well not to go. Anything at once so flimsy, so offensive, and with such pretence of depth, so essentially shallow, could hardly have been anticipated by Wagner's most rancorous opponent; while his firmest friend can find to admire in it nothing but a certain poetical tone, a remnant of the old power of appropriate colouring.

Here ends the list of Wagner's published operas. Of the purely literary merits of their style I have said nothing, leaving it to German critics to estimate their worth as German poetry; their verdict, as a rule, is not, I believe, very favourable, and indeed some Englishmen have ventured to characterise his verses as "detestable doggerel;" though the general poetical tone of his writing—the broad charm of his conceptions—is usually allowed. Of the practical success of his plays on the stage, one can also hardly speak—it is impossible to say how far the music has helped or harmed it; and lastly, it is not worth while to do more than mention his reported renunciation of his earlier operas—a man must be judged by his works, not by his own opinion of them. Of Wagner's writing as compared to his music—their relative values, and the proportion they bear to each other—I will only say that they seem to me singularly alike. The question is of course, one into which only professed musicians can properly enter.

There is no need to sum up what has been here said of Wagner's merits and faults as a dramatist; the characteristics of each play have been so much the same, except in so far as certain tendencies have grown, constantly and strongly, throughout the series—from "Rienzi" to "Parsifal." There was improvement up to a certain point—to the production of "Lohengrin"—after which, increase of bulk has gone on in inverse ratio to that of merit. Wagner makes the great mistake of wilfully running counter to the opinions and feelings of the great majority of people, alike in art and in morals; and, as has been said

often enough, the world is cleverer than any one man in it. The affectation of singularity is really a confession of inferiority. Yet, when we look through the lists of poets who have written for the stage, the number whose works have proved to possess the power of really moving the crowds of men and women who fill our theatres is so very small that to have succeeded as well as Wagner is hardly the lot of one true poet in a thousand. Of modern writers whom have we whose work ranks high with the scholar, and can also win favour on the public stage? Besides Wagner, perhaps only one living man, the brilliant, flashy, enthusiastic, intensely "theatrical" poet of the Parisians, Victor Hugo—with whom as a comrade essentially like, in spite of all his French unlikeness, I leave the ultra-German Richard Wagner.

EDWARD ROSE, in *Fraser's Magazine*.

THE ROYAL WEDDING.

Vide The Times, March 14, 1879.

I'm a reporter, bound to do
Reporter's duty;
In language beautiful all through
I sing of Beauty.

And he who thinks these words of mine
Something too many,
Let him reflect—for every line
I get a penny.

I sing of how the Red Prince took
His pretty daughter,
To marry her to Connaught's Dook
Across the water.

Oh, bright was Windsor's quaint old town,
Decked out with bravery;
And blessed Spring had ne'er a frown
Or such-like knavery.

The sea of legs before the gate
And round the steeple.
In short, the marvellously great
Amount of people,

Instead of treading upon toes
And dresses tearing,
Was (as a royal marriage goes),
I thought, forbearing.

The church-bells rang, the brass bands played,
The place was quite full,
Before the Quality had made
The scene delightful.

THE ROYAL WEDDING.

They came from Paddington by scores,
Mid rustics ploughing,
And women huddled at the doors,
And infants bowing.

While condescension on their part
We quite expected,
On ours, as usual, England's heart
Was much affected.

Whene'er we welcome Rank and Worth
From foreign lands, it
Becomes a wonder, how on earth
That organ stands it!

* * * * *

The Berkshire Volunteers in grey,
(Loyd Lindsay, Colonel),
And the bold Rifles hold the way,
With Captain Burnell.

To guard St. George's brilliant nave,
Believe me, no men
Could properly themselves behave
Except the yeomen.

Spring dresses came "like daffodils
Before the swallow,"
On ladies' pretty forms (with bills,
Alas! to follow).

Their beauty "took the winds of March"
(Which in my rhymes is
A theft: the metaphors are arch,
But they're the *Times's*).

Sir Elvey played a solemn air;
I sent a wish up;
Four Bishops came to join the pair,
And one Archbishop.

Nine minor parsons after that
To help them poured in.
One strange-named man among them sate,
The Rev. Tahourdin.

But oh! how this "prolific pen"
Of mine must falter,
When I describe the noblemen
Before the altar!

There was the Lady Em'ly King-
scote, like a tulip;
The Maharajah Duleep Singh,
And Mrs. Duleep.

The gallant Teck might there be seen
With sword and buckler,
His Mary in a dark sage green,
And Countess Puckler.

Count Schlippenbach, the Ladies Schlie-
fen and De Grunne,
And other names that seem to me
A little funny.

THE ROYAL WEDDING.

Though from his years the child was warm,
 Prince Albert Victor
 Looked, in his naval uniform,
 A perfect picture.

The Marchioness of Salisbury
 I wondered at in
 Reseda velvet draped with my-
 osotis satum.

Dark amethyst on jupes of pault
 Wore the Princesses;
 And ostrich feathers seemed to mount
 From half the dresses.

Real diamonds were as thick as peas,
 And sham ones thicker—
 Till overcome, your special flees
 To ask for liquor!

• • • •
 The show is o'er: by twos and twos
 I see them fleeting off.
 Lord Beaconsfield, the *Daily News*,
 And Major Vietinghoff.

†he happy couple lead the way,
 For life embarking;
 Then Captain Egerton and La-
 dy Adela,—Larking.

L-uisa Margaret! to thee
 Be grief a stranger,
 And may thy husband never be
 A Counaught Ranger.

If in the blush of mutual hopes,
 And fond devotion,
 You're honeymooning on the slopes,
 I've not a notion.

But this I feel, that for your true
 And honest passion,
 All sober folks wish well to you
 In n.anly fashion.

While, for your chroniclers, I know,
 Regnante V.R.,
 From east to west 'twere hard to show
 Such men as we are!

HERMAN C. MERVILLE, in the *University Magazine*.

ABOUT LOCUSTS.

From a resident in Smyrna we have received the following interesting communication regarding these Eastern pests, the locusts. He thus writes: 'In the month of May 1878 I went by rail to a village situated about five miles from the town of Smyrna. On one part of the line there is an incline, which I noticed we were ascending at an unusually slow rate of speed, and the engine was puffing and labouring in a most unaccountable manner. On looking out of the window to ascertain the cause, I perceived that the ground was literally covered with locusts; and scarcely a minute had elapsed ere the train ceased to move, owing to the rails having become wet and slippery from the number of these insects that had been crushed on the line. Sand was thrown on the rails, and brooms were placed in front of the locomotive, by which means the train was again set in motion; and we finally reached our destination in thirty-five instead of fifteen minutes, the usual length of the journey. On entering the village, I called at a friend's house, and found the inmates assembled in the garden, drawn up in battle-array, armed with brooms, branches of trees, and other implements of destruction, waging war against their unwelcome visitors the locusts, which, it appears, had scaled the outer walls of the premises, taking the place by assault, and were committing sad havoc on every green thing to be found in the garden. The united efforts of the household, however, were powerless against their enemies, which were momentarily increasing in number; so they were compelled to beat an ignominious retreat, and seek refuge in the house.

I now propose to give some account of the nature and habits of these insects, which may possibly not be uninteresting to European readers. Locusts are first seen towards the end of April on the slopes of the hills, where the eggs of the females had been deposited the previous autumn. When born they are about the size of ants, but develop in a wonderfully short time to their full size. Early in May they are sufficiently strong to travel all day on foot, collecting together at night in dense masses. At sunrise they recommence their march—their heads invariably turned to the south—devouring every green herb that comes in their way, grass especially being their favourite food. In the rear of these advancing armies others are following, which subsist on what is left by their more fortunate companions of the advanced guard. Towards the end of May locusts are sufficiently developed to take short flights on the wing, and wherever they alight woe betide the unfortunate owners of the property! In June and July they rise to a considerable height in the air, their infinite numbers occasionally darkening the sun. As at this season of the year there is no more grass in the plains and the corn has been harvested, the vineyards are unmercifully attacked as well as the leaves of trees; and when hard pressed for food, even the bark of trees is not spared by these voracious insects. Locusts die off in August; but before this occurs the females bore holes in the

ground on the slopes of the hills, sufficiently large to insert their bodies; then the males—I am assured by eye-witnesses—cut off their wives' heads; and thus the eggs which are contained in the females' bodies—averaging about seventy in number—are preserved against the inclemencies of the winter season.

It occasionally happens that locusts disappear for a number of years in succession; it is therefore presumed that in seasons of scarcity they are compelled—before the breeding season—to take long flights in search of food; and when this occurs, millions of their dead are found on the shores of the sea, and the effluvia from their bodies often occasion great sickness. In the year 1832 locusts lay two feet deep in the Bay of Smyrna. Shipping and typhus and other fevers became so prevalent in the town, that many families in a position to leave, took refuge in country villages. With a proper government, this Eastern plague could by degrees be done away with; but the Turks leave everything to Fate; and although occasional orders are given by the governors in the interior for their destruction when they first appear in the spring, only half-measures are taken, and little is gained by these futile attempts to destroy them. In former times, Cyprus was annually devastated by locusts; but of late years this great infliction has almost ceased to be a source of anxiety to its agricultural population, owing to the intelligence of a European who holds property on the island, and who invented the following simple method of destroying them in their infancy, which has been already alluded to in public journals.

'Locusts, as mentioned before, are born on the slopes of the hills, and when they are sufficiently developed to commence their work of destruction, descend into the plains in long and regular columns, never deviating from their path. Anticipating this method of progression, trenches are dug at the base of these hills; and when the locusts are within a few yards of the pits, they are inclosed between two long strips of canvas placed perpendicularly in parallel lines leading to the mouths of the pits. A piece of oilcloth is then spread on the ground, extending a few inches over these trenches in a slanting position, over which the locusts continue to advance, and are precipitated into these traps in innumerable quantities, and immediately destroyed. If the Turkish government followed the example set them by the inhabitants of Cyprus, Asia Minor would soon be free of locusts; but as there is but little chance of this being the case, we must expect a yearly increase of these insects, and trust to natural causes for their destruction.'

—*Chambers's Journal.*

THE

LIBRARY MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1879.

PROBABILITY AS THE GUIDE OF CONDUCT.

The doctrine of Bishop Butler, in the Introduction to his *Analogy*, with regard to probable evidence, lies at the root of his entire argument; for by the analogy which he seeks to establish between natural religion and that which is revealed, he does not pretend to supply a demonstrative proof of Christianity, but only such a kind and such an amount of presumptions in its favour as to bind human beings at the least to take its claims into their serious consideration. This, he urges, they must do, provided only they mean to act with regard to it upon those principles, which, in all other matters, are regarded as the principles of common sense. It is therefore essential to his purpose to show what are the obligations which, as inferred from the universal practice of men, probable or presumptive evidence may entail.

But indeed the subject-matter of this Introduction has yet a far wider scope. It embraces the rule of just proceeding, not only in regard to the examination of the pretensions of Christianity, but also in regard to the whole conduct of life. The former question, great as it is, has no practical existence for the vast majority, whether of the Christian world, or of the world beyond the precinct of the Christian profession. It is only relevant and material (except as an exercise of sound philosophy) to three descriptions of persons; those whom the Gospel for the first time solicits; those who have fallen away from it; and those who are in doubt concerning its foundation. Again, there are portions of these classes, to whose states of mind other modes of address may be more suitable. But every Christian, and indeed every man owning any kind of moral obligation, who may once enter upon any speculation concerning the grounds which lead men to act, or to refrain from acting, is concerned in the highest degree with the subject that Bishop Butler has opened incidentally for the sake of its relation to his own immediate purpose.

The proposition of Bishop Butler, that probability is the guide of life, is not one invented for the purposes of his argument, nor held by believers alone. Voltaire has used nearly the same words:

Presque toute la vie humaine roule sur des probabilités. Tout ce qui n'est pas démontré aux yeux, ou reconnu pour vrai par les parties évidemment intéressées à le nier, n'est tout au plus que probable. . . . L'incertitude étant presque toujours le partage de l'homme, vous vous détermineriez très-rarement, si vous attendiez une démonstration. Cependant il faut prendre un parti; et il ne faut pas le prendre au hasard. Il est donc nécessaire à notre nature faible, aveugle, toujours sujette à l'erreur, d'étudier les probabilités avec autant de soin, que nous apprenons l'arithmétique et la géométrie.

Voltaire wrote this passage in an Essay, not on religion, but on judicial inquiries;¹ and the statement of principle which it propounds is perhaps on that account even the more valuable.

If we consider subjectively the reasons upon which our judgments rest, and the motives of our practical intentions, it may in strictness be said that absolutely in no case have we more than probable evidence to proceed upon; since there is always room for the entrance of error in that last operation of the percipient faculties of men, by which the objective becomes subjective; an operation antecedent, of necessity, not only to action or decision upon acting, but to the stage at which the perception becomes what is sometimes called a 'state of consciousness.'²

But, setting aside this consideration, and speaking only of what is objectively presented as it is in itself, a very small portion indeed of the subject-matter of practice is or can be of a demonstrative, or necessary, character. Moral action is conversant almost wholly with probable evidence. So that a right understanding of the proper modes of dealing with it is the foundation of all ethical studies. Without this, it must either be dry and barren dogmatism, or else a mass of floating quicksands. Duty may indeed be done, without having been studied in the abstract; but, if it is to be studied, it must be studied under its true laws and conditions as a science. Now, probability is the nearly universal form or condition, under which these laws are applied; and therefore a sound view of it is not indeed ethical knowledge itself, but is the *organon*, by means of which it is to be rightly handled. He who by his writings both teaches and inures men to the methods of handling probable or imperfect evidence, gives them exercise, and by exercise strength, in the most important of all those rules of daily life which are connected with the intellectual habits.

Different forms of error concerning probable evidence have produced in some cases moral laxity, in others scrupulosity, in others unbelief.

To begin with the last named of these. It is a common form of fallacy to suppose that imperfect evidence cannot be the foundation of an obligation to religious belief, inasmuch as belief, although in its infancy it may fall short of intellectual conviction, tends towards that character in its growth and attains it when mature. Sometimes, indeed, it is assumed by the controversialist, that belief, if genuine, is

¹ 'Essai sur les probabilités en fait de Justice.'—*Works* (4th, Geneva, 1777), vol. xxvi. p. 457.

² *Nineteenth Century*, *supra*, pp. 606-7.

essentially absolute. And it is taken to be a violation of the laws of the human mind that proofs which do not exclude doubt should be held to warrant a persuasion which does or may exclude it. Indeed, the celebrated argument of Hume against the credibility of the miracles, involved the latent assumption that we have a right to claim demonstrative evidence for every proposition which demands our assent. From this assumption it proceeds to deny a demonstrative character to any proofs, except those supplied by our own experience. And the answer, which Paley has made to it, rests upon the proposition that the testimony adduced is such as, according to the common judgment and practice of men, it is rational to believe, while he passes by without notice the question of its title to the rank of speculative certainty.

Next, with regard to the danger of scrupulosity. This has perhaps been less conspicuous in philosophical systems than in its effect on the practical conduct of life by individuals. There are persons, certainly not among the well-trained and well-informed, who would attach a suspicion of dishonesty to any doctrine which should give a warrant to acts of moral choice upon evidence admitted to be less than certain. Their disposition is deserving of respect, when it takes its rise from that simple, unsuspecting confidence in the strength and clearness of truth, which habitual obedience engenders. It is less so when we see in it a timidity of mind which shrinks from measuring the whole extent of the charge that it has pleased God to lay upon us as moral agents, and will not tread, even in the path of duty, upon any ground that yields beneath the pressure of the foot. The desire for certainty, in this form, enervates and unmans the character. Persons so affected can scarcely either search for duties to be done, or accept them when offered and almost forced upon their notice. As a speculative system, this tendency has appeared among some casuists of the Church of Rome, and has been condemned by Pope Innocent XI.

The position of many among her divines with reference to the danger of moral laxity opens much graver questions. The *Provincial Letters* of Pascal gave an universal notoriety to the doctrine of Probabilism. Setting apart the extremes to which it has been carried by individuals, we may safely take the representation of it, as it is supplied in a Manual published for the use of the French clergy of the present day. According to this work, it is allowable, in matters of moral conduct, that if, of two opposite opinions, each one be sustained not by a slight but a solid probability, and if the probability of the one be admittedly more solid than that of the other, we may follow our natural liberty of choice by acting upon the less probable. This doctrine, we are informed, had been taught before 1667, by 159 authors of the Roman Church, and by multitudes since that date. It appears to stand in the most formal contradiction to the sentiments of Bishop Butler, who lays it down without hesitation that the lowest presumption, if not neutralised by a similar presumption on the opposite side, and the smallest real and clear excess of presumption on the one side

over the presumptions on the other side, determines the reason in matters of speculation, and absolutely binds conduct in matter of practice.

Such being the scope of the subject, and such the dangers to which it stands related, let us now proceed to its examination.

First we have to inquire, what is probability? Probability may be predicated whenever, in answer to the question whether a particular proposition be true, the affirmative chances predominate over the negative, yet not so as (virtually) to exclude doubt. And, on the other hand, improbability may be predicated, whenever the negative chances predominate over the affirmative, but subject to the same reservation that doubt be not precluded. For, if doubt be precluded, then certainty, affirmatively or negatively, as the case may be, must be predicated. In mathematical language, certainty, affirmative or negative, is the limit of probability on the one side, and of improbability on the other, as the circle is of the ellipse.³

But the sphere of probability, according to Bishop Butler, includes not only truths but events, past and future; and it likewise comprehends questions of conduct, which may be said to form a class apart, both from truths and from events: whereas the definition here given turns simply upon the preponderance of chances for the truth or falsehood of a proposition. How shall we broaden that definition?

The answer is that truths, events past and future, and questions of con-

³The relations of probabilities among themselves may be most clearly expressed by mathematical symbols. Let a represent the affirmative side of the proposition to be tried, b the negative, and let the evidence be exactly balanced between them. Then

$$a : b :: 1 : 1, \therefore \frac{a}{b} = 1.$$

Let the evidence so preponderate on the affirmative side that out of one hundred and one cases presenting the same phenomena, in one hundred it would be true. Thus the expression is

$$a : b :: 100 : 1, \therefore \frac{a}{b} = \frac{100}{1} = 100.$$

Again, let the evidence be such that out of one hundred and one cases presenting similar phenomena, in one hundred the proposition would turn out to be false: then the expression becomes

$$a : b :: 1 : 100, \therefore \frac{a}{b} = \frac{1}{100}.$$

And it is clear that—

1. When the second side of this equation consists of an integer or an improper fraction, the proposition is probable.

2. As the numerator becomes indefinitely great it represents probability approaching towards certainty. This it never can adequately express: but no fixed limit can be placed upon the advances which may be made towards it.

3. When the second side of this equation consists of a proper fraction, the proposition is improbable.

4. As the denominator becomes indefinitely great, it represents improbability approaching towards negative certainty, or, as it is sometimes, perhaps improperly, called, impossibility.

tinct, may all be accurately reduced into the form of propositions, true or false, by the use of their respective symbols: for the first, the symbol *s*; for the second, *has been or will be*; and for the third, *ought to be*. In one or other of these forms, every conceivable proposition can be tried in respect to its probability.

It is necessary also to observe upon an ambiguity in the use of the term probable. It has been defined in the sense in which it is opposed to the term improbable; but, in a discussion on the character of probable evidence, probable and improbable propositions are alike included. When, for this purpose, we are asked, what does probability designate? the answer is, that which may or may not be. We have no word exclusively appropriated to this use. In the Greek, Aristotle conveniently designates it τὸ ἐνδεχόμενον ἄλλως εἶχειν, as opposed to τὸ δύνατον ἄλλως εἶχειν. Sometimes this is called contingent, as distinguished from necessary matter; and safely so called, if it be always borne in mind that we are dealing with propositions with certain instruments supplied by human language, and adapted to our thoughts, but not with things as they are in themselves; that the same thing may be subjectively contingent and objectively certain, as, for example, the question, whether such a person as Homer has existed: which to us is a subject of probable inquiry, but in itself is manifestly of necessary matter, whether the proposition be true or false. So, again, in speaking of future events, to call them contingent in any sense except with regard to the propositions in which we discuss them, is no less an error; because, whether upon the Christian or the necessitarian hypothesis, future events are manifestly certain and not contingent; it remaining as a separate question whether they are so fixed by necessity or as the offspring of free volition. It may be enough, then, for the present to observe that the 'probable evidence' of Bishop Butler reaches over the whole sphere, of which it is common to speak as that of contingent matter; and that the element of uncertainty involved in the phrase concerns not the things themselves that are in question, but only the imperfection of the present means of conveying them to us. To the view of the Most High God, who knows all things, there is no probability and no contingency, but 'all things are naked and open unto the eyes of Him, with whom we have to do.'

In His case, and in every case of knowledge properly and strictly so called, the existence of the thing known is perceived without the intervention of any medium of proof. But evidence is, according to our use of the term, essentially intermediate: something apart both from the percipient and the thing perceived, and serving to substantiate to the former, in one degree or another, the existence of the latter. Thus we speak of the evidence of the senses, meaning those impressions upon our bodily organs which are made by objects visible, audible, and the like. These respectively make, as it were, their assertions to us; which we cross-examine by reflection, and by comparison of the several testimonies affecting the same object. And with regard to things incorporeal, in the sphere of the probable, it seems that, in

like manner, the impressions they produce upon our mental faculties, acting without the agency of sense, are also strictly in the nature of evidence, of presumption more or less near to demonstration, concerning the reality of what they represent, but subject to a similar process of verification and correction.

The whole notion, therefore, of evidence seems to belong essentially to a being of limited powers. For no evidence can prove anything except what exists, and all that exists may be the object of direct perception. The necessity of reaching our end through the circuitous process implies our want of power to go straight to the mark.

And it further appears that the same idea implies not only the limitation of range in the powers of the being who makes use of evidence, but likewise their imperfection even in the processes which they are competent to perform. The assurance possessed by such a being cannot be of the highest order, which the laws of the spiritual creation, so far as they are known to us, would admit. However truly it may be adequate, and even abundant, to sustain his mind in any particular conviction, it must be inferior to science in its proper signification, that of simple or absolute knowledge, which is the certain and exact, and also conscious coincidence of the intuitive faculty with its proper object. For it is scarcely conceivable that any accumulation of proofs, each in itself short of demonstration, and therefore including materials of unequal degrees of solidity, should, when put together, form a whole absolutely and entirely equivalent to the single homogeneous act of pure knowledge.

The same conclusion, that imperfection pervades all our mental processes, at which we have arrived by a consideration of their nature, we may also draw from the nature of the faculties by which they are conducted. For there is no one faculty of any living man of which, speaking in the sense of pure and rigid abstraction, we are entitled to say that it is infallible in any one of its acts. And no combination of fallibles can, speaking always in the same strictness, make up an infallible; however by their independent coincidence they may approximate towards it, and may produce a result which is for us indistinguishable from, and practically, therefore, equivalent to, it.

Certainly that which is fallible does not, therefore, always err. It may, in any given case, perform its duty perfectly, and as though it were infallible. The fallibility of our faculties, therefore, may not prevent our having knowledge that in itself is absolute. But it prevents our separating what may be had with such knowledge from what we grasp with a hold less firm. In any survey or classification of what we have perceived or concluded, since the faculty which discriminates is fallible, the reservations, which its imperfection requires, must attach to the results we attain by it. So that, although we might have this knowledge, if we consider knowledge simply as the exact coincidence of the percipient faculty with its proper object, we could not make ourselves conscious of the real rank of that knowledge in a given case; we could not know what things they are that we thus know, nor consequently could we argue from them as known.

Since, then, nothing can be known except what exists, nor known otherwise than in the exact manner in which it exists, knowledge, in its scientific sense, can only be predicated—first, of perceptions which are absolutely and exactly true, and secondly, by a mind which in the same sense knows them to be absolutely and exactly true. It seems to follow, that it is only by a license of speech that the term knowledge can be predicated by us as to any of our perceptions. Assuming that our faculties, acting faithfully, are capable in certain cases of conveying to us scientific knowledge, still no part of what is so conveyed can stand in review before our consciousness with the certain indefectible marks of what it is. And since there is no one of them, with regard to which it is abstractedly impossible that the thing it represents should be otherwise than as it is represented, we cannot, except by such license of speech as aforesaid, categorically predicate of any one of them that precise correspondence of the percipient faculty, with the thing perceived, which constitutes knowledge pure and simple.

It is desirable that we should fully realise this truth, in order that we may appreciate the breadth and solidity of the ground on which Bishop Butler has founded his doctrine of probable evidence. We ought to perceive that, observing his characteristic caution, he has kept within limits narrower than the ground which the laws of the human mind, viewed through a medium purely abstract, would have allowed him to occupy. His habit was to encamp near to the region of practice in all his philosophical inquiries; to appease, and thus to reclaim, the contemptuous infidelity of his age. A rigid statement of the whole case concerning our knowledge would probably have startled those whom he sought to attract, and have given them a pretext for retreating, at the very threshold, from the inquiry to which he invited them. Considerations of this kind are, indeed, applicable very generally to the form, in which Bishop Butler has propounded his profound truths for popular acceptance. But it is manifest that, if he even understated the case with regard to probable evidence, his argument is corroborated by taking into view all that residue of it, which he did not directly put into requisition. He was engaged in an endeavour to show to those, who demanded an absolute certainty in the proofs of religion, that this demand was unreasonable; and the method he pursued in this demonstration was, to point out to them, how much of their own daily conduct was palpably and rightly founded upon evidence less than certain. The unreasonableness of such a demand becomes still more glaring in the eyes of persons not under adverse prepossession, when we find by reflection that no one of our convictions, or perceptions, can in strictness be declared to possess the character of scientific knowledge. Because, if such be the case, we cannot rebut this consequence: that, even if a demonstration intrinsically perfect were presented to us, the possibility of error would still exist in the one link remaining; namely, that subjective process of our faculties by which it has to be appropriated. This (so to speak) primordial element of uncertainty never could be eliminated, except by the gift of inerrability to the individual

mind. But such a gift would amount to a fundamental change in the laws of our nature. And again, such a change would obviously dislocate the entire conditions of the inquiry before us, which appears to turn upon the credibility of revealed religion as it is illustrated by its suitableness to—what? not to an imaginable and unrealised, but to the actual, experienced condition of things.

To the conclusion that scientific knowledge can never be consciously entertained by the individual mind, it is no answer, nor any valid objection, to urge that such a doctrine unsettles the only secure foundation on which we can build, destroys mental repose, and threatens confusion. For, even if a great and grievous fault in the condition of the world were thus to be exposed, we are not concerned here with the question whether our state is one of abstract excellence, but simply with the facts of it, such as they are. We cannot enter into the question whether it is abstractedly best that our faculties should be liable to error. That is one of the original conditions under which we live. No objection can be drawn from it to an argument in favour of revelation, unless it can be shown either, first, that, on account of liability to error, they become practically useless for the business of inquiring, or else, secondly, that the materials to be examined in the case of Revelation are not so fairly cognisable by them as the materials of other examinations, which, by the common judgment and practice of mankind, they are found to be competent to conduct and determine.

But the state of things around us amply shows that this want of scientific certainty is in point of fact no reproach to our condition, no practical defect in it. Rather it is a law, which associates harmoniously with the remainder of its laws. The nature of our intelligence, it is evident, makes no demand for such assurance; because we are not capable of receiving it. Nay, we cannot so much as arrive at the notion of it, without an effort of abstraction. Our moral condition appears still less to crave anything of the kind. If we allow that sin is in the world (no matter, for the purpose of this argument, how it came there), and that we are placed under the dominion of a moral Governor who seeks by discipline to improve His creatures, it is not difficult to give reasons in support of the proposition that intellectual inerrability is not suited to such a state. One such reason we may find in the recollection that the moral training of an inferior by a superior either essentially involves, or at the least suitably admits of, the element of trust. Now the region of probable evidence is that which gives to such an element the freest scope; because trust in another serves to supply, within due limits, the shortcomings of direct argumentative proof; and when such proof is ample, but at the same time deals with materials which we are not morally advanced enough to appreciate, trust (as in the case of a child before its parents) fulfils for us a function, which could not otherwise be discharged at all. I must not, however, attempt to discuss, at any rate on the present occasion, the subject, a wide and deep subject, of the shares, and mutual relations, of intellectual and moral forces in the work of attaining truth.

Passing on, then, from the subject of scientific certainty, let us observe that the region next below this, to which all the propositions entertained in the human mind belong, is divided principally into two parts. The higher of these is that of what is commonly called *necessary* matter: and certainly would, in its ordinary sense, be predicated of all that lies within its range. That is to say, certainty with a relation to our nature: a certainty subjectively not defective: a certainty which fixes our perceptions, conclusions, or convictions, in such a frame as to render them immovable: a certainty not merely which is unattended with doubt, but which excludes doubt, which leaves no available room for its being speculatively entertained, which makes it on the whole irrational. With this certainty we hold that bodies fall by the force of gravity; that air is rarefied at great altitudes; that the limit of human age established by all modern experience is not very greatly beyond a century; that the filial relation entails a duty of obedience. The certainty repudiated in the antecedent argument is only that of the Stoical 'perception.' In the words of the Academical philosophy, 'Nihil est enim aliud, quamobrem nihil *percipi* mihi posse videatur, nisi quod percipiendi vis ita definitur a Stoicis, ut negent quidquam posse percipi, nisi tale verum, quale falsum esse non possit.'⁴ But certainty of an order so high, as to make doubt plainly irrational, applies to various classes of our ideas.

This is the region of the *ἐπιστήμη* of Aristotle,⁵ and the faculties employed in it are chiefly, according to him, *νοεῖς*,⁶ for principles, *ἐπιστήμη* for inferences from them. It has been defined as the region of the *Vernunft* in the modern German philosophy, as the Reason by Coleridge. It seems to be largely recognised by the most famous schools of the ancients. It contains both simple ideas, and demonstrations from them. It embraces moral, as well as other metaphysical, entities. It had no place in the philosophy of Locke. As regards the distinction of faculty between Reason and Understanding, *Vernunft* and *Verstand*, I am not inculcating an opinion of my own, but simply stating one which is widely current.

The lower department is that in which doubt has its proper place, and in which the work of the understanding is to compare and to distinguish; to elicit approximations to unity from a multitude of particulars, and to certainty from a combination and equipoise of presumptions. It is taken to be the province of all those faculties, or habits, of which Aristotle treats under the several designations of *φρόνησις*, *τέχνη*, *εὐβουλία*, *σύνεσις*, *γνώμη*, and others;⁷ of the *Verstand* of the Germans, of the Understanding according to Coleridge. It embraces multitudes of questions of speculation, and almost all questions of practice. Of speculation: as, for example, what are the due definitions of cases in which verbal untruth may be a duty, or in which it is right to appropriate a neighbor's goods. Of practice, because every

⁴ Cic. *De Fin.* v. 25.

⁵ *Eth. Nicom.* vi. 3, 2.

⁶ *Ibid.* vi. 6, 2.

⁷ *Eth. Nicom.* b. vi. 4, 5, 9, 10, 11.

question of practice is embedded in details: if, for example, we admit that it is right to give alms, we have to decide whether the object is good, and whether we can afford the sum. Because, even where the principles are ever so absolute, simple, and unconditioned, they can rarely be followed to conclusions, either in theory or practice, without taking into view many particulars, with various natures, and various degrees of evidence. This is the region of probable evidence.

The highest works achieved in it are those, in which the combinations it requires are so rapid and so perfect, that they are seen like a wheel in very rapid revolution, as undivided wholes, not as assemblages of parts; in a word that they resemble the objects of intuition. Towards this, at the one end of the scale, there may be indefinite approximation: and below these, there are innumerable descending degrees of evidence, down to that in which the presumption of truth in any given proposition is so faint as to be scarcely perceptible.

From what has now been said, it is manifest that the province of probable evidence, thus marked off, is a very wide one. But, in fact, it is still wider than it appears to be. For many truths, which are the objects of intuition to a well-cultivated mind of extended scope, are by no means such to one of an inferior order, or of a less advanced discipline. By such, they can only be reached through circuitous processes of a discursive nature, if at all. In point of fact there appear to be many, who have scarcely any clear intuitions, any perceptions of truths as absolute, self-dependent, and unchanging. If so, then not only all the detailed or concrete questions of life and practice, to which the idea of duty is immediately applicable, for all minds, but likewise the entire operations of some minds, are situated in the region of probable evidence.

The tastes of many, and the understandings of some, will suggest that this qualified mode of statement is disparaging to the dignity of conclusions belonging to religion and to duty. But let not the suggestion be hastily entertained. It is in this field that moral elements most largely enter into the reasonings of men, and the discussion of their legitimate place in such reasonings has already been waived. For the present let it suffice to bear in mind that there is no limit to the strength of working, as distinguished from abstract, certainty, to which probable evidence may not lead us along its gently ascending paths.

There is, therefore, a kind of knowledge of which we are incapable: namely, that which necessarily implies the existence of an exactly corresponding object.

There is a kind of knowledge, less properly so called, which makes doubt irrational, and which may often be predicated in a particular case, whether it be by an act of intuition, or by a process of demonstration.

There is, thirdly, a kind of mental assent, to which also in common speech, but yet less properly, the name of knowledge is frequently applied. It is generically inferior to knowledge, but approaches and even touches it at points where the evidence on which it rests is in its high-

et degrees of force: descending below this to that point of the scale at which positive and negative presumptions are of equal weight and the mind is neutral. There is a possibility that the very same subject-matter which at one time lies, for a particular person, in the lower of these regions, may at another time reside in the higher.

The mode in which the understanding performs its work is by bringing together things that are like, and by separating things that are unlike. To this belong its various processes of induction and discourse, of abstraction and generalisation, and the rest. Therefore Bishop Butler teaches that the chief element of probability is that which is expressed 'in the word likely, i. e., like some truth or true event.'

The form of assent, which belongs to the result of these processes, may properly be termed belief. It is bounded, so to speak, by knowledge on the one hand where it becomes not only plenary, so as to exclude doubt, but absolute and self-dependent, so as not to rest upon any support extrinsic to the object. It is similarly bounded on the other side by mere opinion; where the matter is very disputable, the presumptions faint and few, or the impression received by a slight process and (as it were) at haphazard, without an examination proportioned to the nature of the object and of the faculties concerned. Of course no reference is here made to the case in which, by a modest or lax form of common speech, opinion is used as synonymous with judgment. Opinion, as it has now been introduced, corresponds with the *δόξα* of the Greeks, and approaches to the signification in which it is used by St. Augustine, who, after commending those who know, and those who rightly inquire, proceeds to say: 'tria sunt alia hominum genera, profecto improbanda ac detestanda. Unum est opinantium; id est eorum, qui se arbitrantur scire quod nesciunt.'

It may indeed, or may not, be convenient to attach⁹ the name of belief to such judgments as are formed where some living or moral agent, and his qualities, enter into the medium of proof; inasmuch as in such cases there is a power to assume false appearances which complicates the case: and inasmuch as the process must be double, first to establish the general credibility of the person, then to receive his particular testimony. This seems, however, more properly to bear the name of faith, with which belief is indeed identical in the science of theology, but not in common speech. For faith involves the element of trust, which essentially requires a moral agent for its object. Apart from any technical sense which the word may have acquired in theology, and more at large, human language warrants and requires our applying the name of belief to all assent which is given to propositions founded upon probable evidence.

If, then, it be allowable, and it is not only allowable but inevitable, to collect the laws of the human intelligence by the observation of its processes, which in fact grows to be an induction from universal prac-

⁹S. Aug. *De Utilitate Credendi*, c. xi.

*With Bishop Pearson. *On the Creed*, Art. I. sect. 1.

tice, it is manifest that we are so constituted as to yield assent to propositions having various kinds and degrees of evidence. We agree to some as immediate, and (to our apprehensions) necessary: to some as necessary but not immediate: to some as originally neither necessary nor immediate, but as presenting subsequently a certainty and solidity not distinguishable from that which appertains to the former classes. Again, we yield our assent to others of a different class, which falls into sub-classes. These have various degrees of likelihood in subject-matter infinitely diversified; some of them so high as to exclude doubt, some admitting yet greatly outweighing it by positive evidence, some nearly balanced between the affirmative and the negative: but in all cases with a preponderance on the former side. All these are formed to attract legitimate assent, according to the laws of our intellectual constitution; which has universal truth for its object, and affirmation and rejection for its office. With other processes, such as assent given under blind prejudice against probability, or purely arbitrary conjecture, or the *quasi*-truths of the imagination, we have in this place nothing to do.

The doctrine, that we are bound by the laws of our nature to follow probable truth, rests upon the most secure of all grounds for practical purposes, if indeed the consent which accepts it is in truth so widely spread in the usual doings of mankind, that it may well be termed universal. The very circumstance that there are exceptions confirms the rule, provided it may be maintained that the exceptions are of a certain kind. For instance, if there be a practice invariably followed by those who are known to be wise in kindred subject-matter, it is very doubtful whether this can be said to derive any positive confirmation from the concurrent course of those who are known to be of an opposite character. Again, if there be an universal agreement concerning any proposition among those who have no sinister bias, the fact that others who are known to have such a bias differ from them does not impair their authority, but even appears rather to constitute an additional evidence of its being in the right. Now, this is exactly the kind of consent, which may justly be said to obtain among men with regard to the following of probable truth. For every one acts upon affirmative evidence, however inferior to certainty, unless he be either extremely deficient in common understanding, or so biassed the other way by his desires as to be incapable of an upright view of the case before him. Even the last named class of excepted instances would generally take the form rather of an inability under the circumstances to perceive the evidence, than of a denial of its authority.

But the doctrine itself appears to be as irrefragably established in theoretic reasoning, as it is in the practice of mankind. We may, however, distinguish those propositions which are abstract, from such as entail any direct consequences in our conduct. With regard to the former, suspension of judgment is allowable in all cases where serious doubt appears before examination, or remains after it. Whether Bonaparte was built 753 years before our Lord, whether King Charles the First wrote the *Edicon Basilicæ*, whether Caligula made his horse a Consul,

whether St. Paul visited Britain,—these are questions which present no such evidence as to bind our judgment either way, and any decision we may form about them has no bearing on our conduct. But to doubt whether the empire of the Cæsars existed, or whether King Charles was beheaded, or perhaps whether he said 'remember' to Bishop Juxon on the scaffold, or whether Michael Angelo painted the 'Last Judgment' in the Sistine Chapel—this, after the question had once been presented fairly to our minds, would be a violation of the laws of our intellectual nature. It would be in any case a folly, and it would even be a sin if moral elements were involved in the judgment, for instance if the disbelief arose from a spirit of opposition and self-reliance, predisposing us unfavorably to conclusions that others have established, and that have obtained general acceptance.

At the least, I say, it would be a violation of the law of our intellectual nature, if the one obligation of that nature is to recognise truth wheresoever it is fallen in with, and to assent to it. The effect of the obligation cannot be confined to cases of immediate or intuitive knowledge. For in the first place this would be to cast off the chief subject-matter of our understanding or discursive faculty. If we admit the current definition of the term, it would even be to leave all that organ, in which the mind chiefly energises, without an office, and therefore without a lawful place in our nature. But, in the second place, let us observe how the denial of all assent to probable conclusions will comport with our general obligations. A great mass of facts from some history are before us. There may be error here and there in particulars, but their general truth is unquestioned; and upon a given point, taken at random, the chances are probably a hundred to one or more that it is true. Of two persons with a hundred such facts, independent of one another, before him, one, acting upon the ordinary rule, receives them; and he has the truth in ninety-nine cases conjoined with error in one: the other has neither the one error, nor the ninety-nine truths; his understanding has refused its work, and lost its reward in the ninety-nine cases, for fear of the failure in the one. And further we are to remember that the error in the one is material only, not formal. It has not of necessity any poisonous quality. It is more like a small portion of simply innutritious food received along with the mass of what is wholesome. The case has indeed here been put upon the hypothesis of very high probability. What shall we say to propositions, of which the evidence is less certain? The answer is, that no line can be drawn in abstract argument between them: that the obligation which attaches to the former attaches to the latter: that it must subsist, so long as there remains any preponderance of affirmative evidence, which is real, and of such a magnitude as to be appreciable by our faculties. But at the same time, although this be true in the cases where it is necessary for us to conclude one way or the other, it is not applicable to the multitude of cases where no such necessity exists. Sometimes a total suspension of judgment, sometimes a provisional assent, consciously subject to future correction upon enlarged

experience, are the remedies offered to our need, and very extended indeed is their scope and use with prudent minds. Of course it remains true that the understanding, when it has to choose the objects of its own activity, may justly select those on which a competent certainty is attainable, instead of stimulating a frivolous and barren curiosity by employing itself on matters incapable of satisfactory determination by such means as are ordinarily at our command.

Whether, then, we look to the constitution of our nature, and the ^{5A7} provided for it to work upon, together with the inference arising from the combined view of the two; or whether we regard the actual results as realised in the possession of truth; we find it to be a maxim sustained by theory, as well as by the general consent and practice of men, that the mind is not to be debarred from assent to a proposition with which it may have cause to deal, on account of the circumstance that the evidence for it is short of that which is commonly called certain; and that to act upon an opposite principle would be to contravene the law of our intellectual nature.

But now let us deal, so far as justly belongs to the purpose of this paper, with that part of the subject-matter of human inquiry where moral ingredients are essentially involved. For hitherto we have spoken only of such kind of obligation as may attach to geometrical investigations, in which usually the will has no concern either one way or the other.

With regard to moral science properly so styled, whether it be conversant with principles, when it is called ethical, or whether it be concerned with their application to particulars, when it becomes casuistry, although the whole of it is practical, as it aims to fix the practical judgments and the conduct of all men, yet obviously the whole cannot be said to be practical in regard to each individual. For the experience of one person will only raise a part, perhaps a very small part, of the questions which it involves. So far, then, as moral inquiries properly belong to science and not to life, they are pursued in the abstract and they are subject to the general laws of intellectual inquiry which have already been considered; only with this difference, that our judgments in them are more likely to be influenced by the state of our affections and the tenor of our lives, by our conformity to, or alienation from, the will of God, than where the matter of the propositions themselves had no relation to human conduct.

But, for the government of life, all men, though in various degrees, require to be supplied with certain practical judgments. For there is no breathing man, to whom the alternatives of right and wrong are not continually present. To one they are less, perhaps infinitely less complicated than to another; but they pervade the whole tissue of every human life. In order to meet these, we must be supplied with certain practical judgments. It matters not that there may have existed particular persons, as children, for instance, who have never entertained these judgments in the abstract at all; nor that many act blindly, and at haphazard, which is simply a contempt of duty; nor that there may

be another class, into whose compositions by long use some of them are so ingrained that they operate with the rapidity and certainty of instinct. Setting these aside, it remains true of all persons of developed understanding that there are many questions bearing on practice, with regard to which, in order to discharge their duty rightly, they must have conclusions, and these not necessarily numerous in every case, but in every case of essential importance, so they may be termed 'a savour of life unto life, or a savour of death unto death.'

Now it is in this department that the argument for the obligation to follow probable evidence is of the greatest force and moment. It has been seen, how that obligation may be qualified or suspended in the pursuit of abstract truth; so much so, that even the contravention of it need not involve a breach of moral duty. But the case is very different when we deal with those portions of truth that supply the conditions of conduct. To avoid all detail which may dissipate the force of the main considerations is material. Let it therefore be observed that there is one proposition in which the whole matter, as it is relevant to human duty, may be summed up: that all our works alike, inward and outward, great and small, ought to be done in obedience to God. Now this is a proposition manifestly tendered to us by that system of religion which is called Christianity, and which purports to be a revelation of the Divine will. It is the first and great commandment of the Gospel, that we shall love God with the whole heart, and mind, and soul, and strength;¹⁰ and whatsoever we do, we are to do all to the glory of God.¹¹ And as every act is, *ceteris paribus*, determined, and is at the very least in all cases qualified, by its motive, this proposition concerning an universal obedience as the ground and rule of conduct, is of all propositions the one most practical, the one most urgently requiring affirmation or denial according as the evidence may be in favour of or against its truth.

We seem, then, to have arrived at this point: the evidences of religion relate to a matter not speculative, not in abstract matter, which we may examine or pass by according to our leisure. It is either true or false: this on all hands will be admitted. If it be false, we are justified in repudiating it, so soon as we have obtained proofs of its falsity, such as the constitution of our minds entitles us to admit in that behalf. But we are bound by the laws of our intellectual nature not to treat it as false before examination. In like manner, by the laws of our moral nature, which oblige us to adjust all our acts according to our sense of some standard of right and wrong, we are not less stringently bound to use every effort in coming to a conclusion one way or the other respecting it: inasmuch as it purports to supply us with the very and original standard to which that sense is to be referred, through a sufficient Revelation of the will of God, both in its detail, and especially in that with which we are now concerned, the fundamental principle of a claim to unlimited obedience, admitting no exception and no qualification.

¹⁰ St. Mark xii. 30; St. Luke x. 27.

¹¹ St. Paul, 1 Cor. x. 31.

The maxim that Christianity is a matter not abstract, but referable throughout to human action, is not an important only, but a vital part of the demonstration, that we are bound by the laws of our nature to give a hearing to its claims. We shall therefore do well to substantiate it to our consciousness by some further mention of its particulars. Let us then recollect that we have not merely the general principle of doing all to the glory of God, declared by it in general terms: but this is illustrated by reference to the common actions of eating and drinking.¹² 'Whether we eat or drink, or whatsoever we do,' thus the passage runs, 'let us do all to the glory of God.' Now surely, one should have said, if any acts whatever could have been exempt from the demands of this comprehensive law, they should have been those functions of animal life, respecting which as to their substance we have no free choice, since they are among the absolute conditions of our physical existence. And by the unbeliever it might consistently be argued that, inasmuch as food and drink are thus necessary, it is impossible to conceive that any question relating to the different kinds of them (unless connected with their several aptitudes for maintaining life and health, which is not at all in the Apostle's view) can be of any moral moment. But the allegation of Scripture is directly to a contrary effect: and apprises us that even such a matter as eating or refraining from meat, has a spiritual character.¹³ 'He that eateth, eateth to the Lord, for he giveth God thanks; and he that eateth not, to the Lord he eateth not, and giveth God thanks. For none of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself.' Not only where a special scruple may be raised by the facts of idol worship; not only in the avoidance of pampered tastes and gross excesses; but in the simple act of taking food, the religious sense has a place. The maintenance of life, though it is a necessity, is also a duty and a blessing.

And to the same effect is the declaration of our Lord: 'But I say unto you that every idle word, that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment.'¹⁴ The 'idle word' is perhaps the very slightest and earliest form of voluntary action. Consider the fertility of the mind, and the rapidity of its movements: how many thoughts pass over it without or against the will; how easily they find their way into the idle, that is, not the mischievous or ill-intended, but merely the unconsidered word. So lightly and easily is it born, that the very forms of ancient speech seem to designate it as if it were self-created, and not the offspring of a mental act.¹⁵

**Ἀρπαλῶν, τοῖόν τε ἕως φύγει ἄρκος δόδραται;*

and as we say, 'such and such an expression escaped him.' Thus then it appears that, at the very first and lowest stage of scarcely voluntary action, the Almighty God puts in His claim. In this way He acquaints us that everything, in which our faculties can consciously be made ministers of good or evil, shall become a subject of reckoning, doubt-

¹² St. Paul, 1 Cor. x. 31.

¹³ Rom. xiv. 6.

¹⁴ Matt. xii. 36.

¹⁵ *Iliad* iv. 330.

act of just and fatherly reckoning, in the great account of the day of judgment.

Further, it appears that there are many acts, of which the external form must be the same, whether they are done by Christians, or by others; as for instance those very acts of satisfying hunger and thirst, of which we have spoken. If these, then, are capable, as has been shown, of being brought under the law of duty, a different character must attach to them in consequence; they must be influenced, if not intrinsically, yet at least in their relation to something else, by their being referred to that standard. The form of the deed, the thing done, the *πράγμα*, is perhaps, as we have seen, the same; but the action, the exercise of the mind in ordering or doing it, the *πραξις*, is different. It differs, for example, in the motive of obedience; in the end, which is the glory of God; in the temper, which is that of trust, humility, and thankfulness. Accordingly, it appears that Christianity aims not only at adjusting our acts, but also our way of acting, to a certain standard; that it reduces the whole to a certain mental habit, and imbues and pervades the whole with a certain temper.

Not therefore at a venture, but with strict reason, the assertion has been made, that the question, whether Christianity be true or false, is the most practical of all questions: because it is that question of practice which encloses in itself, and implicitly determines, every other: it supplies the fundamental rule or principle (*Grundsatz*) of every decision in detail. And, consequently, it is of all other questions the one upon which those, who have not already a conclusion available for use, are most inexorably bound to seek for one. And, by further consequence, it is also the question to which the duty of following affirmative evidence, even although it should present to the mind no more than a probable character, and should not, *ab initio*, or even thereafter, extinguish doubt, has the closest and most stringent application.

Now the foregoing argument, it must be observed, includes and decides the question for what is commonly called the doctrinal part of the Christian religion; for those objective facts, which it lays as the foundation of its system, and which are set forth in the historical Creeds of the Catholic Church. It is not necessary here to enter upon the inquiry how far the internal evidence about suitableness to our state, which the nature of those facts offers to us, may constitute a part or a proof of, or an objection to, the truth of the Christian Revelation. I have not in any manner prejudged that question by the foregoing observations; I have shown its claims to nothing (where there is no conviction already formed) but to a hearing and an adjudication. In those claims the doctrinal part of the Revelation, that which is distinct from the law of duty, has a full and coequal share with the moral part. The Christian system neither enjoins nor owns any severance between the two. Being inseparably associated, and resting upon the testimony of precisely the same witnesses, they on that account stand in precisely the same authoritative relation to our practice. Accordingly, when we accept or reject the Christian law of duty as such, we accept or reject

ter however great or small. The law, therefore, of credibility has no more dependence upon the magnitude of the questions tried than have the numbers on the arithmetical scale, which calculate for motes and for mountains with exactly the same propriety. At either extremity, indeed, the nature of our faculties imposes a limit: practically numbers are bounded for us: we cannot employ them to count the sands of the seashore, nor again by any fraction can we express the infinitesimal segments, into which space is capable of being divided. And just so in the case before us. If the objection be that the proportion of affirmative and negative evidence upon any given question approaches so nearly to equality as to be indistinguishable from it, and if, when the whole elements of the case are taken into view, this can be made good as their general result, the obligation of credibility may cease and determine.

But indeed the objection may even be inverted. When, as here, the matter in question is very great, the evil consequences of a contravention of the law of probability are enhanced. It is not necessary to maintain that any essential difference in the obligation to follow the apparent truth is thus produced: but it is manifest that the larger and more serious the anticipated results, the more natural and becoming, to say the least, is it for us to realise beforehand our position and duties with regard to the question, and by a more vivid consciousness to create an enhanced and more sharply defined sense of our responsibility. So that both the danger and the guilt of refusing to apply to the evidences of religion the same laws of investigation, which we obey in all other departments of inquiry and of action, are not mitigated, but aggravated, in the degree in which it may be shown that the matter at issue transcends in its importance all those which are ordinarily presented to us. Further. The most reasonable presumptions are positively adverse. If we admit that man by free will and a depraved affection fell away from God, which is the representation addressed to us by the Gospel, nothing can be more consistent with it, than that he should be brought back to God by ways which give scope for the exercise of will and affection, and for their restoration, through exercise, to health. But surely it is plain that this scope is far more largely given, where the proof of revelation involves moral elements, and grows in force along with spiritual discernment, than if it had the rigour of a demonstration in geometry, of which the issue is accepted without any appeal, either to affection or volition, in the appreciation and acceptance of the steps of the process. And yet more specifically. If it be true that we are to be brought back, as the Gospel says, by a divine training to the image of God, if that which is crooked is to be made straight, and that which is feeble strong, by the agency of a Perfect on a fallen being, nothing can be more agreeable to our knowledge of our own state than the belief that such a process would be best conducted in the genial climate and atmosphere of a trustful mind; that reliance or faith (always being reasonable reliance or faith) in another would greatly aid our weakness; that we should realise in the concrete divine

qualities before we can comprehend them in the abstract. But this faith essentially involves the idea of what we have called probable evidence: for it is 'the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen;' and 'that which a man seeth why doth he yet hope for?'

Moreover, it is necessary to comment upon the declaration of Bishop Butler, that in numberless instances a man is called upon to act against probability, and would be thought mad if he declined it. The meaning is, that we may be bound by duty, or led by prudence, in obedience to a more comprehensive computation of good and evil, of benefit and loss, to act in opposition to that particular likelihood which lies nearest at hand. To take an example in moral subject-matter. We are bound to avoid occasions of anger; and yet, for the vindication of truth, it may be a duty to enter into debates, which we know from experience will stir our passions more or less. If we look merely at the likelihood of that excitement, we ought to refrain: but if we look onwards to the purpose in view, it makes the other scale descend. Again, in a matter of worldly prudence. The merchant hears of a valuable natural product on the coast of Africa. The chances are estimated by him to be two to one against his finding it on the first attempt; but when he finds it, the gain will repay tenfold the expense of the voyage. It may be prudent in such a man to equip and send his vessel, though the likelihood of its failure be twofold greater than the chance of its success. So that cases, which apparently depart from the law of probability, do in fact only, when we include a greater range of calculation, illustrate its comprehensiveness and universality.

It may be that, despite of all reasoning, there will be pain to many a pious mind in following, even under the guidance of Bishop Butler, the course of an argument which seems all along to grant it as possible, that the argument in favour of the truth of Divine Revelation may amount to no more than a qualified and dubious likelihood. But as, when the net of the fisherman is cast wide, its extremity must lie far from the hand that threw it, so this argument of probability aims at including within the allegiance of religion those who are remote from anything like a normal faith. It is no mere feat of logical arms; it is not done in vain glory, nor is it an arbitrary and gratuitous experiment, nor one disparaging to the majesty and strength of the Gospel. The Apostle, full of the manifold gifts of the Spirit, and admitted already to the third heaven, condescended before the Athenians to the elementary process of arguing from natural evidences for the being of God. The Gospel itself alone can fit us to appreciate its own proofs in all their force. It is addressed to beings of darkened mind and alienated heart. The light of truth indeed is abundant; but the clouded and almost blinded eye can admit no more than a faint glimmering. But if even that faint glimmering be suffered to enter, it will train and fit the organ that it has entered to receive more and more; and although

at first the glory of the Lord could scarcely be discerned in the twilight little short of night itself, yet by such degrees as the growth of the capacity allows, it 'shineth more and more unto the perfect day.'¹⁷

It is a deeply important question, whether, and how far, the law of probable evidence governs the means, by which provision has been made for our acceptance of Christian doctrine. This is a great controverted question of Theology, which it could not but be advantageous to discuss in the light, tranquil as it is, supplied by the philosophy of Butler. It cannot now be attempted, however well it may deserve a separate effort. For the present, it only remains to deal with a question belonging to the region of Ethics. For the doctrine of the authority of probable evidence in practical subject-matter is impugned not only by those who require absolute certainty in lieu of it, but likewise by those who permit and warrant moral action against probability. These are the teachers of what is called Probabilism.

Probabilism is by no means the universal or compulsory doctrine of the Roman theologians. It has been combatted even by Gonzales, a Jesuit, and a General of the Order.¹⁸ It is confronted by a system called Probabiliorism: which teaches that, when in doubt among several alternatives of conduct, we are bound to choose that which has the greatest likelihood of being right. And there is also, it appears, a rigid school of those who pass by the name of Tutorists. These hold that even such likelihood is insufficient, and that certainty is required as a warrant for our acts. But the popular doctrine seems to be that of Probabilism. It would be wrong to assert that it is a doctrine consciously held and taught for purposes adverse to morality or honour. Without venting any such calumny, let us regard it purely in the abstract, and not as having become parasitical to a particular Church. For my own part I know not how, when it so contemplated, to escape from the impression, that when closely scrutinised it will be found to threaten the very first principles of morals; or to deny that, if universally received and applied, it would go far to destroy whatever there is of substance in moral obligation.

The essence of the doctrine is, the license to choose the less probable. Is it not, then, obvious in the first place that it overthrows the whole *authority* of probable evidence? No probabilist, it must be supposed, could adopt and urge the argument of Bishop Butler's *Analogy* for the truth of Revelation. For his opponent would at once reply by the plea that there are certain real and unsolved difficulties about the theory of religion; that these constituted a solid, even if an inferior, probability; and that he could not, on the principles of Probabilism, be blamed for vindicating the right of his natural freedom in following the negative. If the view here taken of the range and title of probable evidence be correct, it is fearful to think what must be the ultimate effects upon human knowledge, belief, and action of any doctrine

¹⁷ Acts xvii. 24.

¹⁸ Ravignan, *De l'Existence et de l'Institut des Jésuites*, p. 84.

which saps or overthrows its title to our obedience. I say the ultimate effects: for, when thought moves only within prescribed limits, a long time may elapse before the detail of a process is evolved, and it is the ultimate effect, in moral questions, which is the true effect. It would even seem as if any, who are, consciously or unconsciously, impairing the authority of probable evidence, must also be clearing the ground for the fell swoop of unbelief in its descent upon the earth.

Next, we are surely justified in being to the last degree suspicious of a doctrine, which sets up the liberty of man as being not only a condition of all right moral judgment; but a positive ingredient in the claim of one alternative to be preferred over another; an element of such consideration, as to give the preponderance to what would otherwise be the lighter scale. Duty is that which binds. Surely, if there is one idea more pointedly expressive than another of the character of the ethical teaching of Christianity, if there is one lesson more pointedly derivable than another from the contemplation of its model in our Blessed Lord, it is the idea and the lesson that we are to deny the claim of mere human will to be a serious ground of moral action, and to reduce it to its proper function, that of uniting itself with the will of God. This function is one of subordination: one which manifestly it never can perform, so long as it is to be recognised as something entitled to operate in determining moral choice, and yet extrinsic and additional to, and therefore separate from, His commands.

Again, what can be more unnatural, not to say more revolting, than to set up a system of rights or privileges in moral action, apart from duties? How can we, without departing from our integrity before God, allege the rights of our natural freedom as sufficing to counterbalance any, even the smallest likelihood that His will for us lies in a particular direction? Scripture, surely, gives no warrant for such a theory; nor the sense of Christian tradition; nor the worthier schools of heathen philosophy. Is it not hard to reconcile the bare statement of it with the common sense of duty and of honesty, as it belongs to our race at large? And more. Is it possible to go thus far, without going much further? It is granted and taught, not indeed that where there is an overwhelming, yet where there is a sensible and appreciable superiority of likelihood in favour of one alternative against another, there, on account and in virtue of our inclination for that which has the weaker evidence, we may choose the latter with a safe conscience. That is to say, eliminating, or excluding from the case, that portion of likelihood which is common to both alternatives, there remains behind on the one side not a great but an appreciable probability: on the other a simple predilection; and shall the latter be declared by a system of Christian ethics to outweigh the former? How is it possible, either, firstly, to establish the right if mere *will* to be set against presumptions of duty? or, secondly, when once that right has been arrogated, to limit, by any other than an arbitrary rule, the quantity of such presumptions of duty, which may be thus outweighed? If an ordinary inclination may outweigh so much of

adverse presumption of duty, may not a bias tenfold and twentyfold stronger outweigh a little, or a good deal, more? And then, where is this slippery process to terminate? Where is the clue to this labyrinth? What will be the rights, and what the assumptions, of inclination in this matter, when it has been stimulated by the countenance of authority, and when through indulgence it has become ungovernable?

But, as our sense of the obligations of human relationship, though lower, is also less impaired than that of our duty towards God, let us illustrate the case by reference to this region. Will a license to follow the less probable alternative bear examination, when it is applied to the relative obligations which unite man with man? An enemy brings me tidings that an aged parent is in prison and at the point of death, without solace or support. The same person has before deceived and injured me. It is probable that he may be doing so again: so probable that if he had communicated any piece of mere intelligence, not involving a question of conduct, it would, upon the whole, have appeared most safe not to believe the statement. Let it then even be more likely that he now speaks falsehood than truth. Will that warrant me in remaining where I am, or is it possible to treat with neglect a call which *may* reveal the want and extremity of a parent, without an evident, gross, and most culpable breach of filial obligation? The answer would be No; and it would be immediate and universal. And yet the case here put has been one not of greater but of inferior likelihood. How then, we may ask, by the argument *à fortiori*, is it possible to apply to the regulation of our relations towards God a theory which explodes at the first instant when it is tested by perhaps the deepest among all the original instincts of our nature?

It is indeed true that the doctrine of Probabilism is guarded by two conditions. The first is, that it is to apply only to questions of right, not to those, as I find it expressed, where both fact and right are involved. The question of the validity of a sacrament is not to be tried by it; and 'de même, un médecin est tenu de donner les remèdes les plus éprouvés, et un juge les décisions les plus sûres.'¹⁹ But this reservation appears rather to weaken, than to strengthen, the case. Is it not sometimes difficult to decide on the validity of a sacred rite? Do the judge and the physician never doubt? Why are the rules for the investigation of truth which bind them, otherwise than obligatory on other personal conduct? Is not the foundation of duty to others strictly and immutably one with the foundation of duty to our own selves? Again, obligation to a fellow-creature cannot be stronger than obligation to our Father in heaven; therefore, if the liberty of a man is a good plea against a doubtful command of God, why may it not equally warrant a doubtful wrong to a patient or a suitor? if it be good in that part of our relations to God, which embraces the immediate communion of the soul with Him, why not also in that other part, when

¹⁹ *Manuel des Confesseurs*, p. 74.

the intercourse is through the medium of holy rites? It is not difficult to see that neither the Church, nor civil society, could bear without derangement the application of Probabilism to the relations between them and the individual. But then it is more than ever difficult to conceive how such a relaxation of the moral law is to be justified, and that, moreover, in the department of conduct which is inward, in which we are our own judges, and in which, therefore, we may even have need to be aided against temptation by a peculiar strictness of rule.

The other limitation of the doctrine is, that the probability we are to follow, though inferior to that of the competing alternative, must be intrinsically a solid one: and must not be glaringly, though it may be sensibly, inferior to the opposing argument. 'Quoique, comparative-ment à la probabilité contraire, la vôtre soit inférieure, il faut qu'elle soit, absolument parlant, grave, et solide, et digne d'un homme prudent; comme une montagne relativement à une autre peut être plus petite, mais néanmoins être en soi, et absolument, une assez grande masse pour mériter le nom de montagne.'²⁰ And this doctrine is supported by the very strange reason,²¹ that it is more easy to determine whether the probability in favour of a given alternative belong to the class of solid or of faint and inadmissible probabilities, than whether it be greater or less than the probability in favour of some other alternative. This proposition is one which requires to borrow support, rather than one which can afford to lend it. To me it has the sound of egregious paradox. However difficult it may sometimes be to compare the reasons adducible in support of opposite alternatives, the line between them, it is evident, can rarely be finer and more hair-drawn than that which is to distinguish, in the technical order, the general traits of a faint from those of a solid probability.

But upon the doctrine itself let me record, in concluding, these three remarks. In the first place, the cases are innumerable in which there is evidence in favour of a given alternative, which would amount to a solid, aye a very solid probability, if it stood alone: if it were not overthrown by evidence on the opposite side. But if we are to regard it absolutely, and not relatively, we must on this account fall into constant error. Secondly: to know that our duty is to follow the safest and best alternative, is at least to possess a determinate rule, and one eminently acceptable to a sound conscience; one which gives us a single and intelligible end for our efforts, though the path of duty is not always, even for the single eye, easy to discern. It becomes a tangled path indeed, with the aid of Probabilism, which requires the decision of at least two questions: first, whether the alternative which it is meant to follow has a solid, not a feeble, probability in its favour; secondly, whether the alternative to be discarded has a notable and conspicuous, or only a limited and moderate, superiority over it. For the step cannot, by hypothesis, be taken until both these questions

²⁰ *Manuel des Confesseurs*, p. 75.

²¹ *Ibid.* p. 86.

have been determined. In the third place, it is painful to recollect that when we are dealing with the most difficult parts of duty, those which we transact within ourselves, the appetite for self-indulgence should be pampered by encouragement from without. We are already apt enough to conjure into solid probabilities the veriest phantasms of the mind, provided only they present an agreeable appearance. Here is a premium set upon this process alike dangerous and alluring. The known subtlety of those mental introspections excuses many failures in those who do not create their own embarrassments; but for those who do, such a system appears capable of colouring error, which might have been blameless, with the darker hues of wilfulness and guilt.

W. E. GLADSTONE.

SYDNEY DOBELL.

A PERSONAL SKETCH.

In the winter of 1860, as I sat alone, writing, in what David Gray described as the "dear old ghastly bankrupt garret at No. 66," Lucinda from the kitchen came panting upstairs with a card, on which was inscribed the name of "Sydney Dobell;" and in less than five minutes afterwards I was conversing eagerly, and face to face, with the man who had been my first friend and truest helper in the great world of letters. It was our first meeting. David Gray, whom Dobell had assisted with a caressing and angelic patience, never knew him at all, but was at that very moment lying sick to death in the little cottage at Merkland, pining and hoping against hope for such a meeting. "How about Dobell?" he wrote a little later, in answer to my announcement of the visit. "Did your mind of itself, or even against itself, recognize through the clothes a *man*—a *poet*? Has he the modesty and make-himself-at-home manner of Milnes?" What answer I gave to these eager inquiries I do not remember, nor would it be worth recording, for I myself at that time was only a boy, with little or no experience of things and men. But even now, across the space of dull and sorrowful years, comes the vision of as sweet and shining a face as ever brought joy and comfort this side of the grave; of a voice musical and low, "excellent" in all its tones as the voice of the tenderest woman; of manners at once manly and caressing, bashful and yet bold, with a touch of piteous gentleness which told a sad tale of feeble physical powers and the tortured sense of bodily despair.

I saw him once or twice afterwards, and had a glimpse of that fellow-sufferer, his wife. He was staying with some friends on the hills of Hampstead, and thither I trudged to meet him, and to listen

to his sparkling poetic speech. I recall now, with a curious sense of pain, that my strongest feeling concerning him, at that time, was a feeling of wonder at the gossamer-like frailness of his physique and the almost morbid refinement of his conversation. These two characteristics, which would be ill-comprehended by a boy in the rude flush of health and hope, and with a certain audacity of physical well-being, struck me strangely then, and came back upon my heart with terrible meaning now. Combined with this feeling of wonder and pity was blended, of necessity, one of fervent gratitude. Some little time previous to our first meeting, I had come, a literary adventurer, to London; with no capital but a sublime self-assurance which it has taken many long years to tame into a certain obedience and acquiescence. About the same time, David Gray had also set foot in the great City. And Sydney Dobell had helped us both, as no other living man could or would. For poor Gray's wild yet gentle dreams, and for my coarser and less conciliatory ambition, he had nothing but words of wisdom and gentle remonstrance. None of our folly daunted him. He wrote, with the heart of an angel, letters which might have tamed the madness in the heart of a devil. He helped, he warned, he watched us, with unwearying care. In the midst of his own solemn sorrows, which we so little understood, he found heart of grace to sympathise with our wild straggles for the unattainable. At a period when writing was a torture to him, he devoted hours of correspondence to the guidance and instruction of two fellow-creatures he had never seen. To receive one of his gracious and elaborate epistles, finished with the painful care which this lordly martyr bestowed on the most trifling thing he did, was to be in communication with a spirit standing on the very heights of life. I, at least, little comprehended the blessing then. But it came, with perfect consecration, on David Gray's dying bed; it made his last days blissful, and it helped to close his eyes in peace.

No one who knew Sydney Dobell, no one who had ever so brief a glimpse of him, can read without tears the simple and beautiful Memorials, now just published, of his gracious, quiet and uneventful life. Predestined to physical martyrdom, he walked the earth for fifty years, at the bidding of what to our imperfect vision seems a pitiless and inscrutable Destiny. Why this divinely gifted being, whose soul seemed all goodness, and whose highest song would have been an inestimable gain to humanity, should have been struck down again and again by blows so cruel, is a question which pricks the very core of that tormenting conscience which is in us all. Ill-luck dogged his footsteps; sickness encamped wherever he found a home. His very goodness and gentleness seemed at times his bane. At an age when other men are revelling in mere existence he was being taught that mere existence is torture. We have read of Christian martyrs, of all the fires through which they passed; but surely no one of them ever fought with such tormenting flames as did this patient poet, whose hourly cry was of the kindness and goodness of God. From first to

last, no word of anger, no utterance of fierce arraignment, passed his lips.

"The best of men
That e'er wore earth about him was a sufferer—
The first true Gentleman that ever lived."

And like that "best of men," Sydney Dobell troubled himself to make no complaint, but took the cup of sorrow and drained it to the bitter dregs. Such a record of such a life stops the cry on the very lips of blasphemy, and makes us ask ourselves if that life did not possess, direct from God, some benediction, some comfort, unknown to us. So it must have been. "Looking up," as a writer* on the subject has beautifully put it, "he saw the heavens opened." These pathetic glimpses seemed comfort enough.

Doubtless to some readers of this magazine the very name of Sydney Dobell is unfamiliar. To all students of modern poetry it is of course more or less known, as that of one of the chief leaders of the school of verse known by its enemies as "the Spasmodic." With Philip James Bailey and Alexander Smith, Dobell reigned for a lustrum, to the great wonder and confusion of honest folk, who pinned their faith on Fen-yonson's 'Gardener's Daughter' and Longfellow's 'Psalm of Life.' His day of reign was that of Gilfillan's 'Literary Portraits,' and of the lurid apparition, Stanjan Bigg; of the marvellous monologue, and the invocation without an end; of the resurrection of a Drama which had never lived, to hold high jinks and feasting with a literary Myocerinus who was about to die. It was a period of poetic incandescence; new suns, not yet spherical, whirling out hourly before the public gaze, and vanishing instantly into space, to live on, however, in the dusky chronology of the poetic astronomer, Gilfillan. The day passed, the school vanished. Where is the school now?

"Where are the snows of yesteryear?"

Yet they who underrate that school know little what real poetry is. It was a chaos, granted; but a chaos capable, under certain conditions, of being shaped into such creations as would put to shame many makers of much of our modern verse. As it is, we may discover in the writings of Sydney Dobell and his circle solid lumps of pure poetic ore, of a quality scarcely discoverable in modern literature this side of the Elizabethan period.

Sydney Dobell was born at Cranbrook, in Kent, on April 5, 1824. Both on the paternal and maternal side, he was descended from people remarkable for their Christian virtues and strong religious instincts; and from his earliest years he was regarded by his parents as having "a special and even apostolic mission." The story of his child-life, indeed, is one of those sad records of unnatural precocity, caused by a system of early forcing, which have of late years become tolerably familiar to the public. He seems never to have been strong, and his

* Matthew Browne, in the *Contemporary Review*.

naturally feeble constitution was undermined by habits of introspection. It is painfully touching now to read the extracts from his father's note-book, full of a quaint Puritan simplicity and an over-mastering spiritual faith. Here is one :

"I used frequently to talk to him of how delightful and blessed it would be if any child would resolve to live as pure, virtuous, and holy a life, as dedicated to the will and service of God, as Jesus. I used to say to him that if one could ever be found again who was spotless and holy, it was with me a pleasing speculation and hope that such a character might, even in this life, be called as a special instrument of our Heavenly Father for some great purpose with His Church, or with the Jews."

The seed thus sown by the zealous parent bore fruit afterwards in a disposition of peculiar sweetness, yet ever conscious of the prerogatives and prejudices of a Christian warrior. Out of the many who are called, Sydney Dobell believed himself specially chosen, if not to fulfil any divine mission "with the Church or with the Jews," at least to preach and sing in the God-given mantle of fire, which men call genius. In his leading works, but especially in 'Balder,' he preached genius-worship; of all forms of hero-worship, devised by students of German folios, the most hopeless and the most hope-destroying. Thenceforward isolation became a habit, introspection an intellectual duty. With all his love for his fellow-men, and all his deep sympathy with modern progress, he lacked to the end a certain literary robustness, which only comes to a man made fully conscious that Art and Literature are not Life itself, but only Life's humble handmaids. He was too constantly overshadowed with his mission. Fortunately, however, that very mission became his only solace and comfort, when his days of literary martyrdom came. He went to the stake of criticism with a smile on his face, almost disarming his torturers and executioners.

When Sydney was three years old, his father failed in business as a hide-merchant, and, removing to London, started as a wine-merchant. "About this time," says the biographer, "Sydney was described as of very astonishing understanding, as preferring mental diversion to eating and drinking, and very inventive with tales." Strange moods of sorrow and self-pity began to trouble his life at the age of four. At eight, it was recorded of him that he "had never been known to tell an untruth." From seven years of age he imitated the paternal habit, and used "little pocket-books," to note down his ideas, his bits of acquired knowledge, his simple questions on spiritual subjects. For example: "Report of the Controversy of Porter and Bagot. Mr. Porter maintains that Jesus Christ lived in heaven with God before the beginning of the world." At the age of ten, he was an omnivorous reader, and the habit of verse-writing was growing steadily upon him. I know nothing more pitiful in literature than the story of his precocity, in all its cruel and touching details. At twelve years of age he was sufficiently matured to fall in love, the object of his passion being Emily Fordham, the lady who only nine years afterward became his wife. By this time his father had removed to Cheltenham, and had

set up in business *there*. Sydney and the rest of the children still remained at home, and thus missed all the invigorating influences of a public school; for the father belonged to the sect of Separatists, which holds as cardinal the doctrine of avoiding those who hold adverse, or different, religious views.

The account of that dreary life of drudgery and over-work at Cheltenham may be sadly passed over; it is a life not good to think of, and its few gleams of sunshine are too faint and feeble to detain the reader long. From the date of his removal to Cheltenham he acted as his father's clerk. The account of the period extending from his twelfth year to the date of his marriage is one of hard uncongenial toil, varied by scripture-readings of doubtful edification, and a passion morbid and almost pedantic in the old-fashioned quaintness of its moods. The biographer's record may form, as we are told, "a one-sided and painful picture," but we suspect that it is a true one, truer, that is to say, than the idea in its author's memory of "light, buoyant, various, and vigorous activity." The truth is, the parents of the poet blundered in blindness, a blindness chiefly due to their remarkable religious belief. His father especially, despite all his kindness of heart, was strenuous to the verge of bigotry. One can scarcely remark without a smile the inconsistency with which one who was "a publican," and by profession a vendor of convivial and intoxicating liquors, held aloof from the non-elect among his fellow-creatures. "Business is not brisk," he wrote; "I can't account for it, except as usual, in our retired life and habits." The idea of a sad-eyed Separatist dealing in fiery ports and sherries, shutting out the world and yet lamenting when "business was not brisk," is one of those grim, cruel, heart-breaking jokes, in which Humanity is so-rich, and of which the pathetic art of the humourist offers the only bearable solution.

At the age of twenty, Sydney Dobell was married to an invalid like himself, and one like himself of a strong Puritan bias. The humourist must help us again, if we are to escape a certain feeling of nausea at the details of this courtship and union, with its odd glimpses of personal yearning, its fervent sense of the "mission," and its dreary scraps from the Old Testament. The young couple settled down together in a little house at Cheltenham; and though for a time they avoided all society and still adhered to the tenets of the elect, this was the beginning of a broader and a healthier life. All might perhaps have been well, and the poet have cast quite away the cloud of his early training, but for one of those cruel accidents which make life an inscrutable puzzle. Just as Sydney Dobell was beginning to live, just as his mind was growing more robust, and his powers more coherent and peaceful, he was struck by rheumatic fever, caught during a temporary removal to a Devonshire farmhouse. As if that were not enough, his wife, always frail, broke down almost at the same time. From that time forward, the poet and his wife were fellow-sufferers, each watching by turns over the attacks of the other. It may be said without exaggeration, that neither enjoyed one day of thoroughly

bucyant physical health. Still, they had a certain pensive happiness, relieved in the husband's case by bursts of hectic excitement.

By this time, when Dobell was four-and-twenty years of age, the great wave of '48 had risen and fallen, and its influence was still felt in the hearts of men. It was a time of revolutions, moral as well as political. Dobell, like many another, felt the earth tremble under him; watched and listened, as if for the signs of a second Advent. Then, like others, he looked, across France, towards Italy. Thus the 'Roman' was planned; thus he began to write for the journals of advanced opinion. He had now a wine business of his own and had a pleasant country house on the Cotswold Hills. Having published a portion of the 'Roman' in *Tait's Magazine*, he was led to correspond with the then Aristarchus of the poetic firmament, the Rev. George Gilfillan. Gilfillan roundly hailed him as a poetic genius, and he, not ungrateful, wrote: "If in after-years I should ever be called 'Poet,' you will know that my success is, in some sort, your work." Shortly after this, he went to London and interviewed Mr. Carlyle. "We had a tough argument," he wrote to Gilfillan, "whether it were better to have learned to make shoes or to have written 'Sartor Resartus.'" At the beginning of 1850 he published the 'Roman.' This was his first great literary performance, and it was tolerably successful: that is to say, it received a good deal of praise from the newspapers, and circulated in small editions among the general public.

The subject of this dramatic poem was Italian liberty, and the work is full of the genius and prophecy of 1848. The leading character is one Vittorio Santo, a missionary of freedom, who (to quote the author's own argument) "has gone out disguised as a monk to preach the cause of Italy, the overthrow of the Austrian domination, and the restoration of a great Roman Republic." Santo, in the course of the poem delivers a series of splendid and almost prophetic sermons on the heroic life and the great heroic cause. As an example of Dobell's earlier and more rhetorical manner, I will transcribe the following powerful lines:

"I pray you listen how I love I my mother,
 And you wil weep with me. She loved me, nurst me
 And led my soul with light. Morning and even
 Praying, I sent that soul into her eyes,
 And knew what heaven was though I was a child.
 I grew in stature, and she grew in goodness.
 I was a grave child; looking on her taught me
 To love the beautiful: and I had thoughts
 Of Paradise, when other men have hardly
 Looked out of doors on earth. (Alas! alas!
 That I have also learned to look on earth
 When other men see heaven) I toiled, but even
 As I became more holy, she seemed holier;
 Even as when climbing mountain-tops the sky
 Grows ampler, higher, purer as ye rise.
 Let me believe no more. No, do not ask me
 How I repaid my mother. O thou saint,
 That lookest on me day and night from heaven,

And smilest. I have given thee tears for tears,
 Anguish for anguish, woe for woe. Forgive me
 If in the spirit of ineffable penance
 In words I waken up the guilt that sleeps,
 Let not the sound afflict thine heaven, or colour
 That pale, tear-blotted record which the angels
 Keep of my sins. We left her, I and all
 The brothers that her milk had fed. We left her—
 And strange dark robbers with unwonted names
 Abused her! bound her! pillaged her! profaned her!
 Bound her clasped hands, and gagged the trembling lips
 That prayed for her lost children. And we stood
 And she knelt to us, and we saw her kneel,
 And looked upon her coldly and denied her!

* * * *

You are my brothers. And my mother was
 Yours. And each man amongst you day by day
 Takes bowing, the same price that sold my mother,
 And does not blush. Her name is Rome. Look round
 And see those features which the sun himself
 Can hardly leave for fondness. Look upon
 Her mountain bosom, where the very sky
 Beholds with passion; and with the last proud
 Imperial sorrow of dejected empire
 She wraps the purple round her outraged breast,
 And even in fetters cannot be a slave.
 Look on the world's best glory and worst shame."

The 'Roman' is full of this kind of fervour, and is maintained throughout at a fine temperature of poetic eloquence. Its effect on the ardent youth of its generation must have been considerable. Perhaps now, when the stormy sea of Italian politics has settled down, it may be lawful to ask oneself how much reality there was in the battle-songs and poems that accompanied or preluded the tempest. It is quite conceivable, at least, that a man may sing very wildly about "Italy" and "Rome" and "Freedom" without any definite idea of what he means, and without any particular feeling for human nature in the concrete. This was not the case with Dobell; every syllable of his stately song came right out of his heart. For this Christian warrior, like many another, was just a little too fond of appeals to the sword; just a little too apt to pose as "an Englishman" and a lover of freedom. He who began with the sonorous cadence of the 'Roman' wrote, in his latter moods, the wild piece of gabble called 'England's Day.' The 'Roman,' however, remains a fine and fervid poem, worthy of thrice the fame it is ever likely to receive. What Mazzini wrote of it in 1851 may fully be remembered at this hour, when it is pretty well forgotten:

"You have written about Rome as I would, had I been born a poet. And what you did write flows from the soul, the all-loving, the all-embracing, the prophet-soul. It is the only true source of real inspiration."

Meantime the air was full of other voices. Carlyle was croaking and prophesying, with a strong Dumfriesshire accent. Bailey had amazed the world with 'Festus,' a colossal Conversationalist, by the side of whom his quite clerical and feebly genteel Devil seemed a pigmy. Gillilan had opened his wonderful Pic of 'Literary Portraits,' containing

more swarms of poetical blackbirds than the world knew how to listen to. Mazzini was eloquent in reviews, George Dawson was stumping the provinces and converting the *bourgeoisie*.

"The world was waiting for that trumpet-blast,
To which Humanity should rise at last
Out of a thousand graves, and claim its throne."

It was a period of prodigious ideas. Every literary work was macro-cosmic and colossal. Every poet, under his own little forcing glass, reared a Great Poem—a sort of prodigious pumpkin which ended in utter unwieldiness and wateriness. No sort of preparation was necessary either for the throne or the laurel. Kings of men, king-hating, sprang to full mental light, like fungi, in a night. Quiet tax-paying people, awaking in bed, heard the Chivalry of Labour passing, with hollow music of fife and drum. But it was a grand time for all the talents. Woman was awaking to a sense of her mission. Charlotte Brontë was ready with the prose-poem of the century, Mrs. Browning was touching notes of human pathos which reached to every factory in the world. Compared with our present dead swoon of Poetry, a swoon scarcely relieved at all by the occasional smelling-salts of strong æsthetics, it was a rich and golden time. It had its Dickens, to make every home happy with the gospel of plum-pudding; its Tennyson, to sing beautiful songs of the middle-class ideal, and the comfortable clerical sentiment; its Thackeray, to relieve the passionate, overcharged human heart with the prick of cynicism and the moisture of self-pity. To be born at such a time was in itself (to parody the familiar expression) a liberal education. We who live now may well bewail the generation which preceded us. Some of the old deities still linger with us, but only "in idiocy of godhead," nodding on their mighty seats. The clamour has died away. The utter sterility of passion and the hopeless stagnation of sentiment nowadays may be guessed when some little clique can set-up Gautier in a niche: Gautier, that hairdresser's dummy of a stylist, with his complexion of hectic pink and waxen white, his well-oiled wig, and his incommunicable scent of the barber's shop. What an apotheosis! After the prophecies of '48; after the music of the awakening heart of Man; after Emerson and the newly risen moon of latter Platonism, shining tenderly on a world of vacant thrones!

Just as the human soul was most expectant, just as the Revolution of '48 had made itself felt wherever the thoughts of men were free, the Sullen Talent, tired of the tame eagle dodge, perpetrated his *coup d'état*, stabbed France to the heart with his assassin's dagger, and mounted livid to his throne upon her bleeding breast. It is very piteous to read, in Dobell's biography and elsewhere, of the utter folly which recognised in this moody, moping, and graceless ruffian a veritable Saviour of Society. The great woman-poet of the period hailed him holy, and her great husband approved her worship. Dobell had doubts, not many, of Napoleon's consecration. But Robert Browning and Sydney Dobell

both lived to recognise in the lesser Napoleon, not only the assassin of France political and social, but the destroyer of literary manhood all over the world. Twenty years of the Second Empire, twenty years of a festering sore which contaminated all the civilization of the earth, were destined to follow. We reap the result still, in a society given over to luxury and to gold; in a journalism that has lost its manhood, and is supported on a system of indecent exposure and blackmail; in a literature whose first word is flippancy, whose last word is prurience, and whose victory is in the orgies of a naked Dance of Death.

Be all that as it may, those were happy times for Sydney Dobell. In one brief period of literary activity, he wrote nearly all the works which are now associated with his name. To this period belongs his masterly review of 'Currer Bell,' a model of what such criticism should be. The review led to a correspondence of singular interest between Miss Brontë and Dobell. "You think chiefly of what is to be done and won in life," wrote Charlotte; "I, what is to be suffered. . . . If ever we meet, you must regard me as a grave sort of elder sister." By this period the fountain of Charlotte Brontë's genius was dry; she knew it, though the world thought otherwise, and hence her despair. She had lived her life, and put it all into one immortal book. So she sat, a veiled figure, by the side of the urn called 'Jane Eyre.' The shadow of Death was already upon her face.

Dobell now began to move about the world. He went to Switzerland, and on his return he was very busy with his second poem, 'Balder.' While labouring thus he first heard of Alexander Smith, and having read some of the new poet's passages in the *Eclectic Review*, wrote thus to Gilfillan: "But has he [Smith] not published already, either in newspapers or periodicals? Curiously enough, I have the strongest impression of seeing the best images before, and I am seldom mistaken in these remembrances." This was ominous, of course, of what afterwards took place, when the notorious charge of plagiarism was made against Smith in the *Athenæum*. Shortly afterwards he became personally acquainted with Smith, and learned to love him well. He was now himself, however, to reap the bitters of adverse criticism in the publication of his poem of 'Balder.' In this extraordinary work, the leading actors are only a poet and his wife, a doctor, an artist, and a servant. It may be admitted at once that the general treatment verges on the ridiculous, but the work contains passages of unequalled beauty and sublimity. The public reviews were adverse, and even personal friends shook their heads in deprecation. At the time of publication he was in Edinburgh, having gone thither to consult Dr. (afterwards Sir James) Simpson on the illness of his wife, and there he was to remain at bay during all the barking of the journals. A little cold comfort came from Charlotte Brontë.

"There is power in that character of *Balder*," she wrote, "and to me, a certain horror. Did you mean it to embody, along with force, many of the special defects of the artistic character? It seems to me that those defects were never thrown out in stronger lines."

Despite the ill-success of his second book, Dobell spent a very happy season in Edinburgh. If not famous, he was at least notorious, and was well enough in health to enjoy a little social friction. Alexander Smith, the secretary of the University, was his bosom-friend; and among his other companions were Samuel Brown, Blackie, and Hunter of Craigcrook Castle. "Smith and I," he wrote, "seem destined to be social twins." Just then there appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine* the somewhat flatulent satire of 'Firmilian,' written at high jinks by the local Yorick, Professor Aytoun. The style of Dobell and Smith was pretty well mimicked, and the scene in which Gilfillan, entering as Apollodorus, was killed by the friends thrown by Balder from a tower, was really funny. The poets satirised enjoyed the joke as much as anybody, but they little guessed that it was a joke of a very fatal kind. From the moment of the appearance of the "spasmodic" satire, the so-called spasmodic school was ruined in the eyes of the general public. A violent journalistic prejudice arose against its followers. Even Dobell's third book, 'England in Time of War,' though full of fine lyrics, entirely failed to reinstate the writer in public opinion. He was classed, though in a new sense, among the 'illustriously obscure,' and he remained in that category until the day he died.

Perhaps the pleasantest of all his days were those days in Edinburgh, when, in conjunction with Smith, he wrote a series of fine sonnets on the war, which won the warm approval of good judges, like Mr. Tennyson. There was something almost rapturous in Smith's opening sonnet to Mrs. Dobell—

"And if we sing, I and that dearer friend,
Take thou our music. He dwells in thy light,
Summer and spring, blue day and starry night."

A friend wrote that he could love "Alexander" for that sonnet; and, indeed, who could not love him for a thousand reasons? The story of Smith's martyrdom has yet to be told—nay, can never be told this side of the grave. But let this suffice—it was a martyrdom, and a tragedy. How tranquilly, how beautifully, Smith took the justice and the cruelty of the world, many of us know. Few know the rest. It was locked up in his great, gentle heart.

When I have mentioned that, immediately after the War Sonnets, Sydney Dobell issued independently his volume of prose, 'England in Time of War,' his literary history is told. Though he lived on for another quarter of a century, he never published another book. Three works, 'The Roman,' 'Balder,' and 'England in Time of War,' formed the sum total of his contributions to literature while alive; and all three were written at one epoch, in what Smith called "the afterswell of the revolutionary impulse of 1848." For the last half of his life he was almost utterly silent, only an occasional sonnet in a magazine, or a letter in a journal on some political subject, reminding the public that he still lived. Of this long silence we at last know the pathetic

cause. Sickness pursued him from day to day, from hour to hour, making strenuous literary effort impossible. Never was poet so unlucky. Read the whole heart-rending story in his biography; I at least cannot bear to linger over these tortures. He had to fight for mere breath, and he had little strength left him to reach out hands for the laurel. How meekly he bore *his* martyrdom I have already said.

When I met him in 1860, he had the look of one who might not live long, a beautiful far-off suffering look, wonderfully reproduced in the exquisite picture by his younger brother, an engraving of which faces the title-page of his biography. Many years later, not long indeed before his death, he sent me a photograph with the inscription "*Convalescens convalescenti*," but all photographs reproduce the man but poorly, compared with the picture of which I have spoken. Even then, in the joyfulness of his eager heart, he thought himself "convalescent," and was looking forward to busy years of life. It was not to be. No sooner was his gentle frame reviving from one luckless accident, than Fate was ready with another. "The pity of it, the pity of it!" It is impossible to think of his sufferings without wondering at the firmness of his faith.

When Death came at last, after years of nameless torture, only a few cold paragraphs in the journals told that a poet had died. The neglect, which had hung like a shadow over his poor ruined life, brooded like a shadow on his grave. But fortunately for his fame, he left relatives behind him who were determined to set him right, once and for ever, with posterity. To such reverent care and industry we owe the two volumes of collected verse, the exquisite volume of prose memoranda, and lastly, the beautiful Life and Letters. Thus, although only a short period has elapsed since Dobell's death, though it seems only yesterday that the poet lay forgotten in some dark limbo of poetic failures, the public is already aware of him as one of the strong men of his generation, strong, too, in the sublimest sense of goodness, courage, and all the old-fashioned Christian virtues. He would have been recognized, perhaps, sooner or later, though I have my doubts; but that he has been recognized so soon is due to such love and duty as are the crown and glory of a good man's life. The public gratitude is due to those who have vindicated him, and made impossible all mistakes as to the strength of his genius and the beauty of his character. His music was not for this generation, his dream was not of this earth, his final consecration was not to be given here below.

"Vex not his ghost: O let him pass! he hates him much
That would upon the rack of this rough world
Stretch him out longer."

But henceforth his immortality is secure. He sits by Shelley's side, in the loneliest and least accessible heaven of Mystic Song.

ROBERT BUCHANAN, in *Temple Bar*.

TOLLERS IN FIELD AND FACTORY.

NO. II. CHARACTERISTICS.

In whatever mood the old year 1873 went out of life in other parts of the world, he made a sturdy fight for it in Gloucestershire. Here the tragic time of his rule ended as became a tragedy, and on the last day of his monarchy the skies rained and hailed and the wind blew furiously. The Severn had flowed over its valley, and the rocky lake on either side the highway was stung every now and then to a shivering frenzy by the hail and wind. Beneath the tempest the rich waving lands looked sterile, and here and there the soaked and chilly hinds came plashing down the road, and, butting at the driver with rounded shoulders, gave the landscape the right touch of human discomfort. The fast mare, a tall dun-coloured raw-boned beast, her driver's pride, slashed through the hail with many disapproving nods and head-shakings, and an hour's journey brought us from the county town to Snigg's End, the Mecca of that day's miserable pilgrimage. It was easy to see how one little gleam of sunshine could have beautified the undulating fallows and bleak orchards which lined our way; but it was not easy to believe that Snigg's End could have looked anything but comfortless even in the heyday of an untruly summer. Whatever graces the mind associates with an English village, Snigg's End is in want of, or might be supposed to be in want of, if it were not for the fact that it is in itself a wilful and intentional protest against them. It is just as picturesque as a barack-square. All its houses are built upon one pattern, and that pattern is as ugly as any the architect's ingenuity ever yet devised. They are carefully separated, like the various buildings in a gunpowder manufactory. Snigg's End, indeed, held explosives once upon a time, and its moral likeness is at this hour an extinct volcano. Not one man in the land knows anything about it; but its name was noised abroad when the National Land Act, and old Chartists were hot for it, and the squires made their eternal proclamation that by it and through it the country would go to the dogs. It seemed strange to find this monument to so impetuous an Irish member still extant in the heart of quiet Gloucestershire. The history of the foundation of the colony at Snigg's End is almost forgotten; the fiery hearts that flamed over it are cold for the most part; and an enterprise passionately conceived, and borne to its close on a flood-tide of enthusiasm, has stayed where the tide left it stranded, and now decays there slowly.

The rural people still regard the settlement with some suspicion, as being 'a Communist sort of place.' Whilst the driver arranged for the temporary bestowal of the dun-coloured mare, I made inquiries in the

tavern kitchen, and received information of the existence of a patriarch named Bowyer, who had been amongst the first to join the settlement, and who was the only one of the original batch still living there. Ten minutes' walking took me to his gate. His cottage, like the rest, stood apart in its own plot of ground. The little farm had a well-cultivated look, but the small dilapidations of the dwelling-house were unrepaired, and it would not seem from the aspect of things that the patriarchal Bowyer was much better off than an ordinary labourer. His wife opened the door, and confronted me with a placid and bowed humility. It seems almost like a breach of confidence to set her picture in a public gallery, but she will not know of it. There is often a beauty, born of the patient bearing of small cares, in the faces of English peasant women, a beauty of so refined and dignified a type, that it claims something more than liking even from a stranger. The old lessons about the respect due to constituted authorities have impressed this beauty with humility, the privations of life have purified it into the dignity of asceticism, and the tranquillity of old age has lent it the mildest calm. There is a well-known and powerful etching of Mr. Herkomer's which might almost pass for this old woman's portrait, though it has not all the subdued and patient charm I have tried to indicate. She was very deaf, but I made her understand that I desired to see her husband. She called him, and Rural Radicalism came out of the kitchen and received me, and bade me enter. The bed on which the old couple lay had been taken into the kitchen for warmth, this bitter weather. The old woman sat on the foot of it, and the old man, who kept his hat on, as a protestation of his manhood I suppose, sat down on a chair by the fireside facing me. Every wrinkle in his face, and there were many, was a sort of shorthand sign of protest. His under-lids were pendulous and swollen, and his mouth was drawn downwards at the corners, until the wrinkles set his lips in a deep-cut parenthesis. This old warhorse—one of Feargus O'Connor's original stud—rose at the noise of the trumpet, and curveted around me with rusty limbs. He was very proud, poor old fellow, to be appealed to, and glad to have somebody who would look once more at his tattered panoply of platitude. 'What we wanted to do,' he said, 'was this. We wanted t' establish the dignity o' man'ud. One man's as good as another in the sight o' God as made us all. We couldn't all be rich. The Lord had settled that for us. The possession o' riches by the few goes agin the commonwealth. We couldn't all be rich, but we could all be free: an' we might have been brothers, all on us. I didn't want to serve nobody, an' I didn't particular want nobody to serve me. I says, "Let every tub stand on his own bottom," an' let every man be a man, an' fend for hisself. The ground it brings farth abundance, every soul after his kind; the world's good to us; an' it's only men as is crool t' each other, an' forgets the dignity o' man'ud.' 'Very true, indeed,' I answered: but would he be so good as to tell me what he knew about the foundation and working of the settlement? Of course I put this gently. Yes, he said; he'd do that glad an' willin'. 'What we wanted

do was this. We wanted t' establish the dignity o' man'ud.' A beautiful object, I ventured to say; and how did they propose to effect it? 'Well,' he answered, after a little interval of thought, from which I gathered favourable things, 'the possession o' riches by the few goes against the commonwealth.' I had a travelling-flask and tobacco with me, and seeing that the settlement patriarch was likely to make a lengthy business of his narrative I invited him to smoke and to drink a glass of whisky. 'No,' he said; 'I haven't touched ayther of 'em for forty years.' Was the settlement conducted on the total-abstinence principle? 'No,' he replied; 'but there's very little drinkin' done;' and then he went back to his dignity of manhood, and his riches in the hands of the few. Seeing that patience was the only way with him, I leaned myself behind a pipe, and allowed myself to be pelted with radical principles. When he had satisfied his own longings in that direction he told me how he had been one of those who went with O'Connell to present a petition to Parliament in favor of the National Land Bill, and how against all conceivable objections the leader's plan was carried into effect. His narrative was neither picturesque nor clear, though he had spent more than a third part of a century in fighting for a principle, I am not sure that he had any but a very blind nose to what that principle was. But when at last he left the domain of theoretic history, and came to his own every-day experiences, he became intelligible enough. To his mind the settlement was a failure, and it had failed for two reasons. The first of those reasons was that enough help was not given to incoming tenants to enable them to cover the first year or two; and the next was that there was no principle of coöperation in the plan, and no spirit of coöperation in the execution. I gathered incidentally the fact that the patriarch had fallen from his own theory of 'the dignity of manhood,' and had taken to the employment of labour. He protested that he had paid more for labour than the harvest produced by it was worth. 'I,' said he, 'was worth three hundred pound when I came 'ere, and I ain't worth nothin' now. I've thrown away *my* substance on experiments,' emphasising the personal pronoun with true rural egotism. The advantages that had of old belonged to the settlement were mostly lost. 'There's no more o' a-managin' on it now,' said patriarchal Bowyer, 'an' though I got nothin' agen him, things ain't what they was.' The dim heart of the old Radical and his dim heart had one ray of light, which was good to see gleam out in his eyes and speech. It was the fact that he had caught from his lodestar of personal liberty. 'I've thrown away my substance on this experiment, an' it ain't succeeded along o' nothin' all; but it have got one a'vantage, an' that is, sir, as it leaves a man free, an' don't let nobody call hisself a man's master. Nobody can't n' bullyrag me, an' I can't go an' bullyrag nobody.' He had two acres of land, and paid for that and his house a sum of 6*l.* 16*s.* yearly. An ordinary agricultural labourer's annual rent was about 4*l.* in those days, or 4*l.* 10*s.*, and for this he would get no land and an inferior pig-house. Ugly as the tenements at Snigg's End undoubtedly

are, they are better to live in than the picturesque cottages of the county, under the thatched roofs whereof small comfort dwells. 'Make us cooperative, and we shall do; but two acres o' land can't fill a man's hands all the year round. It gives him more than he can do at one time, and nothing at all at another.' So the patriarchal settler spoke, and in these sentences revealed the whole trouble. 'I've thought it out,' he added, passing his hand down his face with a melancholy look and gesture; 'I've thought it out hard, when I *could* think, and I've come to this belief. There's no chance for a Commune. Folk is too hard like, and everybody wants to get on hisself, an' they don't care about the dignity o' man'ud.'

Other settlers than he had solved the problem in a more satisfactory way. Many, perhaps most of them, are glovers. They work at home, and pretty generally take their own time about their work, and can so fill up their spare hours on their little allotments, setting the glove-making aside for harvesting and other busy seasons, and returning to their trade at times when agricultural work is slack. Perhaps two hundred and fifty acres of land have been secured for this experiment, and each tenant holds an average of about two acres. The legalised constitution of the settlement secures each householder in the colony a vote, a privilege which is less highly valued than might be supposed. But a holding has never been known to be long vacant, and the privileges of Snigg's End are seized eagerly by the better class of agricultural labourers, and especially by those who have wives and daughters skilled in the art of glove-making. I tried to get some idea of the general political leanings of the place, but failed. The Tories declared it Tory, and the Radicals declared it Radical; but this at least was made clear: that the old half-Chartist protest it was originally meant to forward was a thing of the past, and that Snigg's End and its people, like many other people and places, had fallen from or grown beyond their original intent. The colony has no joint political aim in these days, whatever it had in the past. An extinct volcano, its bed is peopled by a quiet and industrious peasantry, a little more favorably situated than their neighbors, a little more comfortably housed and fed. It is perhaps the least picturesque of all English villages, and perhaps also the most prosperous.

If any man would know the people he must go to them. Conjecturing that New-Year's-eve might be a sort of public-house festival, I turned into a beershop in Gloucester on my return that night, and sitting in the general room listened to the talk, and by and by ventured to join in it. There were ten or a dozen men present, and amongst them were two travellers, a bargee and a navigator. Not another there had ever seen the confines of the county, and they sat and stared and listened whilst the bargee and the navigator talked of foreign places like Birmingham and Truro. The mention of this latter place arrested the landlord, who came in with a mug of beer at the order of a large-mouthed youth, who was remarkable to me for the slenderest shins and the largest boots I remember to have seen in conjunction

where. 'It was you,' said the landlord, addressing the navigator (who was not a seafaring person, but one of the pioneers of the railway-system), —'it was you as drove me out o' Cornwall.' 'Ah,' said the navigator, 'and how do you make that out, mate?' 'Well,' said the landlord, slowly answering, 'I ain't the only one as you drove out. I helped to make a railroad down there; didn't you?' The navy man led his head ponderously, as though it had been as heavy as an anvil. 'The railroad drove a many.' 'Oy,' said the large-mouthed man, 'um allays do.' At this point I struck in, and questioned, 'Is it?' 'It don't be hard,' said the navy, whose speech proclaimed of the west, 'to tell y' 'ow. I do mind right enough, when the line did be comin' doon b' Exeter, leastways 'tween theer an' coast you ud see the cawlfloor a blowin' ahl doon line as big's beehives, an' as yaller's guineas, an' as heavy's lead. I do be jiggered—I tell ee—if some on 'em dain't be as heavy's two stone, an' no of a lie about it. Two stone weight they waha, and you could em for twopence apiece. An' soon's ever the line did be finished it did begin for to rise in price like, an' folk didn't be able for to em not for a shellin'. 'Em ahl went up to Common Gyarden at, an' th' 'igh folk—Lard bless ee, they didn't never see cawlike like them afore—they ud give annythin' for they great big out-beehives o' fruit like. An' 'twahs the same wi' butter, an' all the coast 'twas the same o' fish. Why,' said the navy, warming his theme, 'taint beyond my mind to remember when you could ght pilchard at three pound a penny, an' conger-eel at a farthing a id. An'—Lard bless ee!—mack'rill! why, you could a got it for y' so! I tell ee, when I were a young un, I do ha' run beside a and just checked up a sixpence; an' the man as did drive he ud out mack'rill as hard as he did know how to chuck 'em for a r of a mile; an' when I were tired o' follerin' of un, theer'd be p a dozen as I udn't think it wuth my while to get out o' way you'd see they was allays in a bit of a hurry like to get inland, as the first as did get theer he did get the trade like, so to

An' now, sir—you take my word for un—seven shellin' don't t one shellin' did be doon theer, when I did be a lahd!' And think, I asked, that that kind of difference was generally made in construction of a railway. He answered, 'The differ for coun-try do be allays reg'lar nighon a'most amizin'.' Before I had well my question I had understood him, but for a moment I was bl, and, begging his pardon for not understanding him, asked repeat himself. This query of mine was fortunate, inasmuch as it produced the one gem of west-country dialect I have, as yet, in my collection. The boy, with the mug of beer before him, laughed at the corners of his mouth seemed to touch the lobes of his ears. He w the thin shins and the big boots into the air in an ecstasy of joy and enjoyment; and when the passion of his joy subsided, he w upon the navy and said, 'Law bless ee, mate, it don't be no use to talk to the gen'l'man that w'y. Usses country upgrans do

reddle un reg'lar.' Then in a paroxysm of comic delight he described vague circles with the thin shins and the enormous boots, and laughed until the corners of his mouth were lost at the back of his head. 'Usses country upgrans reddles un,' he repeated; and I pondered over him until at last light came. 'Upgrans' resolved itself into 'epigrams,' and 'reddles' became 'puzzles.' The old verb to riddle in the sense to puzzle retained its quaint life still, but how the large-mouthed boy got hold of 'epigrams' I am not philologist enough to say.

The house in which we sat was a beershop simply, and had no license for the sale of spirituous liquors. The navigator, however, sent out for gin, and drank that uninviting beverage hot, in extraordinary quantities, until it began to tell upon him, when he told me that it had weighed upon his mind that he was instrumental-like, as a man might say, in damaging of his fellow-creatures by making railroads. The landlord and the bargee coincided in this belief, and I left all three declaring against the railroad system as a device of the rich to rob the poor. The labouring man is not a logician, and he is frequently a very unreasonable creature; but he can feel and see. He finds cause for feud where those above him could imagine none, and sometimes real cause. The strong hand of the world seems always against him; and even Geordie Stephenson's ghost beckons him inexorably from home.

Even the labourer, however, has his final participation in the triumphs of science. There is a toiler in the fields in the immediate neighborhood of Madstone, whom I met at the time of the exodus, and who has a complete set of false teeth with gold attachments.

Wilts, Dorset, and Somerset are reckoned the poorest of English counties; but Gloucester deserves at least to rank after them. The distress of last winter was not confined to the great towns. It made itself felt in the rural districts; and the records of the local boards of guardians in the county displayed a large increase in the numbers of shifting and resident paupers. Private charity supplemented the relief given by 'the Board'—often niggardly and insufficient. But wherever there is distress one man at least will be found ready to proclaim it a sham, and to declare that the country generally was never in a more prosperous condition. I found that impenetrable and heartless blockhead in South Wales, when but for the splendid charity of the vicar of Merthyr Tydvil hundreds must inevitably have starved to death during the great strike; and he told me then that the distress was simulated. I met him in Northern Roumelia in the year 1877, when every second village was a smoking wreck, and the long lines of houseless refugees toiled starving southward on every road in that wide province; and he told me then that the distress was really very much exaggerated. When I met him in the shadow of Gloucester's mean cathedral I was not surprised. 'There's no distress yer,' he said, in the dogmatic manner common to him. 'Why, look at this: Councilor Byatt, in Gloucester city yer, he goes and buys sixty pound weight of first-class scraps an' nigh onto a hundredweight of first-class

as, an' he biles 'em down in his very own biler, an' he offers soup, is, to the poor. Well, what's the consequence? Thickens the he does with the best vegetables, and what's the consequence? he offers 'em soup, reglar first-class soup, with three inches of fat he top of it; and two women comes and gets their share, and ws it away, because it ain't good enough for 'em. And I'll tell what, nothin' ain't good enough for 'em. They're a discontented, ing, miserable, thankless lot.' In the fulness of my heart I exed an opinion that this gentleman ought to be a guardian of poor. 'That's what I am,' he answered; 'and when they are in of me they know what they have to expect.' Anxious to test the on of this optimist in commerce and pessimist in human nature, ight out some of those who had received the generous council-gratuity. In Worcester-street I lighted on a family whose home d almost as bleak as the wintry fields outside the city. The h was fireless in that terrible weather, and the house was bare. I old that the soup was worth all the parish relief put together. lo get it hot, sir,' said the man; 'an' there do a be a bit o' com- a summat warm.' Were the times very hard? I asked. 'They do leadly bad, sir, that a be.' He was a carter, and had only within st half-year exchanged farmwork for the town. But the weather topped all building operations for weeks and weeks. His wife een ill, and the household things had had to go. When I asked had heard of anybody throwing soup away he stared in wide-eyed ment. 'Us doan't get it s'often as us do find anny cahll for to it away, sir.' In the next house I called at I witnessed the prepa- of dinner. Some bread had been begged by one member of the r, and another had a fragment of newspaper with perhaps half a l of dripping in it. The dripping was stirred in boiling water, little salt; the bread was then broken into that thin mess, and r was ready. I came away thinking that if these people had wan- wasted the soup, they might at least have saved the guardian's ed 'three inches of fat on the top of it.'

distress of the whole county had accumulated with the growth year. Once upon a time a good harvest might mean immediate and contentment for the rural population. That is not so now vious reasons; and the harvest of 1878 made no change in the ion of the people. Gloucestershire, like Kent, has its hop-fields rchards; but neither hopping nor fruit-gathering supply the e of the former county with any festival or with any appreciable on to their yearly earnings. When the fruit was ripening last met in the Gloucestershire lanes many a little troop of men and a bound on foot for Kent or Sussex. I asked the question which lly presented itself: Why travel so far to do the very work would want doing here by the time the journey's end was d? I was soon enlightened. A man could scarce fill his belly ster, whilst he could live well and save three or four pounds by rvesting in the south-eastern counties. In the rich west men

starve and stay—for these wanderers were of the floating population: from the south-eastern counties, surely little richer, flourishing workers emigrate. There is not so great a difference in the market-value of the produce of the two districts as in the wage paid to the labourer, yet the farmers of Gloucestershire complain as loudly as the farmers of Kent. Therein lies a problem of political economy as yet unriddled.

Here, as elsewhere, the feud of the farmer against the landlord perpetually smoulders. I met a tenant-farmer to whom I decline to give a local habitation and a name, who seemed to me to go to the roots of two or three growths which produce very unhappy fruit and flower. 'We,' he said, meaning the tenant-farmers, 'do compulsory injustice to the labourers, because the landlords do injustice to us. Their injustice is partly the outcome of a survival. Before the days of high farming it was necessary for the landlord to insert certain clauses in his lease for the preservation of his land. One of those clauses is to the effect that no straw shall be sold off the land, except by the will of the landlord; and another is that no roots shall be grown except for the use of the farm itself, unless by permission. Nothing drains land of its productive qualities like the growth of roots; and the other provision was intended to preserve the straw, first for farm use and then for manure. Now as a matter of fact I spend more in artificial manure than I do in rent, and the old straw manure is no longer necessary. Yet I am compelled at a great annual loss to hold it. I don't want it, because according to the rules of modern farming it isn't efficient. All my straw goes to waste, and my landlord's agent won't hear of my selling a truss of it. Now, you see, what I ask is nothing more nor less than free-trade and long lease. The landlord's contention is, that with free-trade I may exhaust his land. My contention is, that if I have a long lease I should be an idiot if I exhausted the land, because I should be picking my own pocket. But there's another reason why he won't give me a long lease, apart from *that* nonsensical theory. The possession of landed estate has always conferred a sort of dignity, and I suppose it always will. For years and years past the numbers of the newly rich have been increasing, and these people make haste to own land. If they can't own it, the next dignified thing is to rent it, and live on it in good style, and mix with the county people, who very often wouldn't look at 'em in London. Now these people who make money in other ways, don't want to farm at a profit. They're quite willing to farm at a loss, and as often as not they don't want to farm at all. But they *will* have land, and they can afford to pay for it; and so land gets to have a fictitious value. The farmer suffers by the increase of rent, and the labourer suffers with the farmer. To come back to what I wanted to say: if a landlord is asked nowadays to grant a long lease, he says to himself, "No. Land's increasing in-value every year." So it is to him, but not to the farmer, nor the labourer, nor the general public. Land has only one value, and that you measure by the standard of its producing

powers.' Later on he said, 'Ideas pretty generally descend in the social scale, and very rarely rise. If you want to know what the labourers will think of the farmers in six years' time, discover what the landlords think now. In about that time the ideas of the landowners will have filtered down. Just now the farmers are talked of by the labourers as they used to be talked of by the landlords half a dozen years ago. The doctrine was with the higher class, as it is now with the lower, that we were all getting too educated and refined and æsthetic and all that. There was never yet under the sun a class without its grievances. I dare bet that popes and emperors, who are scarcely as numerous as farmers and farm-labourers, have their troubles if they only saw their way to ventilate 'em. The class that talks most is most listened to. The aristocrats have had their say, and the plebs have had theirs; but we middlemen have talked too little. If Dick Carter's boy is to learn to write, I can't see for the life of me why my lad shouldn't learn Greek. He won't be any more in front of me than Dick Carter's boy will be in front of Dick Carter. There's a great deal of talk about the farmer's growing refinements. He only keeps pace with the squire and the labourer. We're all growing refined together, and all getting larger ideas, and we're all suffering for our growth. I had growing pains when I was a lad, and I don't know that I'm any the worse for 'em now. The country at large is suffering from growing pains. Let her suffer, and let her grow—and let you and me go to my place, and have a game at chess and as good a glass of claret as you'll find in the county.'

When a man sets an argument of that kind before you, it is not easy to disagree with him. *Time, London.*

THROUGH THE AGES:

A LEGEND OF A STONE AXE.

O'er the swamp in the forest
The sunset is red;
And the sad reedy waters,
In black mirrors spread,

Are aflame with the great crimson tree-tops o'erhead.

By the swamp in the forest
The oak branches groan,
As the Savage primeval,
With russet hair thrown

O'er his huge naked limbs, swings his hatchet of stone.

By the swamp in the forest
Sings shrilly in glee
The stark forester's lass
Plucking mast in a tree—

And hairy and brown as a squirrel is she!

THROUGH THE AGES.

With the strokes of the flint axe
 The blind woodland rings,
 And the echoes laugh back as
 The sylvan girl sings:—

And the Sabre-tooth growls in his lair ere he springs!

Like two stars of green splendour,
 His great eyeballs burn
 As he crawls!—Chilled to silence,
 The girl can discern

The fierce pantings which thrill through the fronds of the fern.

And the brown frolic face of
 The girl has grown white,
 As the large fronds are swayed in
 The weird crimson light,

And she sobs with the strained throbbing dumbness of fright.

With his blue eyes agleam, and
 His wild russet hair
 Streaming back, the Man travails,
 Unwarned, unaware

Of the lithe shape that crouches, the green eyes that glare.

And now, hark! as he drives with
 A last mighty swing
 The stone blade of the axe through
 The oak's central ring,

From the blanched lips what screams of wild agony spring!—

There's a rush thro' the fern fronds—
 A yell of affright—
 And the Savage and Sabre-tooth
 Close in fierce fight:—

And the red sunset smoulders and blackens to night.

On the swamp in the forest
 One clear star is shown,
 And the reeds fill the night with
 A long troubled moan—

And the girl sits and sobs in the darkness, alone!

The great dim centuries of long ago
 Sweep past with rain and fire, with wind and snow,
 And where the Savage swung his axe of stone
 The blue clay silts on Titan trunks o'erthrown,
 O'er mammoth's tusks, in river-horse's lair;
 And, armed with deer horn, clad in girdled hair,
 A later Savage in his hollow tree
 Hunts the strange broods of a primeval sea.

And yet the great dim centuries again
 Sweep past with snow and fire, with wind and rain,
 And where that warm primeval ocean rolled
 A second forest buds,—blooms broad,—grows old;
 And a new race of prehistoric men
 Springs from the mystic soil, and once again
 Fades like a wood mist thro' the woodlands hear.

For lo! the great dim centuries once more
 With wind and fire, with rain and snow sweep by;
 And where the forest stood, an empty sky
 Arches with lonely blue a lonely land.
 The great white stilted storks in silence stand
 Far from each other, motionless as stone,
 And melancholy leagues of marsh-reeds moan,
 And dead tarns blacken 'neath the mournful blue.

The ages speed! And now the skin canoe
 Darts with swift paddle through the drear morass,
 But ere the painted fisherman can pass,
 The brazen horns ring out; a thund'rous throng—
 Bronzed faces, brazen helmets—sweeps along,
 The silver Eagles flash and disappear
 Across the Roman causeway!

Year by year

The dim time lapses till that vesper hour
 Broods o'er the summer lake with peaceful power,
 When the carved galley through the sunset floats,
 The rowers, with chains of gold about their throats,
 Hang on their dripping oars, and sweet and clear
 The sound of singing steals across the mere,
 And rising with glad face and outstretched hand,
 'Row, Knights, a little nearer to the land
 And let us hear the monks of Ely sing;'
 Says KNUT, the King.

In the dim years what fateful hour arrives,
 And who is this rides Fenward from St. Ives?
 A man of massive presence,—bluff and stern.
 Beneath their craggy brows his deep eyes burn
 With awful thoughts and purposes sublime.
 The face is one to abash the front of time,—
 Hewn of red rock, so vital even now
 One sees the wart above that shaggy brow.

At Ely there in these idyllic days
 His sickles reap, his sheep and oxen graze,
 And all the ambition of his sober life
 Is but to please his children and his wife,
 To drain the Fens—and magnify the Lord.
 So in his plain cloth suit, with close-tucked sword,
 OLIVER CROMWELL, fated but unknown,
 Rides where the Savage swung his axe of stone.

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In the class-room blue-eyed Phemie
 Sits, half listening, hushed and dreamy,
 To the gray-haired pinched Professor droning to his class of girls,

And around her in their places
 Rows of arch and sweet young faces
 Seem to fill the air with colour shed from eyes and lips and curls!—

Eyes of every shade of splendour,
 Brown and bashful, blue and tender,
 Grey and giddy, black and throbbing with a deep impassioned light:

Golden ringlets, raven clusters,
Auburn braids with sunny lustres
Falling on white necks, plump shoulders clothed in green and blue and white

And the sun with leafy reflex
Of the rustling linden-tree flecks
All the glass doors of the cases ranged along the class-room wall—

Flecks with shadow and gold the Teacher's
Thin gray hair and worn pinched features,
And the pupils' heads, and sends a thrill of July over all.

And the leafy golden tremor
Witches so the blue-eyed dreamer
That the room seems filling straightway with a forest green and old.

And the gray Professor's speech is
Heard like wind among the beeches
Murmuring weird and wondrous secrets never quite distinctly told;

And the girls around seem turning
Into trees—laburnums burning.
Graceful ashes, silver birches—but thro' all the glamour and change

Phemie is conscious that those cases
Hold reliques of vanished races,
The preadamitic fossils of a dead world grim and strange.

Labelled shells suggest the motion,
Moan, and glimmer of that ocean
Where belemnites dropped their spindles and the sand-stars shed their rays;

Monstrous birds stalk stilted by as
She perceives the slab of Trias
Scrawled with hieroglyphic claw-tracks of the mesozoic days;

And before her she sees dawn a
Pageant of an awful fauna
While across Silurian ages the Professor's lecture blooms

All the while a soft and pleasant
Rustle of dresses, an incessant
Buzz of smothered frolic rises underneath his meagre nose.

And one pretty plague has during
All the class been caricaturing
Her short-sighted, good old Master with a world of wicked zest,

And the madcaps blush and titter
As they see the unconscious sitter
Sketched as Allophylian Savage—spectacled but much undressed.

But the old man turns the pages
Of the weird illumined ages,
Tracing from earth's mystic missal the antiquity of Man;

*Not six thousand years—but eras,
Ages, eons disappear as
Groping back we touch the system where the Human first began.*

*Centurics, as we retrogress, are
Dwarfed to days, says the Professor,
And our lineage was hoary ere Eve's apple-tree grew green;*

*For the bee, whose drowsy humming
Was prophetic of Man's coming,
Lies in gem-like tomb of amber, buried in the Miocene.*

*At what point man came, I know not,
Logic proves not, fossils show not,
But his dim remote existence is a fact beyond dispute*

*Look!—And from among some thirty
Arrow barbs of quartz and chert he
Takes the flint head of a hatchet,—and the girls grow hushed and mute.*

*Old, he says, art thou, strange stone! Nor
Less antique thy primal owner!
When the Fens were drained this axe was found below two forests sunk.*

*Underneath a bed of sea-clay
And two forests this relique lay
Where some Allophylian Savage left it in a half-hewn trunk*

*Does the old Professor notice
Large eyes, blue as myosotis,
Raised to him in startled wonder as those fatal words are said?*

*But for Phemie, thro' the trees in
Her dream forest, fact and reason
Blend with fancy, and her vision grows complete and clear and dread:*

*By the swamp in the forest
The sylvan girl sings
As his flint-headed hatchet
The wild Woodman swings,*

*But the hatchet cleaves fast in the trunk he has riven—
The Man stands unarmed as the Sabre-tooth springs!*

New Quarterly Magazine.

THE FRENCH REPUBLIC AND THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

It has never been a secret that the final establishment of the republic in France would be immediately followed by active measures in the sphere of national education. Activity in this direction inevitably, in England as in France, touches the passions and interests of the old teaching order. If a system of education is to be national, it must be organized; and if it is to be organized, it must cease to be sectarian, for the resources of the greatest sect are inadequate to the task, while to lend even to the greatest sect the resources of the State is inconsistent with the political ideas of modern times. It has been clearly foreseen, therefore, that the new republic would open its history by what could not be other than a bitter and prolonged struggle. The certainty of this was, of course, one of the causes of the hostility of the clergy

to the republic, throughout the last eight years. They were told with abundant candour what they had to expect. "The clergy," said M. Clemenceau, "must be taught that it is necessary to render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's; and that *everything is Cæsar's*." There was hardly an arrondissement in Paris where salvos of applause did not greet orators who said that they would not tolerate the priest in the family, in the school, or in any public function outside of the church. The further the speaker went at the meetings of the triumphant party, the louder the thunders of approval. In not a few places in Paris the spirit of Hébert or Chaumette re-appeared in full force. "What I want," said one citizen, "is the elimination of the churches." "Yes, yes," cried the audience, "no more churches! No more *jésuitières*! Down with all that!"

All this might have been neglected as the common form of the Parisian democracy. It was impossible to neglect the utterances of M. Gambetta. It was impossible, too, to misunderstand them. In his famous speech at Bordeaux this is what he said:—"I tell you that the urgent practical task of your representatives ought to be almost singly that of the organization in all degrees, from the point of view of the schools, from the point of view of programmes of instruction, from the point of view of means of study, from the point of view of finance—ought to be to assure the constitution of national education; and if we work in concert to begin a reform of this kind, there is no other which ought to draw us away, because the others can wait." At Lille he went more directly to the mark. "They have dared, yes, they have dared, under the name of liberty of superior instruction to pass a law, the label on which is calculated to cheat simple people. Liberty has nothing to do with it. The law is an instrument of division.

. . . The pupils who follow the new instruction will be brought up in the hatred of modern France, and the hatred of those principles of justice which form the base of our national laws. They will be brought up in their own country as if they were foreigners; it is *émigrés* and foes that will thus be formed in the midst of us; you will have sown a germ of discord and division, which, added to all the others, must inevitably lead to catastrophe and ruin." At Bordeaux, again, he branded the law that thus allows of the establishment of free universities in the hands of the clergy, as "a law of division, a law of retrogression, a law of hate, a law of disorganization, a law of moral anarchy for French society."

Both parties then were aware what would follow the final defeat of the conspiracy of the sixteenth of May, the resignation of the Marshal, and the accession to power of the sincere republicans. The great educational campaign, of which our generation is perhaps not likely to see the end, would at once open. The new government lost no time in introducing their measure. If that measure had been very much more moderate than it is, it would probably have served equally well as a signal for conflagration. And the conflagration is now at red heat. In every newspaper the battle is raging. It is not merely the question

of superior instruction that raises the dust and fury of conflict. In every corner of the vast field where clericals and liberals meet, the struggle goes on. In one place it is a light skirmish between two handfuls of free lances; in another it is the heavy shock of great bodies of men, with masterly organization and in full panoply. Passionate declamation and trivial anecdote, venomous satire against persons and magniloquent appeal to principles, the slang of the street, the thunders of the pulpit, the heavy drumming of philosophic text-books, the shrill whine of the Black, the rasping clamour of the Red, fill the air with an uproar that stuns and confuses. Any casual sheaf of journals from the first kiosk on any day you please shows what is going on every day.

Here it is a tale of some great lady on the occasion of her daughter's civil marriage, behaving with such studied levity and indifference towards the Mayor, that that functionary shut up his books, and told the astounded party to come again that day week—a lesson which the journalist would like to see taught with the same emphasis to all who dare to flout the authority of the State, when its exercise happens to be disagreeable to the Church. Another paper narrates how the laughter of a prominent Radical had been married the day before. The invitations to the civil ceremony were issued in the name of the father and mother of the bride, but the appended invitation to the religious ceremony was in the name of the mother only. When the bridal party came out from the Mairie, and went on in procession to the church, the father ostentatiously quitted them, and strolled under the neighboring arcades, poisoning the joy of the day, desolating the heart of his own daughter, exposing his wife to pity and satire, parading with the Satanic pride of the infidel, the hateful discord of a family divided against itself! The next sheet has a couple of columns dealing at large with the insolence of the clergy, and elaborating the malicious hint that as they draw their stipends from the State, they will do well to govern themselves accordingly, or else their day will be stopped. The *République Française*, so important a journal because a few weeks ago it belonged to so important a man, celebrates Easter by an article of which the central proposition is the round declaration that “religion is every day falling into deeper and deeper discredit.” To this, on the other side, the *Constitutionnel* cries out that to insist on France singing the *Marseillaise*, and yet to denounce everybody who says a Paternoster or a Credo, as a bad citizen and an enemy of the State, is odious, grotesque, brutally inconceivable; it confounds good sense and passes all belief; it makes one blush for the name of liberty and progress; it renders the future suspect, it sows hatred and terror; it kindles an atrocious and hideous civil war in the hearts and minds of men. If we turn to the more strictly ecclesiastical journals, that is a very old story. The Jesuits use very much the same language because they are not to be allowed to open schools in France, as the Pope used the other day because he is not allowed to shut schools in Rome. They borrow all the phrases about liberty,

tolerance, persecution, martyrdom, and the dependence of truth upon freedom, as if every form of intellectual freedom were not explicitly condemned in their own Syllabus. M. Ferry seldom escapes with an easier name than Nero or Diocletian, and he is most often Pontius Pilate. The republic is an orgy; liberalism is a hydra; interference with the illegal congregations is materialism, naturalism, and atheism, and the revolution has been from the very beginning the daughter of Satan; *potestas tenebrarum*, the mysterious and accursed power of darkness. The Archbishop of Aix turns his cheek to the smiter in this way:—"Who are these men," he cries, "who claim thus to mould your children in their image and likeness? You know, my very Christian brethren, the grotesque origin which they attribute to themselves in order to decline the honor of having been created, like common men, in the likeness and image of God; and yet perhaps they flatter themselves too highly in connecting themselves with I know not what apish ancestry. To judge by their designs and their acts, one would be rather tempted to take them for the descendants of those to whom our Lord Jesus Christ said: *Ye are of your father the devil, and the lusts of your father ye will do.* . . . Noble sons of Provence, will you suffer that your little ones shall be violently taken from their heavenly genealogy, to confound and destroy them forever in the infernal genealogy of the demon?" The liberals retaliate with an odious list of the shameful crimes for which priests and congreganists have been convicted within the last six months, and they add a map of the departments of France, with the non-authorized establishments marked upon it, and described as the Clerical Phylloxera, the deadly insect that devours the young shoots of the vine. The publisher of a radical paper was sentenced a few days ago to a fine and eight months of imprisonment for writing of Jesus Christ as the "Babagas of Golgotha."

It would, no doubt, be wrong to mistake the Parisian journalist for the French people. But all this can hardly be a mere blaze of straw. Though the peasant is master of France, the feeling of Paris counts for an immense force; and that feeling is anti-clerical with an aggressive intensity to which in no department of controversy in England is there anything at all approaching to a parallel. It is the dominant impulse, the decisive test, in the politics of the capital. When a man is a candidate for a seat in the city council, he does not merely say that he will keep the rates down; he assures the electors that he is strong for secular education, and will vote for such improved instruction for girls, that they may no longer from ignorance and superstition be the counsellors of the politics of religious egoism at the domestic hearth. This is the kind of thing that is forever glaring in all colours on the walls of Paris. There are five protestant members of the ministry, but it is no secret that it is not they who encouraged the introduction of the bill. The clergy know very well that it is no protestant enmity with which they have to deal here, but the old resolute, pertinacious, inappeasable hatred of Paris and the great towns.

If it is no straw fire on the one side, still less is it a straw fire on the other. The bishops called for a great manifestation of the Christian conscience of France, and their call is responded to by a vast cloud of petitions from every district in the country. The word is passed to fulminate against the bill from the pulpit, and fifty thousand priests fall to as one man, and beat the drum ecclesiastic. Their hearers have heard it all more than once before this, under monarchy and empire as loudly as now, and they know that in spite of all, so much religion as they need for the ordering of their lives still remains for their service and edification. But the perturbation is immense. It breaks that tranquillity which the ordinary Frenchman cherishes more than he cherishes any given form of government. Some observers are incensed against the bill because, they say, it will inevitably estrange the priests in Alsace-Lorraine from France, and it is the priests who keep alive in the breasts of the conquered population the flame of love for their old brethren and hatred for their new masters. Others more practically urge that the Senate will throw out the bill, the effect of which will be not only the troublesome ordeal of a ministerial crisis, but what is far more mischievous than that, a fatal breach in the harmony between the Senate and the Chamber.

The weight of such an objection as the last cannot be overrated. We can only suppose that the government have taken it into account, and for reasons that are not at present intelligible, have thought it their duty to face the risks. It is easily conceivable that there are ends of such moment, that a statesman might well think it his duty to pursue them at the cost even of the furious turmoil that now prevails in France. What we want to know is whether the particular measure which has been made the occasion for this demonstration of mutual hatred and contempt between the two parties, deserves sympathy in its principle, and approval for its present expediency. We have not now to discuss the question, wide-reaching and important as it is, whether it is expedient or inexpedient that the government of a country should meddle with education, either by conferring grants of money or by assuming a share in its direction and control. Nobody wishes to deprive the government of its sovereign right of testing the competency of those on whom it confers diplomas. It is assumed, also, in France that the State may, or is bound to, take a part in the regulation of instruction in all its degrees, and therefore we can only study French affairs profitably if we take this for granted, and start from the same point at which a French critic would begin. The issue is whether the State is, or is not in education to have a monopoly. And it is important, again, to realise that it is not an issue between a cast-iron system of State instruction, and a hundred rival societies, experiments, and fruitful developments of individual ingenuity and endeavour. It is not a battle between system and individuality, but between two cast-iron systems, in each of which there is exactly as little room for the originality of individual minds as in the other. It is an obvious mistake to carry the analogies of England or the United

States to a country with the ineradicable centralization of France, on the one hand, and the centralization of the Catholic Church on the other. It may be true, and it is true, that one of the main objects of every French statesman, after the consolidation of the republic, ought to be to weaken this traditional system, to loosen its hold upon the daily life and mental habits of the nation, and to prepare the way for the final establishment of a healthier system. But it would be folly and political fatuity to act as if this process had already been accomplished, and under the peculiar circumstances of France there are many excellent reasons why the process should not be hurried. In England, if you take away a given function in the department of national education from the Government, you do not know to whom it may fall instead of the Government. But in France you do know. In France, whatever is taken away in education from the State is given to the Church.

It is important to understand exactly what it is that the French Government, at this moment, propose to take away from the Church, or rather from certain members and classes whom the heads of the Church have taken under their special patronage. The Liberals are very anxious to assure us that this is a political question. The Government, no doubt, sincerely wish and intend it to be so. But we cannot always please ourselves as to when a question shall be political, and when it shall be something else. In all the controversies of national education, it happens to suit the convenience of the clerical party both in France and elsewhere, to insist that it is not a political question but a religious question. This is what makes the present agitation in France so serious. For a statesman to touch a religious question, Thiers said in 1871, is simple madness. The bill of M. Ferry, however, is capable of being regarded, as it was framed, not as an anti-religious measure, but as really in the domain of secular politics, and really prompted by considerations of secular statesmanship. We ought to begin then by understanding exactly what the bill proposes, and its relations to historic legislation on its own subject.

Under the first Empire the Government university had a complete monopoly of education in every degree, primary, secondary, and superior, all equally. The system was described as the Government applied to the universal control of public instruction. There was no education possible except in the State and by the State. Even the seminaries known as ecclesiastical secondary schools were governed by the university; they were organized by it, regulated under its authority, and instruction was given exclusively by its members. The Restoration lightened the yoke in a slight degree; still the Government retained a strict monopoly. The constitutional ministry of 1830 made the first breach by granting liberty of instruction in the primary schools. In spite of vehement efforts on the part of such powerful champions as Montalembert and Lacordaire, the movement went no

further. Secondary and superior instruction remained the monopoly of the Government. Then came the revolution of 1848, and one of the articles of the constitution of that memorable year declared that "*Instruction is free.*" In 1850 the important Falloux Law was passed. This measure opened the right of teaching, secondary as well as primary, but not superior, to every Frenchman, subject to certain conditions as to age, moral character, and diploma. There was only one class of restriction. A man who had undergone punishment for specified offences against the law could not become a teacher. The State still retained the monopoly of superior education. It was not until 1875, as we all know, that the law permitted any body of French citizens who chose, to establish faculties for the purposes of university teaching. As the law now stands, therefore, instruction is in all its three degrees free to all French citizens under the conditions already named in the Falloux Law.

The law now, in the words of the fourth clause of M. Ferry's bill, "recognises two kinds of schools of superior instruction. *a.* Schools or groups of schools founded or maintained by the communes or the State; these take the name of universities, faculties, or public schools. *b.* Schools founded or maintained by private individuals or by associations. These can take no other name than that of free schools." There is a sharp sting, however, in what reads like a plain statement of fact. The newly established faculties are no longer to be called universities. As if, say the bishops, the Church which first invented the name, and once covered the whole of Europe with universities, had not a right of possession, and for that matter the law of 1875 expressly recognised this right.

The important clauses of M. Ferry's bill are the first and the seventh. The first is as follows:—"Les examens et épreuves pratiques qui déterminent la collation des grades ne peuvent être subis que devant les établissements d'enseignement supérieur de l'Etat." That is to say, the free universities which were called into existence by the legislation of the last Assembly, are to retain their teaching power, but are to lose their examining power. The present examination for degrees in the case of the private students is that of the *jury mixtes*. The examiners are appointed partly from the public university, and partly from the free or private faculty. Under the bill, the representatives of the free university are to examine no longer, and the decision of the competency of every candidate alike is to rest with the government examiners. The opponents of the system that has been in operation since 1877 dislike it partly on political ground, and partly on an educational ground. They dislike it because it infringes what has for a century been an organic maxim in France, that inasmuch as the possession of a degree acts and is taken as a solemn guarantee of competence and responsibility by the national government, therefore the State is entitled or bound to take exclusively into its own hands the measures by which competence and responsibility are tested. This conception, whether sound or unsound, does as matter of fact prevail more or less

in all European countries, and it is not seriously contested by any practical group. It is the view of such a man as M. Renan, who is known to approve of M. Ferry's first clause, though he disapproves of the seventh. In the second place, they contend that as a matter of open and notorious fact, not only in France but in Belgium, the certificates of the *jurys mixtes* mark a lower standard of proficiency than those of the government university.

On the other hand those who defend the present system, pronounce it to be indispensable to the existence of any free faculties whatever. M. de Laveleye, who has watched the mixed system in operation in Belgium, his own country, states the case against M. Ferry's first section as follows:—"If the pupils are compelled to present themselves before official teachers, if no representative of the free universities is there to protect them, then they must evidently be in a position of great inferiority relatively to the pupils of the official university, who will be examined by their own teachers. It is clear that he who settles the examination, settles the teaching. The youth of the country will be forcibly absorbed by the official university. Those who follow the lectures of professors whose teaching will be the object of suspicion, would be exposed to great and constant risks of repulse.¹ The result of this clause of the bill will be to kill the free universities. Relying on the equity of the legislature, the free universities established themselves and won the confidence of a great number of families. Considerable interests had become involved, which are all overthrown and annihilated in order to restore a monopoly. This monopoly will reduce all consciences and all minds to one dead level through all generations." So much for the two opposed opinions on the first clause. It is a further grievance of the clerical party that the Minister so changes the constitution of the academic council, as to put the seal upon the sepulchre in which he intends to bury free instruction. The council was formerly composed of men representing a great variety of institutions, the Cour de Cassation, the Institute, the College of France, the Superior Council of Agriculture, and so forth. The new council, on the contrary, designed as it is to protect the restored monopoly of the State, is described as chosen almost without exception from the professors of the university.

The seventh clause is a much more serious matter:—

"*Nul n'est admis à participer à l'enseignement public ou libre, ni à diriger un établissement d'enseignement de quelque ordre que ce soit, s'il appartient à une congrégation religieuse non autorisée.*" It is said that this clause is likely to be made even more widely restrictive when the report of the committee on the bill is laid before the Chamber; but we may discuss

(1) This argument from so competent an observer is worth the attention of those English Liberals, who contend that Irish Catholics ought to be amply contented if the pupils from their own college are allowed to earn their degrees from a board of examiners appointed by the Government.

it as it stood in the original draft.¹ The principle of restriction is definitely stated, and it is on the principle of restriction that the discussion turns. The reader will notice that though the bill is a bill on superior education, and in the other clauses only affects superior education, the restriction of this clause covers all the three orders of instruction.

Now it is a point of capital importance that the congregations from whom it is now proposed to take the power of teaching in schools, are not authorised by the law. Most English criticism of the bill seems to have made somewhat too light of this. To thrust it into the background, is to hide one of the keys to the discussion. The legitimist monarchy was as firm and as definite as the Republic can ever be, in denouncing those who unite to live under statutes that have never been communicated to the government and have never been approved in the form for such cases prescribed, as entering into such unions in contumacious and direct contravention of the laws. Not only was the Society of Jesus abolished by special edicts in the reigns of Louis XV. and Louis XVI., but at three different dates subsequently general laws suppressed all religious associations of men in France. Later laws made provision for such associations, principally for purposes of charity, and of elementary instruction in schools for the poor. In these capacities they exist within the legal order, and go about their business in tending the sick, and teaching the children. But it was only permitted to them to form their societies upon terms, and with these terms it is impossible for the Jesuits to comply. That famous body exists in France, but it exists apart from the law, and without the assent of the law. It cannot now, and it could not any more under the monarchy of the Restoration, buy, sell, acquire, possess, or be a party in a court of law. It was not a republican, but Portalis, the minister of Charles X., who went on to argue that buying, selling, possessing, and being a party in a law-suit, were far less conspicuous ways of calling the attention of the government to a violation of the laws, than publicly to direct the greatest schools in the country. The State, he said, was much more keenly interested in knowing and authorising those who presented themselves to form faithful subjects and good citizens, than those who only claimed the rights connected with corporate property. Hence the decree of 1828, while Charles X. was in full power, formally interdicting both the control of educational institutions, and the function of teaching in them, to any and every person "belonging to a religious congregation not legally established in France." In 1845 the same law was re-discussed, and again deliberately proclaimed.

(1) According to the amended proposals, no member of a religious congregation will hereafter be permitted to give instruction, either in public or in private, unless the congregation of which he is a member shall have been specially authorised to teach. It will not be sufficient that the congregation to which he belongs is one of the legally recognised congregations; it must be further specially authorised to teach.

In what sense, however, does a French Jesuit contravene the law? Lawyers of the clerical party boldly contend that though there are statutes declaring religious communities of men incapable of certain rights that belong to other corporate bodies, yet there is no text which makes the existence of a religious community of men a legal offence, carrying with it to individuals the incapacitating consequences of such offence. If it were otherwise, they say pertinently enough, why should M. Ferry need a new law? They go on to say—and very edifying it sounds on the lips of the party of the Syllabus—that to establish affiliation with a religious community as a legal offence, would be to commit an unconstitutional attack on that liberty of conscience which has been solemnly stated and restated in every constitution since 1789. We may listen with some impatience to pleas for liberty of association from the party which is on all possible occasions the resolute foe of every form of association except their own. And it is difficult to see why a member of the International should be liable to prosecution, while a member of a society whose chief lives at Rome or Florence, and which has affiliated branches in all parts of the world,—the Black International,—escapes scot-free. But the fact that the law against the Jesuits, Dominicans, and the rest, has not been applied, and that they are not turned out of the country or otherwise punished, gives an equivocal and suspicious air of injustice to a project which strikes them with a new and penal restriction. To begin at this time of day to re-inflict a disqualification which had been abandoned, is certainly on the face of it an unwelcome retrogression. At the same time, it is absurd to cry out against the renewal of a disability which has existed for the best part of the last hundred years,—under the empire, the legitimist monarchy, the constitutional monarchy,—as if it were some novel and tyrannical invention of the new republic.

There is another point on which English opinion may easily be led into a mistaken sympathy with the French clericals. We are only too familiar in our own struggle for national education with the unscrupulous misrepresentations of the sectarian party, and it is not surprising that the same devices should be used in the fiercer struggle in France. We are led to believe that the bill will drive religion out of the schools. With characteristic confusion of mind—to give them the benefit of a charitable construction—the clerical party are protesting shrilly against the separation of religion from education. How? Because in certain cases lay teaching is being substituted for congreganist teaching. This is done in the case of the primary schools by the action of the municipal councils through the préfets. But this is an entirely different thing from separating secular and religious instruction, for the simple reason that the lay teacher is as much bound to give religious instruction as is the congreganist teacher! At present lay and congreganist teaching are on the same footing. If the Catholic fathers of families are in a majority in the commune, they are free to choose congreganists for teachers. The freedom is said to be even abused. Prejudice, habit, the influence of the mother, the frequent bait of a large gratuity,

—all these agencies, we are told, decide the municipal councils only too often to establish the congreganist system. But this is not from any preference for religious instruction. That is equally assured, as the law now stands, in the lay schools. That a section of the liberals are working,—as English liberals will again work when interest in improving our system revives,—for the relegation of religious teaching to religious ministers in their own sphere, is quite true. But that does not touch the present controversy.

It always assists us to understand the scope and prospect of any measure, if we discover that there are men of consideration who will accept its general object and go a certain way into its methods, but stop short of complete approval. Such men are by no means always in the right; on the contrary they are very often in the wrong. But their view is instructive, especially in the case of another country, where a foreign observer needs all the help that he can get, to realise the true force and bearing of things, apart from the slippery illusions of phrases and abstract principles. Now it is agreed by many of those—including the orthodox Protestants—who most warmly condemn the bill of M. Ferry as unjust, inexpedient, and inopportune, in excluding a class of citizens from the rights of citizens, that the government might safely and wisely have done three things, all of them tending in the same direction towards a curtailment of clerical usurpations. First, they are right in resuming for the government not only the exclusive function of prescribing the conditions of examination for degrees, but the exclusive right of appointing the examiners. Next, they say, it might properly have insisted that the government should take upon itself the office of systematically inspecting the establishments belonging to the unauthorised congregations. It is difficult to understand clearly how inspection of this kind could have come to anything. The inspection could never be close and frequent enough to suppress the distillations of that indirect influence which is what the liberals are really aiming at. The only sanction, again, at the disposal of a government, from whom a school asks nothing save the permission to exist, would be termination of its existence, and it would be less trouble to close all such schools in gross by an act of legislation, than to close them in detail by acts of administration. Even if the report were designed to be a mere naked deliverance, to which neither the directors of a school nor the parents of the boys in it need pay more attention than they might think fit, is it not certain in the highly exacerbated state of feeling which is chronic in such matters, that the directors of the school would set down a hostile report to republican malice, that the parents would believe them, and that probably in some cases directors and parents would not be very far wrong in so believing? A third change, which it is said by the moderates that the government might legitimately have pressed, is the abolition of Letters of Obedience. A letter of obedience is a document given by bishops to women, and entitles the recipient to dispense with a further passport, to travel half-price by the railway, and to teach in the congreganist schools. This instrument is said to

be grossly abused, as perhaps considering the nature of bishops and of women we might expect that it would be grossly abused. It is given to women so ignorant that they can barely read or write, and they do not even teach the girls in the schools how to sew or knit. Their sole business is to immerse the poor little creatures in the prayers of the church, and to inculcate upon them the most grovelling articles of belief. No person whose sense is not overcome by party-spirit would deny that a privilege of this kind should be withdrawn, and that the same certificate of capacity which is exacted from a teacher in a government school should be exacted from all other teachers.

On these points, then, there is little difference of opinion among the kind of Liberals who answer in France, say, to Mr. Playfair in our own country. There are men, and men of eminence, like M. Laboulaye, who wish the Catholic liberty of examining for degrees to remain as it is, but there is no considerable political group among the Left who cling to this privilege. If these changes would have sufficed to conciliate moderate opinion, it is asked, why not have been content with them?

On the whole there is no serious complaint against the secular teaching of the Jesuits. The partisans of each side no doubt endeavour to disparage the attainments of the other. The *XXIX Siècle* takes up a provincial paragraph to the effect, that the director of a congreganist school in the south knew his geography no better than to answer in an examination that Cette is a port at the mouth of the Gironde. The *Univers* promptly retorts by reminding its enemy that one writer in the organ of compulsory and secular instruction has made the Volga flow into the Baltic, and another had supposed the Bormida to be in Egypt! And so forth. But this is merely part of the game. The most that their enemies seem to be able to say is, that in the schools of the religious orders too much attention is paid to comfort. The boys are better tended, better fed, better trained in those maxims and habits which in grown-up men we call knowledge of the world. All this is assumed to be so much taken from solid study. But the evidence is slight, and the conviction does not strike one as very deep even in those who use this among other and weightier arguments. The Jesuits have no scruple, and this is to their credit, in resorting to teachers who are not Jesuits, when such teachers are more efficient than members of their own body. One of the most successful schools in Paris, which prepares admirable pupils for Saint Cyr and the Polytechnic, belongs to the Jesuits; but they have always sought the best teacher wherever they could find him, whether Catholic or freethinker. It is characteristic of what one must call the blind hatred that reigns on both sides in France, that an eminent Radical to whom an English visitor mentioned the great success of this school, promptly explained it by the treachery of the authorities of Saint Cyr and the Polytechnic: all the official classes were favourable to the clericals, and no doubt the chiefs of the French Woolwich and Sandhurst habitually let the teachers of the *Ecole des Postes* beforehand into the secrets of the examination papers!

It is not, however, generally true that parents send their sons to the schools of the unauthorised associations, because the secular instruction is particularly good. There seems to be two reasons for the comparative popularity of these schools. First of all, they are cheaper. The celibacy of the teacher makes his requirements fewer, he is willing to content himself with something less than would be necessary to a man with a family. Besides this, there are legends of private bounty on an immense scale, which enable the schools to sell their instruction below cost price; but one cannot help suspecting that there may be some exaggeration in estimating the effect of this element. Secondly, there is a slight social advantage on the side of the Jesuit schools. The small Legitimists of the provinces always send their sons to them, and so it comes that the upper middle class, who like to think of their children sitting on the bench with the son of M. le Comte and M. le Marquis, send them also to the Jesuits. The English reader, who knows the eagerness of the new rich to send their boys to Eton, not for education, but for social tone and the chance of scraping acquaintance with a lord, will understand all this readily enough. But there are other considerations, of which he will scarcely hear without a smile. The Jesuits not only keep a keen eye in after life upon a pupil, whose promise has excited their interest, and push him on in his business or profession; they are also an *agence de mariage*, skilful and influential brokers in the great market of young men and young women, and their favour is thought an excellent way to a good match.

What is the real objection in the minds of some of the strongest and coolest men in France to the interference of the religious orders in national education? What at bottom is the consideration that commends the new law to responsible statesmen? For we ought not to forget that it by no means originated with a pack of journalistic firebrands, and that it is ardently approved by more than one powerful man, who is neither doctrinaire nor fanatical Voltairian. The sovereign argument of the political chiefs who approach the matter from the purely political side is that which we quoted at the outset of this paper from the speeches of M. Gambetta. To allow the Orders to teach, and the bishops to direct faculties of superior education, is to invite the division of the nation into two. That half of the nation which is instructed in the Government schools will imbibe one set of ideas, and the half which is instructed in the ecclesiastical schools will imbibe another set of ideas, the contraries of the first. The two great groups will grow up to speak different languages, will be animated by mutually hostile aspirations, will not love the same country. They will hate one another as Orangemen and Papists hate one another in Ireland. Is not this, we are asked, exactly what has happened in Belgium? In Belgium superior education is free, and the government universities and the ecclesiastical universities are on an equal footing. The result is the most distracted country in Europe. Belgium is in a permanent state of civil war, which would inevitably end in the violent disruption of its whole political system, if it were

not in some sort held together by the safeguard of external Powers. We are reminded of what was said by a Belgian statesman to a writer in these pages a half-dozen years ago:—' We thought that to found liberty it was enough to proclaim it, to guarantee it, and separate Church from State. With pain I see that we were mistaken. The Church, trusting for support to the rural districts, is bent on imposing its power absolutely. The large towns, which have been won over to modern ideas, will not give way without a struggle. We are drifting to civil war, as in France. We are already in a revolutionary situation. The future before my eyes is big with storms.'

Why, they say, should the course of things run differently in France? There, too, the influence of the Catholic priesthood is enormous, as anybody may see for himself, who does no more than count up the legacies and donations conferred on ecclesiastical establishments and religious congregations.¹ If the men who opposed Federalism ninety years since were right, it cannot be wrong to oppose with might and main this profounder destruction of the integrity of the country that is going on before our eyes in our own day. Federalism meant no more than the political independence of various sections of the land; but what France has to confront now is a peril that goes infinitely deeper than mere political separatism, a peril that means fierce moral dissension, anarchic hatred of citizen for citizen, a severance of a great nation of brethren into two camps of furious and irreconcilable foes. It is the dragon's teeth of Cadmus that liberty permits the church to sow throughout France.

The force of such considerations as these, nobody will be likely to deny, who has reflected on the conditions and destinies of the Catholic societies of Europe and South America. There is a real peril, but the question between us and the French government turns on the way in which it should be met. It cannot be met in all Catholic countries in the same way, and there is no common canon of political criticism that will rule each case. The Falk Laws, for instance, are on a different plane from M. Ferry's law, because Dr. Falk was imposing restrictions

(1) These donations and legacies are only valid on condition that they have been authorised by decree of the President of the Republic in the Council of State. The official report which has been published as to the decrees submitted to the Council of State shows the extent of the gifts and bequests made during the five years between 1872 and 1877, distributed as follows:—

Congrégations religieuses	16,340,544 £.
Paroisses	26,929,135
Evêchés	5,134,899
Cures	3,199,051
Séminaires	2,426,327
Ecoles secondaires ecclésiastiques	1,153,856
Chapitres	253,209
Maisons de retraite	203,167

Total 5,351,189 £.

That is to say, about two millions and a quarter sterling in all.

of a disciplinary and other kinds on a paid and privileged Church of the State, and I for one have never been able to see that a paid and privileged Church has any business to complain, if its pay and privileges are granted on conditions. M. Ferry, on the other hand, imposes a restriction on a class who neither receive nor ask anything from the State, except to be left alone. But if the two sets of Laws were more alike than they are, we should still have to take into consideration the different histories of the French and Germans, the different conditions of their populations, the different relations that have subsisted between the government and the clergy in the history of the two countries; and it might appear that restrictions were right and expedient in the one case, which would be neither right nor expedient in the other. Belgium, again, stands distinctly within historic conditions of its own, and there are some observers who think that the Liberals of that country lost their last chance when they were cut off from Holland.

But France is not Belgium. In spite of divisions so intense that they sometimes might almost make one suspect that the moral anarchy which her statesmen dread has already come upon her, her people have historic traditions, economic interests, an incomparable vivacity of intelligence, a constant accessibility to ideas, which might be trusted to protect them for the next century, as they have done in the last, against the new invasion of superstition and bigotry. If the ecclesiastical influence grows, it is at least due to voluntary adhesion. If parents choose to send their sons to schools under ecclesiastical direction, there must be an attraction of some kind in such schools, and what the Government ought to do is not to drive out the teachers and close the doors, but to bestir itself to provide higher attractions of its own. That the Republican Government is active in spreading its schools, we are aware. The budget for primary instruction has gone up since 1870 from eleven millions of francs to thirty millions. The budget for superior instruction has been more than doubled within six years. Building and equipment of institutions for superior instruction are going on in Paris and the Departments, to the amount of two millions sterling. Fine laboratories are being built. New chairs are founded. The School of Medicine is being reconstructed. The School of Chemistry is nearly finished. The old Sorbonne will soon make room for a monument worthy of its imperishable name. Why not remain in this good way? Why not drive out the congregationists, if they are to be driven out, not by doubtful repression, but by vigorous competition?

There is a still more important question to which no proper answer is to be had. Is the sentiment of the French nation in favour of legislation of this kind, or against it? If the common sentiment is against it, then it is inconsistent with the principles of sound government, to force a law for which opinion is not only not prepared, but against which it is actively hostile. If on the contrary, the common sentiment is in favour of it, then the law is superfluous; it cannot be worth while

to introduce legislation of the most violently irritating kind, merely to guard the nation against perils from which its own firm prepossessions would guard it independently of legislation. The law is either impotent, or it is unnecessary. We ask what it is that the Radicals dread in the teaching of the clericals, and we are told that what they dread and what they are fighting against is not the theology but the politics of the clerical teachers. We press the matter with importunity, and ask what it is that they are afraid of in the politics of the clericals. The answer is that they will bias the minds of their pupils against the republic, against civil marriage, in favour of the old aristocratic system, in favour of the old system of landed property. This is the best answer that is given by the most intelligent of the advocates of the bill. But what can be more incredible, more contrary to notorious experience, than that the son of the French peasant should lend an ear to direct maxims or privy inuendoes against the most sacred, ineradicable, violent, fundamental of all the assumptions of the daily life of his home! The peasant's strongest passion is his passion for his land, and his most inveterate hate is his hate against the memories of his old *régime*. Words are powerful, no doubt; but what words from priest or congregationist will avail against the overwhelming motives of independence, self-respect, material well-being, and against a type of living which has been finally developed by a century of habit and possession? What is odd is that the very people who thus profess to dread the sinister teaching of the priest and his allies, are most confident in assurances to their English friends that France is Voltairean to the core; that the peasant will go up to his curé, ask him for what candidate he intends to vote, and then walk away to vote as matter of course for his rival; that there is no real Catholicism in France except among the old families and the upper bourgeoisie who imitate the old families, as in England our enriched dissenter turns Churchman; that the great mass of the people of France are willing to respect the priest so long as he confines himself to his functions at baptisms and funerals, on Sundays and at Easter, but that no creature in the world is so suspicious, as the peasant, so jealous, so umbrageous, if the priest attempts by one hair's-breadth to cross the well-defined line that separates his business from that of other people. If all this be so—and nowhere is the state of things more graphically painted than by the clericals themselves when it suits them to deplore the fearful ravages of the Voltairean wolf in the field—then where is the peril, the urgency, the crying need to save the State?

Even if the peril is really so portentous, and if restriction be the right method, then M. Ferry's bill is inadequate. The conclusion is too narrow for the premises. It is assumed that civil society is menaced in the very foundations of its fabric, that the current of ultramontanism has burst its banks, and threatens to flood modern civilization in a sombre deluge of superstition and absolutism. Education is only a pretext. Religious opinions are only a mask for politics, and for a war to the knife against civil and political laws. If this be so,

the liberal cry, would it not be to show ourselves the dupes of mere words to remain inactive and disarmed before a foe whose dexterity and whose daring are equally unbounded? Opinion, we are told, does not demand persecution, but what it insists upon is that the government shall stand firm against the storm that has been let loose by an irrepressible and lawless order. But if so formidable a tempest is unchained, are not those right who ask whether you are likely to force the swollen torrent back to its bed by closing eighty-nine ecclesiastical colleges, and forbidding some seven thousand congregationalists—eight hundred of them Jesuits—from teaching? The heart of the clerical peril is not in the Jesuits or the unauthorised congregations. It is the authorised congregations with whom you ought to deal boldly, because the authorised congregations control primary instruction, and primary instruction is everywhere admitted to be within the exclusive functions of the State. The answer is that this will come in good time. At present the normal schools for training government teachers are wholly unequal to supply the required number. Action is already taken towards establishing a normal school in each department, but the process is still incomplete. It is well known, too, that a strong and comprehensive measure is being prepared for making attendance at school compulsory. If you will only wait, say the ministerialists, you will see that we are not so impotent as to suppose our task to be finished with the indirect suppression of the free faculties, and the direct suppression of the unauthorised teachers. But then why have begun this immense process by a restriction which divides liberals, and incenses clericals, without any sort of proportionate gain?

Finally, there is a vital objection to the policy of the bill, and it is simply this. The law will inevitably be without effective operation. This is an objection so fatal, and so undeniable, that we are perplexed to understand how the able men who support the new policy can persist. An ardent and influential advocate of the bill confessed to the present writer, in the midst of a vigorous and unflinching contention on its behalf, his intimate conviction that its provisions would be evaded. Nobody doubts it. At the Catholic congress in Paris a few days ago a lay member, a lawyer, drew a pathetic picture of the unfortunates whom the new bill would strip of their profession and their livelihood, and send wandering over their native land, proscripsts within the bosom of their own country. The thought of such a spectacle filled him with sombre thoughts and crushed his heart. But the orator soon took comfort. After all, the laws of the Church allow the Pope to relieve a member of a religious order from his vows. Many members, he said, will no doubt be so relieved; and these will be the most devout, the most strongly attached to their order, in general the superiors of houses. They may have been Jesuits, Marists, Dominicans, Eudists, and so forth, but they will be so no longer. What can your new law say to them? Yet their spirit, methods, aims, all that you suppose you are going to annihilate, will remain exactly what

they were. It has been said indeed that the government will meet this by exacting a declaration from every candidate who is a priest, not only that he is not, but that he never has been, a member of one of the non-authorised orders. But such a design can hardly be seriously maintained.

Then there are the Jesuits of the short robe—the laymen, with wives and children, living exactly as other men do. Nobody knows that they belong to the order. Is some inquisitorial process to be set up for compelling them to disclose their secret? It is impossible. Finally, the same ingenuity which enables the orders to evade the laws about property would infallibly serve to evade the proposed laws about education. In the case of property, *prête-noms* hold on trust. In the case of education, the superior of an establishment might cease, under the compulsion of the law, to preside over it, but it would be easy to provide that he should be replaced by a successor who would obey the same inspirations and zealously carry out the same system, now erected into a point of honour, and consecrated by persecution.

All these considerations are so obvious, the flaws in the logic of the defenders of restriction and repression are so plain and decisive, that calm onlookers may well suspect that the bill is rather of the nature of a weapon of retaliation, than a well-considered attempt to reconstitute national education. We may understand the desire of a French liberal to be avenged on the party which for so many years has kept his country in an inextricable network of fiery perils. But this is a mere infirmity of the flesh. Hatred is not in the catalogue of a statesman's virtues. Party revenge is no fit passion for a man who loves his country. Let the clericals steal our maxims, but never let them tempt us into borrowing their methods.

JOHN MORLEY, in *The Fortnightly Review*.

COMMERCIAL DEPRESSION AND RECIPROCITY.

The commercial distress continues. The suffering it creates is scarcely abated. It began, it may be said, with the American financial crisis in 1873; it then spread, more or less, over the whole world, especially amongst the nations most distinguished by civilisation, by industrial energy, and by commercial ability. It has visited mankind with a depression unequalled for width of range and intensity of suffering and duration. Great populations are bowed down with markets destitute of buyers, with profits diminished or extinguished altogether, with wages ever sinking, labourers thrown out of employment, their families reduced to misery, great factories and mines ceasing to work, merchants and shopkeepers paralysed with losses, the once well-off brought to poverty by failing dividends, impoverishment working its way into well-nigh every household. These are fearful

events: still more is a depression, prevailing for so many years in an age marked by unprecedented industrial and commercial power, a phenomenon calculated to excite wonder. By what causes can such a desolation have been brought about? Civilisation never was so strong before, with powerful machinery for the production of wealth. At no preceding time has such a breadth of cultivated land been applied to the support of human life. The instruments for distributing wealth—ships and railroads—were never so abundant. The nations of the world have been welded together into a compact whole, and distant lands have been made close neighbours to each other by inventions which a century ago would have filled every mind with astonishment. By what conceivable force has it come to pass, amidst resources so many and so mighty, that impoverishment, destitution, and misery have raised their heads in every region of the globe?

An eager search for the causes which have generated so terrible a calamity has occupied the thoughts of countless minds. The press of every country has abounded with suggested explanations of the disaster. Parliaments and Chambers of Commerce have eagerly debated the source of so much suffering. All classes of society, the rich and the working men, have ardently discussed the dark problem; every kind of theory has been brought forward for rendering such distress intelligible. Men of the highest ability, statesmen and traders, great employers and leaders of unions, have poured out explanations, and have founded on them the proposal of remedies; nevertheless, it cannot be yet said that a clear understanding of the real nature of the depression and of its originating cause has been reached and generally recognised. A further investigation seems not only allowable but needed.

In the first place, What is the meaning of the expression—commercial depression? Want of buyers, deficiency of buying power, markets unable to take off the goods made and repay their cost of production. Makers and sellers are depressed; they cannot find the indispensable buyers. But why are buyers few and weak? Because there is an immense diminution of the means of purchasing. In what does purchasing power consist? In goods to give in exchange; these are the things with which buying is made. Money, it is true, whether of coin or paper, is the actual instrument of buying and selling; but money is only a tool for exchanging purposes, and must itself be procured by the buyer by a previous sale of his own goods. Every purchase with money implies a previous sale of goods for acquiring the money; hence each such purchase is only half a transaction. The hatter sells his hat for a sovereign, and with that sovereign buys a pair of shoes; the hat has been exchanged for shoes. It was the hat which bought the shoes; and the great truth stands out clear that all power of buying resides ultimately in commodities.

Hence we can answer the question, Why is there commercial depression? Because there are few commodities, few goods to buy with. Thus trade becomes stagnant, mills and factories are paralysed or work

on a smaller scale, money markets are agitated, banks and great firms break, from one single cause—goods to buy with are deficient. Those who formerly had produced wealth, and with it procured money wherewith to purchase, no longer possess such wealth: they have no goods, or few, and the markets are struck with palsy, and makers, both masters and labourers, are visited with serious loss or ruin, simply through lack of buyers. This explanation places us at the heart of the commercial depression. Manufacturers and sellers cannot dispose of the commodities they have produced, because the usual purchasers have few or no goods wherewith to buy. The question immediately arises, How came it to pass that the buyers and consumers lost their power of purchasing, have fewer goods to give in exchange? In consequence of a general fact which was itself the result of many possible causes. There has been over-consumption, more has been consumed and destroyed than was made to replace the consumption. Over-consumption did the mischief. It left a net diminution of the stock of commodities to exchange, and thereby brought consumers and would-be buyers to poverty.

But what is over-consumption? Are not all things, all wealth, consumed? They are; all articles made are consumed and destroyed; some very swiftly, such as food, coals, and the like; others very slowly, such as engines, buildings, ships, and generally all fixed capital. So far, consumption is universal, and over-consumption is a phrase which cannot be used. But here a distinction comes into play, which explains the nature and essence of over-consumption. All consumable things divide themselves into two classes—first, capital; and secondly, luxuries or enjoyments. The test which discriminates between the two is this—capital is consumed and destroyed, but is restored in its integrity, if business is sound, in the wealth produced; luxuries disappear, and leave nothing behind them. The food and clothing of the labourers, the manures bought and laid out on the land, the wear and tear of the ploughs, are all reproduced in the wheat grown. The consumption of the hounds and huntsmen generates nothing but enjoyment. Capital, we know, is the sum total of all the things which are necessary for the production of wealth; and it is clear that if the capital thus destroyed is restored in full in the products realized, the making power of the nation will remain undiminished, its possession of wealth will continue the same, its buying and selling will go on as usual, and no commercial depression will make its appearance. The nation will retain its prosperity; there will be the same quantity of commodities to be exchanged. But now reverse the process. Let a portion of the capital destroyed be not replaced by the products; the necessary consequence will be that with lessened producing power there will be a diminution of the wealth made. The nation will now be poorer; it has less to consume. The cause is at once visible—the capital has been destroyed and restored only in part: this is true over-consumption.

Mere truisms, we shall be told—everybody knows them. Perfectly

true; but truisms are the special, the greatest forces of political economy. Much more, yet truisms are everlastingly forgotten; they are the last things which occur to the minds of even able and intelligent men for the explaining of economical phenomena. They are not clever, not subtle enough; they belong too much to everybody; but, by being passed over, they leave facts and their causes unexplained.

And now let us cast our eyes around us, and try whether we can discover over-consumption enough to account for the magnitude and severity of the commercial depression. But before doing this, it is desirable to make a few remarks on some explanations which have been largely insisted on as revealing the origin of the suffering. The most popular is over-production: too many goods, it is said, have been made. The demand, the natural demand, of the markets has been exceeded; unsaleableness and loss are the inevitable consequences. It is true that there has been over-production, and it is perhaps still slightly going on; but it was the second, not the first stage of the malady. Speculative over-production is a very common occurrence. The wealth of a particular market is over-estimated; adventurers push forward, the market becomes glutted, and loss ensues. But such over-production does not last long; it speedily corrects itself, and speculation of this kind never is found existing in all markets at the same time. Now the leading feature of the depression is its universality; it shows itself in almost all countries simultaneously; and this is decisive against over-production being its origin. General over-production is impossible till the millennium arrives, when every man shall have wealth and enjoyment, shall be rich, to the utmost extent of his desires, and no one will be willing to work in order to obtain more.

Many of the working classes have laid the blame of the suffering on the misconduct of manufacturers who have adulterated their goods and driven off consumers from buying them. But this explanation is a complete mistake. The unworthy, the insane behaviour of such misdoers cannot be too severely reprobated; but it would not create a universal depression. English calicoes, unsaleable in China, could not create stagnation of trade in America, in France, and in Germany; on the contrary, it would tend to impart increased activity to rivals who now could compete with especial credit against British makers in foreign lands.

Another explanation of the commercial distress has recently come forward in some quarters; and much stress has been laid upon it by Lord Beaconsfield, in a speech in the House of Lords, on the depression of agriculture. "Gold," it is alleged, "is every day appreciating in value, and as it appreciates in value the lower become prices." The mines of the world furnish diminishing supplies of the metal in which prices are estimated; it is becoming scarcer, whilst the wants for coin, as trade develops itself in new countries, are continually increasing. The metal is scarcer and in greater demand; its value rises, and consequently less of it, as price, is given for commodities. Traders encounter lowering prices, and are plunged into losses.

Such is the theory; but even if the facts on which it is founded were established it would furnish no real explanation of a commercial depression so protracted. Gold, it is affirmed, is appreciated; but what is the proof of the truth of this assertion? There are very few facts harder to prove or disprove than an increase or decrease of the value of gold compared with that of other commodities. The process for discovering the existence and the magnitude of such a fact is most difficult. To show that the mines have poured smaller quantities of the metal into the world by itself alone is no proof at all that its value has mounted up; the actual existence of that rise of value must be demonstrated; and a change in the supply affords no such proof. The effect of the lessened production must be distinctly shown; and how is this to be done? Gold, in a country where it is the standard, measures every value of every commodity, for all have their prices given in gold. A change in the value of gold affects every price; and that there has been such a general change of prices must be shown by every price being equally altered. But a fatal difficulty besets this calculation. The price of every article can vary in two ways. In exchanging it for gold, the value of the gold, on the one side, may have changed, and less or more of it will be given for the commodity. But at the very same time, on the other side, the value of the commodity also may have altered, from causes connected with its production; and so two forces may be telling upon it at the same moment, and they may be acting in opposite directions. The changed value of the metal may be lowering the price, whilst the new circumstances of the article sold may be sending it up. Thus the investigator encounters conflicting phenomena leading to opposite conclusions, whilst the validity of his proof, that there has been appreciation or depreciation, depends absolutely on his establishing that all prices have alike been affected by the change in the value of gold. To arrive at a conclusion that is trustworthy, he must deal with the contradictory evidence given by the articles whose prices have moved in what he considers the wrong direction. He must look into their history, and point out the forces which in each case have been more than a match for the altered value of gold. In these investigations, such articles are always numerous—and vast, complicated, and of uncertain issue is the task to attain a result which can be depended upon as true. It was largely and confidently held that the new discoveries of Californian and Australian gold had created a great depreciation of gold. I am compelled to confess that in presence of counter-movements of price in so many important articles of general consumption, I have never been able to feel that that proposition had been made good.

The variation, then, in the supply of the metal is in nowise sufficient evidence of a corresponding change of prices, especially in a case like that before us; when, as another writer has pointed out in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, April 2, 1879, "the average annual production of gold in all quarters has been very little less than it was twenty years ago. For the seven years, 1872-1878, there was a diminution of 8 per cent. ; not

a decrease likely to produce such a fall of 50 to 80 per cent. in general prices as we see around us." Then there arises the critical question—Have no forces come into play to counteract the tendency of a diminished supply to cause appreciation? "Fifty-nine millions of gold were added to the banking reserves, which are specifically a support and stimulus to credit and trade." Other machinery also has been brought to combat the hypothetical increased value of the gold; other contrivances to perform the same work, so as to render nugatory the reduced supply. "In the United Kingdom there are several more bank offices now than in 1872. In the leading Continental countries the increase of such facilities has been far greater; and the same is true of all North, and of a large part of South America." A Parliamentary Committee, even under the authority of the Prime Minister, would have but scanty materials for establishing the fact of an appreciation of gold.

But a far stronger reason can be given for disconnecting a variation in the value of gold from the creation of the commercial depression which has so long prevailed. Granted, let us say, that there is appreciation—that gold is worth more of all other commodities—that all prices have dropped, because a smaller quantity of gold has the same power in exchanging that the larger previously possessed. What possible effect can such an event produce in engendering a long-continued commercial depression? The appreciation attacks all prices alike; all articles of every kind now sell for less, save where circumstances incident to the article itself battle against the fall of nominal value. All commodities, everything for sale, stand in identically the same position towards each other. The seller of tea, with less money received, can buy as much bread or clothing as before, for they too stand at a lower price. A universal reduction of all prices has no importance. A sovereign does its work with precisely the same efficiency, whether it is worth ten shillings or thirty. The change of prices creates no poverty; there is the same quantity of wealth in the country as before, save only in respect of the use of gold in the arts. Gold ornaments become dearer in the future; that is all. Commercial depression, we have seen, means diminished power of buying; who can buy one particle the less, because all prices have gone up or down? If a man sells at a smaller figure, he also buys at the same reduction. Trade can be, will be, so far, as brisk as ever, the artistic employment of gold excepted. Coin is only a tool. It brings no riches to a nation; no buying power. The great service it renders to men is to get over the difficulties of real barter. If appreciation or depreciation of gold drove society to barter, then the evil would be enormous; but a change of value acts only on the manner of using the tool of exchange. A greater or less weight of metal has to be employed, and there ends the matter. What conceivable depression of trade is found in altering the weight of a tool, however universal it be?

Nevertheless, a change in the value of the currency, especially if it is sudden and large, always produces very grievous havoc, but not commercial depression. It creates thorough disturbance in the rela-

tions which debtors and creditors bear to each other. It benefits one class, and equally injures the other. The debtor who is pledged to pay a certain number of sovereigns, if there has been appreciation, is compelled to purchase those sovereigns with a larger quantity of his wealth; he loses. On the other hand his creditor is now able to purchase more goods with the same coin: what the debtor loses he wins. Thus great disorder arises, much suffering and unexpected gain. The National Debt then comes forward with great power. The taxpayers, who have to supply twenty-eight millions of sovereigns, or their worth, every year, are compelled to give more of their wealth to proope the means of paying their taxes; and their numbers render the accruing mischief very serious. Still, the point to be insisted on here is that no permanent commercial depression can spring from this source. There is no diminution of the national wealth, no weakened power of buying in the aggregate. The means of one set of persons are reduced; those of another are proportionally enlarged. No explanation of a long commercial depression can be derived from an altered value in the currency.

Let us now endeavour to trace out that over-consumption which is the true parent of the sufferings of the world. First of all, great famines have fallen on important nations. China and India have been plunged into misery too fearful almost to relate. England too has been visited with calamities of the same order. Six bad harvests in ten years count for much indeed of the acknowledged depression of the agricultural business. And what generates over-consumption comparably with a famine? The expenses of cultivation have been incurred; labourers have been fed and clothed; their families have been supported; horses have consumed hay and corn; ploughs, carts, and other machinery have been bought, and their wear and tear incurred; manures, coals, and other materials have been used up; the consumption has been vast. But when harvest-time came, if an ordinary season had met the rejoicing farmers, the gathered crops would have restored everything which had been consumed as capital, besides bestowing profits on the occupiers of the land. The stock wherewith to continue the production of wealth would have been restored undiminished, and a surplus, for enjoyment or for saving, would have gladdened the sons of labour. But what occurred in actual fact? The weather interfered, and no crop was won. The consumption of the tillage had been incurred, but it was unreplaced by fresh products. Capital was destroyed and lost; and if ruin did not overtake the cultivators, a second consumption of capital was necessary for one crop. Can it be a matter for wonder if such countries became poor—if their powers of buying, of exchanging, were shattered? India and China are grand customers of England, and the throb of agony propagated itself across the ocean to this little island. Lancashire and Yorkshire felt the weight of the blow; their people had to learn the fearful lesson, that they lived by receiving in return for giving, and that where there was nothing offered there could be nothing sold.

France, too, suffered agricultural disasters. Her beetroot and silk crops failed a few years ago, and the ravages of the phylloxera destroyed the capital which had been expended on the cultivation of her vines. The value of the wealth which thus perished has been estimated at many millions of pounds sterling—a large contribution to the creation of depression.

War, too, has exercised its peculiar function with great vigour in the causation of commercial distress and its attendant misery among great populations. War, economically, is pure waste; it does nothing but destroy. It calls away vast hordes of men from productive labour; it feeds, clothes, and maintains them, whilst they produce nothing to restore the consumption; it uses up immense supplies of wealth in military stores which are rapidly destroyed; it disturbs and arrests industry where its armies pass, stopping the traffic of railways and roads and other necessary instruments of industrial energy. Who can measure the waste inflicted on France by the Franco-German war of 1870, or the consumption of German wealth? Huge armaments now spread over many countries keep up the irrational and destructive waste, harassing people with severe taxation, which is paid with the wealth they produce and is consumed upon economical idlers who make no return for what they devour. Can any one feel surprised if trade languishes, and suffering weighs down great industries, when soldiers are extinguishing the wealth wherewith to buy?

America, too, writes a page in the melancholy history, and it is one which is singularly full of instruction. America opened the decennial period which occupies this discussion with a kind of over-consumption which not only annihilated the wealth on which it fell, but further engendered sources of additional distress which swept in ever-widening undulations over the most distant lands. She created a most reckless and unjustifiable excess of fixed capital, without giving the slightest thought to the nature of the process she was practising, to its conditions and its consequences. She built innumerable railways, for the most part in wild regions where no trade or population as yet existed which called for such outlay and could restore the destroyed wealth by development of commerce.

It is of the highest importance to understand the conditions on which fixed capital is created. Unlike famines, it is an act of the human will: man sets up fixed capital at his own pleasure; he is responsible for its effects. Of all the causes which have generated the commercial distress, which is so wide and so enduring, fixed capital probably, in its various stages, and they are many, has exercised the strongest influence. Fixed capital consists of instruments required for production which do not replace all their cost at once, but only a portion of it each succeeding year. Thus a merchant-ship is fixed capital. It is supposed to generate a profit every voyage, a small part of which is assigned to the repayment of the outlay spent on building the vessel. It will require annual repairs for wear and tear; these are debited to the cost of working the ship. In the course of a certain

period of time all the original cost is repaid, the ship is worn out, and a new one is built. There will be a surplus advantage if after repayment of the cost of construction the ship is still efficient, and goes on working. It is now a tool that costs nothing.

It is clear from this analysis that there is over-consumption in the construction of all fixed capital. For a time, more or less long, more wealth has been consumed than is made; the difference is a diminution of means. The machine made, no doubt, restores that diminution, but only gradually. The maintenance of the workers who built the ship is gone: except the portions successively restored, this is clearly a loss of wealth. Bread and meat have been eaten, and there is nothing wherewith to buy more. But there are two very distinct kinds of over-consumption: one impoverishes, the other does not. Both use up wealth, and it disappears; but one kind destroys wealth which can be spared; the other lessens the stock of productive capital. Over-consumption, which lessens capital, generates poverty; that which uses up savings does no harm. The employer and the workman may dispose of their profits and wages in any way they choose, without injury to the public wealth. The capital is restored by the results of the business—the share of the things made accruing to each man lies, economically, at his absolute disposal. He can devote them to necessaries or to luxuries, or he may throw them into the sea; no harm to wealth thence arises. He remains where he was; not richer, but not poorer. Or he may save a part of his share of products which belongs to him; that is, he may convert them into capital by applying them as instruments for increasing industry. No impoverishment ensues; for they were his to fling away, if he chose. On the contrary, he enriches himself and his country. He has made the means of producing wealth larger; he has increased future wages and profits for himself and others; and he has done this with income which trade had given him to consume in any way whatever.

We are now in a position to perceive the magnitude of the blunder of which the American people were guilty in constructing this most mischievous quantity of fixed capital in the form of railways. They acted precisely like a landowner who had an estate of £10,000 a year, and spent £20,000 on drainage. It could not be made out of savings, for they did not exist; and at the end of the very first year he must sell a portion of the estate to pay for the cost of his draining. In other words, his capital, his estate, his means of making income whereon to live, was reduced. The drainage was an excellent operation, but for him it was ruinous. So was it with America. Few things, in the long run, enrich a nation like railways; but so gigantic an over-consumption, not out of savings but out of capital, brought her poverty, commercial depression, and much misery. The new railways have been reckoned at some 30,000 miles, at an estimated cost of £10,000 a mile; they destroyed 300 millions of pounds' worth, not of money, but of corn, clothing, coals, iron, and other substances. The connection between such over-consumption and commercial depression is only too visibly here that of father and son.

But the disastrous consequences were far from ending here. The over-consumption did not content itself with destroying the wealth used up in making the railways and the materials of which they were composed. It sent other waves of destruction rolling over the land. The demand for coal, iron, engines, and materials kindled prodigious excitement in the factories and the shops; labourers were called for on every side; wages rose rapidly; profits shared the upward movement; luxurious spending overflowed; prices advanced all round; the recklessness of a prosperous time bubbled over, and this subsidiary over-consumption immensely enlarged the waste of the national capital set in motion by the expenditure on the railways themselves. Onward still pressed the gale; foreign nations were carried away by its force. They poured their goods into America—so overpowering was the attraction of high prices. They supplied materials for the railways, and luxuries for their constructors. Their own prices rose in turn, their business burst into unwonted activity; profits and wages were enlarged, and the vicious cycle repeated itself in many countries of Europe. Over-consumption advanced with greater strides; the tide of prosperity rose ever higher; and the destruction of wealth marched at greater speed.

England took a prominent share in the excited game. In no slight degree is she answerable for the American rush into railway construction. It was carried out by means of bonds, and England bought largely of those bonds. It has been asserted that she purchased these bonds to the incredible extent of 150 millions sterling. But with what did she pay them? With iron rails, locomotives, and other products of her industry. And what did she get in return? Pieces of paper, debts. Her wealth was diminished, and she paid, in addition, the same penalty as the Americans. Her manufacturers were stimulated by this artificial activity of trade to exaggerated production. Higher wages and profits were distributed over the nation, and an immense impulse was given to luxurious and needless consumption. The approach of the avenging depression was accelerated, it might seem, almost intentionally.

But these American operations did not satisfy English ardour. The passion for lending raged with great vehemence. England showered her loans over many regions of the globe; loans, be it repeated, always made in goods, in commodities produced at great cost, and lost to England in exchange for acknowledgments of debt. England lent ironclads to Turkey, military resources to Bosnia, articles for wasteful consumption to Egypt, innumerable gratifications to American Republics. Her colonies carried off rails and locomotive stores and clothing for their advancing populations—and no better application of wealth could have been made. Future customers for English trade were thus provided, men who would enlarge English industry with ever-expanding demands for its products, demands expressed in corn and wool sent across the ocean to pay with. Nevertheless, the fact remained always the same—England stripped herself of her wealth in exchange

for nothing. And it made no difference for the time whether the loan was granted to a solvent or to an insolvent borrower, whatever might be the result later; whether interest was ever remitted or not, in all cases alike England was emptied, and paper documents substituted into the vacuum, whatever might be subsequently their value.

Germany was caught by the same whirl of over-consumption. Sol-diering and war did their wasteful work: nor has the former stopped its devastations. A more severe depression fell on Germany than on any other country, except perhaps America. A harassed Minister is proposing to obtain resources for the support of countless legions of armed soldiers by increasing the over-consumption of wealth by augmented duties at double cost—the cost of the articles consumed, and the extra cost of compelling them to be provided at home. Then a very unlooked-for surprise added largely to her woes. The gold of the French indemnity, which was expected to be her salvation, proved, to the astonishment of the Germans, to be a great aggravation of their sufferings. What could that gold do for Germany, so long as it remained in the country, except place German property in different hands? There was already gold enough in Germany to perform that service. Germany obtained thereby no increase of useful wealth. However, it did execute its function of transferring property to new possessors, and with painfully mischievous energy. First of all, by its help, the Government betook themselves to building fortresses, purchasing military stores, and bringing up the army to the highest standard of efficiency. Did the fortresses and the guns restore the food and materials consumed in their construction? Guns and fortresses were excellent machines for making the national wealth disappear; they could do nothing to repair the terrible waste of the war. Further, much of the idle gold was lent to speculative traders who reckoned on an active demand from now prosperous Germany. They enlarged their factories and increased the stock of goods. Much gold had been paid to individuals in payment of Government debts; these men came forward as buyers; and the eternal tale was repeated—raised prices; increased wages, abundant profits, active consumption of every kind of wealth. Then followed the natural consequence, so touchingly described by the *Neue Stettiner Zeitung*, as quoted in the *Times*: "Five long years of unexampled depression are the bitter penalty we have had to pay for one intoxicating year of joy."

Over-consumption worked its will on unhappy France: but the blunder was not commercial. Armaments and war impoverished France as they did Germany, but with the severe additional aggravation that the war was carried on within her territory. German industry lay undisturbed, if excited; French trade, besides what the war itself cost, was harassed with interruption and loss at every point. Labourers were hurried away from their fields, manufacturing towns fell into the hands of the enemy, and their works impeded; railways were filled with carriages conveying soldiers, and trucks containing military stores; commercial lines of communication were broken; French har-

hours blocked against French ships; with many other like disasters. The over-consuming force was immense; but it encountered a resistance that was heroic. After the deeds of violence ceased and a gigantic indemnity had been paid, the French people, with instinctive genius, applied, with most painful effort, the one remedy which political economy pointed out for the cure. Without knowing political economy they practised what it prescribed. They could do this, because political economy is common sense. France saved. She under-consumed for enjoyment; the surplus she gave away to the augmented taxation; which then cost her nothing. Thus France has come forth from the commercial depression with a freshness and strength which have called forth the astonishment and the admiration of the world.

Such was the over-consumption which prevailed over the greater part of the human race. It destroyed more than it re-made; it diminished wealth rapidly, but it was accompanied by increased activity of trade, by great commercial prosperity. The co-existence of these two facts, apparently so contradictory, was rendered possible by the process of attacking the wealth which still survived, and filling up the gaps, caused by the consumption, by fresh extra consumption. Had mankind been resolved to carry out the process to its last end, the whole wealth of the world would have been destroyed in some three years amidst universal enjoyment; and the great populations would have died out like locusts. All would have been devoured.

This over-consumption, which was the first stage, with its accompanying commercial inflation, generated the second stage in the history of the great depression—over-production. The excited demand for goods to consume—paid for by fresh sacrifices of the still existing capital—raised prices, wages and profits to an unprecedented height; it seemed to be unlimited. Thus additional machinery for production started up upon every side; new mines were opened, new factories built, new steam engines set to work, new railways opened, multitudes of new labourers called away from the fields to man new mills. "Since 1871-72," justly remarks the *Pall Mall Gazette*, "we have passed through a complete revolution in our iron and coal industries. The number of blast-furnaces for the production of pig-iron increased in 1873-74 from 876 to 959." Then mark the extent of the over-production as shown by the stoppage of work when the excited buying had disappeared, and trade had to deal only with ordinary demands. "There were in 1878 only 454, or about half, at work. Between 1871 and 1873 the number of collieries at work in the United Kingdom advanced from 3100 to 3627, and at the end of 1875 had still further advanced to 4501. In the three years, 1875, 1876, 1877, no fewer than 270 of these collieries failed; and in 1877-1878 the collapse was still more rapid. In the four years, 1871 to 1875, the number of persons engaged in coal-mines rose from 351,000 to 537,000—an extension of employment rapid and violent, almost beyond example; and since 1875, and at present, we are struggling to restore the wholesome equilibrium which we lost eight years ago." That struggle has been vehemently resisted

by the working classes. They refused to acknowledge the fact that the machinery for producing was vastly in excess of the power of buying, and that the sale of the products could no longer yield the same remuneration to labour. They betook themselves to war. Mr. Bevan in the *Times* tells us that there were last year no fewer than 277 strikes in Great Britain against 181 in 1877; but how many of these distressing battles were victorious? Four only. In 17 the operatives obtained a compromise; in 256 the strikers were defeated. What can show more clearly how idle it is to fight with words and arbitrary ideas against the stern realities of the nature and facts of trade?

And now what are the remedies by whose help we may hope to lessen and ultimately to put an end to the painful sufferings inflicted by this unprecedented commercial depression? One in particular is advocated with great warmth by the leaders of the working classes. Work short time, they cry; produce less. The fact they take their stand on is true. Even up to this very day there is more produced than can be sold, except at such a loss as would lead to the closing of the workshops. The advocates of short time acknowledge this fact. They admit that the business can no longer yield them the same weekly wage. They consent to a reduction of wages; but they demand that it shall take the form of their working for five days a week only instead of six, and of their receiving less money at the week's end, but at the same rate of wage per day as they had been earning heretofore. They will thus fight the evil, they say, from which the depression in trade has come—over-production. Buyers will be found for the smaller quantity of goods produced: they will receive lower wages, but they will have given less work: they will maintain the standard of the daily wage unchanged, and when better times come they will recover their old position. But this language does not state, in full completeness, the problem calling for consideration, and it tacitly makes an assumption which is positively untrue. It is assumed that the cost of the production of the goods now made in five days will be the same as when the mill worked six. The idea is that the working, the wage, the goods, their price, of one day a week shall be given up: what happened in the five days will go on unchanged as before. This is a complete and very grave mistake. The goods now made in five days will cost more to make, will be dearer to the employer than when they were produced in a mill working one day more. An employer has many more charges to encounter than wages and cost of materials: interest on his own and borrowed capital, rent of buildings, expenses of superintendence and office-work; the pumping out of the water in the mine by an engine that never stops, and other items of the same kind. These expenses now fall on the goods of five days only instead of six: they swell the cost of their production, and then what is the necessary consequence? Their price must be raised, or the loss on the business, already unendurable, will become still heavier. The selling price must necessarily be raised if the business is to continue: and what will be the effect of such a demand? The number of buyers will assuredly be lessened: some more will

drop away from the market : again over-production reappears: a further shortening of time to four days forces itself on discussion ; and the same circle of baffled proposing is repeated. And is the foreign rival to be forgotten? He will be delighted with these raised prices ; he will not merely threaten, as he does now—he will smite. In these latter days he has in many places been advancing with long strides. We have been told of many large contracts which have been sent to foreign countries for execution because English workmen have distinctly rejected a moderate reduction of wages, which would have brought them work and wages and repelled foreign competition. Let short time send up prices all round, and the invasion of England by foreign goods will be at hand. There is no cure here; but there is something of a very different kind. There is punishment for those who should practise such folly. If the principle is sound, it applies to all trades ; and if all which are distressed take to this kind of short time, then those who buy of them—and none are so numerous as the working classes—will find that prices are higher in the shops, and that they must pay more for what they consume. They will lose immensely more than a day's wages in the week. Well was it said of their counsellors—that they were advising the workmen to commit suicide.

In truth, this policy betrays a profound ignorance of the fact that commercial depression means deficiency of buyers, and this in turn means less to buy with, fewer goods to exchange. To make that little still less would be simply ruinous. The true course to pursue to bring this suffering to an end is to produce more, to divide, amongst all, as many products of industry as is possible. Of course industry cannot continue at a permanent loss : more goods will not be made than can be sold ; but to make as many as possible that can be sold, that will be exchanged, is the only way to enrich masters, workmen, and the whole people together. To accomplish this great result in the presence of disturbing forces all must make sacrifices. Employers must be content with diminished profits and workmen with reduced wages ; then, starting from that point, wealth will increase gradually, as capital is increased by saving, and more commodities come up for division. The sunshine will then not be far off.

The proposal of a second remedy—one stranger yet, more hopelessly indefensible than that we have just discussed—is now surging up in many quarters in England. Let there be Reciprocity—Reciprocity will heal England's woes. It is impossible to escape feeling a blush of shame that in the England we now live in, with her trade of to-day compared with that of thirty years ago, such a cry should come from the lips of eminent and able men. What is become of their common sense? How have they become infatuated? Not one single argument has been brought forward in support of Reciprocity which deserves an answer on its merits, which is anything but a mere shadow. Even its advocates virtually confess that it is indefensible—for, from very shame, they disdain all idea of supporting Protection when they insist on Reciprocity. Yet what is Reciprocity? Simply and nakedly—a de-

mand for Protection. Foreign nations protect their manufactures, England must protect hers. Foreign countries decree that English goods shall appear in their markets on dearer and inferior terms than the native; let foreign goods be so handicapped that they shall be sold scantily and with difficulty in England; or, better still, not at all. These commercial doctors repel the reputation of being called Protectionists, for they know that protection is irrational, and refuse to have such a word associated with their names. So they have invented another. It has a different sound; yet Reciprocity is only Protection with an apology. Expel the Protective element from their advice, and they would instantly commit it to the waste-basket.

Let us then proceed to the root of the matter—Protection. What is Protection? Oh! at once exclaim the Reciprocity men, don't ask that question of economists; they are not practical. What know they of business, its ways and its laws? the industrial loss of great nations is not to be put under the feet of theorists and their jargon. Speak to the great manufacturer, the mighty merchant, the omnipotent banker—they know. Be it so, let it be replied. Let the appeal be made to common sense, the common sense of the man who never looks into a book, to the sagacity of an A. T. Stewart, the intuition of an Arkwright. Let common sense decide, and common sense alone; let both sides be sternly forbidden to bring in theory and doctrine; the practical man will sorely need such a prohibition. And he it also remembered that common sense is the essence, the very core and substance of Political Economy, the sole authority for what it utters, the one single instrument by which it reaches the knowledge which guides the conduct of every sensible trader and manufacturer. Political Economy is not afraid of common sense; it would be nothing, not worth notice, without such a foundation for its teaching.

It is natural that in a season of great commercial suffering the man who finds that the goods which he has produced at great cost cannot be sold because a foreign competitor has better and cheaper goods of the same kind in the market, should cry in the bitterness of his heart—What right has such a stranger to be here? Is he to be permitted to take the bread out of the mouths of Englishmen of the highest merit, much risking, hard working, employers and labourers? More natural yet if the Government of that foreigner shuts the doors of the markets of his nation to English goods; is not that an act of war, to be met with retaliation? Quite natural again that a Bismarck, hard up for money wherewith to pay his soldiers, and to provide them with guns and powder, should think heavy duties laid on foreign merchandize a capital contrivance for filling the German Exchequer. Why should he trouble himself with the thought that he thereby inflicts on every German the loss of more money than if he had proceeded by direct taxation? Direct taxation is a method hard to practise, very apt to create unpleasantness, very visible to the payer, and very quick at stirring his heart. Pooh, pooh, for Political Economy; let it talk to the winds, they are its fit audience.

All this is very natural; but is it the language of common sense? That is the question. Protection finds that certain goods which alone are bought, or in predominating quantities, in the English markets are of foreign make. It finds further that the English factories must be reduced or given up altogether. It then declares that this is wrong, that it cannot be suffered that English industries should be annihilated by foreign competitors, and then it imposes a tax on the foreign articles on their entrance into England, whereby they are made dearer than the English, and so the English ones are bought by the English people. The crucial question at once arises: Why should the question ever arise in buying and selling—where were the goods made? This question must be directly and categorically answered; the answer must be distinctly given without evasion. Common sense absolutely declares that it can find no reason for such a question. Common sense affirms that to make the place of their production, their nationality, a consideration affecting their sale in the market is a theory—nothing less, a doctrine brought from without, a principle utterly unconnected with trade. Some authority, derived from common sense, Protection must assign for this regard for the nationality of the articles bought, or it is out of court. As a naked assertion it merits no notice from any one.

And what is the counter view of Free Trade? It says that every buyer, from the very nature itself of trade, of exchanging, possesses a perfect liberty, is entirely free to buy any goods he chooses in the market, and upon any terms he chooses; if the liberty is interfered with it asserts that this interference cannot and does not come from the nature of trade, but from considerations derived from a thoroughly distinct source. It affirms that a buyer has nothing else to consider in purchasing but the quality and the price of the goods before him, and is free to make his choice without external restraint. Trade it declares to be nothing else whatever but an exchange of goods of equal value: that is its only function. It may be that considerations derived from morals, politics, as in war, or other independent source, may call upon the State to interfere with its course; and trade cannot say No to such control. But it does call for such a reason: and so, again, it asks of Protection, What right have you on grounds of trade—and that is the only one you profess to stand upon—to interfere with my trading liberty out of regard to the place where the goods are made? You must answer that in terms. But this is what Protection has never done.

But it might appeal to Humanity. Would Free Trade wish to see so many worthy fellow-countrymen brought to starvation? On this point the answer is twofold. There is first the case when the industry has never been yet set up. Upon that Free Trade speaks clearly and decidedly. The rule of conduct is that on which households have been worked since the world began—the women to do the needle-work, the men to lift the weights. By that method there is more good service done and more weights carried than by any other: greater results in return for the food and wages. So it is with nations. Let each produce those goods for which it has the greatest aptitude: the goods

made will be more and better, and—which lies in the essence of a trading—there will be the same employment for the populations with greater results. If silks can be more cheaply produced in France, even with only equal quality, England would be as great a fool to manufacture silks as to make clarets. Let France make the silks, and that part of the English people which would have made silks will now manufacture those English goods with which the silks will be bought. Thus more silks and more cotton cloth will be made in the two countries taken together, and equal employment, and subsequently more, provided for each country. If the Frenchmen sell silk to England, they must buy an equal amount of cotton or other goods: for England cannot buy unless she sells to an equal value. I may be allowed to quote a passage written elsewhere:—

“The truth stands out in clear sunshine. Free Trade cannot and does not injure domestic industry. Under Free Trade foreign countries give in every case as much employment to English workmen and capitalists as if nothing had been bought abroad. English goods of the same value must be purchased by the foreigner, or the trade comes to an end. There must be an equal amount of English goods made and sent away, or England will never obtain the foreign commodities. Free Trade never does harm to the country which practises it, and that mighty fact alone kills Protection. Let those who are backsliding into Protection be asked for a categorical answer to this question:—Can and will the foreigner give away his goods without insisting on receiving back, directly or indirectly, an equal quantity of that country's goods? Let the question be pushed home—and all talk about injury to domestic industry must cease.”—*Chapters on Practical Political Economy, p. 307.*

But many deny that trade is always an exchange of goods of equal value, and they appeal, as proving the truth of their denial, to the immense excess often exhibited of imports into England over her exports. Want of space forbids a detailed examination of this assertion here; but a few remarks will suffice to show its inaccuracy. Those who take their stand on the wide discrepancy between imports and exports, as being a phenomenon of pure trade, must hold that the difference in value is made up by a remittance of money; they cannot suppose that foreign countries make a present to England of the excess of commodities imported into her harbours. But they fail to perceive that this remittance of money conclusively proves the truth they attack. It establishes equilibrium: large imports are balanced by small exports plus money. Only that England should send a perpetual stream of money away, ever flowing, never ceasing, is an inconceivable absurdity; and where could she get that money from, that gold, but from foreigners buying her goods? The excess of imports into England is very easily explained upon a different principle. Those imports in excess are not trade at all; they are payments of debts, nothing else. Immense sums are annually due to England for interest on loans lent to foreign nations and colonies, and for profits accruing on huge investments abroad, whether in foreign securities or agriculture or commerce. These are not exchanges of goods for goods, of buying and selling, but goods sent to pay debts due to England. Reciprocity can derive no help from this inequality between imports and exports to support its cause.

Here common sense now puts the critical inquiry—Who pays the

Protection duty imposed on the foreign goods, or else the increased price for the English-made articles realised by the aid of the duty? The English buyers—Protection is compelled to answer—the English consumers. So then, continues common sense, the action of Protection is simply to impose a tax on the people of England for the support of a certain number of persons who otherwise could not obtain a livelihood from the business they are carrying on. This is a Poor Rate, pure and simple.

There remains the second case—when an industry has been developed under Protection, and would come to an end under Free Trade. This is a practical problem to be left to the statesman. That business ought not to be maintained by Protection: it has no right to tax the country permanently for its support. The transition period will be painful—it is for the statesman to deal with it. Only one remark may be added. Not a few trades have been expected to be cleared away when the prop of Protection has been removed, and yet have sustained themselves manfully in the free air of heaven. The silk trade of England is an instance of this kind.

A few words will suffice on Reciprocity, for it is a distinct proposal to impose Protection. But this proposal has an absurdity which is peculiarly its own. Reciprocity is demanded as a counterblow to Protection practised against England by foreign countries. France, it is said, adopts Protection against England, let England retort by enacting Protection against France. But, ludicrously enough, Protection is not said by the advocates of Reciprocity to be a wise policy: on the contrary, it is virtually admitted that it is not capable of defence. Thus, under the pleasant sound of a pretty word, the cry becomes—Let us do ourselves harm, because it will harm the Frenchmen also. Let a tax be laid upon the people of England, because it will do harm to French trade; and this imposition of a tax on the English people, this diminution of English trade with France, are gravely proposed as correctives for a commercial depression, for a distressing stagnation of trade. Wonderful, indeed, is such an idea. To demand Protection on the ground that it is a policy good in itself, and capable of being defended, is a reasonable issue, meriting discussion: but to recommend that a bad thing should be done, because it would be bad also for our competitors, is a policy hard indeed to characterise. To do ourselves good is not pretended: harm for harm, blow for blow, to our own additional hurt, is all that is thought of.

But, in truth, there is a capital blunder involved in the cry for Reciprocity, of which those who utter it do not seem to be conscious. They confound into one two acts which have no connection whatever with each other. England repealed the protective duty on French silks; she thereby relieved herself of a tax, and created more wealth and a larger trade. France protects her cotton factories against the English, thereby bringing two losses on herself—a diminution of trade, and the still severer one of supporting a portion of her population at the expense of the whole French people. Therefore, Reciprocity exclaims—Since France refuses to buy our cottons we will not buy her

silks. But what connection have cottons with silks? None. The question who should make silks for England was settled by England on its own merits. It was clearly the true policy for England to buy cheap and not dear silks. So ends that matter; England pursued the rational course. What France does in the matter of cottons does not touch the English decision about silks in any way. England suffers a diminution of trade by the lack of intelligence of the French on silks, and that is all. Why should she injure herself by silks because the French injure her by cottons? Reciprocity has for its sole intelligible principle: Let us do some harm to the French. Perhaps a less costly method of hurting her might be found than by altering our excellent regulations about the supply of silks for our wants.

A few words in conclusion. What means must be adopted for bringing the commercial depression to an end? Reverse the practice which caused it. Over-consume no longer, but increase the production of wealth by every possible effort. You will not, of course, produce goods whose cost of production no buyers can be found to repay; but attract buyers by making that cost as small as you can. If this practice is carried out along the whole line of manufacturing, the means of buying will be enlarged; and more buying and a return of prosperity will be accomplished. Let capitalists and labourers join in a hearty determination to make every exertion to produce largely and cheaply. And let them save. Let luxurious consumption, excessive drinking, and all other waste be put aside; and let capital be vigorously accumulated. And let not the dangers of foreign competition be forgotten by a nation whose greatness—nay, the existence of a large part of her population—depend on her being able to sell her products over the breadth of the whole earth. Finally, let the manufacturers and workmen listen to the questions put to them by Mr. C. O. Shepard, United States Consul at Bradford, in his admirable Report to the Assistant Secretary of State at Washington:—

"1. Can and will England's artisans live as cheaply as their competitors? 2. Will they accept the same wages? 3. Will they give more labour for the wages? 4. Will all classes live within their means? 5. Will young people be content to commence life where their fathers began instead of where they left off? 6. Will English manufacturers keep pace with the wants and advancement of the age? 7. Will they encourage and adopt new scientific and labour-saving improvements? 8. Will they stimulate, foster and disseminate both general and technical education?"

More solemn, more all-important words were never addressed to any people. "Should a negative answer be returned to these queries, the three consequences which must quickly and inevitably follow," are told by Mr. Shepard. "Further dejection in business, as compared with which the present will seem but moderate depression. Greatly increased suffering and destitution. An emigration such, perhaps, as has never been known."*

BONAMY PRICE, in *Contemporary Review*.

* Some valuable suggestions of remedies in detail will be found in the able Paper on the Depression of Trade, read by David Chadwick, Esq., M.P., at the Social Science Congress at Cheltenham, October, 1878.

ALCOHOL: ITS ACTION AND USES.*

The numbers of the *Contemporary Review* to which I have referred at the head of this article, contain, as is well known to most readers of periodical literature, a series of papers by physicians of eminence on the action and uses of alcohol. The subject is one of such great present interest, that they appear to have attracted a considerable amount of attention, but it may be doubted whether the general reader has gained anything very definite from their perusal. Not only do they differ greatly in intrinsic merit, but they deal with such different aspects of a very wide question, and manifest such divergence of opinion on points of detail, that it may not be easy to discern the substantial agreement which exists between them. Indeed, if they suggest anything on first reading, it is rather to confirm the popular notion of the disagreements of doctors, than to suggest any practical rules for men's guidance.

I shall endeavour, in the following pages, to collect, not merely from these papers but from the very abundant medical literature on the subject, what is certain and established as to the action of alcohol, and the practical results of our knowledge of the subject.

And here I am met at the onset with a radical objection. One of the ablest of these essayists—Mr. Brudenell Carter—has expressed a very common feeling when he says that “the claims of chemistry and physiology, in the actual state of those branches of inquiry, to regulate our habits in conformity with their fleeting hypotheses, are as ludicrous as anything that Swift imagined in the University of Laputa.”

Now I could conceive that this objection might come from one who had not kept pace with the progress of these sciences; but it is difficult to understand how it can be raised by such an accomplished member of our profession—one who in this very article has shown that he is well aware of the substantial advance they have made of late years. No doubt, unfounded theories are every day put forward by the numerous students of physiology and chemistry, as will always be the case with any science which attracts many ardent workers. But through the whole, there has been a steady progress and deepening of one knowledge of the laws which regulate living beings; one hypothesis has succeeded another—*vere profectus, non mutatio*—because each has in turn been supplanted by one capable of explaining the increasing accumulation of facts. At any rate, in this particular case, there seems to be no need for Mr. Carter's caution. The latest teachings of science as to the action of alcohol are in perfect harmony with

*The *Contemporary Review* for November and December, 1878, and January, 1879. London: Strahan and Co.

what has long been recognised by experience, and they are of great value in clearing away the mistaken theories of a former generation, which have been in their day most powerful for evil.

The first effect of alcohol, and the only one which can in any proper sense be called stimulant, is to irritate the nerves of the stomach: this excitement being conveyed to the nerve-centres, and resulting in dilatation of the blood-vessels in the brain, through which the blood flows more rapidly and more abundantly than usual. The activity of the brain is thus increased—its waste material being more quickly removed, and fresh food more freely supplied—and this gives rise to a feeling of increased vigour and animation. Any tolerably strong alcoholic drink will produce this effect, which differs in no way from that caused by such warm drinks as soup or coffee, by ginger, capsicum, and other irritants; these being sometimes applied (as in the case of snuff) to other nerves connected with the brain, but in all these cases the action is, only a temporary one, the vessels that were dilated for a moment return to their ordinary size, and the circulation to its habitual rapidity; while the stimulant action of alcohol is speedily followed by its important and characteristic effects, of which I have now to speak.

These are due to its action upon the nervous tissues, of which it arrests and paralyzes all the functions: in technical language it is an anæsthetic or narcotic, and by no means a stimulant. At first sight such a statement may appear absurdly paradoxical, so that men of science may well be excused for having been so slow to find a clue which was far from obvious.

It is indeed clear that the stupor and insensibility of a fit of drunkenness prove that alcohol has a power to arrest the functions of the brain, which may even go so far as to kill; and it is then as plainly a narcotic as chloroform or opium. But surely all the less grave symptoms even of intoxication seem to point the other way. The flushed cheek and flashing eye, the rapidity of movement and of speech; nay, the flow of eloquence and thought, the joyful heart and freedom from anxiety and care, what do they imply but increased vigour and stimulation rather than loss of power?

The solution of this difficulty, important enough in itself, has a farther interest, as a good example of the various and apparently opposite results which may be produced by the same cause acting upon such a complex machine as the nervous system.

Alcohol, then, as soon as it enters the blood, comes into contact with the nerve-tissue which surrounds the smaller arteries and veins and regulates their size. When this is numbed by the presence of alcohol it allows the muscular walls of the blood-vessels to relax, and the blood flows more quickly and abundantly through them. This is but a prolongation in another way of the stimulant action of alcohol which I have already described, and, like it, produces a sense of vigour and an increased rapidity of imagination. But this effect is not confined to the head, it extends to all the vessels of the body save those of the

internal organs, which are governed by a nervous influence peculiar to themselves. The surface becomes flushed and the temperature rises a degree, or even more. Presently the benumbing influence spreads to the nerve-centres in the brain, which are the more easily influenced because in a state of momentarily heightened activity from increased supply of blood. The first points to be attacked are those highest in the scale of complexity, and therefore most easily thrown out of gear, which govern all the inferior parts of the nervous system and guide them to their ends by combining their various actions and arresting such as would be injurious or useless. The controlling influences of fear, shame, and the like are among the first to be lost, and to this more than to the increased activity of the brain the brilliancy, wit, and happiness of an after-dinner speech are due. At the same time the burden of care, which weighs down all the children of men, is for the moment lightened, for it is less keenly felt—and this is the most highly prized of all the boons of alcohol. That the seeming vigour of the mind is in this stage apparent and not real, is proved by the inaptitude to attend to any subject requiring earnest thought which co-exists with all this readiness and liveliness of speech. The higher nerve-centres which serve imagination and memory are incapable of combined and harmonious action, and their controlling influence being lessened the lower ones run on unchecked, just as when the controlling influence of the brain over the heart is removed it exhausts itself in tumultuous and violent action.

The finer muscular actions of speaking, playing musical instruments, writing, &c., are affected—not that the movements are yet impossible, but that the perfect combination of many motions required for such purposes has been broken. The lips and tongue no longer move harmoniously together in speech, the touch is less perfect on the violin or piano, the gait becomes tottering and unsteady. I may be spared dwelling on the farther progress of intoxication when the poison spreads to the rest of the brain, and the victim lies in a stupor which is hardly to be distinguished from the gravest results of injury or disease. These are unhappily but too well known to us all, and every one will admit that *they* at least are the results of a narcotic and not of a stimulant.

Meanwhile, another considerable effect of alcohol is being worked out. It will be remembered that the surface of the body became warmer in the early stage of its action from the dilatation of the vessels, and more abundant supply of blood to them. Now, the animal heat is maintained by a balance struck between two opposite tendencies, the heat developed in the internal organs, and the cooling which the blood undergoes on the surface by its contact with the external air and by sweating. When the blood is collected in the internal organs (as under the influence of cold), the temperature rises, or is maintained in spite of exposure; while if the "cooling area" be more abundantly supplied, the temperature falls. And this is what is found by observation to occur after alcohol has been taken. The momentary rise of temper-

ture (which even then only applies to the surface of the body) is succeeded by a fall, which lasts for some hours, and is often greater than that observed in almost every other case of poisoning or disease—the late Dr. Woodman having often found the thermometer more than 8° below normal during alcoholic coma, even in persons who afterwards recover. The power of resisting cold is proportionately decreased, and many a poor wretch has died from exposure when under the influence of drink whose life would otherwise have been saved.

There is yet another way in which alcohol tends to lower the animal heat, and that is, by the chemical changes it undergoes in the body. This branch of my subject has been less fully cleared up; but the following general statements will be sufficient for the ordinary reader. There is evidence to prove that under exceptional circumstances of disease or deprivation of food, alcohol is capable of supplying all the needs of the body, and is then a true food. But ordinarily, this is not the case: the greater part of the spirit taken into the body passes out unchanged, and the remainder does not seem to be capable of such perfect oxidation as would assist in maintaining the temperature, and supporting life. Yet it is greedy for oxygen, and contrives to divert a part of that which is being continually supplied through the blood, forming with it probably aldehyde and other compounds, which are then got rid of. This has the effect of diminishing the rate at which combustion is generally carried on; the amount of carbonic acid and urea produced are diminished, and in their place, fat and uric acid tend to accumulate: as a result of lessened tissue-change the temperature falls.

The more remote consequences of habitual and excessive indulgence in alcohol are due, partly to this disturbance of nutrition, partly to the continued effect upon the nervous system; but there is no need that I should go farther into these.

I shall venture to sum up shortly the principal results upon which I have been dwelling, before remarking upon the practical consequences of the teaching of physiology. It cannot be too often repeated, or too widely known, that (with the slight exception I have mentioned above) alcohol is not a stimulant, but a narcotic and a sedative. It does not increase the healthy activity of any organ of the body, although it may allow of disorderly action; but it depresses and lowers the normal rate of life. To say this, is not to condemn its use in health, still less in disease; but it is to supply an explanation of its reasonable employment. It was natural, perhaps inevitable, that the physicians of a former time should have looked upon it as a stimulant; but the error has had most pernicious consequences. The authority of medicine has not only been invoked as a cloak for indulgence; but, most lamentably, physicians were led to prescribe alcohol for delicate children and women, and so to lay the foundation of drunkenness with all its infinite misery.

When we have said that alcohol is a narcotic, we have found the true key to its extensive use. If a drug could be discovered which should

be a real stimulant to the brain, it would be a *φέβον φέσμακον* such as Plato fabled, making men realise more vividly their miseries, and none would willingly taste it a second time. Like opium (and in a less degree, tobacco) alcohol helps to give a momentary respite from care, and its wide-spread use is a significant comment on the vanity of human life: when we add to this its evanescent stimulant effect, and the frequently pleasant taste of its compounds, we shall need no farther explanation of its value to men.

From what I have said of its action it will be seen that alcohol may be of service in three different ways—as a narcotic it may be powerful to check the restless activity of an over-worked or over-worried brain: and for this reason it will be always in requisition where the struggle for existence is keen. And this (I may note in passing) seems to me the explanation of a point raised by Sir J. Paget, which has been thought a strong objection to total abstinence. He remarks that the Easterns, and those races which use alcohol sparingly or not at all, are far less vigorous mentally and bodily than those who take it more freely; and the statement is no doubt true of the present day, although in past history it is subject to so many exceptions that it loses much of its value. I should rather be disposed to say that although the craving for spirit is great among savages, it also distinctly follows, and does not precede, that high pressure and rapid pace which increase as civilisation advances:—men drink because they are civilised, and are not civilised because they drink. There is one very serious drawback to this action of alcohol. Its narcotic effect cannot be obtained without some lessening of the clearness and activity of thought: and this is certainly affected by a very moderate quantity of drink. I have questioned many persons who, having been always temperate, have become total abstainers, and have almost always been assured that they were conscious of an increased mental vigour and aptitude for work, and my own personal experience has been the same. Too little stress has been laid upon this advantage, which those who have to use their brains, and can live without alcohol, would be loth to forego.

Secondly, alcohol may be of service by lessening tissue-change: and this may be a very considerable gain when, from any cause, the waste of the body is excessive, or when sufficient food to maintain its repair cannot be purchased or digested. Total abstainers are often large eaters, and, when they fail, perhaps most frequently do so from being unable to digest the amount of food they seem to require. Here again the evil effects of drink lie close to its benefits, the varied mischiefs of gout, hepatic and renal disease, being due to the same cause which in moderation may be so useful.

Finally, alcohol is sometimes needed for its power of dilating the smaller blood-vessels. The most important examples of this kind of action are to be found in some forms of disease where the circulation is impeded, and where the sluices (so to speak) may be opened by alcohol, and relief given to the over-taxed heart. This is not the place to dwell upon these; but in health the same effect is familiar to all in the

power of spirit to counteract the results of cold, which (as I said above) contracts the vessels of the surface, and accumulates the blood in the internal organs. It may therefore often be suitably taken *after* exposure to cold, to restore the balance of the circulation: but in the face of the overwhelming evidence we possess that it lowers animal heat, it should be avoided before or during such exposure.

The chief practical rules which physicians have drawn from their experience agree thoroughly with these teachings of physiology. There seems to be a general consent, that any healthy adult, who can eat and digest sufficient food, and sleeps well, can usually become a total abstainer. He will probably find himself more capable of hard work, and of enjoying life in the highest sense, for abstaining. When he fails, it will be most likely either because he cannot assimilate food enough, or because his occupation is one causing much worry or annoyance, which will therefore be relieved by a narcotic. When taken in such a case, the quantity should not exceed two or three glasses of sherry a day, or an equivalent amount of other liquors, and all, or nearly all, should be taken at one meal, so as to give time for the system to be rid of alcohol for some part of the twenty-four hours.

As to age, the old Greek rule would still be generally endorsed: fermented drinks should not be taken before eighteen, very sparingly between eighteen and thirty, and more readily as age advances. Sickly and delicate children, especially, are the worse for it, since it checks their appetite for food, and interferes with nutrition. For women there is more need for caution in its use than for men, as it aggravates the very *ἀμαχανία συνουσίαν ἄδύτων τε καὶ ἀφροσύνας*, which causes it to be more eagerly desired.

There are many persons in whom a very small amount of alcohol produces flushing, giddiness, headache, and other symptoms of nervous disturbance. These should be warned to shun it; and still more earnestly should those be cautioned, who have an unnatural craving for its narcotic effects, or who have been in the habit of taking it in excess, that their only safety is in total abstinence. And I may here remark, the old opinion which still lingers in the public mind, that an excessive quantity of alcohol should not be stopped at once, but "tapered off," is a pernicious error to which medicine now gives no countenance. The experiment is being daily tried on the largest scale in our gaols, where habitual drunkards are suddenly transformed into total abstainers, and never I believe with any bad results.

It will, I fear, be felt with some disappointment by the partisans or opponents of total abstinence that if I have said all that science has to teach on the subject, I have supplied neither side with any decisive arguments. But this would be beyond the physician's province quite as much as to decide whether and what penalties should be inflicted for drunkenness. It is for him only to give an account of that side of this great question which lies within his ken, and to this I have endeavoured to confine myself.

Yet it will be seen that any discussion of this subject must start

from two points which I have already sufficiently dwelt upon, but which are of such importance that I venture to repeat them.

The first is, that alcohol whether for good or for harm does not exalt but depresses healthy action, is a sedative and not a stimulant.

The second is that every healthy person may with perfect safety at least make a trial of total abstinence. If then such an one, feeling that the demon of drink which possesses this land is only to be cast out by fasting as well as prayer, will not drink wine in which his brother is scandalised, medicine has this encouragement to offer him in his high resolve.

J. R. GASQUET, in *Dublin Review*.

THEIR APPOINTED SEASONS.

Most persons have heard of Migration, but the generality of those who are accustomed to use the word have an exceedingly vague and loose idea of its full meaning, its extent, or its object.

Every one knows that certain birds, for example, are migratory, but it is not every one who asks himself why they are migratory, whence they come, whither they go, or the conditions which determine their presence among us.

Islanders as we are, we have none other but feathered migrants, but on continents the mammals, the insects, and the crustaceans share the migratory instincts with the birds.

There are two theories which are given for migration, namely, want of food and continuation of the species. I believe, however, that the two theories may be reduced to one, and that the primary object of migration is food. In order to make this suggestion clear, I will take a few examples of migrators which are not birds.

First, let us go to Southern Africa and place ourselves in imagination on the vast plains or "karroos" of that country. There we shall see the migration of the beautiful antelope, called springbok on account of its wonderful powers of leaping. Being gregarious in their habits, and associating in herds so enormous that no one has been bold enough to offer the least estimate of their numbers, the springboks soon devour all eatable herbage in their neighbourhood, and are forced to move on or starve. Nothing can resist their progress. They move steadily forward in solid columns about half a mile in width and many miles in length. They cannot exert their usual activity, so closely are they packed together, but proceed onwards at a walking pace, which is regulated by the supply of food.

It might be thought that those in the van would get all the food, while those in the rear would be starved, but in practice it is found that all obtain their needful share of the food for which they are journeying.

Herbage is so luxuriant that those animals which occupy the front

rank are soon satiated, and unable to keep up with the pace of those who are pushing on hungrily behind them. Consequently, they fall out of the line and rest while the column passes, when they take their places in the rear, and so work their way on again to the front.

Beasts of prey hang on the skirts of these columns, and it has sometimes happened that a lion has incautiously allowed himself to be enveloped by the advancing host, and has been carried off in their midst, forced to march with the antelopes and unable to make his escape. A flock of sheep has been swept away in like manner. Here, then, it is evident that hunger is the principal, though it may not be the only cause of migration.

Change our locality from the karroos of South Africa to the prairies of the North-west of America, and there we shall find the bison carrying on a similar system of migration, but on a larger scale. The springbok is a small and harmless antelope, while the bison is a large and formidable species of the ox tribe.

These animals live in herds, as do the springboks, and, like them, they migrate in search of food. Only the leaders can see where they are going, and the whole herd rushes on blindly after them. To meet one of these herds "on the run" is certain death. The elephant itself could not resist them, and its enormous body would be trampled into unrecognisable fragments by the time that the herd had passed.

Now pass to Europe, and we shall see mammalian migrants, smaller in size, but equal in numbers and destructiveness, to the springbok of Africa and the bison of America. These are the lemmings, little rodent animals belonging to the mouse tribe, and inhabiting Norway and Sweden.

They are only six inches in length, but a herd of springbok or bison does not work nearly so much harm as a horde of lemmings. The former sweep over uncultivated plains, the produce of which has no human owner, while the latter devastate fields and gardens, and do not spare even the gathered crops.

Urged by instinct, they proceed straight forward, and nothing serves to turn their course but a wall or a house. A corn-stack is no obstacle to the lemmings, for they only eat it and then push forward.

I do not know whether the statement be true, but it is said that if a lemming should pass over grass, no cattle will feed on the contaminated herbage. I am inclined, however, to doubt the statement, as it is not likely that the lemmings would leave uneaten any grass which might come in their way.

These migrations are not annual, nor indeed at all regular, from seven to twelve or fifteen years generally separating them.

It is also said, and perhaps truly, that many of the lemming hosts survive and work their way back again, but the bulk of them find the end of their journey in the sea. They mostly follow one of two routes, *i. e.*, from Nordland to Friedland in the Western Ocean, or through Swedish Lapland into the Gulf of Bothnia. It is worthy of mention, by the way, that man has in Norway unconsciously imitated

the lemmings, and become a migrator in search of food, though not for himself, but for his cattle.

This semi-migration is called the Saeter system, and by it the Norwegian farmers are enabled to feed their herds. In the high mountain valleys are found the rich pastures which are in full verdure during the summer time. To them are driven the cattle when the warm weather has fairly set in, and among them the herds remain until the cold weather warns their keepers to seek the shelter of the farm.

Among insects the lack of food is the primary cause of migration, as is seen in the locusts, several species of which insects are notable for the enormous flocks in which they assemble, the distances which they traverse, and the damage which they do.

I need hardly remind any reader of the SUNDAY MAGAZINE of the frequency with which the locust is mentioned both in the Old and New Testaments, but I may say that if an entomologist of the present day were to describe the habits of the locust, he could not be more accurate in the minutest detail than was Moses, who lived so many ages before man ever thought insects to be worthy objects for a human intellect to exert itself upon.

Want of food urges the locusts in their destructive course, and, like the lemmings, they consume every green thing which they meet.

I well remember, some years ago, being present in a room to which electric wires were laid from all parts of the world with which we can hold telegraphic communication. Among the many messages which successively arrived was one from Kurrachee, conveying a kindly greeting.

We requested the operator to ask his Kurrachee correspondent to tell him the current news, and presently received the unexpected answer that a vast cloud of locusts was passing over the city. I never had the chance of seeing a locust army, but I did thoroughly appreciate the wonderful fact that I could see one end of a wire in a room in London, and that at that very time a cloud of locusts was flying over the other end, near the mouths of the Indus.

There are one or two curious points of resemblance in the migrations of the locusts and lemmings. Both perish in the sea at the end of their pilgrimage, both are preyed upon during their migrations, and both, although they destroy the crops raised by man, afford some compensation by being eaten by him. We, in this favoured land, know nothing of such visitations. Now and then a paragraph in some country newspaper announces the arrival of locusts in England, the statement is copied into other journals, and the public is greatly alarmed. Entomologists know that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the so-called locust is nothing but the large green grasshopper, an insect common enough and large enough to be familiar to every one, but very little known.

All these creatures are evidently impelled by hunger when they migrate. But, if we go to the West Indies, we shall find that extensive migration occurs annually amongst creatures which travel, not for the

sake of themselves, but of their successors. These are land crabs, so called because, instead of inhabiting the sea as is usually the case with crabs, they live far inland, being often several miles from the sea.

They choose their inland locality because they find their food there. As for respiration, most crabs can live for a long time out of the sea if only they be plunged in water occasionally, so as to keep the gills wet. The land crabs, however, burrow deeply into the ground, and what with the nightly dews and the moist habitations in which they spend the greater part of their time, they can moisten their gills without requiring to seek the sea for the purpose of respiration.

Once in the year, however, they are forced to repair to the sea-shore, or the race would die out for want of new members. The eggs of the land crab require to be hatched in the sea. The strange and weird-like forms which the young ones assume before they become perfect crabs are essentially marine, and they not only breathe through the sea water like marine fishes, but subsist on marine productions. So food is, even in this case, the chief object of migration, only it is the food of the offspring, and not of the parents. With warmth and moisture the eggs might be hatched out of the sea, but the newly-born young could find no food except in the ocean, and unless they were placed in it from birth they must die from starvation.

Let us pass from the land to the water.

Even among fishes migration is a regular occurrence, the fishermen knowing the seasons when they may expect the shoals, and having everything in readiness for their reception. They do not trouble themselves about the causes of these periodical visitations, but they are practically familiar with the facts.

Food, whether of the parent fish or the young fry, is now ascertained to be the primary cause of migration, and even in regard to such fishes as the salmon, which pass their lives alternately in salt and fresh waters. Generally, however, the range of migration in sea fishes is but small, consisting of changes from deep to shallow water, as the case may require.

Now we will pass to our own little island, and note the proceedings of our feathered migrants. I do not intend to give any record of the rarer birds, but simply take a few of those which are most familiar to us.

Putting aside for the present those which cross the seas, we must remember that a partial migration, analogous to that of the fishes, takes place with many of our birds which never leave the country.

The late Charles Waterton kept careful records of the birds which visited his part of Yorkshire, and as there could not have been a more favourable spot for observation, or a more zealous and competent observer, his notes on this subject are peculiarly valuable. They are too numerous for citation, but can be found scattered through his essays, now collected into a single volume by Dr. Moore, together with a number of Iris miscellaneous letters.

Suffice it to mention, that whether the birds were summer or winter visitants, whether terrestrial or aquatic, food was their object in visit-

ing Walton Hall. In fact, he used to say that he could induce almost any English bird to take up its residence, either temporary or permanent, at Walton Hall, by providing shelter, quiet, and suitable food.

As this partial migration will be treated in a future paper, I will now pass to the migrants which cross the sea at definite periods of the year.

One of the earliest of these feathered visitors is the well-known wryneck, sometimes called the cuckoo's knave or cuckoo's servant, because its harsh grating cry is heard some little time before the so-called song of the cuckoo, though never before the warmth of spring-tide has asserted itself.

Why does it not stay with us throughout the year? and why is it not a winter visitant? An anatomist would be able to answer these questions if he only saw the head of a wryneck. The bird lives on insects, as is shown by the structure of its long and slender tongue, which can be projected to a considerable distance from the mouth. In fact, the chief part of its diet consists of ants, which, as every one knows, pass their winter underground, and do not come out until they are roused from hibernation by a change of temperature.

Before the wryneck has been here very long it has prepared a resting-place and laid its eggs. When these are hatched, the young require the same food as their parent, and so we see that the motive for migration is really that the parent and young should be supplied with the food without which every wryneck would disappear from the face of the earth.

Take the whole of the swallow tribe, including the swifts and the martins. The regularity of their coming is proverbial, but depends somewhat on the weather. It may be delayed by cold, or hastened by heat. Why? Because the swallows feed exclusively on living insects, which they take on the wing, and these insects do not make their appearance until warm weather has fairly set in.

It is worthy of notice that even while the birds remain in this country they observe a partial and restricted migration. Every one knows that the height at which swallows fly is a tolerable indication of the state of the barometer. Sometimes they skim along close to the ground, and then we say that rain is impending; or they are seen soaring at heights so great that they can hardly be distinguished, and then we make sure of a fine day. In both cases we shall be almost invariably right.

The flight of the swallows is in fact regulated by that of the insects on which they feed, and which are not so strong-winged as themselves.

When the atmosphere is rarefied, the same conditions which cause the mercury to sink in the barometer and the moisture to fall from the skies prevent the insects from sustaining themselves on high, and they are consequently obliged to seek a lower and denser stratum of air. But when the weight of the atmosphere is sufficient to uphold the mercury above the normal thirty inches, it is likewise able to sustain

the insects which float in the air, rather than fly; and the swallow, on whose powers of wing the state of the atmosphere has but trifling effect, can follow them, whether they fly high or low.

That long-winged and strong-pinioned birds such as the swallows should cross the seas is perhaps no matter of wonder, as on every day of their lives they make much longer aerial voyages than would be required in the passage from this island to the Continent. But there are other birds, notably the quail, which are short-winged, fly laboriously, and pass almost the whole of their time on the ground, never taking to wing except when forced, and then alighting again as soon as possible.

Substituting trees for the ground, we may say much the same of the king of migrants, the nightingale. It is essentially a bird of the branch, and not of the air, and never flies but a short distance when disturbed. Twenty or thirty yards from branch to branch is the average flight of the nightingale, and yet it can fly nearly as many miles over the sea when the time of migration arrives. I have long thought that some special powers of endurance must accompany the instinct of migration, and be developed at the proper season. No proof can be given of such a theory, which I only offer as a suggestion of my own.

There are many familiar birds which hate warmth as much as our summer visitors hate cold. Consequently, scarcely has the last of the summer migrators left our shores than the winter visitors begin to arrive, attracted by the same temperature which drives away their predecessors. Taking the average, they begin to arrive between September and November, and remain with us until the warmth of spring drives them away to more northern countries.

A few of them, however, remain until they have laid their eggs and reared their young.

So many of our water-birds come under this category that to enumerate them all would be useless. All sportsmen who do not object to face the cold are aware that if they wish to shoot wild ducks, geese, and swans, they must choose the coldest days if they expect to be successful. On such a day the numbers of these birds that are to be found on sea-marshes, or on the shores of tidal rivers, is almost incredible.

In fact, as many of my readers may know, there are boats constructed especially for the purpose of approaching the wary birds without detection. Each boat is fitted with a huge "deck-gun," which is fired from a pivot and not from the shoulder, and carrying a pound or so of shot.

What directs the course of the migratory birds? We do not know, and are obliged to fall back upon the convenient term, instinct, though what instinct may be is absolutely unknown. It is not mental; it has nothing to do with reason, for it is dulled by reason, and when the latter becomes predominant is totally extinguished. For example, wild cattle are never killed by eating poisonous herbs, which their instinct tells them to avoid. Yet when cattle are domesticated, and are not dependent on their instinct for the selection of wholesome food, they lose

that instinct, and will kill themselves by eating yew or other poisonous food.

Whatever it may be, the instinct of migration directs the course which the birds shall take, and impels them with resistless force to follow it; and that instinct ought to be respected. Let no one imprison a migratory bird, no matter how sweet its song may be, or how beautiful its plumage. Its Maker has implanted in it the desire to seek its appointed season, and we have no right to hinder it.

J. G. WOOD, in *Sunday Magazine*.

ON THE STUDY OF NATURAL HISTORY.

Natural History, as commonly understood, refers to the study of animals and plants. A profound truth is contained in this popular acceptance of the term. For in order that either animals or plants may be thoroughly understood, both require to be studied; while the two together constitute a group of natural objects which may be considered apart from the non-living world. Animals and plants taken together, then, form the subject-matter of a distinct science, *BIOLOGY*—the science of living bodies.

The study of the Natural History of living creatures has of late assumed a greater importance than it was ever before thought to possess. Recent advances in science seem also to indicate that this history needs re-writing from the standpoint which our most expert and zealous biological explorers have succeeded in attaining. No scientific questions have perhaps excited greater interest than those which concern the problems of animal or vegetable life, the origin of such life, and the origin of its multitudinous forms.

Apart, however, from such interest in it as may be due to controversies of the day, the love of this study is one which must grow upon men as they advance in the knowledge of their own organisation, owing to the very conditions of their existence. For man is so related to other living creatures, that fully to understand himself, he must, more or less thoroughly, understand them also.

Every increase in the knowledge of the organic world has its effect upon the study of man, and helps him not only towards a better knowledge of his own organisation, but also helps in the pursuit of his own happiness and in the fulfilment of his duty.

To man alone is at the same time apportioned the physical enjoyment, the intellectual apprehension, and the æsthetic appreciation of that marvellous material creation which on all sides surrounds him, which impresses him by its many active powers, and of which he alone forms the self-conscious and reflective portion.

His connection with it is, indeed, most intimate, partaking as he does all the orders of existence revealed to him by his senses—inorganic or organic, vegetative or animal. The mineral matters of the earth's

solid crust, the chemical constituents of oceans and rivers, even the ultimate materials of remote sidereal clusters, contribute to form the substance of his body. The various activities of the vegetable world have their counterpart in the actions of that body. When we study the laws of growth, as in a creeping lichen or gigantic eucalyptus, or the actions of roots or leaves, when we follow the course of the spore dropped from a fern frond, or when we investigate the meaning and action of flowers of whatever kind, we come upon processes which the human body is also destined to perform. But the animal world especially concerns man, since, being an animal himself, he shares the pleasures, pains, appetites, desires, and emotions of the sentient myriads which people earth, air, and water. His frame, like theirs, thrills responsively to the ceaseless throbbings of that plexus of ever-active agencies, lifeless as well as living, which we call the Cosmos. Thus man plainly shares in the most diverse powers and faculties of his material fellow-creatures, and he sees also reflected by such creatures, in varying degrees, those different kinds of existence which unite in him. Man sees this reflection, and in so seeing recognises as existing in himself a faculty much above every power possessed by any other organism. Unlike even the highest of the brutes, he not only feels the Cosmos, but he thinks it. He is not only involved with it in an infinity of relations, but he recognises and reflects upon many of such relations, their nature and their reciprocal bearings. "The proper study of mankind is man;" but to follow out that study completely we must have a certain knowledge of the various orders of creatures in the natures of which man, in different degrees, participates. Man's intellect is indeed supreme, nevertheless it cannot be called into activity unless first evoked by sense impressions which he shares with lowly animals; nor can his intellect, even after it has been aroused into activity, continue to act save by the constant renewal of sense impressions—real or imagined. Such impressions give rise, in him, to imaginations, reminiscences, anticipations, and emotions, which serve as materials for the exercise of intellect and will; and as these imaginations, reminiscences, anticipations, and emotions are possessed also by brutes, it is to the study of such creatures that we must have recourse to obtain one of the keys needed to unlock the mystery of man's existence.

In addition to the above considerations, the organic world is of course useful to us in a variety of ways. Man, as lord over all other organisms which people the globe, rightfully disposes of them for his profit or pleasure, finding in the investigation of their various natures an inexhaustible field for his intellectual activity, and in their forms and relations a stimulus for his deep-seated apprehension of beauty. Thus, many considerations and influences concur to impel us to the study of Nature, and especially the Natural History of the many living creatures which are so variously related to us.

But a Natural History which shall include both animals and plants must be a history of creatures of kinds so various that their number baffles the power of the imagination, as a little reflection will suffice to

show. Beasts alone are numerous, but very much more so is the group of reptiles. Serpents and lizards, indeed, so swarm in the hottest regions of the globe that, in spite of the multitude of forms already described, it is not impossible that nearly as many more remain to be discovered. More than ten thousand different kinds of birds have been now made known to us, and fishes are probably not less numerous than all the other above-mentioned animals taken together.*

Beasts, birds, reptiles and fishes, however, considered as forming one group, constitute but a comparatively small section of the world of animals. Creatures allied to the snail and oyster, but all of different kinds, exist in multitudes which are known to us, but doubtless also in multitudes as yet unknown. Worms form a division so varied in nature and so prodigious in number, that the correct appreciation of their relations one to another and to other animals—their classification—forms one of the most difficult of zoological problems. Coral-forming animals and cognate forms, together with star-fishes and their allies, come before as two other hosts; and there are yet other hosts of other kinds to which it is needless here to refer. Yet the whole mass of animals to which reference has yet been made is exceeded (as to the number of distinct kinds) by the single group of insects. Every land-plant has more than one species of insect which lives upon it, and the same may probably be said of at least every higher animal—and this in addition to other parasites which are not insects. The lowest animals have not yet been referred to, but the number of their undiscovered kinds which may exist in the ocean, and in tropical lakes and rivers, may be suspected from the variety we may obtain here, in a single drop of stagnant water. Recent researches, moreover, have shown us that the depths of the ocean, instead of being (as was supposed) lifeless as well as still and dark abysses, really teem with animal life. From those profound recesses also creatures have been dragged to light, forms which were supposed to have long passed away and become extinct. And this leads us to yet another consideration. It is impossible to have a complete knowledge of existing animals without being acquainted with so much of the nature of their now extinct predecessors as can be gathered from the relics they have left behind. Such relics may be bones or shells imbedded in muddy deposits of ages bygone, and which deposits have now turned to rock, or may consist of but the impress of their bodies, or only a few foot-prints. Rich as is the animal population of the world to-day, it represents only a remnant of the life that has been; and small as our knowledge may ever be of that ancient life (from imperfections in the rocky record), yet every year that knowledge is increased. What increase may we not also expect hereafter, when all remote and tropical regions

*The number of kinds of fishes described by ichthyologists only about equals the number of birds. But then ornithologists reckon such small differences as making a distinction of kind, that if ichthyologists pursued a similar course the number of fishes reckoned as distinct would be much in excess. Besides, there are probably many more new kinds of fishes to discover than there are of birds.

have been explored with the care and patience already bestowed on the deposits which lie in the vicinity of civilised populations?

But, besides the forms of animal life which are thus multitudinous, acquaintance must also be made with myriads of vegetable forms in order to understand the Natural History of animals and plants. Numerous as are the different kinds of trees, shrubs, creepers, other flowering plants, ferns, and mosses peculiar to each great region of the earth's surface, the total number of the lowest flowerless forms is yet greater. Known sea-weeds of large or moderate size are numerous, but some naturalists think there are still more yet unknown. But, however that may be, their number is small compared with the swarms of minute algæ and fungi which are to be found in situations the most various. For not only do fungi live upon the surface of other plants, but they penetrate within them, and, as "mould," deprive the stoutest timber of its substance and resisting power; they devastate fields of promising grain, destroy the hope of the vine-grower, and ruin our homely garden produce. And as certain animals are destined to nourish themselves on certain plants, so do different kinds of these lowly plants nourish themselves on different animals. Ulcers and sores may support their appropriate vegetation, the growth of which has caused havoc in many an hospital ward, with an atmosphere teeming (as it often teems) with their minute reproductive particles. Analogous particles of other plants even form no insignificant part of our coal-fields—as the produce of coral animals has built up large tracts of land in the State of Florida and elsewhere, and as a vast deposit is accumulating on the floor of the Atlantic from the ceaseless rain of dead microscopic shells which have lived in its surface waters.

Again, to know living animals thoroughly it is necessary also to be acquainted with extinct animals, so we cannot have an adequate conception of the world of plants without an acquaintance with its fossil forms—forms some of which afford evidence of startling climatic changes, as do the fossil vines and magnolias of the Arctic region.

But it may be asked, if the multitude of living forms is so great, why should the Natural History of plants and animals be treated simultaneously? Has not the progress of science been accompanied by an increasing division of labour, and is it not wise of naturalists to devote their whole lives to some special group? To this it may be replied, that modern science tends both to unite and to separate the several departments of inquiry. The area to be explored is so vast, and contains such rich variety, that no human mind can hope to master the whole study of either animals or plants. On this account some naturalists are no longer content with being exclusively ornithologists or entomologists, or with devoting themselves to single primary groups of birds or insects, but spend their whole time—and wisely so—upon some still more subordinate section of zoology. Nevertheless, such students should also give time to wider study, without which they cannot really understand the special groups to which they are devoted. Such subdivision moreover has, as Goethe remarked, a narrowing tendency.

Indeed, the necessity for each student to understand various branches of science is constantly increasing. A certain knowledge of astronomy and chemistry has become necessary to the geologist, and of geology and chemistry to the biologist. Again, the progress of knowledge has more and more revealed the intimate connection which exists between the two great groups of living creatures—animals and plants. So intimate, indeed, is this connection now seen to be that, in spite of the manifest differences between most animals and plants, the position, or even the existence, of the line which is to divide the organisms is a matter of dispute. It has thus become manifestly impossible to understand adequately the creatures belonging to one of these groups without a certain acquaintance with those belonging to the other group. The powers which animals possess cannot be satisfactorily understood without a knowledge of the corresponding powers of plants. Our knowledge, for example, of animal nutrition and reproduction would be very incomplete unless we had a conception of these processes generally, and therefore of the modes in which they take place in plants also. On these accounts it is desirable that both the great groups of living creatures should be considered conjointly, and the study of living organisms treated as one great whole.

An objection of an opposite nature may, however, be made to the plan here advocated. It may be objected that plants and animals should not be considered separately from minerals, but that all terrestrial productions should be treated of as one whole, and their substantial composition and powers exhibited as diverging manifestations of one great unity. In support of this objection may be urged that very increasing inter-relation and cross-dependency between the sciences which have been just referred to. It may be contended that, though animals and plants do indeed require to be treated as one whole, yet they do not form a really isolated group for the following reasons. The laws of mineral aggregation in crystals are imitated in the growth of certain animals. The ultimate constituents of the organic and inorganic worlds are the same. The physical forces—light, heat, and electricity—are both needed by and are given off from living organisms, as manifestly by fire-flies, warm-blooded animals, and the electric eel. The diverse manifestations of life are thus, it may be said, merely due to the play of physical forces upon very complex material conditions.

To this it may be replied that, at least practically, the living world does constitute a domain apart, and the Natural History of animals and plants (or Biology) a very distinct science, for all that it reposes upon and is intimately connected with the sciences of non-living matter. It may also be contended that there really is a fundamental distinction between the activities of even the lowest living creature and all merely physical forces. For even if the several separate actions of organisms can be performed by inorganic bodies, yet no inorganic body displays that *combination* of forces which characterises any living being. The very composition, again, of the organic world differs strikingly in its complexity from that of the inorganic.

Assuming then, provisionally, that animals and plants may together be reasonably separated off from the non-living world and treated as one whole, we find that whole to present remarkable characters of both change and permanence. Individual organisms, at longer or shorter intervals, disappear and are replaced by others like them, and such succession has in some cases endured for very prolonged periods. In most cases, however, kinds as well as individuals have arisen, had their day and died, and have been succeeded by kinds more or less divergent; and this process of replacement has occurred again and again. Has the whole series of successions also had its beginning, or has vegetable life eternally flourished on our planet and eternally nourished race after race of diverse animal tribes? The answer to this question (as far as it can be answered by Physical Science) is, of course, to be sought in the Natural History, not of organic beings, but of the earth and other planets of our system. But let it be granted that the duration of terrestrial life is only, when estimated by sidereal epochs, as the up-growth of a day; yet measured by any more familiar standard its antiquity is such as the imagination refuses to picture. More than this: even the various kinds of animals and plants have had, and have, at least a relative constancy and permanence. Nature, as we see it, does not present a scene of confused and evanescent forms in a state of Protean change. Were such the case our existing classifications could not have been devised. Our minds perceive that the living world possesses certain permanent characters, and it suggests conceptions not only of "order," "causation," "utility," "purpose," but also of "types," and "creative ideas," to attempt to estimate the value of which would be to enter upon philosophy; for the value to be assigned to such conceptions depends upon the system of philosophy which any one may deem the more reasonable. The advocacy of any system of philosophy would be quite out of place in this Essay. Here a single observation must suffice. Those who believe that the First Cause of all creatures which live or have lived is a Divine Intelligence having a certain relation of analogy with the intelligence of man, must also believe that all creatures respond to the ideas of such creative Intelligence. They must also further believe that in so far as the ideas we derive from the study of creatures are true ideas—that is, truly correspond with their objects—such ideas must respond, however imperfectly, to the eternal ideas of such a Divine Intelligence, since things which agree with the same thing must in so far agree with one another.

Remote as such questions may appear to be from the study of Natural History, they have during the present century much occupied the attention of distinguished naturalists. They have also been the occasion of investigations which, as we shall shortly see, have borne fruit the value of which all scientific men now admit. These investigations have called forth a new conception as to the whole mass of living creatures, and of their relations one to another—a conception which renders inadequate all previous pictures of the world of organic life.

From our present standpoint, that world, and indeed the entire universe, may be not inaptly symbolized by a waterfall, such as that of Terni, with its look of changelessness due to unceasing changes, themselves the result of a permanence not at first apparent. The well-known rainbows above the great clouds of sun-lit spray look like fixed and almost solid structures. Though the spectator knows that the same falling water cannot be seen for many seconds, and that the persistence of the elements of colour must be even less, yet an impression of persistence and stability remains which, though in some respects an illusion, is not altogether false. Though the physical elements are fleeting, yet both the cascade and its iridescent arcs are persistent—*ideally* in the mind which apprehends them, and *really* in those natural laws and that definite arrangement of conditions which continually reproduce the ceaseless flux accompanying their persistence.

Similarly the ocean, with its obvious changes of tides and currents, storms and calms, has been a type of changefulness; and yet viewed in comparison with the upheavals and depressions of the earth's solid surface there is a relative, though by no means absolute, truth in the words:

"Time writes no wrinkle on thy azure brow:
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now!"

But science reveals a succession of changes far from obvious which have taken place since the first fluid film condensed from the hot vapour of the earth's primeval atmosphere. Such are, changes in its composition, its temperature and its living inhabitants, from the time when it swarmed with extinct predecessors of our present crabs, cuttle-fishes, and star-fishes; and afterwards, when huge reptiles dominated in it, till they yielded place to the whales and dolphins of a later epoch, and till at last, after untold ages, the canoes of the earliest races of mankind began at last to ripple its waters.

With the advent of man began a succession of ideal changes. For the growth of knowledge causes our ideas of each part of the universe to alter and grow more exact, just as the aspects of objects change as they may be viewed through a succession of less refracting and more transparent media. How different was the ancient conception of the ocean as a fluid boundary encircling the flat plane of the earth, from that obtained by Columbus when, having traversed an unknown ocean and reached a new world, he exclaimed "*Il mondo e poco!*" To-day deep-sea explorations are giving us new conceptions, and its Natural History needs re-writing from a fresh standpoint.

The whole universe of fixed-stars and nebulae may also be conceived as a vast fountain of light and motion. For though (save for the occasional temporary brightness of some world in conflagration, and save for the apparent diurnal revolution of the heavens) it is apparently changeless; yet reason exhibits it to us as an area of ceaseless change. Indeed, as races of living beings succeed each other, so we may fancy that the falling together of worlds and systems may generate new suns and worlds, like the fresh flowers of a new spring.

But if the image of the ocean as reflected in the mind of man has repeatedly changed in the course of ages, this is still more the case as regards the starry vault. A collection of visible divinities; a hieroglyphic to be puzzled over by the soothsayer; a concentric series of star-studded crystal spheres; and finally, the more and more consistent mind-pictures of Copernicus and Galileo, Kepler and Newton! If it is difficult now to realize the change of view introduced by the discovery of Columbus, it is almost impossible to do so with respect to that which was occasioned by the acceptance of heliocentric astronomy, and which of course rendered a new description of the heavens inevitable.

These considerations may serve to prepare us for analogous changes with respect to our present subject—organic nature. This likewise has not only its real elements of permanence and change, but also its ideal changes, due to the different modes in which it has presented itself to men's minds at different stages of discovery. Such changes render necessary fresh descriptions at successive epochs, and one such epoch is that in which we live.

Animals and plants must always, to a greater or less extent, have occupied the attention of mankind. It is probable that a certain amount of pleasure was felt even in primeval times in observing living beings. The child of to-day delights in the companionship and observation of animals, and in the childhood of the human race animals were regarded as objects of interest and curiosity as well as of utility in furnishing food and clothing. That such was the case seems evident from the portraits which have come down to us of the reindeer and the mammoth (the extinct woolly elephant), traced on bones by the flint-workers, their contemporaries.

Indeed, the earliest of our race could not avoid a certain study of animals, the capture of which they needed for their food and clothing. But in addition to attention due to such needs, many phenomena of animal life are well fitted to strike a savage mind, and this the more from that sharpness of the senses which the ruder races of men possess. The earliest hunters must have observed the habits of their prey, and have incidentally noticed in their pursuit peculiarities of other creatures, which were not those they pursued, but were related to them as enemies or dependents.

In temperate regions certain phenomena of animal and plant life must very early have forced upon man's attention their regular recurrence, coincidently with that of the seasons. For with the annual reappearance of certain constellations men must have noticed such orderly recurrence of flowers and fruits, and the return of migrating birds. The obtrusive note of the cuckoo, and the quick gliding flight of the swallow, must have early been welcomed as the harbingers of approaching summer.

In this way a series of recurring changes—a cycle of phenomena—must have come to be observed. In other words, both permanence and change must have been noted as existing simultaneously in the ærean world.

Such conceptions must, of course, have been of the most incomplete and rudimentary character, since the mind can only bring back from the observation of the external world that which it has gained the power of apprehending. The traveller who is ignorant of history and natural science comes back from imperial Rome or sacred Athens, from the impressive solitude of Carnac or the busy quays of Trieste, but little the richer intellectually for the many instructive objects which have met his unappreciating gaze. Thus, with the cultivation or debasement of men's minds, the mental images and intellectual conceptions they form of Nature necessarily undergo corresponding changes, and the surrounding conditions of scene and climate must also largely influence their interest in, and their conceptions of, natural objects.

The ancient Egyptians, enclosed in their narrow limestone valley, bounded by desert sands and the hot and riverless Red Sea, do not seem to have been favourably circumstanced for the development of a great love of Nature. Yet their frescoes show that apes, antelopes, leopards, giraffes, and other strange beasts were objects of careful attention; and Solomon's taste for natural knowledge may have found its parallel amongst Egyptian priests long anterior to the scientific glory of Alexandria.

The Greeks, more happily situate in their beautiful land, botanically so wealthy, and which is split up into so many islands, and has a coast line so irregular through many estuaries, can hardly have failed to appreciate organic nature, seeing that they loved not only human beauty, but that of earth, sea, and sky also. But, however that may be, it is certain that it was there that Natural History first attained a considerable development under an august master. It was congruous that the people who so early attained a social culmination in art, the drama, history, rhetoric, and poetry, constituting them the models and teachers of mankind for thousands of years to come, should have also led the way in Biological Science.

Aristotle, the first-known true man of science, must be considered (from his knowledge of recondite points of anatomy, and from his sketch of animal classification) to have been one who bore within him in germ the biology of later ages. Such a man could not have arisen among a people to whom the investigation of Nature was new or unwelcome.

The legal Roman spirit seems to have had little inclination for the study of Nature, yet in Pliny we meet with the proto-martyr of science. The great song of Lucretius is full of sympathy with organic life in all its forms; and poetry like that of the *Georgics* must have been intended for minds alive to rustic beauty and the harmonies of rural life.

Whether such incipient scientific culture as existed in classical times would or would not, if left to itself, have soon ripened into that of the modern world, cannot be proved. The fall of the Roman Empire, however, made retrogression inevitable. It may be that such retrogression has had its scientific compensation. For, judging of the source by the outcome, the tribes which issued from the glades of the great Hyrcan-

ian forest must have brought with them a deep, innate love of natural beauty. As the floods of tumultuous invasion subsided, and were succeeded by disturbances comparatively local, Teutonic homesteads began to appear on sites which seem to have been in part chosen from a love for the picturesque. Soon, one by one, also arose the monastic cradles of mediæval civilisation, sometimes nestling in leafy dells by streams or lakes, sometimes perched on mountain crags with difficulty accessible.

With the advent of the thirteenth century came the first pale dawn of that *renaissance* which, rapidly maturing, burst on the world in its full blaze three centuries later.

It was then that the naturalistic spirit began to assume that predominance which it has ever since retained. Discovery on discovery in every department of science opened out fresh vistas on all sides to the gaze of eager students, and the immensity of the task before inquirers became more manifest to them at each step made in advance.

The past also began to acquire a new significance, for the study of it (as made known in terrestrial deposits) suggested the modern view of the mutability of the earth's surface. No doubt in very early times the occasional discovery of fossilshells and bones—disclosed by some landslip—may have led to vague surmises, as the finding of elephants' bones (many of which so much resemble human bones) may have given rise to tales of giants. With the advance from primeval to classical times clearer notions arose, and Pythagoras (according to Ovid) promulgated the most rational view as to the excavating action of rivers, the upheaval and submergence of land and similar phenomena.

But in the Middle Ages these views seem to have faded from view, so that when in the sixteenth century fossil remains began to be collected in Italy and their significance correctly appreciated, an important revolution in men's minds commenced.

In spite, however, of the gradually clearer apprehension of the fact that many living forms had become extinct, the belief in the fixity of the different kinds of animals and plants was accepted as a matter of course. There were, however, exceptions to this belief as to fixity which continued to be made, as they had been made during the Middle Ages. During these ages creatures, such as worms and flies, had been supposed to be spontaneously generated by the action of the sun on mud and in other ways, and creatures which were erroneously supposed to be hybrids had also been supposed to have been occasionally generated. With these exceptions, however, all animals were supposed to have existed unchanged and without fresh creations since their first formation after the beginning of the world.

The interest felt in all the natural sciences continued to increase through the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and therewith went on a rapid augmentation in the number of known species of animals and plants.

Much gratitude is due from us to the great compilers of those centuries whose ponderous works were treasure-houses of the natural his-

tory of their day. Conspicuous above all was Aldrovandus, whose thirteen folios began to appear in 1640, to be followed in the next century by the richly illustrated folios of Seba.

Thus the way was gradually prepared for a decisive step in advance, marking the first great epoch in the modern natural history of living beings. Such a step was the introduction of a good classification.

It is, of course, difficult to acquire, and impossible to retain and propagate, a thorough knowledge of any very numerous set of objects, unless they are systematically grouped according to some definite plan of classification. On this account the study of living creatures (to the vast number of which attention has been directed) stood in especial need of some convenient arrangement, if only for the purpose of serving as a *memoria technica*.

Attempts at a classification of living beings had been made by many naturalists from Aristotle downwards, and amongst the more recent, that of John Ray² (1628—1705) may be honourably distinguished. But it was not till 1735 that a classification was put forward which marked that epoch in the study of natural history above adverted to. It was promulgated by the publication of the *Systema Naturæ* of Linnæus. His genius also did away with that obstacle to natural science, a cumbrous nomenclature, by devising an admirable plan of naming.† He divided all living creatures into two great series of successively subordinate groups (one series of animals, the other of plants), the animal and vegetable kingdoms. He defined his various groups of either kingdoms by certain resemblances and differences in form and structure, and though his arrangement of plants has been mainly discarded, and his arrangement of animals much changed, and further subdivided, yet the principles he introduced and many parts of his actual classification have been and will be maintained. For his reform in nomenclature above referred to we owe him hearty thanks. Till then, the mode of naming animals and plants was at once cumbrous and little instructive, a descriptive phrase‡ being often employed to designate a particular kind.

The system of naming which Linnæus devised was a binomial system which is now universally adopted. By it every kind of living creature bears a name made up of two words. These (like the family and Christian names of a man)§ indicate two things. The word which comes first indicates to which smaller group or "genus" the designated animal belongs. The second word indicates which kind or "species" (out of the few or many kinds of which such smallest group

* See his *Methodus plantarum nova*, 1682, and his *Animalium quadrupedum et serpentina generis*, 1693.

† Promulgated by him in the tenth edition of his *Systema Naturæ*, published at Stockholm in 1758.

‡ Thus, for example, one kind of bat was called by Seba, "*canis volans ternatanus orientalis*," and a kingfisher is termed "*todus viridis pectore rubro rostro recto*."

§ It is not improbable that Linnæus was influenced in this reform by the then recent introduction of family names into Sweden. His father was the first of his race to take one, and he chose the name Linnæus as his surname.

or "genus" may be composed) of the genus the designated animal may be. Thus, for example, the name borne by the sheep is *Ovis aries*—that is to say, it is the kind *aries* of the group, or genus, *ovis*. The word pointing out the group to which the animal is referred is termed the "generic" name; the word pointing out the kind is called the "specific" name—*Ovis* being the name of the genus and *aries* being peculiar to the species. This great reform has been of very great benefit to the study of natural history.

As has been already remarked, Linnæus's classification of animals and his classification of plants have not shared the same fate. The former has been modified and enlarged, the latter has been discarded. For this there has been a valid reason. Classifications may be of many sorts. We may classify any one given set of objects in a variety of ways according to the way we choose to consider them.

But there are two fundamental differences with respect to classification. An arrangement may be intended merely for convenient reference, or it may be intended to group the creatures classified according to their real affinities. A classification intended merely for convenient reference may be made to depend upon characters arbitrarily chosen and easily seen, and which may stand alone and not coincide with a number of other distinctions. For example, when beasts were arranged in a group of "quadrupeds" (having for their common character the possession of four limbs), such an arrangement excluded from the group whales and porpoises (which are really most closely related to other beasts), while it included lizards and frogs, which are of natures very distinct both from beasts and from one another. But a classification may be made to rest on distinctive characters, which coincide with a great number of other distinctions, and so lead to the association of creatures which are really alike, and which will be found to present a greater and greater number of common characters the more thoroughly they are examined. A system of classification of this latter kind is called a "natural system," because it represents and leads us directly to understand the inter-relations of different creatures as they really exist in Nature.

A natural system has also other advantages; it not only serves as a *memoria technica* as well as a mere artificial system may do, but it also serves (since it must become modified in details as our knowledge increases) as a register of the knowledge existing at the time of its promulgation, and also as a help to discovery; for since by such a system these animals are grouped together by a great number of common characters, it leads us (when any new animal or plant comes under our notice) to seek for certain phenomena when once we have observed others with which such expected phenomena are, according to our supposed classification, associated. Thus a natural system serves to guide us in the path of investigation. Now Linnæus's classification of animals was, to a considerable extent, natural, and therefore has, to a considerable extent, persisted. But his classification of plants reposed upon variations in the more internal (reproductive) parts of flowers

(stamens and pistil) as other anterior and less celebrated systems had reposed on the form of the coloured parts of flowers,* or on such parts together with their green envelope † (or calyx), or only upon the form of the fruit.‡ The genius of Linnæus was not, however, blind to the imperfection of his own classification, for he himself proclaimed § that a natural system "was the one great desideratum of botanical science."

The desideratum was supplied at a memorable era. In 1789 Antony Jussieu || inaugurated this botanical revolution by publishing his *Genera Plantarum*, and therein that natural system of classification of plants which has since (with but small modification) been generally adopted.

The great French naturalist, Buffon, did not live to witness the publication of the last-mentioned work. Had he lived to study it, he might have gained a truer insight into the importance of biological classification, and have endeavoured to improve on Linnæus's system instead of contenting himself with criticising and despising it. In spite of his defective appreciation of the importance of a good arrangement and nomenclature, Buffon greatly aided the progress of Natural History, not only by his eloquent descriptions of the animal world and his zeal for the discovery of new forms, but still more by his suggestive speculations. Amongst these latter may be mentioned his theories of the earth, of the process of generation, his view as to the relations between the animals of the old world and of the new, and, most striking of all, his enunciation of the probability that species had been transformed and modified. In spite of much that was erroneous in his ideas his suggestions have borne good fruit.

Almost simultaneously with the promulgation of a natural system of plants, George Cuvier was labouring to complete a zoological task similar to the botanical one effected by Jussieu. Cuvier, availing himself of the work of Linnæus, elaborated his *Règne Animal*, ¶ and carried zoology by his untiring researches and encyclopædic knowledge to the highest perfection possible in his day. He did this not only as regards living kinds, but also with respect to extinct species,** which he, for the first time, restored in imagination, giving figures of what ere their probable external forms. As then, Linnæus, by his nomenclature and system of zoological classification, made one important step in the progress of modern biology, so a second step was

* Rivinus, 1690.

† Magnol, 1720.

‡ Kamel, 1693.

§ Phil. Bot. 77.

|| The botanical expert will of course understand that what is due to Antony Jussieu's uncle Bernard is not here forgotten; but however great was his merit and preponderant his share in producing the grand result, it was none the less by the nephew that these results were embodied and published in the work above referred to.

¶ The first edition of the *Règne Animal* did not appear till 1817, but a preliminary work in one volume, entitled "Tableau Élémentaire de l'Histoire Naturelle des Animaux," appeared in Paris in 1798.

** His first treatise on fossils was his *Memoir on Megalonyx*, published in 1796. From that time he continued to publish memoirs on fossil forms, till in 1811 his classical work, the "Ossements Fossiles," made its appearance.

effected by the arrangement of all known animals and plants, in a truly natural system, by Jussieu and Cuvier.

A further advance was at the same time rapidly approaching, for simultaneously with the perfecting of the knowledge of structural anatomy as so many matters of fact, a movement of deep significance was stirring the minds of men in Germany—a movement which resulted in the birth of what has been called “philosophical anatomy.” With this, the names of Oken, Goethe, Geoffrey St. Hilaire, and Owen are, with others, indissolubly associated. According to this “philosophical anatomy,” it is possible for men, from a judicious study of living creatures, to gather a conception of certain formative “ideas” which have governed the production of all animals and vegetables. These ideas were conceived as either ideas in God or as ideas existing somehow in a Pantheistic universe. The “ideas” were supposed to be nowhere actually realized in the world around us, but to be approximated to in various degrees and ways by the forms of living creatures. The naturalists of this school triumphantly refuted the old notion that all the structures of living beings were sufficiently explained by their wants. Thus they pointed out the absurdity of supposing that the bones of the embryo’s skull originate in a much subdivided condition, in order to facilitate parturition, when the skulls of young birds, which are hatched from eggs, also arise in a similarly subdivided condition. Many other similar popular instances of final causation in animal structure they similarly explained away. Some of the views put forth by leaders of the movement—as, for example, by Oken—were extremely fantastic,* and were connected with the philosophic dreams of Hegel and of Schelling. Other of their views, however, were both significant and fruitful, for they directed special attention to such facts as the presence in some animals of rudimentary structures. Rudimentary structures are minute structures which some animals have (e. g., the wing bones of the New Zealand Apteryx), and which are miniature representatives of parts which are of large size and of great use in other animals. Other such significant facts are those of animal development, as when Goethe discovered in the skull of the human fetus a separate bone of the jaw, which is no longer separate even at birth, and which, before his time, was supposed only to exist in lower animals.

Thus fresh interest was lent to a most important study, which may be said to have been initiated by Caspar Friedrich Wolff,† which was further developed by Pander‡ and Döllinger, and carried to great perfection by Van Baer§ and Rathke. The study in question was that of animal development—that is, a study of the phases which different animals go through in advancing from the egg to their adult condition.

* Thus he represented the teeth as being the fingers and toes of the head.

† In 1859 in a dissertation as Doctor, at Halle, he put forward his *Theoria Generationsis*, embodying very many new and accurate investigations.

‡ “*Historia Metamorphoseos*,” 1817.

§ “*Entwickelungs-Geschichte der Thiere*,” 1827—1837.

It had of course been long known to all that such animals as the frog and the butterfly undergo great changes during this process, but the study of development revealed to us the strange fact that animals generally, before birth, also undergo great changes, during which each such creature temporarily resembles the permanent condition of other creatures of an inferior grade of organisation.

Philosophical anatomy and the study of development were both highly provocative of research, tending as they did to destroy conceptions on which men's minds had previously reposed, without at the same time substituting any other satisfactory and enduring mental resting-place. They thus prepared the way for that great modern advance—the conception of organic evolution, or the development from time to time of new kinds of animals and plants by ordinary natural processes—a conception the promulgation and general acceptance of which constitutes another great epoch in the cultivation of Natural History.

But as the Linnæan movement was despised by Buffon, so was philosophical anatomy despised by Cuvier. Each of these great naturalists seems to have been so attracted by the brilliance of such faces of the many faceted form of truth as they clearly saw, that they became more or less blinded to other of its faces, in themselves no less brilliant and captivating.

But if philosophical anatomy and the theory of Wolf had to encounter strenuous opposition, still greater was the opposition which met the efforts of those who first asserted organic and specific evolution.

Before the theory of evolution was distinctly enunciated it had had its prophetic precursors, even as far back as the days of Aristotle. In modern times, Buffon, as has been already said, threw out suggestions concerning the transformation of species, and Goethe, Geoffrey St. Hilaire, and Dr. Erasmus Darwin also entertained similar views. But it was not till the beginning of the nineteenth century that the doctrine of evolution was (in modern times) unequivocally put forth. It was so put forth by Lamarck* in the year 1802. He declared that all existing animals had been derived from antecedent forms according to an innate law of progression, the action of which had been modified by habit, by cross-breeding, and by the influence of climatic and other surrounding conditions. His views were accepted by few, and encountered much ridicule; but the gradual modifications of opinion which were being brought about by philosophical anatomy and the study of development prepared the way for his more happy successors. After a considerable interval he was followed by Alfred Wallace† and Charles Darwin,‡ who attributed the origin of new species to the oc-

* In his "Researches on the Organization of the Living Bodies" (1802); in his "Philosophie Zoologique" (1809); and also in the introduction to his "Hist. Nat. des Animaux sans Vertèbres" (1815).

† Journal of Linnean Society, vol. iii., July 1st, 1858; and "Natural Selection." Macmillan. 1871.

‡ Journal of Linnean Society, vol. iii., July 1st, 1858; and "The Origin of Species by Means of Natural Selection." John Murray. 1859.

currence and parental transmission to offspring of indefinite minute variations—no two individuals being ever absolutely alike. Such variations they conceived as taking place in all directions, but as being reduced to certain lines by the destructive agencies of Nature acting upon creatures placed in circumstances of severe competition, owing to the tendency of every kind of organism to increase in a geometrical ratio. This destructive action together with its result was termed by these authors "Natural Selection," but the whole process has been more aptly designated by the phrase, "the survival of the fittest."

The doctrine of evolution, however, has been accepted and advocated by other writers, who deny that "Natural Selection" can be the cause of the origin of species. They say that such origin must be due to whatever produces individual variation, and ultimately to inherent capacities in the organisms themselves. Thus Owen* has declared that "derivation holds that every species changes in time, by virtue of inherent tendencies thereto;" and Theophilus Parsons,† of Harvard University, in 1860, put forth a similar view. In this country the same theory was independently put forward and advocated at much length in 1870‡ by the author of the present paper. In the work referred to, the objections to "Natural Selection" were fully gone into,§ and the theory maintained that external stimuli so act on internal predisposing tendencies as to determine by direct seminal modification the evolution of new specific forms.

We may then conceive the evolution of new specific forms to have been brought about in one or other of the six following ways. The change may have been due:—

- (1.) Entirely to the action of surrounding agencies upon organisms which have merely a passive capacity for being indefinitely varied in all directions, but which have no positive inherent tendencies to vary, whether definitely or indefinitely.
- (2.) Entirely to innate tendencies in each organism to vary in certain definite directions.
- (3.) Partly to innate tendencies to vary indefinitely in all directions, and partly to limiting tendencies of surrounding conditions, which check variations, save in directions which happen accidentally to be favourable to the organisms which vary.
- (4.) Partly to innate tendencies to vary indefinitely in all directions, and partly to external influences which not only limit but actively stimulate and promote variation.
- (5.) Partly to tendencies inherent in organisms, to vary definitely in certain directions, and partly to external influences acting only by restriction and limitation on variation.
- (6.) Partly to innate tendencies to vary definitely in certain directions, and partly to external influences which, in some respects,

* "Anatomy of Vertebrates," vol. iii. Longmans. 1863.

† American Journal of Science and Art, July, 1860.

‡ "Genesis of Species." Macmillan. 1870.

§ See also "Lessons from Nature," J. Murray.

act restrictively, and in other respects act as a stimulus to variation.

It is this last hypothesis which appears to have the balance of evidence in its favour.

But whatever view may be accepted as to the *mode* of evolution, a belief in the *fact* of evolution has given an impulse to natural science the effect of which can hardly be over-estimated. By this belief the sciences which relate to life have been all more or less modified, for light has been thrown by it on many curious facts concerning the geographical and geological distribution of animals and plants. The presence of apparently useless structures—such as the wing of the Apteryx (before referred to) or the foetal teeth of whales which never cut the gum—become explicable as the diminished representatives of large and useful structures present in their more or less remote ancestors.

The curious likenesses which underlie superficial differences between animals become also explicable through "evolution."

That the skeleton of the arm of man, the wing of the bat, the paddle of the whale, and the fore-leg of the horse should each be formed on the same type is thus easily to be understood. The butterfly and the shrimp, different as they are in appearance and mode of life, are yet constructed on one common plan, of which they constitute diverging manifestations. No *à priori* reason is conceivable why such similarities should be necessary, but they are easily explicable if the animals in question are the modified descendants of some ancient common ancestor. We here, then, see an explanation—possibly complete—of the theories of philosophical anatomy. That curious series of metamorphoses which constitutes each animal's development, as recently explained, also receives a new explanation if we may regard such changes as an abbreviated record or history of the actual transformation each animal's ancestors may have undergone. Finally, by evolution we can understand the singularly complex resemblances borne by every adult animal and plant to a certain number of other animals and plants. It is through these resemblances alone that the received systems of classification of plants and animals have been possible; and such classifications viewed in the light of evolution assume the form of genealogical trees of animal and vegetable descent. We have thus a number of facts and laws of the most varied kind upon which evolution throws a new light, and serves to more or less clearly explain. Evidently, then, with the acceptance of the theory of evolution, the natural history of animals and plants needs to be rewritten from the standpoint thus gained. And though there is no finality in science, yet there is much reason to suppose that a long period will elapse before any new modification of biological science occurs as great as that which has been and is being effected through the theory in question.

ST. GEORGE MIVART, in *Contemporary Review*.

THE CHANCES OF ENGLISH OPERA.

MR. ROSA'S successful season at Her Majesty's Theatre has brought the question of the permanent establishment of English opera in London into the foreground once again. Thoughtful musicians and amateurs ask themselves, "Why should not we have an opera in our own tongue, sung more or less by our own people, and produced at least in reasonable proportion by our own poets and composers; such as the French and Germans, and even the Hungarians and Danes have had for years?" The late operatic season has proved two things:—First, that singers English-born, and partly at least English-trained, are quite able to do justice to some of the most difficult works of the international repertoire; and, second, that under an intelligent and enterprising management English opera need by no means spell "Ruin." By these two facts the chance of future and of permanent success may be considered safely established; but intelligence and enterprise are not alone sufficient to account for a success which is in strong contrast with the anything but brilliant results of previous seasons at the Lyceum and the Adelphi. The causes of this change must be looked for elsewhere, and it is of these causes, considered from a broadly historic point of view, that the present article is intended to treat.

The most superficial observer of social and artistic matters in London cannot but have noticed the change which has of late years come over the spirit in which music is listened to and practised by English amateurs. Not only does the interest taken in it exceed that granted to all the other arts in conjunction, but the character of this interest itself is becoming more and more divested of the attributes of a fashionable pastime. A glance at the crowds which assemble to listen to Beethoven's quartets at St. James's Hall, and to his symphonies at the Crystal Palace, would be alone sufficient to establish the point. And in equal measure as the taste of our audiences has become more serious and refined, it has also broadened in scope. The exclusive admiration of Handel and Mendelssohn, on the one hand, and of the school "of the future," on the other, is gradually being merged in an intelligent appreciation of all good music to whatever school or country it may belong. But there are other signs of the times, if possible, still more important. A glance at the rise which the national development of music has of late taken in such remote countries as Russia and Norway, and the applause which the works of Tschai-koffski, of Grieg, and Svendsen, have met with all over Europe, naturally awaken the desire that England also should occupy her proper place amongst musical nations, and it has been justly recognised that, for that purpose, it is necessary not only to give due encouragement to the native talent already in existence, but also to prepare a healthy and congenial atmosphere for that yet to come. In this sense

the agitation for a great central school of music after the pattern of the Paris Conservatoire is one of the most hopeful signs of the musical reawakening in England.

It is at such times of national art-revival that the demand for a national opera, in the sense above specified, becomes irresistible. The opera, as we at present understand the word, occupies a peculiar position in the history of music and of art, generally. A combination of the drama and of music, it is as different, on the one hand, from spoken tragedy or comedy, as it is, on the other, from music pure and simple. The last named arts have been derived from distinctly national sources, the drama from the old Mysteries and miracle plays; the symphony and the artistic song from simple dance forms and popular ditties. But no such natural growth is observable in the opera. The Florentine *dilettanti*, Vincenzo Galilei (the father of the astronomer), Jacopo Peri, and Emilio del Cavaliere, who, in the sixteenth century cultivated *musica in stilo rappresentativo*, and became the founders of the modern opera, did so in connection with the great Renaissance movement of their time. They were intent upon reviving the classical drama with its rhythmical recitation and its choral interludes; and their efforts were, therefore, in the first instance, addressed to scholars and the upper classes generally. So great, however, was the love of music in Italy, and so abundant her production of musical genius, that the narrow limits of the original *dramma per musica* were soon expanded by a succession of men of genius, beginning with Claudio Monteverde, and extending to Rossini, Bellini, and Verdi. But the aristocratic and unpopular, or, at least non-popular, character has in some measure remained attached to Italian opera. Especially is this the case in foreign countries where the high price of the Italian importation practically excludes the multitude from its enjoyment.

Whatever their taste and their critical bias may be, musicians ought never to forget the enormous debt which the progress of the art owes to Italy. She not only produced great musicians herself, but also gave a stimulus to what latent genius there might be in other countries. Pelham Humphreys, the master of Henry Purcell, was himself the pupil of Lully, an Italian by birth although a Frenchman by adoption. But the most casual glance at the music of Humphreys, Purcell, and other writers of the English school will show the important influence exercised on them by Carrissimi. Of the great Roman master's paramount reputation in this country, the following extracts from *Pepys's Diary*, published for the first time in Mr. Maynors Bright's recent edition, may serve as evidence:—

"22nd July, 1664.—Met (at his house), as I expected, Mr. Hill (my friend the merchant) and Andrews, and one slovenly and ugly fellow, Signor Pedro, who sings Italian songs to the theorbo most neatly, and they spent the whole evening in singing the best piece of musique counted of all hands in the world, made by Signor Charissimi, the famous master in Rome. Fine it was indeed, and too fine for me to judge of. They have spoke to Pedro, to meet us every weeke, and I fear it will grow a trouble to me if we once come to bid judges to meet us, especially idle masters which do a little displeas one to consider."

The same inexhaustible source of amusing gossip and valuable information testifies to the fascination exercised by Italian opera on the amateurs of England, and at the same time throws an interesting light on the natural antagonism existing between the foreign and the national elements of music in this, as in other countries. No excuse is needed for the quotation of the interesting extract which moreover bears upon the subject in point:—

“Feb. 12, 1667.—With my Lord Brouncker by coach to his house, there to hear some Italian musique; and here we met Tom Killigrew, Sir Robert Murray, and the Italian Signor Baptista, ¹ who hath proposed a play in Italian for the opera, which T. Killigrew do intend to have up; and here he did sing one of the acts. He himself is the poet as well as the musician, which is very much, and did sing the whole from the words without any musique prickt, and played all along upon a harpsicon most admirably, and the composition most excellent. The words I did not understand, and so know not how they are fitted, but believe very well, and all in the recitativo very fine. But I perceive there is a proper accent in every country's discourse, and that do reach in their setting of notes to words, which, therefore, cannot be natural to anybody else but them; so that I am not so much smitten with it as it may be I should be if I were acquainted with their accent. But the whole composition is certainly most excellent; and the poetry, T. Killigrew and Sir R. Murray who understood the words, did say most excellent. . . . He (Tom Killigrew) tells me that he hath gone several times (eight or ten times, he tells me) hence to Rome, to hear good musique; so much he loves it, though he never did sing or play a note. That he hath ever endeavoured in the late King's time and in this to introduce good musique, but he never could do it, there never having been any musique here better than ballads. And says ‘Hermit poore’ and ‘Chiny Chaso’ (*sic!* ‘Chevy Chaso’ is evidently meant) was all the musique we had; and yet no ordinary fiddlers get so much money as ours do here, which speaks our rudeness still. That he hath gathered our Italians from several Courts in Christendome, to come to make a concert for the King, which he do give 20*l.* a-year a-piece to; but badly paid, and do come in the room of keeping four ridiculous Guadilows, he having got the King to put them away, and lay out money this way. And indeed I do commend him for it; for I think it is a very noble undertaking. He do intend to have some times of the year these operas to be performed at the two present theatres.”

But the influence of Italian music, and of Italian opera especially, was not limited to this country alone. Bach himself submitted to it, and the reputation of Handel, when he came to England was, as every one knows, chiefly founded on the setting of Italian words to more or less Italian music. And the same state of things continued in Germany for more than half a century after his death. Hasse and Graun and Mozart, and even Gluck, wrote *opere serie* and *buffe* to order, and by the dozen, in spite of their nationality and their individual genius. In the meantime, however, national music, to a great extent owing to the efforts of the masters above named, had gone its own way to a degree of perfection infinitely superior to that ever attained by the foreign product; and it may be said that, for the last century, Italian opera in Germany and France and other musical countries has had an

¹Giovanni Baptista Draghi, the younger brother of the more famous Antonio Draghi, born at Ferrara; he accompanied the Princess d'Este, wife of James II. to England, where he wrote several operas; one, *Psyche*, in conjunction with Matthew Lock (1672). The date of his death is unknown, but one of his operas was produced as late as 1706.

essentially artificial existence fostered by fashion and apart from the real musical life of the nation. The first country to throw off the foreign yoke, and to establish a thoroughly national style of operatic music, was France, and the history of this re-action is worth studying in more than one respect. Curiously enough the founder of French operatic music was himself an Italian by birth, and, to some extent, by training. For although Lully was, at the age of thirteen, brought to France, and trained by French masters, his style, like that of his pupil, Pelham Humphreys, distinctly shows the influence of Carissimi. Lully's early attempts at dramatic writing were limited to pieces of incidental music to various ballets and plays, Molière's *L'Amour Médecin* and *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme* amongst the number, in which the composer also appeared as an actor and dancer. Various lucrative Court charges, and the exclusive privilege of performing opera at the Académie Royale de Musique of Paris were the reward of Lully's successful efforts at amusing the Great Monarch. In the meantime, French opera itself was as yet in an embryonic condition. In France, as elsewhere, opera was at first synonymous with Italian opera, having been introduced as early as 1645 by Mazarin, under whose auspices Strozzi's *La festa teatrale della finta pazzo*, was performed by an Italian troupe. It was not till sixteen years later that the Abbé Perrin proved that the French language was at all available for musical purposes by breaking through the absolute rule of the Alexandrine, and writing what in the preface to his poems he aptly styles, *paroles de musique ou de vers à chanter*. His musical collaborator was Robert Cambert; and the joint production of these two men, named *La Pastorale*, and performed for the first time at a private theatre in 1659, may be called the first French opera proper. To Perrin's untiring energy the foundation of the Académie de Musique, or, as we should say, "Grand Opéra," is due. Lully at first was antagonistic to the new enterprise, and used all his natural aptitude for intrigue, and his Court favour, to injure his French rivals. It was not till after Perrin had quarrelled with his associates that Lully changed his tactics, purchased the privilege of performing operas from Perrin, and became the champion of the French music-drama—the possibility of which he had previously denied. It proves the potent spell of national French art, on the one hand, and Lully's pliable genius, on the other, that he, the Italian, became the founder of the national music-drama in France. That name, rather than opera, is applicable to such works as *Persée*, *Armide*, and *Acis and Galatée*. They are, in a manner, the musical complement of the French classical tragedy as represented by Corneille; in the place of Italian fioriture and cantilena the declamatory principle is here, for the first time, relied upon, and it is by this historic fact, rather than by their intrinsic beauty, that Lully's works claim the attention of modern musicians. How that principle, and French opera generally, were further developed by Rameau, this is not the place to show. Of the twenty-two large works, which he composed and produced after he completed his fiftieth year, not a single one now remains on the boards:

but their historic interest is, nevertheless, unimpaired. In the meantime, Italian opera was by no means extinct in France, and it required an acute and prolonged struggle before the claims of French music, and of the French language as a medium for musical expression, were admitted by the majority of Frenchmen. Curiously enough the leading literary men of the day took the side of the foreign movement. French opera and its representatives were from the first in little favour with the poets and journalists of the capital. Boileau hated Lully, and calls him "un buffon odieux, un cœur bas, un coquin ténébreux," and Diderot, in his fictitious dialogue with the nephew of Rameau, shows little sympathy with that celebrated composer and bumptious and overbearing man. But the most dangerous and the most uncompromising antagonist of French music was Jean Jacques Rousseau. The *Lettre sur la Musique Française*, and the shorter and more amusing *Lettre d'un Symphoniste*, foreshadowing the manner of Berlioz, are nothing but the most violent diatribes against French, and in favour of Italian, music, in which instances of keen insight into the principles of dramatic composition are mixed up with the most grotesquely absurd application of those principles to cases in point. There is much that is just in his objection to the irrelevant airs and *insipides chansonnettes* with which the French interspersed their dialogue, and the detailed analysis of *Armide's scena* (*Enfin il est en ma puissance*), in Lully's opera of that name, is, in its way, a masterpiece of unrelenting criticism; but when, on the other hand, we read the rapturous praise of everything Italian, and consider what the *Serva Padrona*, and Italian opera generally in the eighteenth century, really were, the unfairness of Rousseau's special pleading is but too apparent. The amusing wind-up of the article, which concentrates in a few sentences the venom of the preceding pages, must be quoted in the vigorous language of the original:

"Je crois avoir fait voir qu'il n'y a ni mesure ni mélodie dans la Musique Française, parce que la langue n'en est pas susceptible; que le chant François n'est qu'un aboyement continuél, insupportable à toute oreille non prévenue; que l'harmonie en est brute, sans expression, et sentant uniquement son remplissage d'Ecclésiaste; que les airs François, ne sont point des airs, que le récitatif François n'est point du récitatif. D'où je conclus que les François n'ont point de Musique et n'en peuvent avoir; ou que si jamais ils en ont une, ce sera tant pis pour eux."

It ought to be remembered that the author of these remarks was himself the composer of an operetta in French, and that he who compared *le chant François* to the barking of dogs, wrote and composed two of the sweetest of the innumerable sweet chansons transmitted to us from the eighteenth century, *Le rosier* and *Que le temps me dure*. But in the heat of argument, and in his eager desire to spite Rameau, Rousseau forgets even the productions of his own mind, of which he was more proud than of *Emile* or *La Nouvelle Héloïse*. Another point ought to be considered. Rousseau's criticism, although too sweeping, is by no means wholly unjust. Lully's recitation is dry and pompous, and Rameau's counterpoint pedantic. There is, indeed, no doubt that the French school would have succumbed in the struggle, if rescue had not

come from a different quarter. The arrival of Gluck in Paris, his difficulty at first in having his operas performed, his final triumph, and the great artistic commotion generally known as the struggle between Gluckists and Piccinists, are too familiar to musical and unmusical readers to require detailed mention. French music now, at last, had found a champion capable of holding his own against the best Italians. He was a foreigner, but his inspirations, and his artistic principles, were thoroughly French. If he had never come to Paris, French opera would never have become what it was, and is; but neither would Gluck have been the Gluck we know, the author of the French *Alceste* and of *Iphigénie en Tauride*. The phenomenon has been repeated in the cases of Meyerbeer, and, if such juxtaposition may be tolerated, of Offenbach; it proves the immense fascination of the French type of art for good and for evil. In Gluck's case the classic spirit, as revived by Corneille and Racine, and transferred to the lyric stage by Lully and Rameau, was the leading motive. The result is well known, and concerns us here only as far as it has reference to the national development of French opera. This national side of the question was fully acknowledged by the controversialists of the day. Clumsy adversaries occasionally taunted Gluck with his foreign origin, but judicious writers at once perceived that position to be untenable. They therefore contended, as one of Rousseau's cleverest and most hostile critics has put it, "qu'à l'exception de deux ou trois airs qui sont dans la forme italienne, et quelques récitatifs d'un caractère absolument barbare, sa musique est de la musique française, aussi française qu'il s'en soit jamais fait, mais d'un chant moins naturel que Lulli et moins pur que Rameau." Rumours were started at the time, and have found their way even into modern histories, that Queen Marie Antoinette warmly adopted the cause of her countryman and old singing master, and that the gentlemen of her Court used, from the "Coin de la Reine," to applaud Gluck and to hiss Piccini. But Baron Grimm, an unimpeachable authority on Court gossip, on the contrary, informs us that it was the special desire of Marie Antoinette to retain Piccini in France. Very curious, and never before sufficiently noticed, is the attitude which Rousseau observed towards Gluck. He was, as we have seen, in every way committed to the Italian side; but he was too keen, and, it is pleasant to add, too honest a critic to deny the genius of Gluck. The relation of the two great men seems from the first to have been friendly. When Gluck came to Paris he submitted to the philosopher the score of his Italian *Alceste*, asking him for such observations as might suggest themselves. Rousseau reluctantly undertook the task of studying the score, and proposed one or two alterations, which, it appears, were adopted in the French version. But before he had finished his task, Gluck withdrew his work, "without," as Rousseau somewhat peevishly adds, "asking me for my remarks, which had only been just begun." Such fragments as he had put down, he afterwards embodied in a letter to Dr. Burney, and they are still worth reading as a specimen of minute

and intelligent criticism. The objection on principle against French opera has of course been dropped, and, along with it has disappeared the unbounded admiration for its Italian rival. Rousseau is now willing to acknowledge that "Le récitatif ennuye sur les théâtres d'Italie, non-seulement parce qu'il est trop long, mais parce qu'il est mal chanté et plus mal placé."

The results of the foregoing remarks which concern us here, are briefly: that the national music-drama in France was founded in antagonism to the Italian opera, although by an Italian; and that it was placed on a permanent basis by another foreigner at the time of a national revival in matters musical. That such a revival was taking place at the time is sufficiently proved by the interest which not only men of literary eminence, such as Diderot, Rousseau, and La Harpe, but also the highest social circles, took in the artistic discussions above referred to. Even the events of the Revolution were unable to extinguish this interest, and it was during the darkest days of the Terror that the unrivalled school of national music, the Paris Conservatoire, was originated.

To follow the rise of national opera in other countries would far exceed the limits of this essay. Germany was early in the race, but her first efforts were feeble. Nothing of Reinhard Keiser's (born 1675) numerous operas written for Hamburg now remains; and the Elector Charles Theodore's vast scheme of founding a German opera at Mannheim proved abortive. Here also, by the way, an "Alceste" played an important part; Wieland had supplied the libretto, but the composer Schweitzer was not equal to his task, and the opera, although brought out with great *éclat*, and trumpeted all over Germany as a great national event, soon sank into deserved oblivion. It need hardly be said that the real founder of German opera was Mozart, although his chief works were written to Italian words. But the struggle between the national and the foreign element did not take an acute form till after the War of Liberation, which roused the feeling of German unity to a pitch previously unknown. It would be interesting, but it would also require a large amount of space, to relate the valiant fight sustained by Weber against so unworthy a rival as Morlacchi, at Dresden. The personal humiliation suffered by the great master at the hands of an obtuse Court and aristocracy may be read in the biography written by his son. Sir Julius Benedict also remembers many a sad tale to the same effect. But although the master died young, and among strangers, his work survived and bore fruit. Without Gluck there would have been no Méhul, and, perhaps, no Auber; without Weber the supreme power of Wagner might have taken a different, at any rate a more circuitous route.

In the minor and less cultivated countries the same process as that hitherto described may be observed with more or less important variations. In Mr. Gosse's recent volume on *Northern Literature*, there is the following succinct account of the genesis of Danish opera:—

"The theatre in Kongens Nytorv took a new lease of vitality (towards the close of

the last century), and, after expelling the French plays, set itself to turn out a worse cuckoo-nesting that had made itself a nest there—the Italian opera. This institution, with all its disagreeable old traditions, with its gang of *castrati* and all its attendant aliens, pressed hard upon the comfort and welfare of native art, and it was determined to have done with it. The Italians were suddenly sent about their business, and with shrill screams brought news of their discomfiture to Dresden and Cologne. Then for the first time the Royal Theatre found space to breathe, and since then no piece has been performed within its walls in any other language than Danish. When the present writer heard Gluck's opera of *Iphigenia in Tauris* sung there some years ago with infinite delicacy and finish, it did not seem to him that any charm was lost through the fact that the *libretto* was in a language intelligible to all hearers. To supply the place of the banished opera, the Danes set about producing lyrical dramas of their own. In the old Hartmann, grandfather of the now living composer of that name, a musician was found whose settings of Ewald have had a truly national importance. The airs from these operas of a hundred years ago live still in the memory of every boy who whistles. From this moment the Royal Theatre passed out of its boyhood into a confident manhood, or at least into an adolescence which lasted without further crisis till 1805."

Making allowance for local differences, this account may be accepted as typical. Thus Alexej Verstovskij and Glinka became the fathers of Russian opera, the former with his *Asskold's Tomb*, at Moscow, in 1835; the latter, in the following year, at St. Petersburg, with his *Life for the Czar*. Amongst their numerous successors are Rubinstein and Alexander Serov, the author and composer of *Judiŭh*, and other successful operas. The Russian school, although, like all other contemporary schools of dramatic music, under the influence of Wagner, yet preserves sufficient originality of style to be distinguishable from those of other countries. In Bohemia the process was somewhat different. At Prague it was, in the first instance, German opera which superseded the decrepit Italian institution, to be in its turn followed by, or at least associated with, a national opera, of which Smetana, himself a successful composer, is the artistic leader. In Hungary matters have not progressed equally well. Ferencz Erkel's *Bánk Bán* (his best work), and *Hunyady László*, over which patriots at Pesth go into raptures, are, to all intents and purposes, Italian operas, with Hungarian or pseudo-Hungarian airs skilfully interpolated. Mészöly Mihály, another Magyar composer, has not yet had a fair trial; his best work, *Almos*, having never been performed. Baron Bodog Orczy also has treated a Hungarian subject, and used Hungarian rhythms in his opera *The Renegade*, the overture and ballet music from which have been recently performed in London. But it is said that the general type of his music is too essentially German to please his compatriots.

And how about England? Where are her national singers and composers; and where the enthusiastic audiences who watch over the development of native talent with care and jealous zeal? The question is, or at least was till quite lately, difficult to reply to, unless we accept *The Pinafore* as the ultimate acme of English art, and the Opera Comique, in the Strand, as its temple. Many and various causes might be alleged for this national deficiency. Sir George Bowyer, and other persons apt to rush in where students and impartial critics fear to tread, might complain of the national inaptitude of Englishmen for

music, regardless of the fact that from the time of Queen Elizabeth to that of James II. England ranked among leading musical nations, both as regards production, and intelligent reproduction and love of the art. To the student of English musical history, the failure of English opera appears to have its origin in two events and in a name. The first event was the premature death of Purcell. That Purcell, had he lived, would have established a national school of music, and that that school would have been pre-eminently a dramatic one, no one acquainted with his work can deny. Unfortunately he died too soon to fully develop his own power, or to give stability to such results as he had achieved already; and when, fifteen years after his death, Handel came to England, the interest of all lovers of music immediately centred in him, and the English school was too weak to resist the general, and, under the circumstances, perfectly natural tendency. Still the case was by no means hopeless: Handel, as a dramatic composer, had hitherto followed Italian models, but, like Gluck, he was by no means impermeable to the influences of the country which he made his own. Germans themselves acknowledge that the great impulse which produced the oratorios is essentially English in character, and it may be assumed that if Handel had adhered to dramatic composition, similar causes would have produced similar effects, and Handel might have become the English Gluck. But, thanks to the intrigues of Italian rivals, working hand in hand with the religious bias of the country, this second chance of English opera also was to be foiled. The failure of *Aerces*, in 1738, may stand for the second event, above referred to. Of the numerous attempts at establishing English opera on a permanent basis, which were made during the last and present centuries, and amongst which the joint enterprise of Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. W. Harrison was the most important, this is not the place to speak; neither is it the present writer's desire to judge in a summary manner of the numerous works by well-known English composers called into life on such occasions. Some of these have kept the stage to the present day, but none of them has become the legitimate model of what, without extreme stretch of courtesy, could be called a representative school of English opera.

This leads us back to the third detrimental element—the name. English opera has, in the course of time, become identified with a kind of mongrel type of entertainment; consisting of detached pieces of music, interspersed with spoken dialogue, which, in its turn, seems introduced only to explain the reason for another song. To call this class of work English *par excellence* is as absurd as it is unhistoric. The same inferior type of dramatic music has existed, and to a great extent still exists, in most countries. The Germans, for example, have their *Singspiel*. But no person in his senses would, for that reason, call Dittersdorf's *Doctor und Apotheker*, or Lortzing's *Czar und Zimmermann*, German operas proper. The existence of the spoken dialogue in such a work as Beethoven's *Fidelio* can be compared only to one of those formations in the human body which, according to Darwin, were of great

use to our tree-climbing forefathers, but which now only serve the ossologist as the memento of a previous inferior type. This inferior type of the semi-musical drama has been fully recognised in France, where the line between Opera Comique and Grand Opera is actually drawn by the law. It was at the same time, in France, where, under peculiarly favourable circumstances, the first-named *genre* reached its highest, and indeed a very high, state of development. On the French stage every singer knows how to declaim, and the transition from the word to the song is divested of that abruptness so jarring to the feeling and the ear in English theatres. At the same time the fact remains that in France, as elsewhere, the spoken dialogue is absolutely unavailable for the purposes of the higher music-drama. Masaniello spouting Alexandrines, or Tannhäuser lapsing into prose, would be voted unqualified nuisances all the world over. It is one of the great merits of the Italian opera seria to have demonstrated this fact beyond dispute. The *fiasco* of *The Golden Cross* last year, and of *Piccolino* three months ago, taught Mr. Rosa a wholesome lesson as to the merits of spoken dialogue at a large theatre.

To return to early English writers: so far from shunning the recitative, they were, on the contrary, most eager and most competent to treat it. Purcell's first dramatic attempt, *Dido and Æneas*, although written by a boy, and performed by boys, is full of the most striking instances of accurate and forcible declamation; *vide*, for instance, the short dialogue between Dido and Anna, and Dido's accompanied recitative, "Whence could so much virtue spring," with one of those curious attempts at tone-painting to the word "storms" of which Purcell was so fond. And Purcell is not alone in this respect: Henry Lawes—

"Who with smooth air could humour best our tongue,"

attends to every *nuance* of enunciation with as much care as Liszt or Robert Franz could do: and even so humble a worshipper as Mr. Pepys was not remiss in this respect. When, a short time ago, the present writer unearthed from among the treasures of the Pepysian library at Magdalene College, Cambridge, the song "Beauty retire," with the merits and genesis of which students of the Diary are so well acquainted, he was surprised at the skilful and truly dramatic way in which the pompous love-plaint of the tyrant is musically rendered. It is true that the spoken dialogue is, with a few exceptions, found in the early specimens of English opera, but this, as we have seen before, was the case in most other countries, and there is every reason to believe that the English school, had it lived, would have been among the first to rid itself of the intruder.

From Purcell and Lawes, to Mr. Rosa's season, at Her Majesty's Theatre, it is a long step; but there is little to detain one by the way. Of the aims and chances of this last enterprise a great deal has been said and written of late, and, instead of trying to find new phrases for old thoughts, it will be as well to quote the words of a daily contemporary to this effect:—

"It may be alleged that an opera season conducted by a German, Mr. Rosa, and an Italian, Signor Randegger, and the novelties of which are a German and two French works (*Rienzi*, *Carmen* and *Piccolino*), shows but little of the national English element. But it ought to be remembered that in France also, it was Lully, an Italian, who formed the national school, and Gluck a German, who saved it from the encroachments of the foreign element. Moreover, Mr. Rosa has, by word and deed, shown himself desirous to produce works by English composers, if it can be done with a reasonable chance of success. The most important thing for the present is to establish English opera—that is, dramatic music of all schools sung in the English language—on a permanent basis in London. If this has once been done, first-class English singers, and, in due course, English composers will be attracted by the chances of fame and gain thus offered to them, and the nucleus of a truly national theatre will be formed."

And in its summary of the results of the English season the same journal remarks:—

"It is easy to point the moral to be derived from this record of success (*Rienzi* and *Carmen*) and of failure (*Piccolino*). If English opera is to become a permanent, or at least an annual, institution, at a large London theatre, it must not rely upon works of the *Piccolino* type, no more than on constant repetitions of *Favorita*, *Sonnambula*, and other stock pieces of the Italian stage. What is wanted is an impartial and intelligent selection from the important operas of the international *répertoire* without undue predilection for any particular epoch, school, or country, the only necessary condition being the elevated type and intrinsic value of the work chosen. *Carmen*—to return to the case in point—is as different from *Rienzi* as can well be imagined, yet both have succeeded because both contain in a more or less developed state the germs of genuine human interest, as regards dramatic impulse and its musical embodiment. A selection made on these principles and executed in an artistic and generally efficient manner, would at once place English opera on a par with the national institutions of other countries."

And in that case, what, it may finally be asked, is to become of Italian opera in England? Is the London season to be no longer made musical by Italian melody and Italian vocalisation? Such an issue ought to be devoutly deprecated in the interests of both art and fashion. Neither need it be in the least apprehended. Italy will always remain the land of song and the school of singing; and that school all other musical nations will have to attend. It is by their neglect of this duty that German singers have lost that art of producing the voice without which the best natural gifts are of little avail. We, in this country, are more fortunately situated: the wealth of the nation and the laudable enterprise of our operatic managers attract the most eminent foreign singers to our shores, and the Italian opera may in the course of time become a most valuable complement to a national conservatoire. Unfortunately the purity of Italian singing itself has been much impaired of late years. Natives of all countries have invaded the Italian stage, and the undoubted, and, in some cases, supreme value of French and English and Swedish acquisitions is somewhat counterbalanced by the heterogeneous style of singing and of pronouncing the words introduced by less accomplished natives of those and other countries. If some of the English-speaking talent, thus absorbed, were diverted to its natural channel, perhaps Italian opera, as well as English opera, would profit by the division of labour.

FRANCIS HUEFFER in *Macmillan's Magazine*.

MANZONI'S HYMN FOR WHITSUNDAY.

Of all the Sacred Hymns of Manzoni this is the one which breathes the most comprehensive spirit. The first part runs on the more mystical emblems of the Church. But the latter part, which alone is capable of general use, enters into the very heart of the doctrine of the spiritual nature of Christianity, and contains a meaning beyond the original force of the words, which was intended to be confined to the limits of the Roman Church. It is in this wider sense that the following paraphrase has been attempted.

I.

Spirit unseen, our spirit's home
Wheresoe'r o'er earth we roam,
Lost in depths of trackless wood,
Tost on ocean's desert flood,
By the Old World's sacred haunts,
Or the New World's soaring wants,
Peopled isle or coral shoal,
We through Thee are one in soul.

II.

Spirit of forgiving Love,
Come and shelter from above
Those who claim Thee as their own,
Or who follow Thee unknown;
Come and fill with second life
Minds distraught with doubt and strife;
Conquering with Thy bloodless sword
Be the conquer'd's great reward.

III.

Come, and through the languid thought
Of the burden'd soul o'erwrought,
Send, as on a gale of balm,
Whisperings sweet of gentlest calm;
Come, as with a whirlwind's might,
When our pride is at its height,
Lay its surging billows low,
That the world her God may know.

IV.

Love Divine all love excelling,
Quell the passions' angry swelling;
Lend us thoughts which shall abide
That last day when all is tried;
Nourish with the gifts of Heaven
All good gifts to mortals given,
As the sunshine seeks to feed
Brightest flower in dullest seed.

V.

Yea—the flower would fade and perish
 Were there no kind warmth to cherish,
 Never would its petals rise
 Clothed with their resplendent dyes,
 Had no genial light been near,
 Turning from its loftier sphere,
 With unwearyed care to nurse
 Highest good 'mid darkest curse.

VI.

Led by Thee the poor man's eye
 Looks towards his home on high,
 As he thinks with joy of One
 Deemed like him a poor man's son :
 Touched by Thee the rich man's store
 From his open hand shall pour,
 Lightened by the loving look
 And the silent self-rebuke.

VII.

Breathe the speaking speechless grace
 Of the infant's smiling face ;
 Pass with swift, unbidden rush
 Through the maiden's crimson blush ;
 Bless the solitary heart
 Dwelling with its God apart ;
 Consecrate to things above
 Happy home and wedded love.

VIII.

When the pulse of youth beats high,
 Be Thy still, small warning nigh ;
 When for great resolves we yearn,
 Towards the Cross our in-uhood turn ;
 When our locks grow scant and hoary,
 Light them with Thy crown of glory :
 When at last we come to die,
 Sparkle in the vacant eye,
 Hope of Immortality.

A. P. STANLEY, in *Macmillan's Magazine*.

THE PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY'S ENGLISH DICTIONARY.

The preparation of a full scientific English dictionary on an historical basis was first suggested by a paper read before the Philological Society in 1857 by Archbishop Trench on "Some Deficiencies in our English Dictionaries." Two years after, a formal appeal to the public was issued by the society, and some hundred volunteers at once began to collect the necessary quotations. On the death of the proposed editor, Mr. Herbert Coleridge, his place was taken by Mr. F. J. Furnivall, secretary to the society, the well-known founder of the Early English Text, Chaucer, Ballad, and New Shakspeare Societies. All of these societies were, more or less directly, the result of the impetus given to the historical study of English by the undertaking of the Dictionary, for it soon became evident that an historical English dictionary was an impossibility as long as the great majority of our early texts remained either unpublished or else only accessible in rare and costly editions. The inevitable result was, however, to divert the energies of scholars from the Dictionary work to that of text-editing; and as there seemed little prospect of surmounting the financial difficulties involved in carrying out the work on the vast scale necessary, the interest of readers began to fall off, although a faithful few have never ceased reading and working up to the present time. But during the last three years the society has been earnestly trying to utilise the enormous mass of material already collected, by negotiating with various publishing firms, and has finally succeeded in making arrangements with the Clarendon Press, Oxford, for the preparation and publication of a dictionary from those materials which, although less full than was contemplated, will satisfy the requirements of English scholarship, and also pave the way for a more complete *Thesaurus* in the future. As it is, the Dictionary will be one and a-half times the size of Littré's, or more than four times that of Webster. It is intended to include all English words since 1100, omitting only those which became extinct before that date, illustrating each word, sense, and century, with a short quotation. The Dictionary will be completed, if possible, in ten years, and the first part will be issued in 1882. The editor is Dr. J. A. H. Murray, now president of the society, and author of the *Dialect of the Southern Counties of Scotland*, who, of the various members of the society who have been suggested from time to time, unquestionably possesses in the highest degree that combination of learning, method, energy and power of organisation which his arduous task demands. He will be aided by a suitable staff of assistants.

But to ensure the progress of the Dictionary and to make it a lasting monument of our language, the already vast mass of material requires to be considerably supplemented. The Dictionary Committee of the

Philological Society has accordingly issued an "Appeal to the English-speaking and English-reading public to read books and make extracts for the Philological Society's new English Dictionary," in which it asks help from readers in Great Britain, America, and the Colonies, by reading and extracting the books still unexamined. The eighteenth century, especially, has hardly been read at all, except Burke, even Swift's works being still untouched. Dr. Murray has prepared a list of the chief books which ought to be taken up at once. Readers can also be supplied with printed slips with the titles, &c., of the books, so as to save mechanical labour. The names of readers will be recorded in the Reference List of Books at the end of the Dictionary. Those who cannot read themselves, but can give or lend early copies of seventeenth or eighteenth-century books, will do great service. Sub-editors are also much wanted to arrange, classify, and complete the materials for some letters. All offers of help to be addressed to Dr. Murray, Mill Hill, Middlesex, N. W.

This is work in which any one can join. Even the most indolent novel-reader will find it little trouble to put a pencil-mark against any word or phrase that strikes him, and he can afterwards copy out the context at his leisure. In this way many words and references can be registered that may prove of the highest value. Schoolmasters, again, will have little difficulty in enlisting volunteers among their own pupils; thus Dr. Murray's have supplied him with 5,000 quotations during the past month.

It is, indeed, a matter of congratulation that the twenty years' toil of the Philological Society at last promises to bear fruit, and our only regret is that such men as Herbert Coleridge and Prof. Goldstücker, who bore the heat and burden of the day, have not lived to see their hopes realised. It would be an injustice to conclude without an allusion to two of the original promoters of the dictionary who are still among us: Mr. Wedgwood, whose *Etymological Dictionary*—itself an outcome of the work at the larger dictionary—has done so much to arouse popular interest in the study of English; and Mr. Furnival. Of Mr. Furnival's services it would be impossible to speak too highly: his zeal for the Dictionary has never flagged for a moment, and it is mainly to his personal influence that the successful issue of a protracted and difficult series of negotiations is due.—*The Academy*.

THE
LIBRARY MAGAZINE.

JUNE, 1879.

THE HISTORICAL ASPECT OF THE AMERICAN CHURCHES.¹

As elsewhere I have spoken of the historical aspect of the United States, so here I propose, in the same manner and with the same reservations, to speak of the historical aspect of the American Churches; and as then I ventured at times to point the moral to the peculiar audience of Birmingham, so here I may be allowed to make analogous applications to my clerical audience in Sion College.

I. Before I enter on any details let me offer some general remarks.

(1.) It will be observed that I speak, not of "the American Church," but of "the American Churches." It is the custom with many English Churchmen to speak of "the American Church" as if there were but one, and that a branch of our own form, established in America. A moment's reflection will show the erroneousness of this nomenclature. It is not only that other Churches in America are of far larger dimensions, but that from the nature of the case it would be as absurd to speak of the "Church of America" as it would be to speak of the "Church of Europe."

Each separate state is as it were a separate kingdom, and although the religious communities are not precisely conterminous with the different states, yet one or other predominates in these different commonwealths, and although a like complexion runs through almost all of them, the distinctions between what may be called the National Churches of the several States will perhaps never be altogether effaced.

During the War of Independence the Churches were set in hostile array by their politics. The Congregationalists were all Whigs; the Episcopalians, most of them, Tories. "The Quakers,"² says Frank-

¹ An address delivered in Sion College, March 17, 1879. The authorities on which this sketch is founded are the usual works connected with American History. Perhaps I should specify more particularly Palfrey's *History of New England*, Beardley's *History of the Church in Connecticut*, Bishop White's *Memoirs of the Protestant Episcopal Church*, Anderson's *History of the Colonial Church*, Stevens's *History of Methodism*. The rest speak for themselves; and I have derived much from the kindness of American friends in oral communication.

² Sargent's *André*, 122.

lin, "gave to the Revolution every opposition which their vast abilities and influence could suggest." During the great Civil War the Churches in the North and South were completely torn asunder by the distinction of political principle, and since the war it is with difficulty that any of them have been again re-united. The Southern Bishops asked for re-admission to the Episcopal Convention, but on the express condition that no censure was to be passed on their departed colleague, Bishop Polk. The Northern Bishops consented to re-admit them, but after much hesitation. The Methodists and Presbyterians of the North and South have not yet entirely coalesced. The Pope, in the plenitude of his infallibility, shrank from pronouncing a judgment on the question of slavery such as might alienate from his Church either the North or the South.

It is this variation of ecclesiastical organization in the different States which explains the principle that has often misled European bystanders, namely, that which excludes from the consideration of Congress all concerns of religion. This, by whatever other influence it may have been accomplished, is the natural result of the almost necessary exclusion of the central government from the domestic arrangements of the particular States. Long before and long after the Congress had been established, the governments of individual States still exercised an undoubted control over the ecclesiastical affairs of their particular communities.

The whole system is or was till recently more or less what we should call concurrent establishment or concurrent endowment. The principle of Establishment in America existed till our own time in a galling and odious form, such as never existed in England, that of a direct taxation in each State for whatever was the predominant form of religion. This has now disappeared,¹ but the principle of endowment still continues; and if the endowments of Harvard College in Massachusetts, or Trinity Church in New York, were attacked, the programme of the Liberation Society would in this respect meet with a resistance in the United States as sturdy as it awakens in England.

(2.) Again, as with the United States at large, so also in regard to their religious development, the truth holds that they exhibit the marks of a young, unformed, and, so to speak, raw society. The American Churches from the first retained and still retain traces of a state of feeling which from the Churches of the older continent have almost passed away. The intolerance which is the mark of the crudity of newly-formed communities was found in the United States long after it had ceased in the mother country. Baptists and Quakers, for their religious opinions, were cruelly scourged in the State of Massachusetts after any such barbarous punishment, on any purely theological grounds, had vanished from England. A venerable Baptist has recorded² his suf-

¹ See an excellent article on the Anglo-American Churches, in the *London Quarterly*, vol. xlvii. p. 414.

² Grant's *History of the Baptists*, p. 447.

ferings whilst exposed to the lash of his persecutors, in language worthy of an early Christian martyr, and the sufferings of the Quakers have been made the subject of a tragedy by Longfellow. Even as late as 1750 an old man is said to have been publicly scourged in Boston for non-attendance at the Congregationalist worship.¹

On the question of slavery, which in the American Churches reached, both in North and South, the dignity of a religious dogma, there were instances, even within our own time, of the missionaries of abolition being burnt alive at the stake long after any such punishment was inflicted even in Scotland even on witches.²

The exclusiveness of public opinion against some of the prevailing forms of religious belief in America till within twenty or thirty years ago, was at least equal to anything found amongst ourselves. A well-known English traveller passing through the states where Unitarian opinions were not in vogue, tells us that she was warned in significant terms that she had better conceal them if she wished to find social reception.³ The passion for pilgrimages, relics, and anniversaries is, with some obvious modifications, as ardent as in the European Churches of the Middle Ages, and the preternatural multiplication of the wood of the Mayflower is said to be almost as extraordinary as the preternatural multiplication of the wood of the True Cross.⁴

(3.) Again, the social estimation of the different Churches bears a striking resemblance to those distinctions which in other forms might have been found in the Churches of Europe centuries ago. These relations are in detail often the reverse of what we find in Europe, but this does not make less significant the general fact of the combination of certain religious convictions with certain strata of society.

Let me briefly give a sketch of these social conditions as they now appear, inherited no doubt in large proportion from the historical origin of the different creeds. At the top of the scale must be placed, varying according to the different states in which they are found, the Unitarian Church, chiefly in Massachusetts; the Episcopal Church chiefly in Connecticut and the Southern States. Next, the Quakers, or Friends, in Philadelphia, limited in numbers, but powerful in influence and respectability, who constituted the mainstay of Pennsylvania loyalty during the War of Independence.⁵ Next, the Presbyterian Church, and close upon its borders and often on a level with it, the Congregationalists. Then, after a long interval, the Methodists; and following upon them, also after an interval, the Baptists; and again, with perhaps a short interval, the Universalists, springing from the

¹ Wilberforce, *History of the American Church*, 116

² Miss Martineau's *Western Travel*, iii. 81, 174; ii. 208. *Society in America*, i. 118, 150. Garrison at Boston narrowly escaped death, *Western Travel*, iii. 76; *Society in America*, i. 175.

³ Miss Martineau's *W. T.* 180, 211; *S. A. H.* 15, 29, 227

⁴ Lyell's *Second Visit*, i. 120

⁵ Sargent's *André*, 119

lower ranks of Congregationalists. Then, after a deep gulf, the Roman Catholic Church, which, except in Maryland and the French population of Canada and of Old Louisiana, is confined almost entirely to the Irish. Their political influence is no doubt powerful; but this arises from the homogeneousness of their vote. There are also a few distinguished examples of Roman Catholics in the highest ranks of the legal profession.

Below and besides all these are the various unions of eccentric characters, Shakers and the like, who occupy in the retired-fastnesses of North America something of the same position which was occupied by the like eccentric monastic orders of mediæval Europe.

In what respects these various religious communities have contributed to American society results superior or inferior to those of the National Churches of Europe, is well discussed by Mr. Thomas Hughes in his chapter on this subject, in *The Old Church and what to do with it*, which (with two trifling exceptions) I adopt as so completely coinciding with my own impressions, as to render any further discussion of the matter useless in this place.

II. We will now leave these general remarks, and take the different Churches in the order of their chronological formation, dwelling chiefly on those which have the largest significance.

(1.) Passing over for the moment the two great outlying Roman Catholic settlements in the Southern States and Canada, which, as not being of British origin, cannot be fairly brought within the scope of these remarks, the first solid foundation of any religious community in the United States was that of the New England Churches. These, being derived from the Puritans who escaped from the detested yoke of the legislation of the Stuart Kings, gave a colour to the whole religion of the first civilisation of North America.

There are considerable varieties in detail. The Puritans¹ of Salem, who regarded themselves as non-conforming members of the Church of England, looked with aversion on the separatist principles of the Pilgrim Fathers who landed in the Mayflower at Plymouth. It was long before this breach was healed, and the distinction, jealously guarded in the retrospect even at the present day, is not unimportant, as bringing before our minds the true historical position of the Puritans in the mother country. The pathetic expressions of affection for the Church of England—"England," as they said, "and not Babylon"—the passionate desire not to leave it, but to reform it—this was the well-spring of the religious life of America as it was the well-spring of the religious life of those distinguished English pastors whom the Act of Uniformity compelled reluctantly to abandon their posts in the National Church at home.

Another variation amongst the Puritan settlers was that which divided the Presbyterians from the Congregationalists. The Congre-

¹ See the Oration of the Hon. W. C. Endicott, p. 170, on the Commemoration of the Landing of John Endicott at Salem.

gationalists, as they have insisted upon terming themselves,¹ instead of taking the name of "Independents," which their co-religionists have adopted in England, carried on the line of ecclesiastical policy which would probably have prevailed in England had Richard Cromwell remained seated on his father's throne, and transmitted his sceptre to another and yet another Oliver, with whatever modifications the national circumstances might have produced. The names of the streets of Boston still bear witness, or did till within a few years ago, of the force with which the recollection of those days clung to the New England colonists. Newbury Street, from the battle of Newbury; Commonwealth Street, from the English Commonwealth; Cromwell Street, from the great Protector; and amongst the Christian names, which are remarkable indications in every country of the prevailing affections of the period, are a host of Biblical appellations which in the mother country, even amongst Nonconformists, have almost become extinct: Kind, Light, Lively, Vigilance, Free-grace, Search-the-Scriptures, Accepted, Elected, Hate-evil, Faint-not, Rest-come, Pardon, Above-hope, Free-gift, Reformation, Oceanus (born on the Mayflower), Peregrine (first child born after the landing of the Pilgrims), Return, Freeborn, Freedom, Pilgrim, Donation, Ransom, Mercy, Dependence, Hardy, Reliance, Deliverance, Experience, Consider, Prudence, Patience ("Patia"), Standfast, Sweet, Hope, Hopestill, Urbane, Rejoice, Welcome, Desire, Amity, Remember, Hasty, Prosper, Wealthy, Mindwell, Duty, Zealous, Opportunity, Submit, Fearing, Unite, Model, Comfort, Fidelity, Silence, Amen, Reason, Right, Rescue, Humble.

There are three romantic stories which have come down to us from those early times. One is the only legend which Walter Scott has incorporated into his romances from the history of America, the apparition of the regicide Goffe in a battle with the Red Indians at Hadley; the second, the anecdote of the firmness of Judge Davenport at New Haven on the supposed arrival of the Day of Judgment during an extraordinary darkness; thirdly, the self-imposed penance of Judge Sewall at Salem for his persecution of the witches.

Two great institutions owe their origin to the first Congregationalist settlers—Harvard College, of the American Cambridge in Massachusetts, Yale College, in the city of Elms at New Haven—each with its splendid hall and chapel—each with its group of smaller edifices, destined doubtless to grow up into a constellation of colleges.

Two characters of apostolic zeal appeared in connection with the mission to the Indians. One was David Brainerd, the heroic youth (for he was but twenty-nine when he died) who devoted to the service of the Indians a life as saintly as ever was nurtured by European Missions. "Not from necessity but by choice, for it appeared to me that God's dealings towards me had fitted me for a life of solitariness and hardship, and that I had nothing to lose by a total renunciation of it. It appeared to me just and right that I should be destitute of home and

¹ The name was given by Conant. .

many comforts of life which I rejoice to see other of God's people enjoy. And at the same time I saw so much of the excellency of Christ's kingdom, and the infinite desirableness of its advancement in the world, that it swallowed all my other thoughts, and made me willing, yea, even rejoice, to be made a pilgrim or hermit in the wilderness, and to my dying moment, if I might truly promote the blessed interests of the great Redeemer, and if ever my soul presented itself to God for His service without any reserve of any kind it did so now. The language of thought and disposition now was, 'Here am I—Lord, send me;' send me to the jungle, the savage pagans of the wilderness—send me from all these so-called comforts on earth, or earthly comfort—send me even to death itself if it be but in Thy Name and to promote Thy kingdom."¹

The other was "the Apostle of the Indians," John Eliot, whose translation of the Bible into their language remains as the monument both of his own gigantic effort and the sole record of their tongue, and also of the friendly relations which the Church of England then maintained with its separated children. It was supported by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel—"the Venerable Society," as the Americans call it—and by Sion College.² He lies in the churchyard on the rocky hill of Roxbury, in the suburbs of Boston.

2. The Presbyterians, who in Great Britain furnished so large an element to the contending Churches at the time of our civil wars, but who, with us, have almost entirely receded or been confined to the great Presbyterian communion on the other side of the Tweed, in America have kept up alike their inborn vigour and their numerical force. Amongst them rose the one theological name of the early period of American ecclesiastical history which still possesses a European fame. In the secluded village of Stockbridge, amongst the Berkshire hills, a wooden cottage is shown which for many years was the residence of Jonathan Edwards. It was there that he composed his book on the *Freedom of the Will*, which is said to be the most powerful exposition of the doctrines of necessity dear alike to the Calvinistic theologian and to the modern scientific investigator."³

It may be of interest for a moment to recall his outward manner of life as the tradition of it is there preserved, because it shows that the apparent incongruities of ecclesiastical preferment and individual character are not confined to the anomalies of European Churches. He was sent out there as a missionary to the Indians and pastor to the colonists, but it is said of him with a simplicity that provokes a smile, that thirteen out of the twenty-four hours were devoted to study in his house; that his time out of doors was chiefly devoted to cutting

¹ Anderson's *History of the Colonial Church*, iii. 460.

² Anderson, ii. 386, 387, 398.

³ It is difficult precisely to classify Edwards' ecclesiastical position. He began and ended as a Presbyterian, but was much connected in the interval with Congregationalists.

wood and riding through the forest; that he never visited his people except they were sick, and did not know his own cattle. He is laid in the cemetery of Princetown, the chief Presbyterian university of which in his latter years he was president; and hard by lays his grandson, the Satan of American history, Aaron Burr.

One other name of later days belongs alike to the theology of Europe and America, connected in like manner with the Presbyterians or Congregationalists. It is that of Dr. Robinson, the author of *Biblical Researches in Palestine*. A simple solid granite pillar marks the site of his grave in the most beautiful of American cemeteries, that of Greenwood, in the neighbourhood of New York. He was the first explorer of Palestine who saw it with the eyes of a mind fully prepared for what he was to discover, and capable of seeing what he had to describe. His works may be superseded by later investigators and more attractive writers, but he will always be regarded as the founder of modern sacred geography.

It was inevitable that the Presbyterian body in America should be increased and fortified by an influx of those holding the same creed or form of Church government from Scotland and Ulster. It is in Canada chiefly that these have found their home. There alone amongst the Colonial settlements of Great Britain the rancour of Orangemen against Papists still continues in unbroken force. The streets of Montreal have been the scene of riots as furious as those which have disturbed the thoroughfares of Belfast. There also the distinction between the Established and the Free Church of Scotland has been carried beyond the Atlantic, and although in the almost necessary absence of fuel to keep alive the division, the two sections have within the last few years been brought to an outward coalition, yet it was only three years ago that a dispute on the question of the duration of future punishment almost again rent them asunder; the members of the old National Church of Scotland maintaining without exception the more merciful and (we trust) Biblical view of this question, and the members of the Free Church equally adhering, according to their characteristic usage, to the more narrow and traditional opinion.

A word should be given to the Dutch Reformed Church, which exists amongst the American forms of Presbyterianism. It has a kind of European reputation in the pages of Washington Irving and of Mrs. Grant's *Memoirs of an American Lady*.¹ Dellinger, when asked what theologians the Americans had produced, answered "Only two—Channing" (of whom we shall speak presently) "and the Dutch Reformed pastor, Nevin," the author of *The Spirit of Sect*, and father of the present accomplished chaplain to the Episcopal American Church at Rome.

(3.) The next infusion into the ecclesiastical elements of America were the two great Communions which I have already mentioned, the Baptists and the Methodists.

Of the Baptists it is only necessary here to say that in numbers they

surpass all other American churches, except the Methodists, including, as they do, not merely many of the humbler classes in the Northern States, but also a large proportion of the negroes in the South. One interesting feature in their history deserves to be recorded. Many are accustomed in these latter days in England to speak as if the chief mode by which religion is propagated must be the importance attached to sacramental forms. It is worth while for us to contemplate this vast American Church which, more than the corresponding community in England, lays stress on its retention of what is undoubtedly the primitive, apostolical, and was till the thirteenth century, the universal mode of baptism in Christendom, which is still retained throughout the Eastern Churches, and which is still in our own Church as positively enjoined in theory as it is universally neglected in practice, namely, the oriental, strange, inconvenient, and, to us, almost barbarous practice of immersion. The Baptist Churches, although they have used our own Authorised Version, and will, we trust, accept our new revision, yet in their own translation of the Bible have substituted "immersion" for the more ambiguous term, "baptism." The attraction which this ceremony of total ablation, in the burning heats of the Southern States, offers to uneducated minds, is said to be one of the most powerful motives which have induced the negroes to adopt the Baptist communion. A measure of the want of education amongst these primitive converts may be given in the story told of the triumphant tones in which a negro teacher of the Baptist Church addressed a member of the chief rival communion. "You profess to go to the Bible, and yet in the Bible you find constant mention of 'John the Baptist,' John the Immerser. Where do you ever find any mention of 'John the Methodist?'"

(4.) This leads us to that other communion whose progress through the United States alone exceeds that of the Baptists. John Wesley and George Whitefield alone, or almost alone, of eminent English teachers were drawn beyond the limits of their own country to propagate the Gospel, or their own view of it, in the Transatlantic regions. John Wesley's career in Georgia, although not the most attractive of his fields of labour, is yet deeply interesting from his close connection with one of the noblest of all the religious founders of the American States, General Oglethorpe, the founder of Georgia. "In the heart of the ever-green forest, in the deep solitude of St. Simon's Island, is the great oak with its hanging moss, which they still call 'Wesley's Oak,' underneath which he preached to the colony in the wilderness." George Whitefield produced by his preaching the same extraordinary effect which he had produced in England, of which the crowning example is the impression he left on the hard, homely, philosophic mind of Benjamin Franklin; and, thorough Englishman as he was, he terminated his marvelous career, not in England, but in America, and his bones still remain to be visited like the relics of a mediæval saint in the church of Newburyport in Massachusetts.

It would seem as if three elements conduced to the remarkable position of the American Methodists. First, for the more educated classes

the Arminianism of Wesley, to which in their uncultured way the Transatlantic Methodists still adhered, furnished some kind of escape from the stern Calvinism of the Presbyterians and Congregationalists of New England; and it may be that out of this tendency sprang that remarkable off-set from Congregationalism of which I have already spoken, the Universalists.

Secondly, the Episcopal organization of this community, which, although differing from the more regular forms under which it is preserved in the Roman, English, and Lutheran Churches, has yet justified Wesley's adoption of it by the coherence which it has given to a system otherwise so diffusive.¹

Coke, the first Methodist, the first Protestant Bishop^s of America, has a life and death not unworthy of the vast Church of which he was the virtual founder. He was the right hand of Wesley—inferior, no doubt, but still his chief supporter. "I want," he said, on his last visit to America, "the wings of an eagle and the voice of a prophet, to proclaim the Gospel east and west, and north and south." He was consecrated Bishop by Wesley with the full approval of the most saintly and one of the most churchmanlike of Wesley's followers, Fletcher of Madeley. He crossed the Atlantic eighteen times. He traversed for forty years the British Isles, the United States, and the West Indies. He found his grave in the Indian Ocean on his way to the wide sphere of Missionary labour in the East Indies.

Thirdly, the hymns, originating in the first instance from the pens of John Wesley and his brother Charles, and multiplied by the fertility of American fancy, have an attraction for the coloured population corresponding to that ceremonial charm which I have already described as furnished to them by the Baptists through the rite of immersion.

(5.) We now come to the latest, but not the least important developments of American Christianity. Out of the Calvinism of the New England Churches, much in the same way as out of the Calvinism of Geneva itself, under the influence of the general wave of critical and philosophical inquiry which swept over the whole of Europe in the eighteenth century, there arose in the famous city, which by its rare culture and social charms may claim to be the Geneva of America, that form of Congregationalism, which, for want of a better name, has been called partly by its enemies and partly by its friends, Unitarian-

¹ For the futile attempts of Coke to procure Episcopal ordination for the Methodist clergy from the Church of England and the Episcopal American Church, see Stevens' *History of Methodism*, iii. 129, 130. Coke wrote to Lord Liverpool and also to William Wilberforce to offer himself as the first Bishop of India. (*Ibid.* iii. 329. Tyerman's *Life and Times of Wesley*, iii. 434).

² The name of Bishop, as applied to an Episcopal office created by a Presbyter, may, in the ordinary parlance of modern Europe, be regarded as a solecism. But in the rude organization of primitive times, such a use of the word was a necessity. All the Bishops of the second century must have been created by Presbyters of the first century, and this usage continued in Alexandria down to the fourth century.—See Bishop Lightfoot's exhaustive treatise on the Christian Ministry in his work on the *Epistle to the Philippians*, p. 228, 229.

ism. Not great in numbers,¹ except in Boston and its neighbourhood, but including within itself almost all the cultivated authorship of America in the beginning of this century, the Unitarian Church at that period was unquestionably at the summit of the civilised Christianity of the Western continent. Its chief representative was one of the few names which, like Jonathan Edwards, has acquired not only an American but a European splendour, Dr. Channing. The stiff and stately style of his works will hardly maintain its ground under the altered tastes of our generation. But it is believed that his sermons may still from time to time be heard from English pulpits where we should least expect to find them. And both in England and America there still remains the strong personal impression which he left on those who knew him.

Those who can remember him describe the dignified courtesy and gracious humility which gave even to his outward appearance the likeness of an ancient English dignitary; and with this was combined, in the later period of his life, a courageous zeal rarely united with a cautious and shrinking temperament like his, in behalf of the cause of Abolition, then, in his native State and amongst his own peculiar circles, branded with unpopularity amounting almost to odium. "When he read a prayer, it left upon those who listened the impression that it was the best prayer that they had ever heard, or when he gave out a hymn, that it was the best hymn they had ever read." To some one who was complaining of the strenuous denunciations in the Gospel Discourses, he opened the New Testament and read the passages aloud. As soon as he had finished, his hearer said, "Oh, if that was the tone in which they were spoken, it alters the case."² When he came to this country he visited the poet Wordsworth, and years afterwards the poet would point to the chair in which he had sat, and say, "There sat Dr. Channing." Coleridge, after his interview, said of him, "Dr. Channing is a philosopher in both possible senses of the word. He has the love of wisdom and the wisdom of love."³ When he died he was borne to his grave in the cemetery at Mount Auburn amidst the mourning of all Boston; and the bells of the Roman Catholic chapel joined with those of Protestant church and chapel and meeting-house in muffled peals for the loss of one who, as his grave-stone records, was "honoured," not only "by the Christian society of which for nearly forty years he was pastor," but "throughout Christendom."⁴

The neighbourhood of Newport was the scene of his early life. "No spot on earth," he said, "helped to form me like that beach." He was a complete Bostonian, yet he had a keen sense of the social supe-

¹ One-fifth of the population in Boston. Lyell's Second Visit, i. 172.

² *Life*, ii. 286; iii. 449.

³ II. 219. Compare Wordsworth's account, ii. 218.

⁴ I. 136.

⁵ I. 100.

triority of the Virginians.¹ He was a thorough American, but in the Napoleonic war his love of England was as strong as if he had been born in Britain.²

One or two characteristic anecdotes may be given of his general culture.

Speaking of Cervantes, whom he could not forgive for his satire on Don Quixote, he said—"I love the Don too much to enjoy his history." The following passage in substance singularly coincides with the celebrated but long subsequent passage of Cardinal Newman on the religious aspect of music. "I am conscious of a power in music which I want words to describe. Nothing in my experience is more inexplicable. An instinct has always led me to transfer the religious sentiment to music; and I suspect that the Christian world under its power has often attained to a singular consciousness of immortality. Facts of this nature make us feel what an infinite mystery our nature is, and how little our books of science reveal it to us."

We may add various passages, which give a just estimate of the catholicity of his theological sentiments. "Read to me," he said to his friends in his last hours, "the Sermon on the Mount." And when they closed the Lord's Prayer, "I take comfort," he said, "and the profoundest comfort, from these words. They are full of the divinest spirit of our religion." "I value Unitarianism," he remarked, "not as a perfect system, but as freed from many errors of the older systems, as encouraging freedom of thought, as raising us above the despotism of the Church, and as breathing a mild and tolerant spirit into the members of the Christian body. I am little of a Unitarian; I have little sympathy with Priestley or Belsham, and stand aloof from all but those who strive and pray for clearer light, who look for a purer and more effectual manifestation of Christian faith."³

"I do not speak as a Unitarian, but as an independent Christian. I have little or no interest in Unitarians as a sect."

"Until a new thirst for truth, such, I fear, as is not now felt, takes possession of some gifted minds, we shall make little progress."

"The true Reformation, I apprehend, is yet to come."

"What I feel is that Christianity, as expounded by all our sects, is accomplishing its divine purpose very imperfectly, and that we want a Reformation worthy of the name; that, instead of enslaving ourselves to any existing sect, we should seek, by a new cleansing of our hearts, and more earnestness of prayer, brighter, purer, more quickening views of Christianity."

"We have reason to suppose, from what has been experienced, that great changes will take place in the present state of Christianity; and the time is, perhaps, coming when all our present sects will live only in history."

¹ Life, i. 82.

² I. 332.

³ See his candid estimate of English Theology, ii. 148—151, and of all Churches, i. 352. See also i. 344, 367, 406; ii. 38, 400.

"God is a spirit, and His spiritual offspring carry the primary revelation of Him in their own nature. The God-like within us is the primary revelation of God. The moral nature is man's great tie to divinity. There is but one mode of approach to God. It is by faithfulness to the inward, everlasting law. The pure in heart see God. Here is the true way to God."

"Could I see before I die but a small gathering of men penetrated with reverence for humanity, with the spirit of freedom, and with faith in a more Christian constitution of society, I should be content."

"Strive to seize the true idea of Christ's character; to trace in His history the working of His soul; to comprehend the divinity of His spirit. Strive to rise above what was local, temporary, partial in Christ's teaching, to His universal, all-comprehending truth."

It is said that there was in the warmth¹ of Unitarian preachers at that time something quite unlike the coldness frequently ascribed to it. One fervent spirit at least, though divided from it in later days, sprang from the Unitarian Church, Theodore Parker. He also, though not so extensively, was one of the few American theologians known beyond his own country; and with all the objections which may be made against his rough and untimely modes of thought and expression, he must be regarded as the first pioneer, on the Transatlantic continent, of those larger views of critical inquiry and religious philosophy which have so deeply influenced all the Churches of the old world.

(6.) We now come to what is in one sense the earliest, in another, the latest born of the American Churches. Before the arrival of the Mayflower in the Bay of Plymouth there had already entered into the James River that adventurous colony, headed by the most marvellous of all the explorers of the Western world in those days, the representative of Raleigh, Captain John Smith. In him and in his settlement were the first parents of the Church of England in America. The first clergyman was Robert Hunt, vicar of Reculver in Kent, who was the chaplain of the unruly crew, and who celebrated in Virginia the first English Communion of the New World on Sunday, the 21st of June, 1607. We hear little of the early pastors; but any church might be proud to trace back its foundation to so noble a character as the devout sailor-hero John Smith. "In all his proceedings he made justice his first guide and experience his second, combating baseness, sloth, pride, and indignity more than any dangers. He never allowed more for himself than for his soldiers with him—into no danger would he send them where he could not lead them himself. He never would see us want what he either had or could by any means get us. He would rather want than borrow, or starve than not pay. He loved action more than words, and feared covetousness more than death. His ad-

¹ Lyell, Second Visit, i. 176.

ventures were our lives, and his loss our own deaths."¹ An accomplished scholar of our own time has said, "Machiavelli's *Art of War* and the *Meditations of Marcus Aurelius*² were the two books which Captain John Smith used when he was a young man. Smith is almost unknown and forgotten in England his native country, but not in America, where he saved the young colony in Virginia. He was great in his heroic character and his deeds of arms, but greater still in the nobleness of his character."

But the Church of England in Virginia did not reach at any time that high state of religious and moral development which belonged to the Puritan shapes of English Christianity in New England. No doubt the influence of the founders of Maryland and Georgia must have conduced to its spread in those southern regions; but in the Northern States it was usually regarded as a mere concomitant of those English Governors who resided in their capital cities.

The Anglican clergy were more or less treated as Dissenters. In the State Archives at Hartford there is still to be seen a petition from the Episcopal clergy of Connecticut urging the Governor of the State to use his influence in inducing the Congregationalist clergy to allow them access to the Eucharist. There is something highly instructive in a record which represents the clergy of the Church of Archbishop Laud and Bishop Ken acknowledging the spiritual validity and value of sacraments administered by Congregationalists, and half imploring the civil power to force this rival Church to allow them to participate in its communion.

Although from time to time the intention arose of sending a Bishop from England to administer and consolidate the English Church in those parts, the project was never seriously entertained, and it was in the absence of such an element that John Wesley felt constrained to authorise the irregular episcopate of the Methodists.

One splendid name—the greatest of Deans—was suggested for this position—Jonathan Swift. Happily—or unhappily—for America the project came to naught. But it is impossible not to reflect on the different fate of the English Church in America had its first Bishop been that most wonderful genius, that most unhappy man, of his age.³ The American clergy also narrowly escaped the misfortune of a succession of nonjuring bishops.⁴

The wranglings of the Virginian and Maryland clergy with their vestries never mount to the dignity of history, till on that fatal day when the dispute with the "parsons" on the tithe and tobacco duty sud-

¹ Narrative of Potts. in Smith's *History of Virginia*, p. 93, quoted in Anderson's *History of the Colonial Church*, vol. 1. p. 252. See also the address on "The Historical Aspect of the United States," *Macmillan*, January, 1879.

² George Long in the Preface to the *Meditations of Marcus Aurelius*, p. 27.

³ Anderson, iii. 222, 287.

⁴ Wilberforce, 161.

denly called forth the most eloquent orator of the Revolution—the rustic Patrick Henry—

“The forest-born Demosthenès—
Whose thunder shook the Phillip of the Seas;”

whose speech on that day passed into a proverb for a successful oratorical effort—“He is almost equal to Patrick Henry when he pleaded against the parsons.”¹

There were, however, from time to time flashes of interest shown by the English Church for its American children. Two are so remarkable as to deserve special notice. When Nicholas Ferrar, the monastic recluse of Gidding, sent a friend to minister to the dying pastor of Bemerton, George Herbert presented to Ferrar the manuscript of his poems. When Ferrar undertook to procure from the Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge the necessary license for printing them it was found that two lines were not allowed to pass without remonstrance. They were these—

“Religion stands on tiptoe in our land,
Ready to pass to the American strand.”

It is believed that they were suggested to Herbert by his intimacy with Ferrar, who, himself a member of the struggling Virginian company, had at one time thought of devoting his life to the New World. Ferrar accordingly strove hard for their retention. The Vice-Chancellor at last permitted their appearance, adding his hope, however, that the world would not take Herbert for an inspired prophet.² They remain to show if not the prophetic at least the poetic and religious interest which the small germ of the Church of England in America had for the Keble of that age.

Another still more memorable example occurs in the next century. The romantic scheme of Berkeley for the civilisation of Bermuda and the evangelisation of the Indians, led him to settle for two years at Newport in Rhode Island. He was the first Dean³ (for he was not yet Bishop) who ever set foot on the American shores. His wooden house (“Whitehall”) still remains. The churches of Rhode Island still retain the various parts of his organ. The cave in the rock overhanging the beach—the same beach that “formed the mind” of Channing—is pointed out where he composed *The Minute Philosopher*. Yale College is proud to exhibit his portrait and his bequest of books. His chair is the chair of state in the college of Hartford. And the University of California, in grateful memory of the most illustrious Churchman who ever visited the New World, has adopted his name, and has inscribed over its portal those famous lines in which he expressed, with even larger scope than Herbert, his confidence in the progress of America—

¹ Anderson, iii. 236-241.

² Anderson, i. 362.

³ A great dignitary of the English Church, called “Dean.”—Anderson, iii. 482.

"Westward the course of empire holds its way ;
 The first four acts already past,
 A fifth shall close the drama with the day—
 Time's noblest offspring is the last."

This blessing has been often applied to the American States—some portion of it may perhaps descend to the American Churches, especially that in which Berkeley himself took most interest.

But these brilliant incidents are exceptions. The vestiges of the English Church in America previous to the separation have chiefly now for us but an antiquarian charm. In the cities which fringe the eastern coasts there exist churches few and far between, built at this period. Some of them were built of bricks brought out from England. They are most of them copied from the model of our St. Martin's in the Fields. They retain the internal arrangements—the high reading-desk, the towering pulpit, the high pews, the Creed and Ten Commandments, which now, alas! have almost disappeared from every church in London. In the next century, if America is wise enough to preserve these venerable antiquities, they will be visited by English archæologists as the rare survivals of a form of architecture and of ecclesiological arrangement which in England will have become entirely extinct. The solid communion plate, the huge folio Prayer-books presented by Queen Anne and George I., still adorn their altars; and the prayers for the Royal Family may be identified by peering through the leaves which were pasted together at the time when the Revolution rendered it impossible for the words any more to be used.

Naturally when the war broke out between the colonies and the mother country these scattered congregations of English churchmen with their pastors, in many instances adhered to the cause of the monarchy, and when the separation was at last accomplished many of them fled from their posts and took refuge in the nearest English port, at Halifax. But then arose the question by what means the "episcopal government" could be preserved when the connection with the English Crown and Church had been so completely severed.

From two separate centres arose the determination, if possible, to reunite the severed link. At the time when Presbyterianism and Congregationalism in Boston were gradually developing into Unitarianism a movement originating partly from the same sentiment of reaction against the Calvinistic teachers of New Haven manifested itself in Connecticut.

The two teachers in the College of Yale, its "Rector" and its "Tutor," Cutler and Johnson by name, being convinced of the superiority of the Anglican system to that in which they had been nurtured, with a resolute firmness which overcame all difficulties, crossed the ocean and sought ordination at the hands of the Bishops of the English Church. They were welcomed by Dean Stanhope in the Deanery of Canterbury, and they were ordained by Bishop Robinson in St. Martin's Church. They were perhaps the first native colonists who had received ordination in England, and it may be that this connection with St. Martin's

led to that reproduction of it as the ideal of church architecture, which I have already noticed. Johnson at Yale College had been held in high estimation, and had been the first to introduce the Copernican in the place of the Ptolemaic system of astronomy which had been taught there till 1717. He became the friend of Berkeley, and ultimately the first president of King's College, now Columbia College, at New York, the first Episcopal College in America. This movement, which took place long before the Revolution, formed a soil on which Anglican tendencies might naturally fructify. Accordingly it was from Connecticut, when the crisis of the Revolution was accomplished, that a bold spirit first conceived the notion of obtaining for himself, and through himself for his country, episcopal consecration. It was Samuel Seabury. He came over to England with the resolve of seeking this consecration, if possible, from the English bishops—and if, owing to obvious difficulties they were unable to grant it, to seek it from the Episcopal Communion in Scotland. This last alternative was the one which he adopted. It has often been said that when repulsed by the English bishops, he was on his way to receive the Episcopal succession from Denmark,¹ but was diverted from his intention by the counsel of Dr. Routh of Oxford, then a young man, who advised him to claim it from Scotland. Whatever Dr. Routh may have said, it is an error to suppose that this was what influenced Seabury's determination. A letter² still extant shows beyond question that it was part of his original instructions when he crossed the Atlantic. If any English clergyman confirmed him in his resolution to cross the Tweed it was the eccentric though amiable George Berkeley, the Bishop's son.

From the Scottish bishops accordingly in a small chamber of the humble dwelling of the Scottish "Primus" in Aberdeen, Seabury received his consecration. A fac-simile of the agreement which those bishops made with him is kept in the Episcopal College of Hartford in Connecticut. The original is in the possession of Dr. Seabury of New York. It contains amongst other provisions, three conditions, characteristic of the narrow local views of that small, insignificant, suffering body. The first was, that Seabury should use his utmost endeavours to prevent the American clergy or bishops from showing any countenance to those clergy in Scotland who had received ordination at the hands of their dreaded rivals, the English bishops. It was in fact an anticipation of the modern protest against Bishop Beccles. The second was that he should endeavour as far as possible to retain in America that one shred of the old English liturgy to which, through good and evil fortune, and amidst all other accommodations to Presbyterian usages, the Scottish Episcopal Church still adhered, namely the

¹ The question of going to Denmark was afterwards suggested in reference to the consecration of Bishop White, but never followed up.—White, 20, 27.

² This letter of Mr. Fogg is published in *Church Documents*, vol. ii. 212, 213. Since this address was delivered much useful information, of which I have availed myself has been given me by the Rev. Samuel Hart, of Hartford, Connecticut.

arrangement of the Communion office in the First Book of King Edward, retained in the Laudian liturgy.¹ The third was, that the civil authorities should only be mentioned in general terms, a proposal evidently intended to cover the Scottish omission (from Jacobite scruples) of the names of the Royal Family in Great Britain. Another point that he endeavoured to carry out, at the solicitation of the Scottish Jacobites, was the exclusion of laymen² from ecclesiastical assemblies; but in this he failed, though gaining the point that Bishops should not be tried by the laity.

Under these conditions, and with the high ecclesiastical spirit natural to himself, and fortified by his connection with these nonjuring divines, Seabury returned. Long afterwards he maintained a dignity which must be regarded as altogether exceptional, not only by Americans, but by Englishmen. There remains in the college at Hartford a huge black mitre, the only genuine Protestant mitre on which the eyes of any English Churchman have ever rested. It was borne by Bishop Seabury, not merely as an heraldic badge or in state ceremonial, but in the high solemnities of his own church in Connecticut. To his influence also must be attributed that singular office in the American Prayer-book, happily not obligatory, the one exception to its general tone, on which we shall presently enlarge—the Office of Institution of the Clergy, containing every phrase relating to ministerial functions, which both from the English and American Prayer-books, had been carefully excluded—"altar," "sacerdotal," "apostolic succession." This Office, although now hardly ever used in the American Episcopal Church, yet remains, we will not say as a "dead fly causing the ointment to stink," but at any rate as a mark of the influence which Seabury's spirit continued to exercise after his death.³

But it was felt then, as it has been felt since, that any American Church conducted upon these principles, was certain to fail,⁴ and happily for the continuance of anything like Anglican principles on the other side of the Atlantic, others were found at that trying time of a totally different stamp, who were able to secure and transmit a nobler and larger view of the system of the Church of England.

Amongst the clergy of Philadelphia, there was one who had sided with the colonists in their struggle against the English Crown. William White, the Rector of Christ Church, was the bosom friend of Washington, and Washington who was one of the old Virginia gentry himself, was an adherent, if not (which is much disputed) a communicant, of the old Church of England. White was the chaplain of the

¹ There are differences in detail between the First Prayer-book of Edward VI. the Laudian Liturgy and the Scottish Office. But these are beside our present purpose.

² White's Memoirs, pp. 500, 290.

³ The Office was published in 1804. Seabury's death (see a striking account of it in Beardsley's *History of the Church in Connecticut*, i. p. 435) was in 1796.

⁴ Even Bishop Wilberforce felt this.—*History of the American Church*, 261.

first congress held in Philadelphia; and when the separation was finally accomplished, he and others like-minded with him, undertook to frame a scheme for the reconstitution of the English Church in America.

The same liberal tendency which pervaded the Church of England itself at that period was not unknown to these, its American children. According to the slang of the time, White and his colleagues were denounced by the extreme Churchmen of the day as "Socinians,"¹ and if we regard the partisan usage, which included under that name Tillotson and Burnet, and all the advocates of toleration and enlightened learning, they had no reason to repudiate a title so given. They perceived that if an independent church, deriving its existence from the Church of England, was to arise in America, it must adapt itself not only to the changed political circumstances, but also to the newer and better modes of feeling which had sprung up since the last revision of the Prayer-book at the restoration of Charles II. They took for a model the main alterations (so far as they knew them) proposed in the time² of William III, by the latitudinarian divines of that period, which in England were unfortunately baffled by the opposition of the High Church and Jacobite clergy in the Lower House of the Southern Convocation.

These modifications were almost all in the same good direction. A few verbal alterations were occasioned by the fastidiousness which belonged partly to the phraseology of the eighteenth century, and partly to the false delicacy said to be one of the characteristics of American society. But the larger changes were almost entirely inspired by the liberal thought of that age. White and his colleagues felt the incongruity of still continuing in the services for Ordination and Visitation, words of ambiguous meaning, derived from the darkest period of the Middle Ages, unknown to the ancient or Eastern Church, which our English divines of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries had either not the knowledge or the courage to reject. In the Ordination Service an alternative expression to the objectionable formula was offered, to which Seabury appears to have reluctantly consented. In the Visitation Service it was omitted altogether. They brought out in the Catechism the spiritual character of the Eucharist. They modified the questionable passages of the Marriage and the Burial services. They swept away from the Communion Service all the prefatory portion, containing the incongruous wish for the restoration of primitive discipline and the curses on impenitent sinners, leaving only the few collects at the end. They allowed an alternative in the selection of the Psalms which avoids the more vindictive and exclusively Judaic elements of the Psalter. They permitted the explanation of the Ten Commandments in the spirit of the Two Great Commandments of the Gospel. They introduced the liberty of abridging the services, and thus of avoiding the constant repetitions which still to many minds form a stumbling-block in the English Liturgy. They relaxed the oblig-

¹ Wilberforce, 216.

² These alterations were at that time known either through tradition or the records of Collier and Burnet. The exact details were not printed in England till 1854.

tion of Immersion and of the sign of the Cross in Baptism. They gave permission either to omit altogether any special Eucharistic formula on Trinity Sunday, or to use a Biblical alternative for the excessive scholasticism of that in the English Prayer-book. They anticipated, though not in the same form, but still with the same intention, the improvements in the Calendar of Lessons which have been adopted by the English Church within the present year. They foresaw the difficulty of maintaining in the public services the use of phraseology so doubtful and with difficulties so obvious, to large classes of their countrymen, as some of the expressions contained within the old confessions. In the so-called Apostles' Creed they proposed to omit the clause containing the belief of the Descent into Hell which once constituted the chief element in the primitive conception of redemption. The so-called Nicene Creed, possibly from the conviction that a document in parts so strangely mistranslated and interpolated as that in the English Prayer-book, had no special claim to their regard, they proposed to omit altogether, as also the so-called Athanasian Creed. When they began their negotiations with the English Primates on the conditions of consecration, one at least of the English bishops hesitated to give a sanction to these sweeping changes. The American clergy consented so far to replace the Nicene Creed, as to allow it to be used as an alternative to the Apostles' Creed, but even then, without any compulsory obligation to use it. The disputed clause in the Apostles' Creed they restored, but with the permission to omit it or to use an alternative expression.¹ The Athanasian Creed, with the feeling which no doubt faithfully represented all the more enlightened and Christian thought at that time, they positively refused to re-admit under any terms whatsoever. Accordingly, with the full acquiescence of the English hierarchy, that document has vanished never to return, not only from the Prayer-book, but even from the Articles of the American Episcopal Church. The forms of subscription which in England had operated so fatally in the exclusion of some of the best and wisest clergy of the Church at the time of the Restoration; which weighed so heavily on the consciences of many of the English clergy in the eighteenth century; and which fifteen years ago were at last happily altered in England, owing to the pressure of liberal statesmen, who had not at that time abandoned the wholesome task of reforming the Church of England, never existed in the American Episcopal Church, which thus remained an instructive example of a church enabled to maintain itself by conformity² to its book of devotions, without the stumbling-blocks which, as Bishop Burnet foresaw long ago, are inherent in almost any form of subscription to elaborate formularies of faith.³

¹ "And any Churches may omit the words HE DESCENDED INTO HELL, or may, instead of them, use the words, HE WENT INTO THE PLACE OF DEPARTED SPIRITS, which are considered as words of the same meaning in this Creed."

² White, 320, 362.

³ The form of subscription is as follows:—"I do believe the Holy Scriptures of the Old and New Testament to be the word of God, and to contain all things necessary to salvation, and I do solemnly engage to conform to the doctrines and worship of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States."

Such are the conditions under which the American Episcopate was obtained from the English prelates under an Act of Parliament framed for that express purpose, which whilst allowing full freedom to propagate English Episcopacy in the separated Colonies, carefully guarded the English Constitution in Church and State in a spirit, the vigour of which had at that time not been enfeebled. Such were the characteristic elements of the English latitudinarianism of the eighteenth century, which a Church regarded by some High Churchmen as the model of ecclesiastical perfection did not hesitate to adopt. Such were the improvements in which it had the honour of forestalling, not indeed the nobler aspirations of British theology, but the tardy and reluctant steps of recent British Anglicanism and of recent British Nonconformity. Such are the proofs of the long advance which the American Episcopal Church, as well as the English authorities in sanctioning its foundation on these conditions, had made in spiritual discernment and ecclesiastical learning beyond the prevailing prejudice which in our own day has hitherto retarded most of these obvious improvements.

The incorporation of Bishop Seabury, with his Scottish antecedents, was not accomplished without a struggle. Although he and Bishop White acted on the whole cordially together, there were those amongst the founders of the American Church who felt the danger of associating themselves with a communion so one-sided as the small nonjuring sect in Scotland.¹ But this was overruled. One permanent trace only of the Scottish consecration was left, the Scottish Communion Office. This last, however, although by ignorance and passion it has been often regarded as an approach to the mediæval views of the Eucharist, in point of fact is more Protestant, because more spiritual,² than that which the Church of England has itself retained. With these liberal sentiments, the American Episcopal Church started upon its arduous career. Discredited by its connection with England at a time when the very name of England was hateful—small in numbers against the overwhelming proportions in which the other Churches of America had propagated themselves, it maintained with some difficulty its hold even on the Eastern States of the Republic. Gradually, however, as the sentiment against England, under the genial influence of Washington Irving and the American poets, faded from view, the attractions of the revised English Liturgy won their way. From seven bishop-

¹ Granville Sharpe in England protested against the Scottish consecration (White, 312), and in America the Convention of 1786 refused to acknowledge the validity of his ordinations (Anderson, iii. 400).

² The prominence given to the spiritual sacrifice of "themselves, their souls and bodies," offered by the laity, and which in the present English Prayer-book is relegated to a subordinate place in the Communion office, is, in the Liturgy of the Scottish Church, as in the first Prayer-book of King Edward, incorporated in the very heart of the Consecration Prayer, and thus gives a deathblow to the superficial, mechanical, and material ideas of sacrifice which belong to the ancient or mediæval notions of the Eucharist. The importance ascribed to the Invocation of the Holy Spirit as borrowed from the Eastern Church, is less liable to superstitious abuse than the value which both the Roman and English Churches attribute to the repetition of the formula of Institution.

rics it has now increased to sixty, and it has attained a place amongst the cultivated portions of American society, at least equal, and in many places superior, to that which was formerly in the exclusive possession of the Unitarian Congregationalists.

What may be the future fortunes of the American Episcopal Church it would be rash to predict. When we consider the vast numerical superiority of the Presbyterians and Congregationalists, and still more of the Methodists and Baptists, it is difficult to suppose that it can ever reach such a position as to entitle it to be regarded as the representative Church of the United States. But a sojourn in America somewhat disinclines a spectator to attach too much importance to vast numbers; whether in the statistics of population, or money, or distance. "Size," said Professor Huxley, in addressing an intelligent and sympathetic audience at Baltimore, "is not grandeur." We are rather led to hope that there, as in the older countries of Europe, the future will be ultimately in the hands, not of the least educated, but of the most educated portions of the community, and in that portion the Episcopal Church of America will have a considerable part to play if it only remains faithful to the liberal principles on which it first started.

Berkeley, even in his day, observed of the English Church in America that all the other Churches considered it the *second best*; and when, in order to relieve themselves of the duty of paying their contribution to the dominant Church of each State, American citizens had to certify that they belonged to some other communion, the common expression was, "We have left the Christian Church and joined the Episcopalans." That residuary, secular, comprehensive aspect which is so excellent a characteristic of the National Church of England, is more or less true of its offshoot in the New World. It is still the Themistocles of the American Churches.

Again, although perhaps its divines and pastors have not yet acquired a European fame, it has sent forth missionaries, bishops, and clergy, who have endeavoured perhaps more than the ministers of any other communion to keep pace with the rapidly increasing westward emigration, and have on the frontiers of barbarism maintained something like a standard of civilisation.

And yet further, there is a powerful section of its clergy who rule its ecclesiastical congresses and fill its pulpits with a true zeal for the cause of enlightenment, inquiry, and charity, dear to all liberal Churchmen.

These circumstances may well lead us to regard the Episcopal Church of the United States, if amongst the smallest of the American communions, yet not the least important. No doubt the spirit of Bishop Seabury has at times prevailed over the spirit of Bishop White; and it has been remarked of it by a kindly Nonconformist, that its tone of exclusiveness towards other Churches is sometimes not less arrogant and intolerant than the utmost pretensions known in England.¹ Still

¹*London Quarterly*, xvii. 445. The candid recognition (in this Nonconformist Essay) of the general excellence of the Episcopal Church of America and of its probable future is very significant.

in practice it contains a body of enlightened men willing to live on equal and friendly terms with their Congregational and Presbyterian brethren, and to welcome from this country everything which tells of free thought, large sympathy, and hope for the future of humanity.

(7.) One word, in conclusion, which touches all the American Churches equally. The changes which have already taken place in their historical retrospect are such as to open a long vista in their historical prospect. The old dogma of the colonists of New England has faded away, that all "vicars, rectors, deans, priests, and bishops were of the devil;" nor could there be now any shadow of pretext for ascribing to the Congregationalist Churches the belief that every tenth child was snatched away from its mother's side by demons in the shape of bishops.¹ The technical representations of the doctrine of the Trinity which Channing refused to admit are gradually giving way to the Biblical representations of it which Channing would gladly have accepted. The rigid Calvinism of Jonathan Edwards has almost ceased to exist.² "The pale Unitarianism of Boston,"³ which Emerson condemned, is becoming suffused with the genial atmosphere which Emerson has done so much to promote, and which is shared by the higher minds of all the Churches equally. In proportion as the larger culture and deeper spirit of the European continent penetrates the American mind, there is a hope that the more flexible forms of the American nation will open the way to the invisible influences of the invisible Church of the future; and that in that proportion all the American Churches may rise out of the provincial and colonial condition of thought which has hitherto starved their mental life. We trust that they will bear in mind the prospects held out to them by the ancient pastor who in his farewell to the Pilgrim Fathers from the shores of Europe uttered those memorable words: "I am persuaded that the Lord hath more truth yet to come for us—yet to break forth out of His Holy Word. Neither Luther nor Calvin," he said, and we may add neither Edwards nor Channing, neither Seabury nor White, "has penetrated into the whole counsel of God." They must receive, as an article of the covenant both of American and European Christianity, that, in the words of their own latest intellectual oracle,⁴

"Ever the fiery Pentecost
Girds with one flame the countless host."

They will know that—

"The word unto the Prophet spoken
Was writ on tables yet unbroken."

They will know that—

"One accent of the Holy Ghost
The heedless world hath never lost."

A. P. STANLEY, in *Macmillan's Magazine*.

¹ Sargent's *Life of André*, 59.

² There is in Hartford a small community called "the Old Lights," who still insist on conformity to the doctrines of extreme Calvinism; and similar isolated instances may exist elsewhere. But these are evidently exceptions.

³ Wilberforce's *American Church*, p. 31. ⁴ *The Problem*, by Ralph Waldo Emerson.

GREECE AND THE TREATY OF BERLIN.

The Eastern question has as many heads as the hydra. There is, however, one of them which, though all are endowed with an equal tenacity of life, does not now inspire, even where morbid feeling is most rife among us, the same sentiments of terror and misgiving as the rest. This one is the Hellenic element in the vast and complicated subject; which, and which alone, has at last been happily detached from considerations fatal to mental equilibrium, and which has been placed upon a basis sufficiently simple by the Twenty-fourth Article of the Treaty of Berlin, together with the Thirteenth Protocol of the Congress.

The treaty states, in its Twenty-fourth Article, that if Turkey and Greece should fail to agree on the rectification of frontier indicated in the Thirteenth Protocol, the six cosignatory Powers reserve it to themselves to offer their mediation to the two parties, in order to facilitate the negotiations. In the Thirteenth Protocol, the Congress had invited the Porte to arrange (*s'entendre*) with Greece on a rectification of frontier in Thessaly and Epirus; and had delivered its judgment that this rectification might follow the valley of the Salambrias (the ancient Peneus) from the eastward side, and that of the Kalamas from the westward. The Salambrias issues into the Gulf of Salonica near its mouth, the Kalamas has its *sortie* opposite Corfu. The head waters of both descend from tracts lying considerably northward of the point at which they join the respective seas: and it may be said that a line fairly traced between them would make an addition of between one-fourth and one-third to the superficial area of the Hellenic kingdom.

A few words may be added to show how strictly the territory embraced by this decision of the Congress ought to be regarded as (what was called at Constantinople in 1877) an irreducible minimum. It does not cover, or nearly cover, the whole of the territory inhabited by a people properly Hellenic: for the ground where the Slav begins to mix with the Hellene lies far beyond it. Setting apart, then, the question whether Turkey might justly have stipulated for a money payment in respect to her cession, we may safely say that the limit of the district thus marked out is far more confined than the principle on which it is founded. Secondly, it is greatly more restricted than the proposal actually made by England in 1862. On the cession of the Ionian Protectorate, and the annexation of the Islands to Greece, the Cabinet of Lord Palmerston, on his proposal and that of Lord Russell, unanimously determined on advising Turkey to make over to Greece the whole of Thessaly and of Epirus.¹ Thirdly, it was a great abatement

¹ This statement, which I have made, in Parliament and elsewhere, on former occasions, is confirmed by a letter of Mr. Evelyn Ashley in the *Daily News* of May 20, evidently from documentary evidence in his possession; which, however, does not include the fact that the overture to Turkey was made with the full authority of the Cabinet of that day.

of what France had endeavoured in the *pourparlers*, or bye-meetings, of the Congress to obtain for Greece, and what she had only consented to forego in consequence of a prudent desire to neutralise the resistance of England.

Such was the proposal in itself. It was one eminently favoured by circumstances. In all the territorial questions, which had arisen respecting the Slav territories, the British Plenipotentiaries at Berlin took and held, with impunity, the side adverse to freedom; because the respective populations were suspected, with more or less justice, of being tainted with Russian sympathies. But the Hellenic part of the subjects of the Porte were at length understood to be in a different position. There had slowly dawned upon the mind of England a perception of the palpable fact that the relative attitudes of Greece and Russia had undergone a fundamental change since the time when there first began to be a Turkish question.

In the war, which ended with the great Treaty of Kainardji, the Greeks had, naturally enough, been fascinated with the very first tokens ever given by a Christian Power of an interest in their fate; and they committed themselves freely on the Russian side. Abandoned by that Power in the final arrangement, they then received their first lesson on the dangers which attend upon hasty partnerships between the feeble and the strong in the vicissitudes of war. At the commencement of the diplomatic proceedings which led to the establishment of free Greece, Russia proposed, under the name of a plan of emancipation, a scheme based upon the same ideas as the contemporary organization of the Danubian Principalities; which would have broken up the race among a number of Hospodariates, and would thus have thrown all hope of a true Greek nationality into an indefinitely distant future. At the same time, it is not to be denied that by her military operations, which brought about the Treaty of Adrianople, she obtained at the last stage a principal share of the honour belonging to a real, though unfortunately a very limited, emancipation. There was accordingly, when the Crimean War broke out, some, though not a very vivid, residue of Russian feeling among the population of the Kingdom.

But new combinations of commanding interest for Russia had now risen upon the political horizon. The germs of new-born life among the subject races of the Turkish Empire were no longer confined in their manifestations to the Hellenic portions of the Empire together with the Danubian Principalities. The autonomy of Servia had been established with Russian aid; and the Government of the Czar found larger prospects opening before it, as it was enabled to embrace the Slav populations generally within its sympathies or its projects. A further development arrived, which again, and yet more seriously, altered the relations between Russia and the Christians of European Turkey. This was the struggle of the Bulgarian Church to emancipate itself, not from the religion, but from the ecclesiastical control of the Patriarch of Constantinople. For about a century, or since 1777, the

appointment of the Bulgarian Bishops had rested with that See, and the consequence was that their Church was ruled mainly by prelates of Greek nationality, whose reputation as pastors did not stand high, who were not always to be found in their dioceses, and in whose persons was first palpably exhibited a latent antagonism between Hellenic and Slav, as competitors for the succession to the Ottoman rule in Eastern Europe. In the meantime, a sense of national life had been awakened in Bulgaria, and it has been powerfully aided by the successful struggle for ecclesiastical independence. Russia, which appears at first to have acted with the Greeks, finally went to the Bulgarian side; and has not only not supported the Patriarch in his sentence of excommunication, but has, according to the allegation made in Greek quarters, sequestered or laid an embargo upon the produce of estates in Russian territory, with which the Eastern Church was partially endowed. These few sentences do not aim at giving so much as a sketch of a long and complicated story, but are intended simply to draw attention to the fact that a sharp, and almost an exasperated, opposition has now been established between Slavonian and Hellenic influences; that Russian policy is fundamentally estranged from the leading interests of the Greeks; that the See of Constantinople and its followers, little to their credit, ostensibly took the side of the Turks during the late war; and that, though the Patriarch may have acted under compulsion, yet it has been clearly shown that a dread of Slav preponderance, and of Russian interest or intrigue in connection with it, has become a powerful and even a ruling motive with most of the rival race.

This division is to be deplored in the interest of liberty at large. But for England, which has been rent by sharp dissension for the last three years with regard to all that concerned the Slavonic races, it has had some very great advantages. It has completely extricated one large portion at least of the Eastern Question from the cloud of prejudice, the eddies of passion, and the labyrinth of political intrigue. The promotion of Hellenic interests is now at any rate effectually dissociated in the English mind, from the advancement of Russian designs, and is rather, indeed, connected with the desire of baffling them. Neither has any 'British interest' stalked across the stage to disturb our composure. We have not been taught that the Greeks are likely to block the Suez Canal, or to establish collateral positions which might menace the valley of the Euphrates; and, although it is not obvious why such visions should be more irrational and unreal than certain others that have done good service in an evil cause, we may thankfully accept and record the fact that we have been spared such an infliction, and that the entire nation is free to regard, and does regard, the Hellenic factor in the Eastern Question altogether apart from the idea that it can either derange the 'balance of power,' or menace the Empire of the Queen. Nay more; we see pretty clearly that this Hellenic element forms in itself a natural counterpoise to the weight of the Slav races in the Balkan Peninsula; and even those who think that under the influence of some inexplicable Pan Slavonic fanaticism, Montenegrins and

Servians and Bulgarians will surrender their dear-bought liberties into the arms of Russian despotism, have not propounded or cherished the idea that the same thing could be done by the Greeks, in whose mind the desire to keep down Slavonic influences even vies with the craving to be free from the yoke of Islam.

This state of facts has been generally recognized by the people and by the press of the country. When, a few weeks ago, Mr. Cartwright made a motion in the House of Commons, which was intended to promote the settlement of the Greek frontier in the sense intended by the Treaty of Berlin, it was impossible not to be struck by the aspect of that assembly. One current of feeling, and one only, appeared actively to prevail. It was partly acknowledged, partly countervailed by official pleas; but these pleas met with no more than a passive acquiescence on the part of the independent supporters of the Government. The scene was one in marked contrast with every manifestation that has been exhibited in the House when the Slavonic branches of the question have been debated. On those occasions, bursts of ready cheering have supported the official speakers in their replies to the arguments of the Liberal party; and those cheers have commonly been more and more vigorous in proportion as the language held on the Treasury bench was more lively and decided. But on the Greek question the positive impulsion, what is termed the feeling of the House, was all the other way; the dilatory pleas of the Government were allowed, but not stimulated, nor rewarded by applause; and it was felt with resistless force that the credit of the Treaty of Berlin was at stake along with the cause of justice, and that Mr. Cartwright, Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice, and Sir Charles Dilke were its intelligent and determined upholders.

This condition of feeling and opinion within the walls of Parliament has been accurately reflected beyond them. Since Easter, an Association has been formed, with the sanction of many men of station, influence, and ability, to find vent, as it were, for the partly expressed and partly unspoken conviction that the Government has lagged, and that the nation must not lag, behind the demands of its duty on this important question. On the 17th of May, a meeting was held at Willis's Rooms, to give a formal notice of the existence of the body, and a commencement to its proceedings, and to press upon the Ministry the necessity of energetic action. Many of the reports in the public journals are such as would convey no adequate idea of the unanimity and zeal of this meeting, of the crowds who filled the room, or of the crowds who were disappointed in the attempt to find admission. It is pretty clear that this was no casual, and no merely passing manifestation. In all likelihood it will be followed by the other stages of an advancing movement; and, unless it shall happily be found that the Government is acting in accordance with the fixed opinion and the growing desire of the country, the Session may not end without a new and determined attempt to test the sense of Parliament on the subject.

It is an important, though not a pleasant, portion of my present duty to show that in this matter we have not only to turn the present and

the near future to account, but also to improve upon, and so to redeem, the past. For this purpose, let us revert to the eve of the discussions at Berlin. As the opening of the 'High Assembly' drew near, the forces, which were to act upon its deliberations, began to array and adjust themselves for the conflict. The Powers, which gathered there with so much of mutual suspicion, and with too many selfish or secondary aims, were not the only powers which, through the virtual publicity of the proceedings, were competent to act upon the discussions, and contribute to the results. The Christian subjects of Turkey supplied the chief of these latent forces. They, as we all know, did their best, whenever their condition gave them the hope of a *locus standi*, to make a formal and bodily appearance; while the population of Bulgaria, who had not the organisation or the title to appoint regular deputies, were effectively represented by the Plenipotentiaries of the Czar. The great aim of the British Plenipotentiaries at the Congress was, as all know, to reduce this Slavonic, and especially this Bulgarian, influence to its minimum; so as to divide Bulgaria; to give back Southern Bulgaria to the Porte; to establish a Turkish force along its frontier, which followed the line of the Balkans; to efface its recollections, wile away its hopes, and commute its identity, by re-baptising it as Eastern Roumelia. In order to insure this great triumph of British policy, the thing most needful was to divide into separate camps the force and influence of the races subject to Turkey. It was now notorious that there was a border-land in Macedonia and Bulgaria, which was likely, in the ultimate division of the Turkish inheritance, to be sharply contested between the two races. The anticipation of this contest already produced a tendency to marked estrangement. The Slavs had a stock of strength in the protection of Russia, which offered to the demands of the Hellenic races, certainly, no opposition, but gave them only a cool semblance of support. Could the Greeks but have another Power for the special protector of their interests, all idea of their making common cause with the Slavs would be at an end. The weight of the whole Hellenic element would be virtually added to that of Turkey, Austria, and England already in the field; Russia would be completely isolated, and the object effectually gained of reducing the Slavonic force before the Congress to its minimum. Accordingly some skilful strategist seems to have suggested that the British Plenipotentiaries had better constitute themselves, at the outset, the champions of the Hellenic cause. How long this championship was to continue is another matter. Its too early demise is recorded in the history of the Congress; let us hope that this was no part of the original plan. Looking to the facts before us, and waiving altogether the inferences they might suggest, what we find in the first place is that, at a moment when it was of great importance to the English designs that the Greek and the Bulgarian forces should be severed, the British Plenipotentiaries assumed, to the great and general satisfaction of this country, the charge of the Hellenic cause.

This was done, first, by a declaration relating to the territorial

claims of Greece; and, secondly, by the advocacy of her claims to representation in or before the Congress. At its very first meeting, on the 13th of June, we have in the First Protocol² the following record:

‘The Marquis of Salisbury announces that he proposes on Monday to submit to his colleagues the question as to whether Greece should be admitted to the Congress.’

More important still was the sanction, unequivocal though limited, which was given to the territorial claims of Greece. In the despatch of Lord Salisbury, dated June 8, 1878, which maps out the whole projected outline of the British policy in the ‘High Assembly,’ we find this weighty passage, which must tell with more and more force in the discussions on the question of the Greek frontier, the longer they are continued, and the more pronounced they may unhappily become. ‘The claims which will undoubtedly be advanced by the Government of Greece in reference to some of these provinces (the provinces of European Turkey) will receive the careful consideration of Her Majesty’s Plenipotentiaries, and, I doubt not, of the representatives of the other Powers.’³

These claims were large. They must have been known to the Government when this despatch was written; for, without that knowledge, the promise, which diplomatic language conveys under an engagement to ‘careful consideration,’ could not have been given. They are explained in the Memorandum, which was handed in by M. Delyannis, the Foreign Minister of Greece, on the 29th of June. They include, as a demand reduced below the standard of justice by the consideration of existing difficulties, the provinces of Thessaly and Epirus, and the Island of Crete.⁴ The despatch of the 8th of June did not bind the British Plenipotentiaries to be parties to the concession of the whole of this demand; but it implied beyond all doubt the intention to concede a part, and moreover to become the advocates in the Congress of such a concession.

The other engagement, namely, to recommend that the Greeks should be heard in Congress, while it presented a promising appearance, meant nothing, or rather the exact equivalent of nothing. This we may see by the result. On the 29th of June M. Delyannis, with his colleague, M. Rangabé, were admitted, or bowed in, to the ninth sitting of the Congress. M. Delyannis read his Memorandum, offered some ‘supplementary considerations,’ and then, again with his friend M. Rangabé, was duly bowed out, a promise being added that his communication would be studied; and that he would again be called in, not to assist in the deliberations of the Congress, but to hear the result.⁵

On this merely formal matter, the British Plenipotentiaries bestowed a world of ostentatious pains. Lord Salisbury proposed,⁶ on the 19th

² Turkey, No. 39, 1878, p. 11.

³ *Ibid.* p. 3.

⁴ Turkey, No. 39, 1878, p. 131.

⁵ *Ibid.* p. 135.

⁶ *Ibid.* pp. 21, 33.

of June, that a Greek representative should attend the Congress, when 'questions in connection with the interests of the Greek race shall be discussed.' The French Plenipotentiaries proposed that it should run 'when the future of the provinces bordering on the Kingdom' of Greece should be discussed; and also, whenever the Plenipotentiaries should think fit to summon him. Hereupon arose in the 'High Assembly' a kind of battle of the gods. The chivalrous defenders of Greek interests were not satisfied with the imponderable abatement, which the French thus threatened to effect in their scheme for Hellenic representation; and—it was as yet but the second meeting, and the great Bulgarian question was still untouched—on this difference,

'Twixt tweedledum and tweedledee,

they divided the Congress; and were beaten. Still, they certainly had done their utmost; and, as they had contended thus gallantly, not to say factiously or even pedantically, for a matter of the smallest possible consequence, it could not be doubted that they would display a fully proportionate resolution, when the great and real question, the question of territory, should come up.

But this question did not take its place upon the Protocols until the thirteenth sitting, held on the 5th of July. By that time, as it appears from the Papers laid before Parliament, the whole attitude of the British Plenipotentiaries was entirely changed. With the change of attitude came a shift in the cast of parts. Lord Salisbury, the bold defender of Greek rights, and the official promiser of careful consideration, which he had no doubt others would also give, for the territorial claims of Greece, remains mute, and retires behind the scenes. Lord Beaconsfield now takes his turn. France and Italy, having given their 'careful consideration' to the matter, propose an extension of frontier for Greece. Every other Power except Turkey, and Austria in express and liberal terms, assents to the proposal. Lord Beaconsfield, in the name of England, gives his judgment that, 'unanimity being above all things desirable, his Excellency would withdraw all objection, in presence of an unanimous vote of the other Powers.'⁷

In contrasting the engagement given on the 8th of June with the manifest contempt of that engagement exhibited on the 5th of July, it is impossible to exclude from view what had taken place in the interim. So long as the cardinal question of Bulgaria remained open, we were the friends of Greece. By sustaining this character, we kept her from going into the bad company of Russia and the Slavs. But this great affair had now been completely disposed of at the intermediate sittings. The burning question of Eastern Roumelia,⁸ and the military occupation of the Balkan line, which furnished the great triumph of the British diplomatists, and the basis of the demonstration on 'peace with honour,' was in the main determined on the 22nd of June. The details

⁷ Turkey, No. 39, 1878, p. 198.

⁸ Papers, p. 46.

were dealt with at successive meetings; and with the expiration of the month the Bulgarian population, and their interests, may be considered to disappear from the face of the proceedings. And it is on the 5th of July, when Hellenic and Slavonian influences no longer have any motive to co-operate, that the British Plenipotentiaries abandon the cause of Greece, and only accept, because of the paramount importance of unanimity, that limited proposal of France and Italy, with which every other State was already agreed.

And *why* was the proposal of France and Italy so limited? This is a question to which the Parliamentary papers furnish no reply, as they do not give us the records of those private and informal meetings of a Congress, at which the whole raw material, so to call it, of debate is reduced, by a kind of moral and intellectual puddling, to a manufactured article. All agreements are ascertained; and all differences are brought within limits in which they can be stated to the outer world. It is determined whose argument shall be victorious, and how defeat shall be gilded with the honours of generous, voluntary sacrifice. We owe to Sir Charles Dilke's courage and information an addition to the public knowledge on this subject, which he vigorously opened up in the debate of the 29th of July, 1878, on the motion of Lord Hartington. His statement was repeated, and even enlarged as the discussion advanced. In substance the whole remains to this hour without contradiction. It is now placed beyond serious question that, at one of the meetings to which reference has been made, the French Plenipotentiary made a proposal on behalf of Greece, considerably exceeding that which on a later day he formally submitted to the Congress. It is also known that this larger proposal was then overthrown by the resistance of the English Plenipotentiaries. The more contracted plan was substituted in order to meet their views, and after all this, it was, as we have seen, only accepted by them as a lesser evil than that of retreating into isolation with defeat. Even now it will be well if, at this late hour, some authoritative statement can be made to destroy the force, and to efface the memory, of imputations so dishonouring to England: nay, even if only their range can be limited, for the weightiest of the facts are, unhappily, placed already beyond dispute by the official evidence in the possession of Parliament and the world.

With regard to subsequent, as well as prior, proceedings, our information is for the most part less definite than that afforded by the records of the Congress. It is, however, indubitable that the Greeks might have added largely to the force in arms against the Porte in 1877, and to the disturbances within her borders. There is no doubt that they were dissuaded from this tempting course of action by representation, in which England had a large share; and that they were given to understand they should not fare the worse for their forbearance. They appear, however, to have lost no time in acting after the conclusion of the Congress; since they asked on the 16th of July, 1878, for the appointment of Commissioners to put the Treaty in action. In the month of August Turkey delivered her protest against the European plan;

which ought surely to have been given in before the Congress itself. Germany, it appears, at this time proposed collective action ; but England refused it. In September, the Porte offered to concede, by way of settling the question, a petty fraction of what the Powers had indicated. In October, as M. Waddington's despatch of April 23, 1879, informs us, France proposed a collective intervention at Constantinople, which must at once have settled the whole matter. Skilled in dilatory arts and in Protean transformations, the Turks parried the blow by engaging to appoint Commissioners who should meet the Greeks, and trace the line. Then began a new course of delays and subterfuges, and only at the end of the year Commissioners were named by Turkey. When appointed, they contrived to postpone action till the 19th of March, and proposed at that date a line, which is estimated as giving about one-fourth of the territory designated for cession by the Congress. The communications, as might be supposed, were broken off upon the presentation of this illusory proposal ; and Greece, having definitively failed to arrange with Turkey, or even to effect any tolerable approximation, very properly invoked for the second time the mediation of the Powers under the Twenty-fourth Article of the treaty. In this state of facts, the French Government has taken its line. In the language of M. Waddington : ' The Congress had expressed its confidence that the two parties would succeed in agreeing. Events have not answered to that hope. The part of Europe, therefore, appears already marked out. . . . It is, therefore, expedient, in our opinion, to respond to the appeal of the Cabinet of Athens, and to take in hand *without loss of time* the problems to which it gives rise.'

And concerted action at Constantinople is the conclusion recommended by France to the Powers. We have read her language. What was ours? While she was acting the dignified and enlightened part, which our traditions and feelings conspicuously marked out for our assumption, or at the least our cordial support, the leader of the House of Commons was singing the praises of a direct arrangement between Turkey and Greece, which France, turning plain facts into plain words, had declared to be an exhausted method. In what way we know not, but in some way, the French plan of compliance with the Twenty-fourth Article of the treaty has been obstructed, and there is apparently no obstructor but one. The latest light thrown upon the subject has been an outburst of displeasure against England in some French newspapers, such as the *République Française* and the *Journal des Débats*, which had theretofore given, in Paris, to the British Administration a support nearly as thoroughgoing as that of the *Daily Telegraph* in London. Egypt is one cause of complaint, which I do not touch. It is unconnected with the Treaty of Berlin: and my argument is for the fulfilment of the Twenty-fourth Article of that treaty. The other ground of offence alleged is the question of the Greek frontier: and we appear

to be adequately, though not officially, informed what is the substantial matter in dispute.

A glance at Kieppert's larger Map will show, that the town and district of Janina fall within the line marked out by the Congress for the new Greek frontier. It is understood that France accordingly presses for the cession of Janina to Greece. It is difficult to believe, yet there seems to be no great reason to doubt, that England, and that England alone among the Powers, resists it. Is it possible that such resistance, if it is really offered, can receive the support of the nation? Is it even clear that it will have the approval of the usual majority in the House of Commons?

As Crete, according to one of the old legends, was the cradle of Zeus, so Janina was the historic cradle of the Greek nation. In its immediate neighbourhood have been discovered the ruins of the ancient Dodona, round which dwelt, at the very earliest recorded date, those Helloi, or Selloi,¹⁰ from whose name the appellation of Hellene, now once more employed to denote the race, is a derivative. This was the sept or tribe which took a paramount position, and exercised a decisive influence upon character, manners, and institutions, throughout the Peninsula to the south.

At the same time, these interesting recollections must not be allowed to rule the controversy, if it can be shown that the inhabitants of the district are not Christian and Hellenic, but alien and Mohammedan. Now there are two tests which can be applied with conclusive effect to solve the problem; that of religion, and that of language. The Porte has set up an assertion that the people of Janina are not Greeks but Albanians. The fact is that the Albanians are ethnically, beyond all doubt, a kindred race: but what appears to be also true is that the few Albanians of Janina include a small dominant class of Mohammedans. If so, we may readily conceive that they or some of them may be objectors to a change in political relations, which would reduce them from ascendancy, and from ascendancy, as understood in Turkey, to equality with the rest of their fellow-subjects. But how many are they? What are the numbers attached to the two religions? And in what proportions do the people speak the two tongues?

The Epirots resident in Constantinople have obtained the insertion in the journal *La Turquie*¹¹ of their remonstrance on this subject. They quote, as being official, certain statistics of the male population of Epirus, including the important district of Philiates, and some others, which do not appear to fall within the line. The return for the entire country gives the following results:—Greeks, 89,653; Mussulmans, 15,218. But, great as is this disproportion, it does not exhibit the whole strength of the case; for, in Philiates for example, where the Christians are near 13,000, the Mussulmans are over 9,000. And when we take the district of Janina alone we find the Greeks to be stated as 38,753, while the Mussulmans count only as 2,018. These appear to be only the Mussulmans of the town itself, which has about 8,000 (male) inhabitants of all religions.

¹⁰ *Il.* xvi. 234.

¹¹ Of April 26, 1879.

It is known that the liability to serve in the army, and the heavy tax on Christians for exemption, have created a disposition to avoid appearing in the lists of population. It is not surprising, therefore, that another estimate, which proceeds from an educated Christian of Janina, assigns to the country a much larger number of males. It seems also probably to contain some outlying districts. But the proportions of Christian and non-Christian inhabitants are not greatly varied. The Christians given for Epirus are 260,000; the Mussulmans 54,000; with less than 4,000 Jews. But again, while Janina and its neighbourhood are said to supply 92,000 Christians, they only reckon 5,000 Mohammedans, with 3,000 Jews.

The evidence as to language is not less remarkable. In the entire district of Epirus, indeed (which is not in question), 193,000 are said to speak Greek, against 57,000 divided between Albanian and Vlach. But in Janina and its neighbourhood the Greek-speaking population is set down at 94,000, with only 5,500 of other tongues. It may, indeed, be said that figures of this kind can hardly rest upon careful enumeration, and may owe something to partiality. Let us look, then, for other evidence. The highest accessible authority upon the subject is that of persons who have travelled, or, beyond all others, who have long resided in, and studied, Epirus with the rest of Albania, before these subjects passed into the region of controversy at all. Such are Leake (1836), Ami Boué (1840), Tozer (1869), and Hobhouse (1809). Of these I will only quote the last.¹² 'The Christians of Janina, though inhabiting a part of Albania, and governed by Albanian masters, call themselves Greeks. . . . They neither wear the Albanian dress, nor speak the Albanian language; and they partake also in every particular of the manners and customs of the Greek of the Morea, Roumelia, and other Christian parts of Turkey.'

A yet higher authority, and indeed the highest of all, is Dr. Hahn, who resided for very many years at Janina as Austrian Consul, and whose *Albanesische Studien* (Jena, 1858) are still, I believe, the standard work on that little known country. The difficulty is to select from his pages without running to great length. He states that the people along the coast speak both languages (Albanian and Greek), but in Janina, Arta, and Preveza 'even the Mohammedan part of the population speak the Greek as mother tongue' (p. 14). And he had cause to know it; for a portion of his work was to produce an Albanian Grammar and Dictionary; and he records the obstacle that he found in 'the difficulty of finding occasion to practical exercise in a town so purely Greek as Janina.' But we can quite understand how some semblance of an anti-Hellenic feeling could be procured from this place, when we learn from him (p. 36) that 'the family language of the foremost aristocratic Mohammedan houses of Janina is the Albanian, but they do not number more than about a dozen.'

¹² *Journey through Albania*, p. 70. London: 1813. This is no question of Albania at all. Divided among themselves, without any sign of historical unity, the Albanians are a race distinct from Hellenes, although, as has been shown in the Kingdom, quite capable of assimilating with them. It is a Greek population with which we are called upon to deal; and no amount of bullying or wheedling by the Turkish authorities on the spot can make it otherwise.

Such then appears to be the case of Janina; where, a couple of years ago, when there was a fear of Slavonic intrigues, the official Ottoman Journal (Feb. 2, 1877) declared that 'Epirus never forgets that she is the primitive Greece, the first station of Hellenism, where the Greek religion and the Greek letters' (of this last we were not quite aware) 'had their birth.'

Unless all this case can be effectually overset, the Porte cannot reasonably hope to succeed in keeping Janina under her rule. She would act wisely to endeavour to part with it on the best terms she can make; and the only terms she can make with show of reason or hope of success are probably terms of money, which have soothed her susceptibilities in the case of Bulgaria, and which may yet be found to operate with a gentle reconciling force in other portions of the great Eastern problem.

But the question, for us and for the moment, stands thus. If there is to be a serious diplomatic controversy about Janina and its district, which side are we to take? It is good to know that Greece has found a champion, although it is mortifying to be also made painfully aware that we have thus far allowed the championship to slip away from our own hands. The conduct of France at the period of the Greek Emancipation did indeed entitle her to contest it with us in a friendly and honourable rivalry. But her partial recession from questions of European interest since the German war made it peculiarly our duty, at Constantinople and elsewhere, to assume the office. Nor can the fact be concealed that we had every possible facility for the performance of this duty. No country can vie with us, unless it be our own fault, in winning the confidence and affection of the Greeks: for there is no other State in regard to which there does not exist some bar to a complete harmony. Russia agrees with the Greeks as members of the orthodox Church, but excites their jealousy by her Slavonic sympathies, within the circle of which even religion has now been drawn. France has no special Slavonic sympathies; but her religion, on account of its aggressive operations, is everywhere in conflict with the religion of Greece, and gliding, as it is so apt to glide, into Eastern policy, introduces an element of misgiving which checks the thorough consolidation of goodwill. England alone is absolutely detached from any influence which can mar the completeness of her concord with the Hellenic race. She shared with France and Russia the good work of liberation: and the unhappy affair of Pacifico was surely well redeemed by the cession of the Ionian Islands. She is naturally marked out, not for an exclusive, but for a special friendliness with Greece. But there is no demand in this case for a special friendliness, in order to supply the motive of right action. The ungracious assent, which we so unhappily substituted at the Congress for our zealous advocacy, at any rate stands recorded against us. That we should lend to Greece a free and resolute concurrence, at least at this final stage, in obtaining for her the lot destined for her by European compact, is what justice, policy, and even decency, alike require.

May 24, 1879.

W. E. GLADSTONE, in *Nineteenth Century*.

FROISSART'S LOVE STORY.

Come with me to a certain quiet corner that I know in a great library; a corner where we shall find no one, except a few specialists, who will glare at us. It is the pretty way of specialists to glare upon intruders. One of these is proving to his own satisfaction that there never were any Courts of Love at all, which is as much as to prove that there never were any Olympian games at all. Another, a German this, is collecting Old French ballads, which he will publish with *variorum* readings like a Greek chorus. Then he will go about declaring with pride that the Germans alone understand early French literature, just as the Germans alone understand Shakespeare. A third, a sprightly young Frenchman, is collecting anecdotes, which he will make into a volume, and call it a 'Research.' Let us sit down among them, quietly, without disturbing any one, and read the story of Froissart's single love passage, told by himself, in the poetry of which he was so proud.

I admit that Froissart is better known as a chronicler, but some deference should surely be paid to a man's own opinions, especially about himself. And on the occasions when Froissart had to be entered in account-books as a recipient of princely gifts, he called himself a poet—*ditto*. As for the right to the title, in the first place any one may call himself a poet; and in the second, Froissart wrote an enormous quantity of verse, just as good as that of any rival *ditto*. It is not his fault, nor was it his expectation, that the world should refuse to read him any more. Some day, the world may even find itself too busy to read the 'Ring and the Book.'

Froissart, in his own estimation, then, was, before all, a great poet, who sometimes wrote chronicles. His verses mostly remain in manuscript. From the selection which has been published in Buchon's edition, I have gathered the history which follows.

I have always thought that the singers who piped during this period of poetic decadence have been harshly treated. Critics display an acerbity towards them, which seems to betray temper. Yet these gentle poets are an unoffending folk; they do not pretend. They are content to follow in the old grooves, and to sing, to the old tunes, songs which are as like unto each other as the individual members in a flock of Chinamen.

Great poetry, indeed, can only be expected in times of great strife, peril, and upheaval, as in the sixteenth and seventeenth, and end of the eighteenth centuries. It does not always come even then. But in the fourteenth century, though things mediæval were passing swiftly to universal change, every institution seemed fixed and unalterable as the courses of the planets. As was the daily life, so was the song. Listen: you hear the sweet and simple tune, and you are presently tired of it. Listen a little longer: you become accustomed to the monotony, and

you find yourself, like your ancestors, expecting the same tune, and anxious only to find out what variation, if any, will be put in words and thoughts.

And there is another thing; it is pleasant to discover in these old poets the same canons of honour, truth, and loyalty, which are the code of the modern gentleman. These *trouvères*, knights or clerks, have nothing at all to learn from us. They show themselves, in their rippling and monotonous verse, as jealous for what we call in our priggish modern cant the "Higher Culture," as any writer or preacher or poet among ourselves. There is nowhere a more perfect gentleman, as disclosed in his own unaffected verse, than Charles of Orleans, or Eustache Deschamps, or Froissart himself.

They are trying to revive once more the old forms of verse. The ballad, the triolet, the virelay, the rondeau, and the rest have appeared again. Just now, though already there are signs that the first freshness of surprise is gone, the movement possesses the charm of novelty. The revival is quaint; in the hands of Swinburne, and of Mr. John Payne, the translator of Villon, the old-fashioned rhymes become delightful; in all other hands, so far as I have seen, they are laboured, self-conscious, and constrained. It can hardly be expected that they will take a permanent place among the naturalised forms of English verse. Even when Swinburne uses them, it is the dexterity of the poet which pleases us, not the beauty of the verse. The paucity of our rhymes and our own rules of rhyme render it very unlikely that the ballad or the villanelle will ever become more than a plaything, or a vehicle for *vers de société*. One can hardly understand Shelley pouring out his thoughts in rondeaux, or Wordsworth preferring a *balade* to a sonnet.

Froissart tells the story of his love in the *Trettie de l'Espinet's Amoureuse*, a composition of some four thousand lines, interspersed with *balades*, *virelays*, and *rondeaux*. The tale is told after the manner of the time, with prolix preambles, reflections, introductions, and digressions: we must not, however, interrupt the narrator, and if we only give him full scope, we shall presently reap our reward in finding what manner of youth was Froissart in the days when he had as yet no thoughts of going a-chronicling.

He begins with a few reflections on love. Young men, he says, earnestly yearn for the time to arrive when they too shall be able to pay their tribute to Love, although they know nothing of the troubles and perils which surround the Court of that sovereign. "Such was I when I was young. At twelve years of age my chief pleasure was in seeing dances and carols, in listening to minstrels and the words which bring delight. At school I followed the little maidens about, just to give them an apple, or a pear, or a ring; great prowess it seemed to win their favour. And I said to myself that when the time should come for me to love, like all the rest, *par amours*, no one ought to blame me. For, indeed, in many places it is written that with love and arms come all joy and all honour.

"And know, that never did I lean
 To loves disgraceful, base, and mean;
 But ever strove to render well
 All service due to damoiselle:
 And other guerdon hoped for none,
 Than favour sought and favour won.
 Still doth the recollection raise
 The wearied soul from earthly ways;
 Still, like a painting richly dight,
 That memory lingers in my sight,
 Still feeds the heart and keeps alive
 The thoughts in which true pleasures thrive."

He goes on to explain that a man, considering how short a space he has to live, should employ his time in the most profitable manner possible, viz. the cultivation of love. Then he begins with the beginning, and describes his education, his childhood, and the games he played.

I wish he had been as explicit in the description of his school-life as he is in that of his games. Here, indeed, he is almost as detailed as Rabelais himself, who gives a list of two hundred. Froissart's list contains about sixty.

"Ah! happy time," he cries, when—

"Whether to speak or hold my peace
 Alike was joy without surcease;
 When on a simple poy neat,
 Fit offering for a damsel sweet,
 More store I placed than at this day
 I set by tale or vielay
 Worth twenty marks of silver white:
 So full my heart was of delight."

Amid these simple joys he grew up, went to school and was flogged, fought other boys, and went home with his clothes torn, for which he was *mis à raison*—but this was labour lost, "because I never did it the less for that"—conceived a great fondness for reading romances and treatises of love; and began to try his hand at writing verses.

One regrets that he was not impelled to set down more details of this time, and to give the world a picture of that mediæval bourgeois life at Valenciennes to which he belonged by birth. But that was not in the way of a courtly poet. Writers of *fabliaux*, it is true, might condescend to such details.

Arrived at adolescence—in another poem we have the further particulars of his passage from school to the profession of poet—he has a vision. The season, according to fourteenth-century requirements, was May; the time, early morning; the place, a garden. The birds were singing as if in emulation, "Never before saw I so fair a morn." The firmament was yet glittering with stars, though Lucifer was already driving them away. All this is quite in accordance with polite usage; what follows, although not absolutely new, is yet unexpected. The youth sitting under a flowering thorn looked up into a sky clearer and more pure than silver or azure. He was seized with a rapture of spirit, and

while he gazed there came floating before his astonished eyes three fair women and a youth.

“ A youth is he of ancient fame :
To men, Dan Mercury his name ;
Great is his wit and great his skill,
He teaches children, at his will,
Each art and several mystery,
And speech of craft and subtlety.”

Mercury introduces himself in a neat, off-hand manner, quite in keeping with his character as god of the light-handed gentry, and then proceeds to inform the poet that he sees before him no other than Juno, Pallas, and Venus. At present, he explains with a charming frankness, as if the goddesses were not within hearing, their relations with each other are by no means cordial, on account of the recent judgment of Paris ; the two disappointed ladies agreeing in one point, that the decision was entirely due to the shepherd's pitiable ignorance and rusticity. He then goes on to point out all the miseries which followed this important verdict. All this time, while Mercury is volubly explaining the situation, the three goddesses make no remark of any kind either to each other or to Mercury. The reader has to imagine them standing in cold and unapproachable majesty, two of them with clouded brows, deigning to take no notice whatever of the young clerk before them.

Then Mercury asks for Froissart's own opinion. What opinion could be expected of such a youth ?

“ I think that Paris, when his voice
Named Lady Venus for his choice,
Bearing to fate and fortune's meed
And future loss no reck or heed,
But placed the apple in her hand,
Rightly the case did understand,
Because that Helen fair thereby
Became his queen and mistress high
So that my judgment steadfast lies :
For Helen's sake ne gave the prize.
This was fit guerdon for all pain,
So will I everywhere maintain.
Quoth Mercury, ' I knew it well ;
This is the tale all lovers tell.' ”

This said, Juno and Pallas retired as they came, silent and scornful. Did the poet, one asks, really mean to convey, by this silence, the impression of divine grandeur ? They are introduced in a single line : we feel their presence : we can mark the anger burning in the cheek of the Ox-eyed, and firing the cold eye of Pallas ; they stand looking afar off ; they vanish, as they came, with Mercury.

“ Et à ce qu'il s'evanni.
Juno sa mère le sievi.
Et Pallas : je ne les vis plus.”

That is, however, a modern way of looking at it. May it not be that

Froissart desired to represent nothing more than a condition of grumpiness, for which I believe there was no adequate word in his tongue? Venus remained behind, Venus gracious, grateful, generous, and she stayed to promise him a reward. What could she give—what had Venus to give—but beauty? He shall love and reverence a lady, fair, young, and *gente*. From Valenciennes to Constantinople no king or emperor but would hold himself well paid by such a gift.

"Then I who was surprised but yet rejoiced of heart, with simplicity and great doubtfulness cast down my eyes upon the ground. Young as I was I had not yet learned to hear things of such great price, or to receive such payments."

The promise of Venus was soon fulfilled. Very shortly afterwards he finds a young lady whom he knows by name, at least, reading in the garden. He advances timidly and addresses her *doucement*, "Fair lady and sweet, what is the name of your romance?"

She replied, "It is called Cleomades; well and amorously is it written. You shall hear it, and then you will tell me how it pleases you."

This proposal pleased him very much. But he thought little of the romance, so much occupied was he with the reader. "Then I gazed upon her sweet face, her fresh colour and her hazel eyes—better could not be wished—her long hair fairer than flax, and hands so beautiful that the daintiest lady in the land would have been contented with less."

She began to read a piece which made her laugh. "Now I cannot tell you how sweet was the movement of her lips when she laughed, not too long, but softly and gently, as the most nobly born and the most well-bred lady in the world."

Then she asked him to read in his turn. He read two or three pages. "Then we left off reading and began talking, simple sort of talk, such as young folks delight in."

When it was time to go away *la belle* invited him, *moult amoureusement*, that is, with the courtesy and kindness which befit ladies worthy of love from lord or poet, to come again. "Hé mi! what joy those words gave me!"

He did not fail to accept this gracious invitation. She asked him to lend her another romance. He had at home the 'Bailli d'Amour,' which he promised to send her, and then, craftily taking advantage of this opportunity, he wrote a ballad and put it in the volume. The ballad is a complaint of love to "*la belle que tant prison*." Great was his disappointment when the romance was returned and with it the verses. The lady had not accepted his offering. Had she read it? He thinks not. We, on the other hand, may be allowed to believe that she did. Surely feminine curiosity would have impelled her to open the paper, at least, and when it was once open the next step was short indeed.

After this rebuff he entered upon a short course of severe but extremely enjoyable martyrdom, being as happy as Don Quixote, when

for love of Dulcinea, he banged his head against the rocks and cut capers in his shirt. Happiness returned when, on his offering a rose to his mistress, she accepted it. Joy, sorrow, and love must all alike be expressed in verse, and so he went back to the garden where, under the very rose-bush from which he had plucked the happy rose, he composed the following virelay :

“The heart which still in mirthful guise
Receives whate'er the years bestow
Of wealth and pleasure or fair show
I ween is in its season wise:
This will I hold where'er I go.

In this estate of love so sweet,
Many there are in dule and moan
(As those devoured by fever heat),
And know not wherefore they must groan.
Yet still the heart, full conscious tries
The secret way of health to show.
Ah me! if only I could know,
Where hope to seek with anxious eyes,
Blythe would I sing farewell to woe.
The heart, &c.

I think, more pleasant and more sweet
Than my dear lady is there none;
My soul lies captive at her feet,
And yet the lover's tears flow on.
For when from dreams of night I rise,
And think I dare not tell her so,
Or that my lady doth not know:
Or that she scorns these plaints and sighs,
'Tis bootless thus to sing, I trow:
The heart which still in mirthful guise
Receives whate'er the years bestow
Of wealth and pleasure or fair show,
I ween is in its season wise:
This will I hold where'er I go.”

The virelay finished, the lover had to live upon hope until he met the lady again in a company of five or six, when “in solace and high revel” they sat and ate ripe fruit. He did not dare to speak what was in his mind, but spent the time in remonstrating with himself, like lazy Lawrence inviting lazy Lawrence to get up. “Come,” he says, “if you dare not tell her what is in your heart, what can I think of your wisdom? Living like this is not life at all,” and so on. Quite uselessly, however.

Another time they met at a dance, and Froissart stood up to dance with her. “Hé mi! com lors estoie liés!—how joyful, how happy I was!” So much was he encouraged, that when they sat down, the dance finished, he informed *la belle* that his joy was wholly due to her grace and beauty, and that if they were alone he would tell her more. “Would you?” she replied coldly. “Now, is there any sense in your loving me? Let us dance again.”

Any sense? There was, truly, a throwing of wet blankets. From one point of view there was no sense at all. The lady was of gentle birth. The young clerk was not only a bourgeois, but also in the lesser orders of the Church. Perhaps she was not yet old enough to understand the charm of love in dumb show and make-believe, which had no end in view but the gratification of a poet's fancy and the following of an allegorical fashion. She had yet to learn—in the sequel it will appear as if she never did learn—all that can be got from that sacred and chivalrous devotion which Froissart was ready to offer her.

Time went on, but it brought little comfort to the hapless swain. Sometimes he saw his mistress, and observed, with gnashing of teeth, that she was just as gracious to others as to himself. Now it chanced that there was a lady at Valenciennes known to Froissart, who was greatly in the confidence of *la belle*. To her the young clerk repaired, and with honeyed words and offers of service persuaded her to hear his tale and to stand his friend. The lady, who had been already for a whole year, we are told, experienced in the proper methods of love, advised him to go away and write a ballad, which she undertook to place, as if it was the work of some one else, in his mistress's hands. "When she speaks of it, I will let her know the author of the lines, and that you wrote them all for love of her." This was a very pretty, if not quite original, plot. The young poet went away and wrote the verses. Here they are :

"Lady of worth and beauty fair,
 In whom dwell all sweet gifts of grace,
 My heart, my love, my thought, my care,
 Are slaves before thy gentle face ;
 Therefore, O Lady of laud and praise,
 I pray for guerdon great to me,
 The gift of kindly thought from thee.

From day to day I make no prayer,
 At night no other hope finds place,
 But ever more and everywhere,
 To serve thee in thy works and ways ;
 And though I plead in lowly case,
 Yet dare I ask, Oh ! grant to me,
 The gift of kindly thought from thee.

By words, by songs, by works, by prayer,
 A lover's faith and truth you trace,
 Go ask and search out everywhere,
 All that I say, my deeds, my ways.
 Should these unworthy seem, and base,
 Forgive me, nor withhold from me,
 The gift of kindly thought from thee."

Mark, however, the sequel. When these insidious lines were craftily given, according to the plot, to the lady for whom they were intended, an unforeseen accident occurred. She *knew the handwriting* and laughed, saying mysteriously "Ça !" What comfort is to be got out of a colourless interjection? It may mean anything; presumably "ça" meant

some sort of discouragement. To be sure, she added presently the words, "What he asks is no small thing"; yet there is not much in the way of hope to be gathered from this sentence. It must be owned that the young lady appears throughout singularly cold as regards her proposed suitor. This lack of encouragement reminds us that we are in a period of decadence, when the pretty make-believes of the olden time are fast losing, if they have not already lost, their significance and their influence. Had it been a great lady, such as Queen Philippa or Yolande of Bar, the poet might have had a better chance. To this little country demoiselle courtly fashions and chivalrous customs would probably have small attractions. So Froissart went melancholy again and smiled sadly in pleasing anticipation of dying for love and of a broken heart, "just," he says, "like Leander, who died for love of Hero, daughter of Jupiter, or Achilles, who died for Polixena, or the gentle youth Actæon." Think of representing poor Actæon's hapless end as due to love. But Lemprière had not yet been born.

This uncertainty turned into despair when he heard that they were preparing for the young lady's marriage. As nothing more is said about that event, it is presumed that it either never came off, or else that it proved to make no difference in the course of Froissart's courtly love. An opportune illness which occurred at this time, doubtless due to the absence of drains in Valenciennes, was naturally ascribed to love-despair, and at its commencement he prepared for death with a *balade*, the refrain of which was:

" Je finiral ensi que fist Tristans,
Car je mourrai pour amer par amors."

It seems part of the general unreality of the story, that he inserts here a long 'Complaint' in a thousand lines, which we are to suppose was written during the fever. Of course it is unreal, because it is conventional. But about the illness there need be no doubt: that fever may be considered a historical fact. As it happened opportunely, it became a convenient peg and a favorable occasion for the assertion of despair.

After worrying through this fever and his 'Complaint,' and getting well of both, he found himself constrained, by want of money, to leave his native town. He had long enough dawdled about the lesser courts, getting a ballad "placed" here and a rondel introduced there; it was now necessary that he should seek his fortune. The main chance prevailed over love; he sailed for England comforted by the possession of a mirror which his mistress had used for three whole years. The confidante stole it for him. He met with a most favourable reception at the English Court, and it is pleasant to read the gratitude with which he speaks of it.

"None came to this country who was not made welcome, for it is a land of great delight, and the people of it were so well-disposed that they desire ever to be in joy. At the time when I was among them, the country pleased me greatly, because with great lords, with ladies and

demoiselles, I very willingly amused myself. Yet know, that I never cease to think of my lady."

And then there was the mirror. He laid the mirror every night beneath his pillow in order to dream of his mistress. And once he had a vision.

He dreamed that he was in a chamber hung with tapestry. In the chamber was the mirror. And as he gazed into it according to his wont suddenly the face of his lady—no other—appeared. In her hand she held a comb, and with it she was parting her fair long tresses. "Mightily astonished was I, but yet I could not have wished to be in any other place." Then she spoke to him, or seemed to speak, from the mirror, "Where art thou, fond heart and sweet? Forgive me that I think of thee." Forgive, indeed! He turned to utter his forgiveness, convinced that she was looking over his shoulder into the glass; but there was no one. Then he went back to his mirror, when he saw her again. Once more, bewildered and frightened, he searched the chamber and the stairs which led to it, but could find no trace of his mistress. Then he remembered the story of 'Papius and Ydorée,' which he narrates in full, "just as Ovid tells it." I do not, myself, remember that legend in Ovid. It is a magical experience of the same kind.

He returns to his mirror, and his lady's face is still visible. And then, to his infinite joy, *la belle* speaks to him again, or rather sings to him, in verses of his own composing, 'La Confort de la Dame.' The comfort, it must be owned, was administered in a large and liberal spirit; for it takes nine pages, or about three hundred and fifty lines. But what are a few hundred lines, more or less, to a fourteenth-century poet?

Her voice is silent, her face vanishes from the mirror, and the dreaming man awakes, whispering to himself, "Here be marvels and phantoms," a remark fully justified by the circumstances of the case. The natural consequence of such a dream was that he began to pine for the sight of his mistress in the flesh, and that he wrote a love-sick virelay which he gave to Queen Philippa. "She read aright that my heart was drawn elsewhere, and after a little examination easily ascertained that I was in love. Then said she, 'You shall go, so may you have before long good news of your lady. Therefore I give you leave from this day, only I will and require that you return to me again.' Then I, kneeling, replied, 'Madame, wherever I may be your commandments shall be obeyed.'"

Laden with gifts he returned to his own country, "en bon estat et en bon point." The first thing he did was to seek out the confidante, to tell her the surprising vision of the mirror, and to give her the virelay which he had written on the occasion. He heard that his name had been mentioned by the lady on more than one occasion, and was thankful, as all true lovers should be, for small mercies.

He did not see her for twenty days after his return: then he heard that she was to be present at a great dance to which Froissart was not invited. Nevertheless, he went to the hotel in the evening, and, stand-

ing without, for he was afraid of entering without an invitation, he peered through a "pertuis," an opening of some kind—one trusts it was not the keyhole—and so saw his lady dancing.

When he actually did meet her it was by accident at the house of the confidante, who, like all kind ladies when they are taken into the secret, was good enough to introduce the subject, saying, "Parfoi, you are both of a size: you would make a sweet pair. God grant that love may join you." But the poet was shy, and in spite of the expostulations of his heart—"You see her before you and have not the courage to avow your sentiments!"—could not speak. The *demoiselle* it was who broke the awkward silence by asking him, *moult doucement*, how he had fared on his travels. "Madame," he replied, "for you have I had many a thought." "For me? Truly! how came that?" "From this, lady; so much I love you that there is no hour of the evening or morning when I do not think of you continually; but I am not bold enough to tell you, dear lady, by what art or in what manner I first experienced the beginning of this passion." The lady looked at him and laughed a little; then she turned to the friend and remarked that the young man was none the worse for the journey that he had made—a safe thing to say. In fact, it seems as if *la belle*, not at all in love with her admirer, was yet anxious not to appear unkind, nor, on the other hand, to commit herself. Unfortunately, Froissart tells us nothing about her, of what family she was, whether or no she was beset with lovers who could give her more than the poetic passion of the penniless young clerk.

There followed another period of melancholy and hope deferred, alternating with times of refreshment, during which the lover had many interviews with his mistress, always in company with the faithful confidante, in a room beautifully furnished with carpets, cushions, and pillows, whither he used to bring flowers and strew them over the floor. Here he would sit and tell the two girls of the great joy which their society afforded him, at which they would laugh, not displeased. It was a delightful season, but it was interrupted by a great and irremediable sorrow. The confidante fell ill and died, and they lost their friend and their favourite place of meeting.

But another opportunity occurred. They met in a garden, where, among the flowers, he spoke again. The lady gathered five violets and gave him three, a favour from which he augured the best. Then they sat beneath the shade of a nut-tree, side by side, his heart a-flame, and yet not daring to tell the grief and martyrdom which he was enduring. Two little girls were with them in the garden. They ran about and gathered gilly-flowers, which they threw into the laps of the lovers, and while the lady collected them into posies, the lover sang a ballad. After this he begged for a little comfort, which the lady half promised.

The garden became the scene of many such interviews, in which they talked all sorts of things full of joy, such as of dogs, birds, meadows, leaves, flowers, and amourettes. Then they had a sort of picnic. It was a beautiful morning in spring; Froissart found out

beforehand where the *damoiselle* was going, and who would accompany her; he got up early and, provided with pastries, hams, wine, and venison, repaired to the spot, chose a place beneath a flowering thorn, and spread a breakfast to delight his sovereign queen. She was so greatly pleased with this act of devotion, that she consented to let him call himself her servant.

"Lady," he prayed, "in the name of love, alleviate these heavy pains, and accept me as your servant, sworn to do your best."

"Would you like it," she replied, "to be so?"

"Yes."

"Then I should like it, too."

Could gracious lady more sweetly accept a lover's devotion?

The happiness unalloyed which followed lasted but a very little while. In the place lived one *Malebouche*—*Evil Mouth*—he lives everywhere. This maligner and envious person, observing what a good time the young poet was having, set himself to defame and speak ill of him. He succeeded so far that the lady's friends remonstrated with her, and she begged her lover to desist from seeing her till the storm, whatever it was, should blow over.

He obeyed. Such obedience, however hard, was a part of his devotion. He not only abstained from seeking her out, but if he passed her hotel he drew his bonnet over his eyes so as to avoid seeing her. He obeyed the very spirit of this injunction; he obeyed with ostentatious zeal; he made a fuss with his obedience. But one evening he yielded to temptation and disobeyed.

It was in the twilight; he had been lurking about outside the house, when he saw the lady as she stood in the doorway, and presently walked down the street to where he stood.

"Come here to me, sweet friend," he whispered as she passed.

To his astonishment she replied in angry tones, "There is no sweet friend for you here." Then she went on her way, while he remained, amazed and disconcerted, in his hiding-place. But she turned back and came towards him. Was she going to relent, then? Oh! heavy change! It was not to relent at all, it was to seize him by the hair, to tear out a handful, and to leave him in consternation and despair. Here was a melancholy end to so poetical a wooing. After all his sufferings, after his piles of ballads, this was all he got—dismissal, not with a gentle sigh and regretful farewell, not even with a box on the ears, but with rude and discourteous tearing out of hair by handfuls. And no record, anywhere, in romances or in Ovid, of lover so dismissed. No comfort from poetical parallel.

He went home, this unfortunate lover, and sought consolation in the manner customary among poets—a ballad.

This is the end of his *amourette*, innocent enough in its progress and melancholy in its ending. Yet what has he to say that is not in praise of love?

"Never could I in verse recite
What grievous pains, yet great delight,

Befell me in the cause of love :
 Yet still I hold and still approve
 That, but for love, of little worth
 Would any man be on this earth ;
 Love is to youth advancement high,
 Commencement fit of chivalry ;
 From love youth learns wise rules and ways,
 And how to serve and how to praise,
 And into virtues turns his faults ;
 And so I hold 'gainst all assaults,
 That thus, in love's obedience blessed,
 Should be commenced high honour's quest.

"And for you, O my sovereign lady, for whose sake I have endured so many pains, . . . my heart still glows with the ardent spark of love, which will not leave me. . . . Never have I loved any other, nor shall love, whatever may befall. There is no hour in which I do not remember you. You were the first, and you shall be the last."

Not one word of reproach. Loyal to the end.

This story, extracted from its setting of allegory, reflections, and digressions, shows us Froissart as he was in his early years, long before he used to jog along the bridle-path beside a knight fresh from the wars, asking questions and getting information. He was young, ardent, full of hope, open to the gracious influence of sweetness, spring, and love. He had read the romances of the *trouvères*, and he believed in them. He too would live the life they inculcated, the noblest, he thought, the highest and purest life attainable by man. To enter upon that life there was wanting one thing—love. Needs must that he find a mistress. His cleverness, his courtly manner, his skill and mastery in words, raised him above his social rank and placed him as a fit companion to ladies and noble *damoiselles*. To one of these he dares to lift his eyes—not with an earthly passion, but in that spirit of chivalrous love which he has learned from his romances ; what *le petit Jehan de Saintré* was to his lady in the early days of that amour ; what Thibault of Champagne was to the stately Blanche ; what Petrarch was to Laura, or Guillaume de Machault to Agnes—that would he become, if it might be so, to his *dame souveraine*. To gladden heart and eyes by the contemplation of loveliness, to enrich the soul by meditation on the graces and virtues which dwell, or should dwell, in so fair a mansion, to cultivate the thoughts which make a man worthy of sweet lady's love—these things seemed to the simple young poet the most precious duties, inasmuch as they bring the most precious rewards, of life. They were, he had learned from his reading, an education for the young, a continual festival for the old. Not in vain, not for nothing, does ingenuous youth tremble beneath the eyes of maidenhood. They are, or should be, to him an admonition and an exhortation. They preach a sermon which only the gentle heart can hear and understand. The eyes of *damoiselle* spoke to the *trouvère* of enjoyments which the common herd can never dream of, so that even now there are but few to comprehend how loyal suit and service could be rewarded and satisfied by gracious words and kindly thoughts. Froissart's love was, indeed,

cruelly broken off and cut short in its very beginning; but that of others, more fortunate, continued unbroken and undiminished till death. The story of Thibault and Blanche is a model of what such love may be, that of Petit Jehan de Saintré shows how such love may fall off and degenerate, by the unworthiness of one, into contempt and hatred.

It is, of course, acted allegory. By such love, in those days, lords and poets taught themselves and their children that noble knights and gentle *demoiselles* could elevate themselves. Such love required simple faith in honour and virtue, and simple shame that before the sacred shrine of love anything should be brought but strong purpose and pure heart. What a foolish old story! What sentimental unreality!

It was to the majority of mankind unreal and foolish even while the poets sang it and the knights practised it. Side by side with the *trouvères* were the *conteurs* and the poets of the *fabliaux*, who pointed the finger of mockery at things which the others held sacred; tore down the decent veil from what should be hidden; laughed at all for the frailties of some; derided and scorned the poet's *idolon* of perfect womanhood. This is what always happens. Comes Setebos and troubles everything. In all ages, then as now, the young man sees two paths open before him. One of these, in the time of Froissart, led upwards with toil and peril over rocks and among brambles, but the light of loyal love and gracious favour guided the traveller; the other began with a gentle decline, down which the young man could run, dancing with the *garces*, singing with the *jongleurs*, and drinking with his fellows. Clouds hung over the end of that path, and where it terminated—but here accounts differ.

An old, old fable indeed, that man and woman should live for each other, believe in each other, and by such belief elevate each other. It strikes in this age of doubt on unheeding ears. Perfect manhood! perfect womanhood! Dreams and drivel! Let us close the book. No doubt, outside the library we shall find a purer and a higher worship.

WALTER BESANT, in *Temple Bar*.

THE MUSICAL CULTUS OF THE DAY.

The charge against the English of being an unmusical nation is one of very old standing, to which the reply (almost equally old) has always been that if we have never been great producers of music, we have, at all events, shown a great appreciation of those who were. We made an Englishman of Handel, showed a most liberal hospitality to Haydn, took an early and (for the time) tolerably enlightened interest in Beethoven, and welcomed Mendelssohn with open arms. These stereotyped claims to the respect of the musical world would, however, seem very incomplete and out of date if regarded from the point

of view of musical England at the present moment: or perhaps, to be strictly correct, we should rather say of musical London. For the great gulf fixed between the critical stand-point of cultivated society in London and in the provinces, which in respect to some subjects of intellectual interest may be said to have been partially bridged over of late years, seems in regard to music to be rather widened than otherwise. In most provincial concert-rooms it is probable that the *finale* of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony is still endured (when at all) with a certain bewilderment not unmingled with antagonism, and that his latest pianoforte sonatas are regarded as unintelligible and too long. In cathedral towns the *Lieder ohne Worte* are still played in the drawing-rooms, and a placid belief in Mendelssohn as the greatest composer of modern time, if not of any time, still thrives in the congenial soil of a clericalised society, impatient of new growths in art as in everything else. But in modern musical London "*τι κακόν*?" is the pass-word. Not only is there an appetite for musical performances apparently almost insatiable even by the ample supply afforded to it, but there is an absolute demand for progress, a determination to keep up with the times, to hear the last new composer, to catch the tone of the last developments of "the higher criticism" in regard to modern music, its desires, its achievements, its possibilities. In place of being musically a rather backward society, as we once were, a society sparing in its attendance at concerts and lagging far behind Germany in our interest in new forms of composition, we are now spending a great aggregate of time in concert-rooms, music is a constant topic of conversation everywhere, and the foreign critic who were to charge us afresh with being an unmusical nation, might now be met by the retort that at least there is probably no capital where people hear so much music, and talk so much about it, as in our own.

It is always a matter of some interest to attempt to analyze a movement of this kind, and endeavour to form a just conclusion as to its real intellectual value, and the motives or impulses which give rise to it. Is the passion for music in modern English society, then, the offspring of a genuine and heartfelt interest in and an intellectual comprehension of the art; or is it, like so many other growths of social predilection, more or less a forced product of conventional life? Is it a passion, or only a fashion?

Looking at the subject in the broadest manner, as an element in the sum total of modern feeling, an increased passion for music would seem to be only one of the results of the general tendency towards a fuller emotional expression in art and literature, which is the legacy to us of the Revolution period; at least which is often so regarded. But without troubling ourselves about the origin of a wave of human feeling too vast and vague for analysis, we at all events all know and feel the distinction between George Eliot and Jane Austen, between Turner and Gainsborough, between Watts and Reynolds. The tendency of modern life has been—why we know not—towards a quickening of the emotional side of human nature, a reaction from the purely intel-

lectual and analytical bent of the mind of the last century, an indefinable passionate longing which has been said to be summed up in the German word *Sehnsucht*, more than in any expression in our own language. And of this feeling music, in its modern forms more particularly, is the most complete and intense means of expression. It is essentially an emotional form of art—not indeed exclusively so, by any means—but more so than any other; it cannot express facts or convictions, but it gives voice to those vague and deep-seated desires and sympathies, that abstract sense of harmony and proportion in things, which are indescribable in language, which painting can only reflect from the outside, but of which modern music seems to embody (if one may use the word of what is so completely an “unbodied joy”) the inner and indefinable meaning. The relation in which music stands to many minds in the present day is that expressed in the wonderful line in Rossetti's sonnet, *The Monochord*, —

“Oh! what is this that knows the road I came!”

an expression intelligible to all who have been able to meet the inner meaning of Beethoven in such far-reaching passages as that episode in D in the *Scherzo* of the Seventh Symphony; and perhaps to them only. At all events, to suppose that such an interest in music of a high class exists among all, or among the majority of those who discuss it and assist at its revelation, would be contrary to all experience as to the proportion of really intellectual sympathy with imaginative creations of a high class, to be found in general society. There is then an *à priori* probability that a considerable proportion of the professedly serious culture of music is much more superficial in its origin than its votaries would have us suppose, or than perhaps they are aware of themselves; for, after all, but a very small proportion of those who profess an enthusiasm for the highest productions of art are consciously pretenders. But a consideration of some of the circumstances which have attended the development of this professedly serious musical *cultus* in English society of late years at once tends to confirm the supposition that there is a great deal in it which is unreal and conventional.

Among these circumstances none are more significant than the remarkably rapid and consentaneous changes of taste or of musical creed which have followed each other since we began to profess to be a musical public. This peculiar phase of shifting enthusiasm commenced in its modern form with the *furore* excited by Mendelssohn about five-and-thirty years ago, and which continued on the increase till some time after his death. A Beethoven *furore* there never has been in this country; partly, perhaps, because he came before the time when the temper of society gave any material for one, partly because his genius stands on too lofty a pedestal for such comparatively idle worship; one might as well expect to see the works of Michel Angelo become the object of a popular mania. Rossini was the centre of a cloud of incense for a time, but in that ritual there was hardly a pretence of a serious aim; we had not then discovered the æsthetic platform. But the appearance of Mendelssohn coincided with the time when the idea of

music might be more serious matter than mere pastime had dawned upon the English mind; and the comparative novelty of his style, a certain charm of sentiment, beautiful, and at the same time easy of appreciation, combined probably with the personal attraction felt towards a man peculiarly fitted to be a favourite in society, operated together to produce a paroxysm of musical enthusiasm, such as the English world had hardly known before. Mendelssohn was everything that was great in music; he united the highest qualities of Bach and Beethoven; to question the supremacy of his genius was to write yourself down an ass. No moral reprobation was too strong for those unprincipled persons who, having by course of events come into the charge of the composer's manuscripts after his decease, persisted in withholding from the world works which the too modest composer had left unpublished as unsatisfactory, but of which all the intellectual world had a right to demand the hearing. And when at last one of these works was produced at the Crystal Palace, it was an event in the musical world; no extravagance of laudation was too great to be applied by the higher criticism of the day towards a composition,¹ the weakness of which in comparison with his other works fully explained the judgment of the composer, a much better critic of his own music than most of his public. By those who possessed a stand-point for a calmer judgment, this overacted enthusiasm must have seemed—did seem—absurd at the time; but what are we to think of it in comparison with the tone now commonly adopted in regard to Mendelssohn in professedly musical and æsthetic society? What are we to think of the claims to musical insight of a society which at the distance of these few years has contemptuously reversed its decision and overturned the pedestal of its idol? And the conclusion to which this bit of the history of English musical enthusiasm must lead, is certainly not weakened by the observation of the rapid succession of idolatries which has taken place in the interim.

Schumann was the popular successor to Mendelssohn; a composer resisted with persistent repugnance for years by English concert audiences, till suddenly, no one knew how, he became the fashion, had his day, and is now making way for Wagner. The history of the reception of Wagner by the English mind presents the same curious phenomenon of absolute and almost angry refusal of a hearing for years, followed by an outbreak of popular admiration and almost equally angry partisanship, so that to question the reality of Wagner's success, and the true philosophy of his method, is in æsthetic society to establish yourself as a weak-headed and blindly prejudiced person. The question *pro* and *con* in regard to this composer's claim to the throne on which he has been exalted cannot be discussed here; it involves very large considerations as to the objects and conditions of musical art; the argument is still complicated by too much of prejudice on the one hand, and extravagant enthusiasm on the other, for any present chance of a judicial settlement,

(1) The *Reformation* Symphony.

"And that old common arbitrator, Time,
Will one day end it."

It may suffice to record here the conviction that those who imagine this last idol to be firm on his pedestal, will probably be in course of time very decidedly undeceived. But we may notice here another and remarkable instance of the fluctuation of musical taste and opinion in this country, in the unexpected and almost ardent worship of a great composer who had hitherto been merely a name (and hardly that) to English people. It is only a few years since London discovered Bach. No musician would have a word to say against the discovery in one sense, for there can hardly be a question that Bach is the loftiest teacher in the whole range of the art, and that no intellect that has been applied to music ever evinced such a giant grasp of what may be called tonal construction. And if the qualities which make his greatness were really apprehended of the people, we should have got much farther in general musical culture than there is in fact much chance of for some time to come. That they are not so apprehended is apparent, partly from the ingenuous admission of worshippers at the shrine, who not infrequently confess that they find Bach most difficult to understand; on the other hand, it must be added, one often hears him lauded for the very qualities which he has not. The position, however, of reverential acceptance of a great artist in spite of inability to understand him is in itself an admirable and a healthy one. But it seems the fate of English musical taste to run to extremes. For generations Handel has been the recognised object of musical reverence in England, his name having been often coupled, certainly, with that of his great contemporary by persons who professed a solid taste for "Handel and Bach" (a collocation of names which, considering the essential qualities of the two composers, is really about as rational as "Rossini and Schumann"), but the preference for his oratorios, as representing the highest class of music, having been for generations the palladium of British musical taste. There was much that was utterly uncritical in the British worship of Handel—a kind of John Bull spirit in music; but even more uncritical and foolish is the now obvious feeling that, Bach having been discovered, Handel is nowhere; that belief in him is an antiquated prejudice, pardonable in our days of ignorance, but utterly inexcusable in this more enlightened generation. Now there are most important qualities in which Bach deserves to be called a greater musician than Handel, though it may be doubted whether many of the people who run after Bach know what they are. At all events, they obviously do not know that Handel had most important qualities which Bach had not; that through the antiquated mannerisms and thin harmonic clothing of many even of his secondary compositions there breathes a power of dramatic expression and pathos of which no trace is to be found in the mighty but somewhat ponderous tone-architecture of the Cantor of Leipzig; that he had a mastery of the method of writing for the voice such as no purely German composer ever possessed; that his choruses exhibit a vigour, energy, an

clearness of form which it needs all the constructive power and deep earnestness of Bach to surpass in effect, as he has done. All this is ignored, Handel is out of fashion, and Bach has been put on his pedestal in obedience to the last impulse of a musical public, whose judgment apparently, like Wordsworth's celebrated cloud, "moveth all together, if it move at all."

It is probable that the very facilities for hearing music of every style and class, which are now within the reach of the London public, have something to do with the promotion of this superficial formation and fluctuation of musical taste. All who wish to hear music can now hear anything, or almost anything, that they wish; classical music is now brought to every one's door; and the constant attendance upon musical performances gives to every one a certain knowledge of what is going on in the world of musical production, a certain opportunity of acquiring the materials for an apparently critical view of the art, so that even those who by natural temperament and taste might have remained quite indifferent on the subject, acquire so much acquaintance with it as enables them to discuss it with an apparent familiarity and knowledge, such as would formerly have been only expected from those who had the musical faculty specially developed. In short, music has become the fashion, and it is not permitted to be ignorant of it, or to have no opinion about it, on pain of being regarded as below the general level of culture; and those who have no musical feeling or preference feel bound to "sham a little." This is not a healthy state of things, but it is perhaps a more or less inevitable condition of a transition stage from a state of ignorance or uncritical superficiality to the state of more cultured and critical knowledge, which the rising generation will, at all events, have had considerable opportunities of acquiring. For it cannot be questioned that there is an advance in the intelligent appreciation of music of the highest class in this country, difficult as it is to separate what is due to real sympathy and thoughtful culture from what is due to mere social habit and tradition. Musical instruction has in some quarters become a very different thing from the perfunctory business which it formerly was; and for the initiation of a change for the better, in this respect, we are probably much indebted to some of the German professors of the art so specially connected with their country, who have taken up their abode among us and have inaugurated a system of instruction, which will gradually, if taken up more widely, have its results in transforming the study of music in general society from a mere show accomplishment (as it almost universally was till recently¹) to the intelligent pursuit of a source of

(1) A reform in musical education seems equally necessary in regard to the upper and the lower classes in England. Few of those, ladies especially, who play or sing well as amateurs, have much knowledge of the scientific basis of music, or much critical perception in regard to style and musical form; and in regard to primary education in lower class schools, the absolute stupidity of the system by which children are taught to sing merely "by ear," that is to say by having a tune hammered into them by repetition, instead of being taught to read the language of music, cannot be too strongly condemned, and for any educational purpose is worse than useless.

intellectual refreshing and a powerful medium of emotional expression.

The existence of a better class of musical criticism, and musical literature generally, than we at present find in this country, is much to be desired, and would no doubt have its effect in promoting a more broad and comprehensive judgment in regard to musical art than at present exists in English society. As it is, our musical literature is very defective. Musicians are seldom good writers; and what is included under the head of musical criticism in this country must for the most part be classed under one of three heads: mere newspaper notices, in which the prejudices of the writer for or against certain artists give the only point to his writing (and this kind of thing unhappily subserves the needs of other journals than mere daily papers); extravagant effusions of the set of scribes whose business it is to recommend Wagner and the "new school;" and occasionally painstaking and honest judgments expressed in technical or conventional phraseology, and regarded (not unjustly) by the ordinary reader as simply dull. The system lately adopted of appending an analysis of the music to the programmes of classical concerts has been the occasion of the production of some very good critical writing, accompanied often by too much effusion (the besetting sin of musical writers), but it may be questioned whether these have influenced general culture much. Those who go to concerts with a head and heart capable of following and appreciating the composer's aim, do not need literary finger-posts, and those who are less enlightened are usually also less in earnest in their pursuit of the art, and do not care to take the trouble to read a book about the music at the time, or to file and study their analytical programmes afterwards.

A publication which would do something to spread, in a manner at once trustworthy and popular, the degree of knowledge of the details of the art which would enable hearers to do their own analytics, would be more to the purpose than the fugitive literature of programmes. The want of a book of this kind seems in process of being admirably supplied by the new *Dictionary of Music and Musicians*¹ now appearing under the editorship of Mr. George Grove, who combines with a genuine enthusiasm for his subject a faculty of accurate and laborious investigation and clear literary expression which peculiarly fit him to superintend such a publication, and render his own contributions to it of special interest and value. His article on Beethoven, though necessarily comparatively restricted, is one of the most valuable and, within its limits, complete and well-balanced specimens of musical biography that has been offered to English readers; biography combined with just so much of critical analysis as may assist the reader in forming a right estimate of the composer's place in the art, without transgressing the proper objects of a dictionary article. The amount and variety of

(1) *The Dictionary of Music and Musicians*. Edited by George Grove, D.C.L. Vol. I. A to *Imromptu*. Macmillan & Co. 21s.

trustworthy information upon every subject connected with music which this work promises to render accessible to the public when complete, is very remarkable, and such as no work of the kind hitherto published in England can compare with. The appearance of a book of this kind on such a scale, and the fact that there is such a public for it as to render it worth undertaking, speak a good deal for the increased interest in music in the present day. There is only one feature in this excellent work that calls for a doubtful criticism: the presence in it of the element of musical partisanship, and of the special partialities and animosities of the group who represent the music militant of the modern school. This element is not so far very prominent; it is chiefly apparent in the contributions of one musician who, being a splendid and powerful pianoforte player, and a writer of extravagant critical effusions in very indifferent English, seems to suffer under an inverted reputation, his pianoforte playing being heard far too little and his writing seen a great deal too often. The short article on Hummel by this contributor, is simply a piece of temper directed against a composer whom he does not like, and even if a correct estimate of its subject (which may be questioned), that kind of tone is totally out of place in a dictionary. What kind of English the critics of this militant school are capable of one may realise in other articles by the same hand; how Chopin "appears to possess the secret to transmute and transfigure whatever he touches into some weird crystal, convincing in its conformation, transparent in its eccentricity" (which is certainly more than can be said of Mr. Dannreuther's own style). Berlioz, again, is "a colossus with few friends," "a marked individuality, original, puissant, bizarre, indolently one-sided," &c. This sort of thing really ought not to be allowed in a dictionary; and one is thankful to find the editor going at all events so far as to refrain from quoting some passages from this critic's essay on Beethoven in a leading magazine, because it is "not suited to the bald rigidity of a dictionary article," a somewhat mild way of characterizing what was in the main a piece of turgid extravagance.¹ The point is prominently mentioned here because the articles on Liszt and Wagner have not yet appeared, and if (as there is too much reason to fear) they have been confided to critics of this school, they may prove a permanent blot on the dictionary by committing it to ill-regulated enthusiasms which can only be of temporary acceptance. Of course to such an objection the stereotyped retort will be ready, that Beethoven was considered rude and inartistic in

(1) It was, if we remember right, in this article (*Macmillan's Magazine*, July, 1876) that a set of quotations from Beethoven's Sonatas were given in order to prove that Beethoven had anticipated and employed a certain modern trick of composition, called "metamorphosis of themes," whereby a single melodic idea is made to do duty for a whole symphony or concerto, squeezed into different shapes or cut up into sections. It would be worth while for any one interested in vagaries of musical criticism to refer to these quotations, as an example of the kind of assertion that the apostles of the Liszt-Wagner school are capable of, in their efforts to force Beethoven into the strait-jacket of their own theories, and persuade the world that they are his legitimate successors.

his own day, and his now accepted works were met with hostile criticism; all of which merely means that because a large number of persons cannot separate their critical view from the prejudices of their day, therefore no one can: which is a *non sequitur*. It is quite possible for people who have enough of "dry light," and are not so muddle-headed as to confound the conditions of art with those of science, and imagine that progress is a necessary condition of the former as of the latter, not only to distinguish the radical variance between Wagner's art and Beethoven's, but to recognise clearly enough the point at which Beethoven as an artist passed his zenith and lost some of his balance and completeness of style; more than anywhere, perhaps, in that choral finale of the Ninth Symphony which has been foolishly set forth as the culmination of his genius, and the point to which it had always been tending, whereas in fact it is a grand but unequal and only partially satisfactory experiment, to which the next Symphony, if he had lived to write it, would probably have borne no relation whatever. A great deal of mischief has been done by the importation of special pleading of this kind into recent musical criticism, the real object of which, as of all criticism, ought to be to obtain a clear and balanced view of the whole subject, and of which the rule (especially in a dictionary) should be emphatically, *Surtout, point de zèle*.

A difficulty, perhaps, in the way of influencing opinion by musical criticism lies in the fact that music is such a difficult thing to write about intelligibly to those who do not already know a good deal. This is the real answer to the question addressed to the present writer the other day, "Why are musical criticisms always so uninteresting?" It is certain that they are seldom written in good literary style, and yet so absorbing and entrancing an art is music, that to the lovers of it almost any piece of criticism is more or less interesting, which gives them any new fact or suggests any new idea, in however jejune a form. On the other hand, those who have no practical acquaintance with the art are repelled and annoyed by what seems to them an unmeaning and cabalistic phraseology, a phraseology which has grown up insensibly around the art, and cannot now be dispensed with or altered, any more than the accepted form of notation, also a growth of time and circumstance. If we say of a particular composition that "in the *Allegretto* a beautiful and mysterious effect is produced by the entry in the major key of the second subject of the movement—a broad and simple melody played by the clarionets and bassoons in octaves, and supported by an undulating *arpeggio* accompaniment in triplets by the violins, while at the same time the characteristic rhythm of the first subject is restlessly kept up by the heavy pulsation of the *pizzicato* of the violoncelli and basses,"—we should be saying what to the unmusical reader would probably be mere jargon. But the sentence, as a general description of the character and effect of the passage, would be quite intelligible to any one who knew musical phraseology, and any one well acquainted with Beethoven's symphonies will know at once what

passage is described.¹ It is a pity that there is so much that must be called jargon connected with the art, but it must be accepted as an existing fact, and if musical and unmusical people wish to understand each other, the latter must study the language of the former. One particular usefulness of the Dictionary we have been mentioning may be in furnishing every one with a compendious and full illustration of the meaning of musical terms, as well as with concentrated and intelligible essays upon important points in the forms and the science of musical composition. It may safely be said that more will be done to promote an intelligent comprehension of music by this kind of practical information, than by big reflections upon the moral lessons of Beethoven's works, and how he delivers messages of ethical teaching and of religious love and resignation, &c., &c. All this, as far as there is any ground for such reflections, we can best feel in silence for ourselves, while from their categorical declaration in print we are disposed to shrink, responding in the spirit of Jacques's criticism of the Duke's sentimentalities—"We think of as many matters as he; but we give God thanks, and make no boast of them."

H. HEATHCOTE STATHAM, in *Forinightly Review*.

THE CRITIC ON THE HEARTH.

It has often struck me that the relation of two important members of the social body to one another has never been sufficiently considered, or treated of, so far as I know, either by the philosopher or the poet. I allude to that which exists between the omnibus driver and his conductor. Cultivating literature as I do upon a little oatmeal, and driving, when in a position to be driven at all, in that humble vehicle, the 'bus, I have had, perhaps, exceptional opportunities for observing their mutual position and behaviour; and it is very peculiar. When the 'bus is empty, they are sympathetic and friendly to one another, almost to tenderness; but when there is much traffic, a tone of severity is observable upon the side of the conductor. 'What are yer a-driving on for? Will nothing suit but to break a party's neck?' 'Wake up, will yer, or do yer want the Bayswater to pass us?' are inquiries he will make in the most peremptory manner. Or he will concentrate contempt in the laconic but withering observation: 'Now then, stoopid!'

When we consider that the driver is after all the driver—that the

(1) One of the most interesting and piquant pieces of contemporary musical criticism is embodied in Mr. Browning's admirable bit of grotesque, "Master Hugues of Saxe-Gotha," though many people have probably read it without the least idea that they were going through a dissertation as to the real value and meaning of the fugue form as elaborated by Bach and his school. The reader who knows the meaning will like it none the less; indeed it may be doubted whether any non-musical reader would make out what the poet was driving at.

'bus is under his guidance and management, and may he said *pro tem.* to be his own—indeed, in case of collision or other serious extremity, he calls it so: 'What the infernal regions are yer banging into my 'bus for?' &c., &c.—I say, this being his exalted position, the injurious language of the man on the step is, to say the least of it, disrespectful.

On the other hand, it is the conductor who fills the 'bus, and even entices into it, by lures and wiles, persons who are not voluntarily going his way at all. It is he who advertises its presence to the passers-by, and spares neither lung nor limb in attracting passengers. If the driver is lord and king, yet the conductor has a good deal to do with the administration: just as the Mikado of Japan, who sits above the thunder and is almost divine, is understood to be assisted and even 'conducted' by the Tycoon. The connection between those potentates is perhaps the most exact reproduction of that between the 'bus driver and his cad; but even in England there is a pretty close parallel to it in the mutual relation of the author and the professional critic.

While the former is in his spring-time, the analogy is indeed almost complete. For example, however much he may have plagiarised, the book does belong to the author; he calls it, with pardonable pride (and especially if any one runs it down), 'my book.' He has written it, and probably paid pretty handsomely for getting it published. Even the right of translation, if you will look at the bottom of the title-page, is somewhat superfluously reserved to him. Yet nothing can exceed the patronage which he suffers at the hands of the critic, and is compelled to submit to in sullen silence. When the book-trade is slack—that is, in the summer season—the pair get on together pretty amicably. 'This book,' says the critic, 'may be taken down to the seaside, and lounged over not unprofitably;' or, 'Readers may do worse than peruse this unpretending little volume of fugitive verse;' or even, 'We hail this new aspirant for the laurels of Apollo.' But in the thick of the publishing season, and when books pour into the reviewer by the cartful, nothing can exceed the violence, and indeed sometimes the virulence, of his language. That 'Now then, stoopid' of the 'bus conductor pales beside the lightnings of his scorn.

'Among the lovers of sensation, it is possible that some persons may be found with tastes so utterly vitiated as to derive pleasure from this monstrous production.' I cull these flowers of speech from a wreath placed by a critic of the *Slasher* on my own early brow. Ye gods, how I hated him! How I pursued him with more than Corsican vengeance; traduced him in public and private; and only when I had thrust my knife (metaphorically) into his detested carcase, discovered I had been attacking the wrong man. It is a lesson I have never forgotten; and I pray you, my younger brothers of the pen, to lay it to heart. Believe rather that your unfriendly critic, like the bee who is fabled to sting and die, has perished after his attempt on your reputation; and let the tomb be his asylum. For even supposing you get the right sow by the ear—or rather, the wild boar with the 'raging tooth'—what can it profit

you? It is not like that difference of opinion between yourself and twelve of your fellow-countrymen which may have such fatal results. You are not an Adonis (except in outward form, perhaps), that you can be ripped up with his tusk. His hard words do not break your bones. If they are uncalled for, their cruelty, believe me, can hurt only your vanity. While it is just possible—though indeed in your case in the very highest degree improbable—that the gentleman may have been right.

In the good old times we are told that a buffet from the hand of an Edinburgh or Quarterly Reviewer would lay a young author dead at his feet. If it was so, he must have been naturally very deficient in vitality. It certainly did not kill Byron, though it was a knock-down blow; he rose from that combat with earth, like Antæus, all the stronger for it. The story of its having killed Keats, though embalmed in verse, is apocryphal; and if such blows were not fatal in those times, still less so are they nowadays. On the other hand, if authors are difficult to slay, it is infinitely harder work to give them life by what the doctors term 'artificial respiration'—puffing. The amount of breath expended in the days of 'the Quarterlies' in this hopeless task would have moved windmills. Not a single favourite of those critics—selected, that is, from favouritism, and apart from merit—now survives. They failed even to obtain immortality for the writers in whom there was really something of genius, but whom they extolled beyond their deserts. Their pet idol, for example, was Samuel Rogers. And who reads Rogers's poems now? We remember something about them, and that is all; they are very literally 'Pleasures of Memory.'

And if these things are true of the past, how much more so are they of the present! I venture to think, in spite of some voices to the contrary, that criticism is much more honest than it used to be: certainly less influenced by political feeling, and by the interests of publishing houses; more temperate, if not more judicious, and—in the higher literary organs, at least—unswayed by personal prejudice. But the result of even the most favourable notices upon a book is now but small. I can remember when a review in the *Times* was calculated by the 'Row' to sell an entire edition. Those halcyon days—if halcyon days they were—are over. People read books for themselves now; judge for themselves; and buy only when they are absolutely compelled, and cannot get them from the libraries. In the case of an author who has already secured a public, it is indeed extraordinary what little effect reviews, either good or bad, have upon his circulation. Those who like his works continue to read them, no matter what evil is written of them; and those who don't like them are not to be persuaded (alas!) to change their minds, though his latest effort should be described as though it had dropped from the heavens. I could give some statistics upon this point not a little surprising, but statistics involve comparisons—which are odious. As for fiction, its success depends more upon what Mrs. Brown says to Mrs. Jones as to the necessity of getting that charming book from the library while there is yet time, than on all the reviews in Christendom.

O Fame! if I e'er took delight in thy praises,
 'Twas less for the sake of thy high-sounding phrases
 Than to see the bright eyes of those dear ones discover.
 They thought that I was not unworthy—

of a special messenger to Mr. Mudie's.

Heaven bless them! for, when we get old and stupid, they still stick by one, and are not to be seduced from their allegiance by any blaring of trumpets, or clashing of cymbals, that heralds a new arrival among the story-tellers.

On the other hand, as respects his first venture, the author is very dependent upon what the critics say of him. It is the conductor, you know (I wouldn't call him a 'cad,' even in fun, for ten thousand pounds), on whom, to return to our metaphor, the driver is dependent for the patronage of his vehicle, and even for the announcement of its existence. A good review is still the very best of advertisements to a new author; and even a bad one is better than no review at all. Indeed, I have heard it whispered that a review which speaks unfavorably of a work of fiction, upon moral grounds, is of very great use to it. This, however, the same gossips say, is mainly confined to works of fiction written by female authors for readers of their own sex—'by ladies for ladies,' as a feminine *Pall Mall Gazette* might describe itself.

Nor would I be understood to say that even a well-established author is not affected by what the critics may say of him; I only state that his circulation is not—albeit they may make his very blood curdle. I have a popular writer in my mind, who never looks at a newspaper unless it comes to him by a hand he can trust, for fear his eyes should light upon an unpleasant review. His argument is this: 'I have been at this work for the last twelve months, thinking of little else and putting my best intelligence (which is considerable) at its service. Is it humanly probable that a reviewer who has given his mind to it, for a less number of hours, can suggest anything in the way of improvement worthy of my consideration? I am supposing him to be endowed with ability and actuated by good faith; that he has not failed in my own profession and is not jealous of my popularity; yet even thus, how is it possible that his opinion can be of material advantage to me? If favourable, it gives me pleasure because it flatters my *amour propre*, and I am even not quite sure that it does not afford a stimulating encouragement; but if unfavourable, I own it gives me considerable annoyance. [This is his euphemistic phrase to express the feeling of being in a hornets' nest without his clothes on.] On the other hand, if the critic is a mere hireling, or a young gentleman from the university who is trying his 'prentice hand at a lowish rate of remuneration upon a veteran like myself, how still more idle would it be to regard his views!'

And it appears to me that there is really something in these arguments. As regards the latter part of them, by the bye, I had the pleasure of seeing my own last immortal story spoken of in an American maga-

zine—the *Atlantic Monthly*—as the work of a ‘bright and prosperous young author.’ The critic (Heaven bless his young heart, and give him a happy Whitsuntide) evidently imagined it to be my first production. In another Transatlantic organ, a critic, speaking of the last work of that literary veteran, the late Mr. Le Fanu, observes: ‘If this young writer would only model himself upon the works of Mr. William Black in his best days, we foresee a great future before him.’

There is one thing that I think should be set down to the credit of the literary profession—that for the most part they take their ‘slatings’ (which is the professional term for them) with at least outward equanimity. I have read things of late, written of an old and popular writer, ten times more virulent than anything Mr. Ruskin wrote of Mr. Whistler; yet neither he nor any other man of letters thinks of flying to his mother’s apron-string, or of setting in motion old Father Antic, the Law. Perhaps it is that we have no money, or perhaps, like the judicious author of whom I have spoken, we abstain from reading unpleasant things. I wish to goodness we could abstain from hearing of them; but the ‘d——d good-natured friend’ is an eternal creation. He has altered, however, since Sheridan’s time in his method of proceeding. He does not say, ‘There is a very unpleasant notice of you in the *Scorpion*, my dear fellow, which I deplore.’ The scoundrel now affects a more light-hearted style. ‘There is a review of your last book in the *Scorpion*,’ he says, ‘which will amuse you. It is very malicious, and evidently the offspring of personal spite, but it is very clever.’ Then you go down to your club, and take the thing up with the tongs, when nobody is looking, and make yourself very miserable; or you buy it, going home in the cab, and, having spoilt your appetite for dinner with it, tear it up very small, and throw it out of window: and of course you swear you have never seen it.

One forgives the critic—perhaps—but never the good-natured friend. It is always possible—to the wise man—to refrain from reading the lucubration of the former, but he cannot avoid the latter: which brings me to the main subject of this paper—the Critic on the Hearth. One can be deaf to the voice of the public hireling, but it is impossible to shut one’s ears to the private communications of one’s friends and family—all meant for our good, no doubt, but which are nevertheless insufferable.

In Miss Martineau’s recently published Autobiography there is a passage expressing her surprise that, whereas in all other cases there is a certain modest reticence in respect to other people’s business when it is of a special kind, the profession of literature is made an exception. As there is no one but imagines that he can poke a fire and drive a gig, so every one believes he can write a book, or at all events (like that blasphemous person in connection with the Creation) that he can give a wrinkle or two to the author.

I wonder what a person would say, if a man who never goes to church save when his babies are christened, or by accident to get out

of a shower, should volunteer his advice about sermon-making? or an artist, to whom the man without arms, who is wheeled about in the streets for coppers, should recommend a greater delicacy of touch? Indeed, metaphor fails me, and I gasp for mere breath when I think of the astounding impudence of some people. If I possessed a tithe of it, I should surely have made my fortune by this time, and be in the enjoyment of the greatest prosperity. It must be remembered, too, that the opinion of the Critics on the Hearth is always volunteered (indeed, one would as soon think of asking for it as for a loan from the Sultan of Turkey), and in nine cases out of ten it is unfavourable. One has no objection to their praise, nor to any amount of it; what is so abhorrent is their advice, and still more their disapproval. It is like throwing 'half a brick' at you, which, utterly valueless in itself, still hurts you when it hits you. And the worst of it is that, apart from their rubbishy opinions, one likes these people; they are one's friends and relatives, and to cut one's moorings from them altogether would be to sail over the sea of life without a port to touch at.

The early life of the author is especially embittered by the utterances of these good folks. As a prophet is of no honour in his own country, so it is with the young aspirant for literary fame with his folks at home. They not only disbelieve in him, but—generally, however, with one or two exceptions, who are invaluable to him in the way of encouragement—"make hay" of him and his pretensions in the most heartless style. If he produces a poem, it achieves immortality in the sense of his 'never hearing the last of it;' it is the jest of the family till they have all grown up. But this he can bear, because his noble mind recognises its own greatness; he regards his jeering brethren in the same light as the philosophic writer beholds 'the vapid and irreflective reader.' When they tell him they 'can't make head or tail of his blessed poetry,' he comforts himself with the reflection of the great German (which he has read in a translation) that the clearest handwriting cannot be read by twilight. It is when his literary talents have received more or less recognition from the public at large, that home criticism becomes so painful to him. His brethren are then boys no longer, but parsons, lawyers, and doctors; and though they don't venture to interfere with one another as regards their individual professions, they make no sort of scruple about interfering with *him*. They write to him their unsolicited advice and strictures. This is the parson's letter:—

My dear Dick—I like your last book much better than the rest of them; but I don't like your heroine. She strikes both Julia and myself (Julia is his wife, who is acquainted with no literature but the cookery book) as rather namby-pamby. The descriptions, however, are charming; we both recognised dear old Ramsgate at once. [The original locality in the novel being Dieppe.] The plot is also excellent, though we think we have some recollection of it elsewhere; but it must be so difficult to hit upon anything original in these days. Thanks for your kind remembrance of us at Christmas: the oysters were excellent. We were sorry to see that ill-natured little notice in the *Scourge*.—Yours affectionately,
BOB.

Jack the lawyer writes:

Dear Dick,—You are really becoming [he thinks *that* becoming] quite a great man: we could hardly get your last book from Mudie's, though I suppose he takes very small quantities of copies, except from really popular authors. Marion was charmed with your heroine [Dick rather likes Marion; and doesn't think Jack treats her with the consideration she deserves], and I have no doubt women in general will admire her, but your hero—you know I always speak my mind—is rather a duffer. You should go into the world more, and sketch from life. The Vice-Chancellor gave me great pleasure by speaking of your early poems very highly the other day, and I assure you it was quite a drop down for me, to find that he was referring to some other writer of the same name. Of course I did not undeceive him. I wish, my dear fellow, you would write stories in one volume instead of three. You write a *short* story capitally.—Yours ever,

JACK.

Tom the surgeon belongs to that very objectionable class of humanity, called by ancient writers wags:—

My dear Dick,—I cannot help writing to thank you for the relief afforded to me by the perusal of your last volume. I had been suffering from neuralgia, and every prescription in the pharmacopœia for producing sleep had failed until I tried *that*. Dear Maggie [an odious woman, who calls novels light literature, and affects to be blue] read it to me herself, so it was given every chance: but I think you must acknowledge that it was a little spun out. Maggie assures me—I have not read them myself, for you know what little time I have for such things—that the first two volumes, with the exception of the characters of the hero and the heroine, which she pronounces to be rather feeble, are first-rate. Why don't you write two-volume novels? There is always something in analogy: reflect how seldom nature herself produces three at a birth: when she does, it is only two, at most, which survive. We shall look forward to your next effort with much interest, but we hope you will give more time and pains to it. Remember what Horace says upon this subject. [He has no more knowledge of Horace than he has of Sanscrit, but he has read the quotation in that vile review in the *Scourge*.] Maggie thinks you live too luxuriously: if your expenses were less you would not be compelled to write so much, and you would do it better. Excuse this well-meant advice from an elder brother.—Yours always,

TOM.

'One's sisters, and one's cousins, and one's aunts' also write in more or less the same style, though, to do their sex justice, less offensively. 'If you were to go abroad, my dear Dick,' says one, 'it would expand your mind. There is nothing to blame in your last production, which strikes me (what I could understand of it at least, for some of it is a little Bohemian) as very pleasing, but the fact is that English subjects are quite used up.' Others discover for themselves the originals of Dick's characters in persons he has never dreamt of describing, and otherwise exhibit a most marvelous familiarity with his materials. 'Hennie, who has just been here, is immensely delighted with your satirical sketch of her husband. He, however, as you may suppose, is *wild*, and says you had better withdraw your name from the candidates' book at his club. I don't know how many black balls exclude, but he has a good many friends there.' Another writes: 'Of course we all recognised Uncle John in your Mr. Flibbertigibbet: but we try not to laugh; indeed our sense of loss is too recent. Seriously, I think you might have waited till the poor old man—who was always kind to you, Dick—was cold in his grave.'

Some of these dear good creatures send incidents of real life which they are sure will be useful to dear 'Dick' for his next book—narratives of accidents in a hansom cab, of missing the train by the Underground, and of Mr. Jones being late for his own wedding, 'which, though nothing in themselves, actually did happen, you know, and which, properly dressed up, as you so well know how to do,' will, they are sure, obtain for him a marked success. 'There is nothing like reality,' they say, 'he may depend upon it,' for coming home to people.'

After all, one need not read these abominable letters. One's relatives (thank Heaven!) usually live in the country. The real Critics on the Hearth are one's personal acquaintances in town, whom one cannot escape.

'My dear friend,' said one to me the other day—a most cordial and excellent fellow, by the bye (only too frank)—'I like you, as you know, beyond everything, personally, but I cannot read your books.'

'My dear Jones,' replied I, 'I regret that exceedingly; for it is you, and men like you, whose suffrages I am most anxious to win. Of the approbation of all intelligent and educated persons I am certain; but if I could only obtain that of the million, I should be a happy man.'

But even when I have thus demolished Jones, I still feel that I owe him a grudge. 'What the infernal regions,' as our 'bus driver would say, 'is it to me whether Jones likes my books or not? and why does he tell me he doesn't like them?'

Of the surpassing ignorance of these good people, I have just heard an admirable anecdote. A friend of a justly popular author meets him in the club and congratulates him upon his last story in the *Slasher* [in which he has never written a line]. It is so full of farce and fun [the author is a grave writer]. 'Only I don't see why it is not advertised under the same title in the other newspapers.' The fact being that the story in the *Slasher* is a parody—and not a very good-natured one—upon the author's last work, and resembles it only as a picture in *Vanity Fair* resembles its original.

Some Critics on the Hearth are not only good-natured, but have rather too high, or, if that is impossible, let us say too pronounced, an opinion of the abilities of their literary friends. They wonder why they do not employ their gigantic talents in some enduring monument, such as a life of 'Alexander the Great' or a popular history of the Visigoths. To them literature is literature, and they do not concern themselves with little niceties of style or differences of subject. Others again, though extremely civil, are apt to affect more enthusiasm than they feel. They admire one's works without exception—'they are all absolutely charming'—but they would be placed in a position of great embarrassment if they were asked to name their favourite: for as a matter of fact, they are ignorant of the very names of them. A novelist of my acquaintance lent his last work to a lady-cousin because she 'really could not wait till she got it from the library;' besides, 'she was ill, and wanted some amusing literature.' After a month or so he got his

three volumes back, with a most gushing letter. It 'had been the comfort of many a weary hour of sleeplessness,' &c. The thought of having 'smoothed the pillow and soothed the pain' would, she felt sure, be gratifying to him. Perhaps it would have been, only she had omitted to cut the pages even of the first volume.

But, as a general rule, these volunteer censors plume themselves on discovering defects and not beauties. When any author is particularly popular, and has been long before the public, they have two methods of discoursing upon him in relation to their literary friend. In the first, they represent him as a model of excellence, and recommend their friend to study him, though without holding out much hope of his ever becoming his rival; in the second, they describe him as 'worked out,' and darkly hint that sooner or later [they mean sooner] their friend will be in the same unhappy condition. These, I need not say, are among the most detestable specimens of their class, and only to be equalled by those excellent literary judges who are always appealing to posterity, which, even if a little temporary success has crowned you to-day, will relegate you to your proper position to-morrow. If one were weak enough to argue with these gentry, it would be easy to show that popular authors are not 'worked out,' but only have the appearance of being so from their taking their work too easily. Those whose calling it is to depict human nature in fiction are especially subject to this weakness; they do not give themselves the trouble to study new characters, or at first hand, as of old; they sit at home and receive the congratulations of Society without paying due attention to that somewhat changeful lady, and they draw upon their memory, or their imagination, instead of studying from the life. Otherwise, when they do not give way to that temptation of indolence which arises from competence and success, there is no reason why their reputation should suffer, since, though they may lack the vigour or high spirits of those who would push them from their stools, their experience and knowledge of the world are always on the increase.

As to the argument with regard to posterity which is so popular with the Critic on the Hearth, I am afraid he has no greater respect for the opinion of posterity himself than for that of his possible great-great-granddaughter. Indeed, he only uses it as being a weapon the blow of which it is impossible to parry, and with the object of being personally offensive. It is, moreover, noteworthy that his position, which is sometimes taken up by persons of far greater intelligence, is inconsistent with itself. The praisers of posterity are also always the praisers of the past; it is only the present which is in their eyes contemptible. Yet to the next generation this present will be *their* past, and, however valueless may be the verdict of to-day, how much more so, by the most obvious analogy, will be that of to-morrow. It is probable, indeed, though it is difficult to believe it, that the Critics on the Hearth of the generation to come will make themselves even more ridiculous than their predecessors.

JAMES PAYN, in *Nineteenth Century*.

CALCULATING BOYS.

In one of the essays of my 'Science Byways' I considered, in a paper 'On some Strange Mental Feats,' the marvellous achievements of Zerah Colburn, one of the most remarkable of the so-called 'calculating boys.' I advanced a theory in explanation of his feats which was in some degree based on experience of my own. I have since found reason to believe that the theory, if correct in his case, is certainly not generally applicable to cases of rapid mental calculation. I now propose to consider, in relation to that theory and also independently, the remarkable feats of calculation achieved by the late Mr. George Bidder in his boyhood. It may be remembered that, in my former paper, I had specially in view the possibility of ascertaining from the discussion of such achievements the laws of cerebral action, and especially of cerebral capabilities. It is with reference to this possibility that I wish now to examine some of the evidence afforded by the feats of Colburn, Bidder, and other 'calculating boys.'

And first, let me show reason for still retaining faith in the theory which I advanced in 1875 respecting Colburn's calculating powers. In so doing, a difference between his feats and Bidder's will be indicated which appears to me important.

So far as the long and elaborate processes of computation are concerned, which Colburn achieved so rapidly and correctly, there may be no special reason for adopting any other explanation in his case than we are forced, as will presently appear, to adopt in Bidder's case. Thus, Colburn multiplied 8 into itself fifteen times, and the result, consisting of fifteen digits, was right in every figure. But Bidder could multiply a number of fifteen digits into another number of fifteen digits with perfect correctness and amazing rapidity, and we know he employed a process familiar to arithmeticians. Again, Colburn extracted the cube root of 268,336,125 before the number could be written down; and this feat was one which had seemed to me beyond the power of any computer employing the ordinary methods, or any modification of those methods. Yet I am inclined now to believe that Bidder would have obtained the result as quickly, simply through the marvellous rapidity with which he applied ordinary processes.

Where, however, we seem compelled in Colburn's case to recognise the employment of a method entirely different from those given in the books, is in cases resembling the following:—He was asked to name two numbers which, multiplied together, would give the number 247,483, and he immediately named 941 and 263, which are the only two numbers satisfying the condition. The same problem being set with respect to the number 171,395, he named the following pairs of numbers: 5 and 34,279, 7 and 24,485, 59 and 2,905, 83 and 2,065, 35 and 4,897, 295 and 581, and lastly, 413 and 415. Still more marvellous was

the next feat. He was asked to name a number which will divide 34,083 without remainder, and he immediately replied that there is no such number; 'in other words, he recognised this number as what is called a *prime*, or a number only divisible by itself and unity, as readily and quickly as most people would recognise 17, 19, or 23, as such a number, and a great deal more quickly than probably nine persons out of ten would recognise 53 or 59 as such.' The last feat of this special kind was the most remarkable of all, but the length of time required for its accomplishment, even by this wonderful calculating boy, was such that the evidence does not appear altogether so striking as that afforded by the last case, which I must confess seems to me utterly inexplicable, save on the theory presently to be re-announced. Fermat had been led to the conclusion that the number 4,294,967,297, which exceeds by unity the number 2 multiplied fifteen times into itself, has no divisors. But the celebrated mathematician Euler, after much labour, succeeded in showing that the number is divisible by 641. The number was submitted to Zerah Colburn, who was, of course, not told of the result of Euler's researches into the problem, and after the lapse of some weeks the boy discovered the one divisor which Euler had only found with much greater labour.

My theory respecting achievements of this special kind—that is, cases in which a calculator rapidly finds the exact divisors of large numbers, if such divisors exist, or ascertains the non-existence of any exact divisor of such numbers—was based on the known fact that all good calculators have the power of picturing numbers not as represented by such and such digits, but as composed of so many 'things.' Having once this power in no inconsiderable degree myself, and knowing that, when I had it, I frequently used it in the special manner in question, I was led to believe that Colburn and other calculating boys would employ it in that manner, only with much greater rapidity, dexterity, and correctness. Let us suppose that the number 37 is thought of, taking it for convenience of illustration as a representative of some much larger number, whose real nature (as to divisibility by other numbers) is not known. Requiring to know whether 37 is a prime number or not, I would not, (in the time to which I now carry back my thoughts) divide the number successively by 2, 3, &c., but would see the number passing through the forms here indicated.

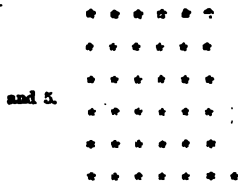
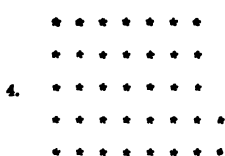
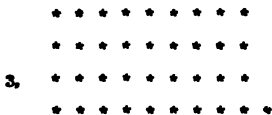
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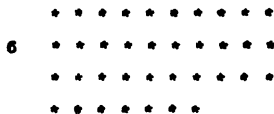
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2. * * * * *

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These various arrays would all be formed from the following mental presentation of the number 37 :



which, it will be observed, is derived directly from the number as presented in the common notation. Thus 37 means three tens and seven units, and the grouping above (numbered 6, but really the first pictured grouping) shows three rows of ten dots and one row of seven. It is easily seen that groupings 2 and 3 are in a moment formed from 6. Grouping 2 is formed from 6 by imagining the lowest row of seven dots set into the form



and run over to the right of the three rows of ten dots. Grouping 3 is formed from 6, by imagining the little square of nine dots on the right set into the form

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which is done at once by supposing the vertical row of three dots on the right of 6, placed as a horizontal row in the corner under the two neighbouring vertical rows of three each; that is, by changing the three right hand rows from

. . . a		. .
. . . b	to	. .
. . . c		. .
		. . .
		c b a

The changes from 2 on the one hand to 1, and from 3 on the other to 4 and 5, are similarly effected. If the reader will make the actual calculation (using the word *calculation* in its real sense as meaning *pebbling*), taking 37 pebbles, dice, or other objects, and marshalling them first as in 6, and then as in 2 and 1, back again to 6, and then as 3, 4, and 5, he will see how easy the transformations are. But if they are easy when actual objects are shifted about, they are much easier, at least to any one who can picture groups of objects (dots, or the like) at will, when the mind makes all the transformations. After a little practice the changes above figured for such a number as 37 would be made in a moment, and the changes for a number of several hundreds in half a minute or so—this in the case of a mind not possessing exceptional power in this way. But as a Morphy or a Blackburne can play twenty games of chess blindfold, recognising in each, with amazing rapidity, a number of lines of play on both sides for nine or ten moves in advance—which seems even to an ordinary blindfold player scarcely explicable, and to an ordinary chess-player almost miraculous—so a Colburn or a Bidder would be able to apply the marshalling system above illustrated as rapidly to a number of many millions or billions, as I, when a boy, could apply it to a number of several hundreds. Accordingly I was led to recognise in this marshalling method the explanation of Colburn's wonderful achievements in finding divisors for numbers, or recognising quickly when a number has no divisors.

For it will be seen that the groupings 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5, above, at once show that 37 has no divisors but itself and unity. (Of course we know in this case that 37 cannot be divided; and even in the case of much larger numbers we may know, without the trouble of trying the division, or marshalling the pictured number, that such numbers as 2,

4, 5, 6, 8, 10, 12, 14, 15, and others, will not divide a number—for instance, if it is an odd number no even number will divide it, and if it does not end with a 5 or a 0 no number ending in 5 will divide it. But, as already explained, the number 37 is to be regarded only as selected for the purpose of conveniently illustrating the marshalling method. A larger number would have required several pages of unsightly groups of dots.) From grouping 1 we see that division by the number 2 will leave one as a remainder, for a dot remains alone on the right. From grouping 2 we see in like manner that one will be left as a remainder after division by 3, for the group shows twelve columns of three each and one over. So grouping 3 shows nine columns of four dots, and one over; grouping 4 shows seven columns of five each, and two over; and lastly, grouping 5 shows six columns of six each, and one over. We need not go on, because it is manifest from grouping 5 that if we took columns of any greater number than six each we should have fewer than six rows of them, and we have already learned that no number less than six is an exact divisor. The marshalling of our number, then, has shown that it is a prime.

In like manner, if a number has divisors, this method at once shows what they are. Thus, suppose the number had been 36, then we should have obtained groupings 1, 2, 3, and 5, without the odd man over, while the grouping 4 would have shown only one over instead of two. Thus we should have learned that 36 is divisible by 2, 3, 4, and 6 without remainder, and by 5 with remainder one.

So this method shows at once whether a number is an exact square, and if so what its square root is. Thus, if the number had been 36, the marshalling method would give (after perhaps groupings 3 and 4 had been tried) the grouping 5, without the odd man over, and we see that this grouping is a perfect square with six dots on each side. Thus we learn that 36 is a square number, its square root being 6.

For determining whether a number is a perfect cube, the plan which would probably be used by one possessing in a marked degree the marshalling power would be that of grouping his dots into sets having not only length and breadth, as in the groupings above, but height or thickness also. But one less skilful in picturing groupings would simply marshal the number into sets of equal squares, until either he found one set in which there were as many squares as there were dots in the side of each set, or else perceived that no such arrangement was possible. Thus if the number were 27 he would come, by the marshalling method, on this arrangement—

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three squares, each three in the side, showing that the number is thrice three times three, or is the cube of three. If the number had been 28, say, so that it had come to be grouped mentally, thus,

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it would be seen at once that the number is not a perfect cube; for clearly if we try squares fewer in the side we shall have too many, and if we try squares more in the side we shall have too few. We could have a row of seven squares of four each (two in the side) with none over; but that is not what we want. And with larger numbers the result would be equally decisive; so soon as we had a set of squares nearly equal in number to the number of dots in the side of each, with or without any over, we should be certain the number was not a perfect cube; for of squares one more in the side there would be too many, and of squares one less in the side too few. Thus take the number 421. We should presently get, on marshalling, eight squares, each seven in the side, and 29 over, which would not make such a square; but we should only have six complete squares of eight in the side, and we should have eleven complete squares of six in the side.

I do not know which of the two plans described in the preceding paragraph a skilful mental-marshallist would adopt. In my own mental marshalling I never had occasion to seek for the cube roots of numbers. I should say, however, that most probably the second would be the method adopted. For while as yet the computer had had little practice this would be the only available method; and after he had once fallen into the way of it he would not be likely, I should say, to take up the other.

So much respecting the theory I adopted in explanation of Colburn's remarkable readiness in finding divisors, detecting primes, and so forth. It still seems to me probable that he largely made use of this method of marshalling, the power of which few would conceive who had not tried it—though, of course, it only has value for those who possess the power of picturing arrays of objects in great number, and of readily marshalling such arrays in fresh order. Yet it is certain that many calculators proceed on an entirely different plan. For instance, in 1875 I had the pleasure of a long conversation with Professor Safford (of Boston, Mass.), whose skill, when young, in mental calculation had been remarkable. He told me, with regard to the determination of the divisors of large numbers, that he seemed to possess the power of recognising in a few moments what numbers were likely to divide any given large number, and then of testing the matter in the usual way, by actual division, but with great rapidity. He said that to this day he found pleasure in taking large numbers to pieces, as it were, by dividing them into factors; or else, where no such division was possible, in satisfying himself on that point. He had also come to know the properties of many large numbers in this way, remembering always the divisors of any number he had examined, or its character as a prime if it had proved to be so.

What we know about the late Mr. Bidder, who was in some respects the most remarkable of all the calculating boys, leaves no room to doubt that his processes of mental arithmetic were commonly only modifications of the usual processes,—*not* altogether unlike them, as the theory I formerly advanced would have implied.

The facts now to be related came out in a very interesting correspondence which recently appeared in the pages of the 'Spectator.' The correspondence was suggested by certain remarks respecting the late Mr. G. P. Bidder in a well-written article on Calculating Boys, which seemed to imply that Bidder in after-life shewed no marked abilities. 'He had the good sense,' says the writer in the 'Spectator,' 'after delighting the "groundlings" by performing marvellous arithmetical feats, to study carefully a profession. He became a civil engineer of some eminence, enjoyed the confidence and esteem of Robert Stephenson, was once President of the Institute of Civil Engineers, and drew up some tables which are of use to his professional brethren.' The writer in the 'Spectator' went on to discuss the powers shown by Colburn, Bidder, and others, referred to Colburn as admittedly a mediocrity, and then said, 'The only exception to the rule that juvenile calculators prove mediocrities which occurs to us is Whately, who had undoubtedly for a short time an extraordinary aptitude for figures, akin to that of Bidder and Colburn, and who, if he had been unfortunate enough to have had a father as vain and silly as Colburn's was, might have been exhibited to admiring crowds.' Major-General Robertson sent extracts from letters by Professor Elliot and Mr. G. Bidder, eldest son of the late Mr. G. P. Bidder, in which it was clearly shown that Mr. Bidder the elder showed marked abilities through life, and possessed a remarkable capacity for taking broad and accurate views of all questions in which he was engaged. On this point (which lies somewhat outside my subject) I need not say more than that the writer in the 'Spectator,' with a frankness which more than atoned for his error, admitted that he had been mistaken. What now concerns us, is the evidence adduced respecting Bidder's calculating powers.

In the first place, it had been noticed in the original article, quite correctly, that there was a distinction between Bidder's powers and Colburn's. It is important to notice this. It confirms my view that they adopted different methods. 'Bidder, as Colburn admits,' says the 'Spectator,' after describing some of Colburn's feats, 'was even more remarkable in some ways; he could not extract roots or find factors' (the special class of feats which suggested my theory) 'with so much ease and rapidity as Colburn, but he was more at home in abstruse calculations.'

Next let us consider the way in which Bidder's calculating powers were developed from his childhood, one may almost say his babyhood, onwards to a certain point when the study of other matters prevented their further development and caused them gradually to diminish.

We read that at three years of age, 'Bidder answered wonder

questions about the nails in a horse's four shoes; but the earliest feat of which I have been able to find exact evidence belongs to his ninth year. When only eight years old, and entirely ignorant of the theory of ciphering, he answered almost instantly and quite correctly, when asked how many farthings there are in 868,424,121.

A correspondent X. in the 'Spectator,' referring to a somewhat earlier part of Bidder's career as a youthful calculator, says, 'In the autumn of the year 1814, I was reading with a private tutor, the Curate of Wellington, Somersetshire, when a Mr. Bidder called upon him to exhibit the calculating power of his little boy, then about eight years old, who could neither read nor write. On this occasion, he displayed great facility in the mental handling of numbers, multiplying readily and correctly two figures by two, but failing in attempting numbers of three figures. My tutor, a Cambridge man, Fellow of his College, strongly recommended the father not to carry his son about the country, but to have him properly trained at school. This advice was not taken, for about two years after he was brought by his father to Cambridge, and his faculty of mental calculation tested by several able mathematical men. I was present at the examination, and began it with a sum in simple addition, two rows, with twelve figures in each row. The boy gave the correct answer immediately. Various questions then, of considerable difficulty, involving large numbers, were proposed to him, all of which he answered promptly and accurately. These must have occupied more than an hour. There was then a pause. To test his memory, I then said to him, "Do you remember the sum in addition I gave you?" To my great surprise, he repeated the twenty-four figures with only one or two mistakes.'¹ It is evident, therefore, that in the course of two years his powers of memory and calculation must have been gradually developed.

Bidder was unable at this time to explain the process by which he worked out long and intricate sums. He did not appear burdened by his mental calculations. 'As soon as a question was answered,' says X., 'he amused himself with whipping a top round the room, and when the examination was over, he said to us, "You have been trying to puzzle me, I will try to puzzle you. A man found thirteen cats in his garden. He got out his gun, fired at them, and killed seven. How many were left?" "Six," was the answer. "Wrong," he said, "none were left. The rest ran away." I mention this to show that he was a cheerful and playful boy when he was about ten years old, and that his

¹ This feat is remarkable, because the power of picturing numbers distinctly before the mental eye, and dealing with them as readily as though pen and paper were used, is not necessarily accompanied by the power of retaining such numbers after they are done with; on the contrary, it must be an advantage to the mental calculator to be able to forget all merely accidental groups of numbers, though of course it is equally an advantage to him to be able to retain all numbers which he may have to use again. I have very little doubt myself that the power of selecting things to be forgotten and things to be remembered is a most useful mental faculty; and that those minds work best in the long run which can completely throw off all recollection of useless matters.

brain was not overtaxed.' It would be curious to inquire whether Bidder was really the inventor of the now time-honoured joke with which he puzzled his examiners. If it had been as well known in 1816 as now, he would hardly have asked a roomful of persons, even though they were college fellows, a question which some one or other of them would have been sure to have heard before. If he really invented the puzzle, it was clever in so young a lad.

The next evidence is more precise. It is given in a letter from Mr. C. S. Osmond, and is derived from an old pamphlet of thirty-four pages, published about the year 1820. From this we learn that when Bidder was ten years old, he answered in two minutes the following question: What is the interest of 4,444*l.* for 4,444 days at 4½ per cent. per annum? The answer is, 2,434*l.* 16*s.* 5½*d.* A few months later, when he was not yet eleven years old, he was asked, How long would a cistern 1 mile cube be filling if receiving from a river 120 gallons per minute without intermission? In two minutes he gave the correct answer: 14,300 years, 285 days, 12 hours, 46 minutes. A year later, he divided correctly, in less than a minute, 468,592,413,563 by 9,076. I have tried how long this takes me with pen and paper; and, after getting an incorrect result in one and a quarter minutes, went through the sum again, with correct result, (51,629,838 and 5875 over) in about the same time.

At twelve years of age he answered in less than a minute the question, If a distance of 9½ inches is passed over in a second of time, how many inches will be passed over in 365 days, 5 hours, 48 minutes, 55 seconds? Much more surprising, however, was his success when thirteen years old, in dealing with the question, What is the cube root of 897,339,273,974,002,153? He obtained the answer in 2½ minutes, viz. 964,537. I do not believe one arithmetician in a thousand would get out this answer correctly, at a first trial, in less than a quarter of an hour. But I confess that I have not tried the experiment, feeling, indeed, perfectly satisfied that I should not get the answer correctly in half a dozen trials.

No date is given to the following case:—'The question was put by Sir William Herschel, at Slough, near Windsor, to Master Bidder, and answered in one minute: Light travels from the sun to the earth in 8 minutes, and the sun being 98,000,000 of miles off' (of course this is quite wrong, but sixty years ago it was near enough to the accepted value), 'if light would take six years and four months travelling at the same rate from the nearest fixed star, how far is that star from the earth, reckoning 365 days and 6 hours to each year, and 28 days to each month?' The correct answer was quickly given to this pleasing question, viz., 40,633,740,000,000 miles.

On one occasion, we learn, the proposer of a question was not satisfied with Bidder's answer. The boy said the answer was correct, and requested the proposer to work his sum over again. During the operation Bidder said he felt certain he was right, for he had worked the question in another way; and before the proposer found that he

was wrong and Bidder right, the boy told the company that he had calculated the question by a third method.

The pamphlet gives the following extract from a London paper, which, if really based on facts, proves conclusively that Bidder was a more skilful computer than Zerah Colburn:—'A few days since, a meeting took place between the Devonshire youth, George Bidder, and the American youth, Zerah Colburne' (*sic*), 'before a party of gentlemen, to ascertain their calculating comprehensions. The Devonshire boy having answered a variety of questions in a satisfactory way, a gentleman proposed one to Zerah Colburne, viz., If the globe is 24,912 miles in circumference, and a balloon travels 3,878 feet in a minute, how long would it be in travelling round the world? After "nine minutes" consideration, he felt himself incompetent to give the answer. The same question being given to the Devonshire boy, the answer he returned in two minutes—viz. 23 days, 13 hours, 18 minutes—was received with marks of great applause. Many other questions were proposed to the American boy, all of which he refused answering, while young Bidder replied readily to all. A handsome subscription was collected for the Devonshire youth.' This account seems to me to accord very ill with what is known about Colburn's skill in mental computation. That Bidder could deal more readily with very large numbers was admitted by Colburn. But the problem which Colburn is said to have failed in solving during nine minutes is far easier than some which he is known to have solved in a much shorter time. It should be noted that Colburn was nearly two years older than Bidder.

And now let us consider what we know respecting Bidder's method of computation. On this point, fortunately, the evidence is far clearer than in Colburn's case. Colburn, when asked how he obtained his results, would give very unsatisfactory answers—in one case blurting out the rude remark, 'God put these things into my head; I cannot put them into yours.' Bidder, on the other hand, was ready and able to explain how he worked out his results.

The first point we learn respecting his method seems to accord with the theory advanced by myself in 1875, but it will presently be seen that in Bidder's case that theory cannot possibly be maintained. 'From his earliest years,' we are told by his eldest son, 'he appears to have trained himself to deal with actual objects, instead of figures, at first by using pebbles or nuts to work out his sums. In my opinion,' proceeds Mr. G. Bidder, 'he had an immense power of realising the *actual number*.' However, in multiplying he made use of the ordinary arithmetical process called cross-multiplication, by which the product of two numbers is obtained, figure by figure, in a single line. 'He was aided, I think,' says his son, 'by two things: first, a powerful memory of a peculiar cast, in which figures seemed to stereotype themselves without an effort; and secondly, by an almost inconceivable rapidity of operation. I speak with some confidence as to the former of these faculties, as I possess it to a considerable extent myself (though not to compare with my father). Professor Elliot says he,' meaning

Mr. G. P. Bidder, 'saw mental pictures of figures and geometrical diagrams. I always do. If I perform a sum mentally, it always proceeds in a visible form in my mind; indeed, I can conceive no other way possible of doing mental arithmetic.' This, by the way, is a rather strange remark from one possessing so remarkable a power of conception as the younger Bidder. Assuredly another way of working sums in mental arithmetic is common enough; and even if it had not been, it might easily have been conceived. Many, probably most persons, in working sums mentally, retain in their memory the sound of each number involved, not an image of the number in a visible form. Thus, suppose the two numbers 47 and 23 are to be multiplied in the mind. The process will run, with most ordinary calculators, in a verbal manner: thus, three times seven, twenty-one, three times four, twelve and two fourteen—one four one. (These digits being repeated mentally as if emphasised, and the mental record of the sound retained to be presently used when the next line is obtained.) Again: twice seven, fourteen, twice four, eight and one nine—nine four. Then the addition mentally thus, one, four and four eight, nine and one ten—one, nought, eight, one, the digits of the required product. I happen to know that this is the way in which most persons would work a sum of this kind mentally, retaining each necessary digit by emphasising, so to speak, the mental utterance of the digit's name. Of course the process is altogether inferior to the visual process, so to call that in which mental pictures are formed of the digits representing a number. But not one person in ten has the power of forming such pictures.

Of course, one who, like Bidder, could picture at will any number, or set of numbers, and carry on arithmetical processes with such numbers as freely as though writing on paper, would have a great advantage over a computer using ink and paper. He would be saved, to begin with, all inconvenience from the quality of writing materials, necessity of taking fresh ink, and so forth. The figures would start into existence at once as obtained, instead of requiring a certain time, though short, for writing down. They would also always arrange themselves correctly. But this would be far from being all. Indeed, these advantages are the least of those which mental arithmeticians using the visual method possess over the calculator with pen and paper. The same power of picturing numbers which enables the mental worker to proceed in the confident assurance that every line of a long process of calculation will remain clearly in his mental vision to the end of that process, enables him to retain a number of results by which all ordinary processes of calculation can be greatly shortened. He may forget in a day or two the details of any given process of calculation, because he not only makes no effort to retain such details, but purposely hastens to forget them. He would, however, be careful to remember any results which might be of use to him in other calculations. The multiplication table, for instance, which with most persons ranges only to the product 12 times 12, and even then is not retained pictorially in the mind, with Bidder ranged probably to 1000 times a 1000, or even

farther. This may seem utterly incredible to those unfamiliar with the wonderful tenacity and range of memory possessed by such men as Bidder the arithmetician, Morphy the chess-player, Macaulay the historian, and others, each in their own special line. There is a case in print showing that a much less expert arithmetician than Bidder possessed a much more complete array of remembered numbers than he did—the case, namely, of Alexander Gwin, a native of Derry, one of the boys employed for calculation in the Ordnance Survey of Ireland, who at the age of eight years knew the logarithms of all numbers from 1 to 1000. He could repeat them either in regular order or otherwise. Now, every one of these logarithms (supposing Gwin learned them from tables of the usual form) contains seven digits, and there is no connection between these sets of digits by which the memory can be in any way aided. If young Gwin at eight years old could remember all these numbers, we may well believe that Bidder, who probably possessed an even more powerful memory, retained a far larger array of such numbers.

Thus we can partly understand the marvellous rapidity with which Bidder effected his computations. Professor Elliot says on this point that the extent to which Bidder's arithmetical power was carried was to him 'incomprehensible, as difficult to believe as a miracle. You might read over to him fifteen figures, and another line of the same number, and without seeing or writing down a single figure he would multiply the one by the other, and give the result correctly. The rapidity of his calculations was equally wonderful. Giving his evidence before a parliamentary committee rather quickly and decidedly with regard to a point of some intricacy, the counsel on the other side interrupted him rather testily by saying, "You might as well profess to tell us how many gallons of water flow through Westminster Bridge in an hour." "I can tell you that too," was the reply, giving the number instantaneously.' This, however, be it remembered, proved rather how retentive Bidder's memory was than how rapidly he could compute. For either he knew or did not know the precise breadth, depth, and rapidity of the Thames at Westminster Bridge. If he did not know, he could not have made the computation. If he did know, it could only have been because he had had special occasion to inquire, and we cannot readily imagine that any occasion can have existed which would have required the very calculation which Professor Elliot supposes Bidder to have made on the spur of the moment.

Professor Elliot proceeds to remark on the power of Bidder in retaining vivid impressions of numbers, diagrams, &c. 'If he saw or heard a number, it seemed to remain permanently photographed on his brain. In like manner, he could study a complicated diagram without seeing it when walking and apparently listening to a friend talking to him on some other subject.' Every geometrician, I imagine, can do this. At least, I know that I have often found myself better able to solve geometrical problems of difficulty when walking with a friend, and really (not apparently only) listening to his conversation, than

when alone in my study with pen and paper to delineate diagrams and note down numerical or other results. The diagram so thought of stands out before me, as Professor Elliot says that Bidder's mind-diagrams stood, 'with all its lines and letters.' The faculty is not, I believe, at all exceptional, though of course the degree in which it was developed in Bidder's case was altogether so.

The process of multiplying a number of fifteen digits by another such number is one which, so far as the ordinary method is concerned, everyone can appreciate. This method is doubtless the best for most arithmeticians, simply because it is one which requires least mental effort in retaining numbers, and also because the operation is one which can be readily corrected. All the fifteen rows of products are present for checking after the process has once been completed on paper. It would be a more difficult process to the mental arithmetician. In fact, I can hardly believe that even Bidder could have retained a clear mental picture of the set of nearly three hundred digits which form the complete 'sum.' At any rate, we know that the method he adopted was one which most persons would find far more difficult, even using pen and paper, but which requires a much smaller effort of memory on the part of the mental arithmetician. The process called cross-multiplication is not usually taught in books on arithmetic. This would not be the place to describe it fully. But I may be permitted to give an illustration of the process as applied to two numbers, each of three digits only. Take for these numbers 356 and 428. The arithmetician sets these down in the usual way, and then writes down the product in one line, figure by figure, beginning with the units' place, so that the sum appears thus:

$$\begin{array}{r} 356 \\ 428 \\ \hline 152368 \end{array}$$

He appears to those unacquainted with the method he uses to be multiplying at once by 428, just as one multiplies at once by 11 or 12. In reality, however, the work runs thus in his mind: Eight times six, forty-eight. (Set down eight and carry four.) Five times eight, forty; twice six, twelve, making fifty-two; and with the carried four, fifty-six. (Set down six and carry five.) Thrice eight, twenty-four; twice five, ten, making thirty-four; four times six, twenty-four, making fifty-eight; and with the carried five, sixty-three. (Set down three and carry six.) Twice three, six; and four times five, twenty, making twenty-six; and with the carried six, thirty-two. (Set down two and carry three.) Lastly, four times three, twelve; making with the carried three, fifteen—which being set down completes the product.

To make a comparison between this method and the ordinary method I have set them side by side, as actually worked out; for of course there is no essential reason why the cross-method should be carried out without keeping record of the various products employed.

Besides, by thus presenting the cross-process we are able to see better what a task Bidder had to accomplish when he multiplied together mentally two numbers, each containing fifteen digits. The processes then stand thus:

$$\begin{array}{r} 356 \\ 428 \\ \hline 2848 \\ 712 \\ \hline 1424 \\ \hline 152368 \\ \hline \hline \end{array}$$

The common process of multiplication.

$$\begin{array}{r} 356 \\ 428 \\ \hline 48 \\ \hline 40 \\ 12 \\ \hline 24 \\ 10 \\ 24 \\ \hline 6 \\ 20 \\ \hline 12 \\ \hline 152368 \\ \hline \hline \end{array}$$

Cross-multiplication.

It is to be observed that in the case of large numbers we do not get more troublesome products in the course of the work when cross-multiplying than in the case of small numbers, like those above dealt with. We get more such products, that is all. Thus in the middle of the above case of cross-multiplication we have three products of two digits each. In the middle of a case of cross-multiplication with two numbers of fifteen digits we should have fifteen such products—at least, products not containing more than two digits. We should also have, if working mentally, a large number carried over from the next preceding process. This we should have even if we were working out the result on paper, but not writing down the various products used in getting the result. To most persons this would prove an effectual bar to the employment of the cross-method, especially as there would be no way of detecting an error without going through the whole work again. It is true this has to be done when the common method is employed. But in this method if an error exists we can recognise it where it is. In the other, unless we recollect what our former steps were, we have no means of knowing where an error arose. And quite commonly it would happen that two different errors, one in the original process, and another in the work of checking, would give the same erroneous result, so that we should mistakenly infer that result to be correct.¹ But to the men-

¹ This happens frequently in mercantile computations. Thus a clerk may add a column of figures incorrectly, then check his work by adding the same column in another way (say in one case from the top, in the other from the foot): yet both results will not uncommonly agree, though the incorrect result is obtained in the two several cases by different mistakes.

tal arithmetician, especially when long-continued practice has enabled him to work accurately as well as quickly, the cross-method is far the most convenient. We know that this was the method applied by Bidder. And to explain his marvellous rapidity we have only to take into account the influence of long practice combined with altogether exceptional aptitude for dealing with numbers.

Of the effect of practice in some arithmetical processes curious evidence was afforded by the feats of a Chinese who visited America in 1875. He was simply a trained computer, asserting that hundreds in China were trained to equal readiness in arithmetical processes, and that among those thus trained those of exceptional abilities far surpassed himself in dexterity. Among the various tests applied during a platform exhibition of his powers was one of the following nature. About thirty numbers of four digits each were named to him, as fast as a quick writer could take them down. When all had been given he was told to add them, mentally, while a practised arithmetician was to add them on paper. 'It is unnecessary for me to add them,' he said, 'I have done that as you gave them to me; the total is—so-and-so.' It presently appeared that the total thus given was quite correct.

At first sight such a feat seems astounding. Yet in reality it is but a slight modification of what many bankers' clerks can readily accomplish. They will take an array of numbers, each of four or five figures, and cast them up in one operation. Grant them only the power of as readily adding a number *named* as a number *seen* to a total already obtained, and their feat would be precisely that of the Chinese arithmetician. There can be no doubt that, with a very little practice, nine-tenths, if not all, of the clerks who can achieve one feat would be able to achieve the other feat also.

I do not know how clerks who add at once a column of four-figured numbers together accomplish the task. That is to say, I do not know the mental process they go through in obtaining their final result. It may be that they keep the units, tens, hundreds, and thousands apart in their mind, counting them properly at the end of the summation; or, on the other hand, they may treat each successive number as a whole, and keep the gradually growing total as a whole. Or some may follow one plan, and some the other. When I heard of the Chinese arithmetician's feats, my explanation was that he adopted the former plan. I should myself, if I wanted to acquire readiness in such processes, adopt that plan, applying it after a fashion suggested by my method of computing when I was a boy. I should picture the units, tens, hundreds, and thousands as objects of different sorts. Say the units as dots, the tens as lines, the hundreds as discs, the thousands as squares. When a number of four digits was named to me, I should see so many squares, discs, lines, and dots. When the next number of four digits was named, I should see my sets of squares, discs, lines, and dots correspondingly increased. When a new number was named these sets would be again correspondingly increased. And so on, until there were several hundreds of squares, of discs, of lines, and of dots.

These (when the last number had been named) could be at once transmuted into a number, which would be the total required.

Take for instance the numbers, 7234, 9815, 9127, 4183. When the first was named the mind's eye would picture 7 squares, 2 discs, 3 lines, and 4 dots. When the second (9815) was named there would be seen 16 squares, 10 discs, 4 lines, and 9 dots. After the third (9127), there would be 25 squares, 11 discs, 6 lines, and 16 dots; after the fourth (4183), there would be 29 squares, 12 discs, 14 lines, and 19 dots. This being all, the total is at once run off from the units' place; the 19 dots give 9 for the units, one 10 to add to the 14 lines (each representing ten), making 15, so that 5 is the digit in the tens' place, while 10⁹ is added to the 12 discs or hundreds, giving 13 or 3 in the hundreds' place, and 1,000 to add to the 29 squares or thousands, making 30, or for the total 30,359. The process has taken many words in describing, but each part of it is perfectly simple, the mental picturing of the constantly increasing numbers of squares, discs, lines, and dots being almost instantaneous (in the case, of course, of those only who possess the power of forming these mental pictures). The final process is equally simple, and would be so even if the number of squares, discs, lines, and dots were great. Thus, suppose there were 324 squares, 411 discs, 391 lines, and 433 dots. We take 3 for *units*, carrying 43 lines or 434 in all, whence 4 for the *tens*, carrying 43 discs or 444 in all, whence 4 for the hundreds, carrying 44 squares or 468 in all, whence finally 468,443 is the total required.

We can understand then how easy to Bidder must have been the summation of the fifteen products of cross-multiplication to the carried remainder—they would be added consecutively in far less time than the quickest penman could write them down. Probably they would be obtained as well as added in less time than they could be written down. Thus digit after digit of the result of what appears a tremendous sum in multiplication would be obtained with that rapidity which to many seemed almost miraculous. We must further take into account a circumstance pointed out by Mr. G. Bidder. 'The faculty of rapid operation,' he says, speaking of his father's wonderful feats in this respect, 'was no doubt congenital, but it was developed by incessant practice and by the confidence thereby acquired. I am certain,' he proceeds, 'that unhesitating confidence is half the battle. In mental arithmetic, it is most true that "he who hesitates is lost." When I speak of incessant practice, I do not mean deliberate drilling of set purpose; but with my father, as with myself,¹ the mental handling of

¹ Mr. G. Bidder's powers as a mental arithmetician would be considered astonishing if the achievements of his father and others were not known. 'I myself,' he says, 'can perform pretty extensive arithmetical operations mentally, but I cannot pretend to approach even distantly to the rapidity and accuracy with which my father worked. I have occasionally multiplied 15 figures by 15 in my head, but it takes me a long time, and I am liable to occasional errors. Last week, after speaking to Prof. Elliot, I tried the following sum to see if I could still do it:

$$\begin{array}{r} 378,201,969,513,825 \\ 199,431,057,265,413 \end{array}$$

and I got, in my head, the answer, 75,576,299,427,512,145,197,597,834,725: in which, I

numbers or playing with figures afforded a positive pleasure and constant occupation of leisure moments. Even up to the last year of his life (his age was seventy-two) my father took delight in working out long and difficult arithmetical problems.

We must always remember, in considering such feats as Bidder and other 'calculating boys' accomplished, that the power of mentally picturing numbers is in their case far greater than we are apt to imagine such a power can possibly be. Precisely as the feats of a Morphy seem beyond belief till actually witnessed, and even then (especially to those who know what his chess-play meant) almost miraculous, so the mnemonic powers of some arithmeticians would seem incredible if they had not been tested, and even as witnessed seem altogether marvelous. Colburn tells us that a notorious free-thinker who had seen his arithmetical achievements at the age of six, 'went home much disturbed, passed a sleepless night, and ever afterwards renounced infidel opinions.' 'And this,' says the writer in the 'Spectator,' from whom I have already quoted, 'was only one illustration of the vague feeling of awe and open-mouthed wonder, which his performances excited. People came to consult him about stolen spoons; and he himself evidently thought that there was something decidedly uncanny, something supernatural, about his gift.'

But so far as actual mnemonic arithmetical power is concerned, the feats of Colburn, and even of Bidder, have been surpassed. Consider, for instance, the following instances of the strong power of abstraction possessed by Dr. Wallis:—'December 22, 1669.—In a dark night in bed,' he says in a letter to his friend, Mr. Thomas Smith, B.D., Fellow of Magdalen College, 'without pen, ink or paper, or anything equivalent, I did by memory extract the square root of 30000,00000,00000,00000,00000,00000,00000, which I found to be 1,77205,08075,68077,29353, *ferè*, and did the next day commit it to writing.'

And again: 'February 18, 1670.—Johannes Georgius Pelshower (Regiomontanus Borussus) giving me a visit, and desiring an example of the like, I did that night propose to myself in the dark, without help to my memory, a number in 53 places: 24681357910121411131516-182017192122242628302325272931, of which I extracted the square root in 27 places: 157103016871482805817152171 *proximè*; which numbers I did not commit to paper till he gave me another visit, March following, when I did from memory dictate them to him.' Mr. E. W. Craigie, commenting on these feats, says that they 'are not perhaps as difficult as multiplying 15 figures by 15, for while of course it is easy to remember such a number as three thousand billion trillions, being nothing but noughts, so also it may be noticed that there is a certain order in the row of 53 figures; the numbers follow each other in little sets of arithmetical progression (2, 4, 6, 8), (1, 3, 5, 7, 9), (10, 12, 14), (11, 13, 15), (16, 18, 20), and so on; not regularly, but still enough to render it

think, if you will take the trouble to work it out, you will find 4 figures out of the 29 are wrong.' I have only run through the cross-multiplication far enough to detect the first error, which is in the digit representing thousands of millions. This should be 4 not 7.

an immense assistance to a man engaged in a mental calculation. A row of 53 figures set down at hazard would have been much more difficult to remember, like Foote's famous sentence with which he puzzled the quack mnemonician; but still we must give the doctor the credit for remembering the answer.' Mr. Craigie seems to overlook the circumstance that remembering the original number, and remembering the answer, in cases of this kind, are utterly unimportant feats compared with the work of obtaining the answer. If any one will be at the pains to work out the problem of extracting the square root of any number in 53 places, he will see that it would be a very small help indeed to have the original number written down before him, if the solution was to be worked out mnemonically. Probably in both cases, Wallis took easily remembered numbers, not to help him at the time, but so that if occasion required he might be able to recall the problem months or years after he had solved it. Anyone who could work out in his mind such a problem as the second of those given above, would have no difficulty in remembering an array of two or three hundred figures set down entirely at random.

I have left small space in which to consider the singular evidence given by Prof. Elliot and Mr. G. Bidder respecting the transmission in the Bidder family of that special mental quality on which the elder Bidder's arithmetical power was based. Hereafter I may take occasion to discuss this evidence more at length, and with particular reference to its bearing on the question of hereditary genius. Let it suffice to mention here that, although Mr. G. Bidder and other members of the family have possessed in large degree the power of dealing mentally with large numbers, yet in other cases, though the same special mental quality involved has been present, the way in which that quality has shown itself has been altogether different. Thus Mr. G. Bidder states that his father's eldest brother, 'who was a Unitarian minister, was not remarkable as an arithmetician; but he had an extraordinary memory for biblical texts, and could quote almost any text in the Bible, and give chapter and verse.' A granddaughter of G. P. Bidder's once said to Prof. Elliot, 'Isn't it strange: when I hear anything remarkable said or read to me, I think I see it in print?' Mr. G. Bidder 'can play two games of chess simultaneously,' Prof. Elliot mentions, 'without seeing the board.' 'Several of Mr. G. P. Bidder's nephews and grandchildren,' he adds, 'possess also very remarkable powers. One of his nephews at an early age showed a degree of mechanical ingenuity beyond anything I had ever seen in a boy. The summer before last, to test the calculating powers of some of his grandchildren (daughters of Mr. G. Bidder, the barrister), I gave them a question which I scarcely expected any of them to answer. I asked them, "At what point in the scale do Fahrenheit's thermometer and the Centigrade show the same number at the same temperature?" The nature of the two scales had to be explained, but after that they were left to their own resources. The next morning one of the younger ones (about ten years old) came to tell me it was at 40 degrees below zero. This was the correct answer: she had worked it out in bed.'

RICHARD A. PROCTOR, *in Belgravia.*

FRENCH NOVELS.

There can be no question that the French have a talent for novel-writing. With much in him that is eminently practical, when it comes to matters of hard, prosaic business, the Frenchman is theoretically and superficially romantic. In spirit and temperament he is emotional, and his feelings are lightly stirred to ebullition. He may profess himself a freethinker and *esprit fort*, yet *en revanche* he carries a religion of his own into the domestic relations. He may be an indifferent son or worse, yet he is eloquent of ecstatic adoration of his mother; and in talking of "that saint," especially if he have buried her, his eyes will overflow at a moment's notice. So comprehensive is the sympathy between mother and child, that he will reckon on it with pleasant confidence in those unconsecrated affairs of the heart, as to which an Englishman is discreetly reserved. He may be close in his everyday money dealings, and in the habit of practising somewhat shabby economies; yet if he can *pose* as the victim of a grand passion, he will take a positive pleasure in launching into follies. He may have a superfluity of volatile sentimentality, but he has no false shame; and his everyday manners are ostentatiously symptomatic of that. While an Englishman nods a cool good-bye to a friend, or parts with a quiet grasp of the hand, Alphonse throws himself into the arms of Adolphe, presses him to his embroidered shirt-front, and, finally, embraces him on either cheek. So it is in public business or in politics, where his first thought is generally for effect, and he is perpetually translating romance into action. Like Jules Favre at Ferrières, weeping over the misfortunes and humiliations of his country; uttering the noble sentiments of a Demosthenes or a Cato; practising the tones and gestures he had patriotically studied beforehand; and even, according to the German gossip, artificially blanching his features like early asparagus, or some actor of the Porte St. Martin, with the notion of touching the iron Chancellor. In short, the Frenchman has instinctive aptitudes for the dramatic, and an uncontrollable bent towards high-flown pathos. He is ready to strike an attitude at a moment's notice, and to figure with dignified self-respect and *aplomb* in scenes that might strike us as ludicrously compromising. But though that mobility of character has its ridiculous side in the eyes of people who are naturally colder and more phlegmatic, undoubtedly it serves him well when he betakes himself to the literature of the fancy. The imaginative faculties, which are perpetually in play, need regulation and control rather than stimulating. The quick conception conjures up the effects which must be laboriously wrought out by duller imaginations; and he sees and avoids those difficulties in the plot which inferior ingenuity might find insurmountable. He can throw himself with slight preparation into *roles* that seem foreign to his own; and though in feminine parts

he may be somewhat artificial, yet he can give the impression all the same of being fairly at home in them. While the prosaic element that underlies his versatility is powerful enough to contrast with his poetry and correct it. He has practical ambitions of one kind or another, which he follows with all the candour of self-interest or selfishness, so that we are likely to find in his literary labours a judicious blending of the real with the ideal.

In the drama the superiority of the French is of course incontestable; and our English play-wrights have recognised it by adapting or appropriating wholesale. In fiction, notwithstanding our remarks as to the Frenchman's natural aptitudes, we must admit that there is more room for differences of opinion. Indeed the two schools are so broadly opposed that it is difficult to institute satisfactory comparisons between them; and though individual English writers may be largely indebted to the French for the refinements that make the chief charm of their works, yet for obvious reasons our duller novelists dare hardly copy closely. In the infancy of the art there can be little doubt that English authors had it all their own way; and though we may possibly be blinded by national prejudice, we believe we may claim the greatest names in fiction. Nothing could be more tedious or more false to nature than the French romantic pastorals of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, except those interminable romances by Scudery and others, which had so great a vogue in the literary circles of their time; or the insipid licentiousness of the younger Crébillon. Voltaire had to thank his residence in England, and the influence of English companionships, with his studies in English literature, for the most telling of those inimitable romances, whose brevity is at once their beauty and their blemish. While 'Gil Blas' will be read to all eternity, because Le Sage, like Fielding, painted human nature precisely as it was, and always must be. Our most illustrious novelists are illustrious indeed. We confess we have never appreciated Richardson; everybody must agree with Johnson, that if you read him simply for the story you would hang yourself; and we have always far preferred to his 'Pamela' Fielding's admirable satire on it in 'Joseph Andrews.' But Fielding and Smollett; Scott, Thackeray, and Dickens; Lord Lytton and George Eliot, with others we might possibly add to the list, are wellnigh unapproachable in their different lines. Yet with us the art of the novel-writer has been on the whole declining, though there are living writers who keep alive the best traditions of the craft. In fact the race of novel-scribblers has been multiplying so rapidly that almost necessarily the average of the execution has been lowered, since the general scramble and rush have tended inevitably to crude conceptions and hasty workmanship. With the French, it has been rather the reverse; and while the races of their dramatists, historians, and poets have been dying out, their romance-writing, in spite of its offences against morals, has rather advanced than declined.

That is partly, perhaps, though it may sound paradoxical, because novel-reading is far less universal among the French than with us.

The Stage in France has exceptional encouragement. The leading metropolitan houses are subsidised by the State with the general assent or approval of the nation. Each little town has its little theatre; at all events it is visited by some strolling company, and all the world flocks to the performances. Most Frenchmen have something of the makings of an actor in them; and each Frenchman and Frenchwoman is a fairly capable critic. A successful play makes its author's reputation at once, to say nothing of filling his pockets; and as the people insist upon novelties in some shape, there must be a constant supply of some kind of pieces. But the French are not a reading people. There is no place among them for the circulating library system, and poverty-stricken novels by anonymous writers would fall still-born from the press, if they found a publisher. A certain number of better-educated people buy those paper-stitched books at three francs and a half, which quickly, when they have any success, run through many successive editions. But in times of trouble and political agitation, the novel-market may be absolutely stagnant—a thing which is altogether inconceivable in England. Not that the French can dispense with amusement, even in the depths of national sorrow and humiliation; only they prefer to seek the indispensable distraction in entertainments which are at once more exciting and congenial. Thus there was literally nothing new to be bought in the way of a novel during the days of the German invasion and the Commune, or for the year or two that succeeded. Yet we remember on the occasion of a visit to Paris, arriving the day after the German evacuation, when we asked if any places of amusement were open, several of the lighter theatres had recommenced the usual performances, and we applied for a *fautuil* at the Bouffes Parisiennes. The pretty little comic theatre was so crowded that we had to make interest for a chair at one of the side-doors; the audience were shrieking over the humours of Desiré, and no one was more jovially interested than the officers in uniform in the gallery. The trait seems to us to be strikingly characteristic. The nation, amid its calamities and pecuniary straits, was so indifferent even to the lightest novel-reading, that it ceased to spend money in books, although rushing in crowds to fill the theatres. But in calmer times there is a select and comparatively discriminating circle of readers. When minds are easy and money tolerably plentiful, there are many people who make a point of buying the latest publication that is vouched for by the name of some writer of repute; recommended by their favorite journals or the 'Revue des Deux Mondes,' and displayed in the book-shops and on the stalls at the railway stations. Every writer must make a beginning, or an author sometimes, though rarely, may write anonymously; but it may generally be taken for granted that he has shown some signs of talent. Before he has been encouraged to publish in form, he has probably tried his powers in some *feuilleton* in a provincial newspaper, or attained a certain credit for cleverness in the society of some *café-coterie*. At all events the ordeal, with the odds against succeeding in it, exclude many who wi^t

would hurry into type; and the Frenchmen, we believe, are practical enough never to pay for the privilege of publishing. While in France the rougher sex has pretty much kept the field to itself. There has been only one George Sand, though we do not forget Mrs. Craven. Indeed, setting the restraints of delicacy aside, the ladies would be more at a disadvantage there than with us. The stars of the *demi-monde* seldom shine, even in penmanship and orthography; while ladies of more decent life and reputation dare scarcely pretend to the indispensable intimacy with the *détails scabreux* of the *vis de garçon*; with the interiors of cabinets in restaurants in the boulevards; with parties of *baccarat* in the Cercles or the Chaussée d'Antin; with the flirtations in the side-scenes, *double entendres* of the slips, and the humours of the Casinos and the Bals de l'Opera.

This selection of what in a certain sense is the fittest, has helped to maintain the average workmanship of the French novel; but if it is become far more agreeable reading in the last generation or two, there are very evident reasons for that. The novels by the old masters were altogether artificial. Not only were they prolix and intolerably monotonous, but they transported one into worlds as surprising and unfamiliar as those in which Jules Verne has sought his sensations; or at all events, they idealised our actual world beyond possibility of recognition. To do them justice, with such notorious exceptions as Crebillon and Le Clos, Prévot and Louvet, they are for the most part 'moral enough. They are in the habit, indeed, of exaggerating the virtues of their heroes beyond all the limits of the credible; although their authors might have been dancing attendance in the ante-chambers of Versailles, when the king attended the *lever* of his mistress in state, and when retreats like the *Parc-aux-Cerfs* were among the cherished institutions of the monarchy. Even when professing to study Arcadian simplicity, they still exaggerated sentiment, and refined on the refinements of nature. It is the accomplished Bernardin de Saint Pierre who may be said to have inaugurated the period of transition; and he had the courage to break away from the confirmed traditions. He had the soul of a poet and the inspirations of an artist, and was an adept in the art that succeeds in concealing art. As you breathe the balmy languor of the tropics, you abandon yourself to the seductions of his glowing style and the impassioned graces of his luxuriant fancy. Should you give yourself over unreflectingly to the spirit of the story, there is no *arrière-pensée* of discordant impressions; and the proof is, that when the book has delighted you in boyhood, you never lose your feelings of affectionate regard for it. Yet we suspect that were you first to make acquaintance with it in later life, when experience has made a man colder and more critical, the sense of the ascendancy of the theatrical element would repress the reader's warm enthusiasm and work against the spells of the writer. We may believe in the luxuriance of that tropical scenery, glancing in all the hues of the rainbow under the most brilliant sunshine; but the story, with its sentiment, would seem an idyl of the imagination which

could never have had its counterpart in actual life. It might strike us, we fancy, like a picture by a clever French artist, which we remember admiring in the *Salon*, and at the Vienna Exhibition. As a picture, nothing could be more prettily conceived; the drowned Virginia was peacefully reposing on the shingle, between the wavelets that were gently lapping against the beach, and the picturesque precipice in the background. But though the body must have been tossed upon the surge through the storm, the clinging draperies were decently disposed; there was neither bruise nor scratch on the angelic features; and hair and neck ornaments were artistically arranged in the studied negligence of a careless slumber.

But the modern French novel, since the time of Saint Pierre, has been becoming more and more characterised by an intensity of realism. We do not say that there is not often to the full as much false sentiment as ever; and we have mad and spasmodic fantasies of the passions, played out with eccentric variations on the whole gamut of the sensibilities. But even the writers who most freely indulge in those liberties have generally taken their stand on some basis of the positive. What we have rather to complain of is, that the most popular authors show a morbid inclination for what is harrowing or repulsive; or they seek novel sensations in those perversions of depravity over which consideration for humanity would desire to draw a veil. The sins and the sorrows of feeble nature must always play a conspicuous part in the highest fiction, where the author is searching out the depths of the heart; but grace should be the handmaid of artistic genius; and the born artist will show the delicacy of his power by idealizing operations in moral chirurgery. Following the downward career of some unfortunate victim may lead a man incidentally to the *Morgue*; but we cannot understand making the *Morgue* his haunt of predilection, or voluptuously breathing the atmosphere of that chamber of the dead, when all the world lies open before you, with its scenes of peace and beauty and innocence.

Some of the most realistic of these writers, notably M. Zola, have affected to defend themselves on high moral grounds. Next to the duty, conscientiously discharged, of depicting life as they find it, it is their purpose to deter from the practice of vice, by painting its horrors and its baleful consequences. That argument may be good to a certain extent; but it cannot be stretched to cover the point in question. We can understand the Spartan fathers making a show of the drunken Helot; we can understand the rather disgusting series of drawings of "The Bottle," which George Cruikshank etched, as the advocate of total abstinence. Drunkenness, or excess in strong liquors, is acknowledged one of the crying evils of the age, and all weapons are good by which such social perils may be combated. But nothing but unmitigated mischief can be done by even faintly indicating to innocence and inexperience the corruptions which are happily altogether exceptional. The real aim of these self-styled moralists is to excite sensations of the most immoral kind; or to show their perverted ingenui-

in interesting the jaded voluptuary; and nothing proved that more than some of the novels which were the first to appear after the fall of the Empire. As we remarked, there was an interval during the war, and afterwards, when novels were at a discount, since nobody cared to buy. Then came the revival, and such a revival! The fashion of the day had taken a turn towards the asceticism of republican manners, and France, purified by prolonged suffering, was to enter on the grand task of regeneration. Certain clever novel-writers, who had been condemned to forced inactivity, saw their opportunity, and hastened to avail themselves of it. Nothing could be more transparent than the hypocrisy of their brief prefaces, which were the only really moral portion of their books. Recognising their grave responsibilities as censors, and protesting the single-minded purity of their intentions, they proceeded to reproduce the society of Imperial Paris for the purpose of denouncing and satirising it. That society, no doubt, was sufficiently frivolous, sensual, and dissipated. But those writers were not content with reviving it as it had appeared to the people who casually mixed in it: they were not even satisfied with painting sin as they saw it on the surface, and dealing with the sinners in vague generalities. They gave their imaginations loose rein, letting them revel in exceptional horrors and absurdities; and presenting social and political notoriety under the flimsiest disguises, they misrepresented their sufficiently discreditable biographies with circumstantial and pointed malignity. It is difficult to imagine a fouler prostitution of talent than the invention of atrocities that are to be scathed with your satire. We entirely agree with the dictum of a shrewd contemporary French critic—"that the aim of the romance-writer ought to be to present the agreeable or existing spectacle of the passions or humours of the world at large; but that he should take care at the same time that the picture of passion is never more corrupting than the passion itself." And the remark was elicited by the reluctant confession, that that rule is more honoured among his countrymen in the breach than in the observance.

For there is no denying, we fear, that the trail of the serpent is over most of the recent French novels of any mark. Occasionally, indeed, it shows itself but faintly; and then, nevertheless, it may make an exceptionally disagreeable impression, because it seems almost gratuitously out of place. It would appear that the writers who are most habitually pure feel bound by self-respect to show, on occasion, that they do not write purely from lack of knowledge, and that they are as much men of this wicked world as their more audacious neighbours. Nor is crowning by the Academy a guarantee of virtue, though it is a recognition of talent that the author may be proud of, and assures his book a lucrative circulation. All it absolutely implies, from the moral point of view, is that the novel is not flagrantly scandalous; and so far as that goes, the name of any author of note is generally a sufficient indication of the tone of his stories. Now and then a Theophile Gautier may forget himself in such a brilliant *jeu des sens* as his 'Mademoiselle de

Maupin; but the French novelist, as a rule, takes a line and sticks to it, carefully developing by practice and thought what he believes to be his peculiar talent. And whatever may be the moral blemishes of the French novel—though they may be often false to art by being false to nature, notwithstanding the illusion of their superficial realism, there can be no question of their average superiority to our own in care of construction and delicacy of finish. The modern French novelist, as a rule, does not stretch his story on a Procrustean bed, racking it out to twice its natural length, and thereby enfeebling it proportionately. He publishes in a single manageable volume, which may be in type that is large or small *à discretion*. Not only is he not obliged to hustle in characters, for the mere sake of filling his canvas, but he is naturally inclined to limit their number. In place of digressing into superfluous episodes and side scenes for the sake of spinning out the volumes to regulation length, he is almost bound over to condense and concentrate. Thus there is no temptation to distract attention from the hero, who presents himself naturally in the opening chapter, and falls as naturally into the central place; while the other people group themselves modestly behind him. Consequently the plot is simple where there is a plot; and where there is no plot, in the great majority of cases we have a consistent study of a selected type. Each separate chapter shows evidences of care and patience. The writer seems to have more or less identified himself with the individuality he has imagined; and no doubt that has been the case. Nineteen novels out of twenty in England are the careless distractions of leisure time by men or women who are working up waste materials. In France it would appear to be just the opposite. Thoughtful students of the art take to novel-writing as a business. They practice the business on acknowledged principles, and according to certain recognised traditions, though they may lay themselves out to hit the fashions of the times, like the fashionable jewellers and dressmakers. So that the story, as it slowly takes form in their minds, is wrought in harmony throughout with its original conception. There may occasionally be distinguished exceptions, but they only prove the general rule. Thus Zola is said to give his mornings to his novels, while he devotes the afternoons to journalism; and Claretie, who is as much of a press man as a novelist, mars excellent work that might be better still, by the inconsistencies, oversights, and pieces of slovenliness that may be attributed to the distracting variety of his occupations.

Then, as the French novelists are Parisian almost to a man, their novels are monotonously Parisian in their tone, as they are thoroughly French in their spirit. The system of centralisation that has been growing and strengthening has been attracting the intellect and ambition of the country to its heart. It is in the Paris of the present republic as in the Paris of the monarchies and the Empire, that fame, honours, and places are to be won; and where the only life is to be lived that a Frenchman thinks worth the living. The ornaments of the literary as of the political coteries are either Parisians born or bred; or they are

young provincials, who have found their way to the capital when the mind and senses are most impressionable. Many of these clever youths have seen nothing of "society" till they have taken their line and made their name. Too many of them decline to be bored by either respectability or an observance of conventionalities; even if they had admission to the drawing-rooms they would rarely avail themselves of it, except for the sake of the social flattery implied; and they take their only notions of women from the ladies of a certain class. If they are "devouring" a modest patrimony or making an income by their ready pens, they spend it in the dissipation of a *vie orageuse*. So we have fancies inspired by the champagne of noisy suppers towards the small hours; and moral reflections suggested by absinthe, in the gloomy reaction following on debauch. In the scenes from the life of some *petit crevé* or *lorette*, you have the Boulevards and the Bois de Boulogne; the supper at the Maison Dorée, the breakfast at the Café Riche; the frensied pool at *lansquenot* or *baccarat*; the flirtations at the fancy balls of the opera; the humours of the *foyers*, the journal offices, and the *cafés*,—described with a liveliness that leaves little to desire, if the accomplished author have the necessary *verve*. But those views of life are all upon the surface, and they are as absolutely wanting in breadth as in variety. The writer takes his colours from the people he associates with; and these are either too busy to think, or else they are morbidly disillusioned. They talk a jargon of their world, and try to act in conformity; the philosophy they profess to practise is shallow hypocrisy and transparent self-deception; if there is anything of which they are heartily ashamed, it is the betrayal of some sign of genuine feeling. The writer who nurses his brain on absinthe and cognac, knows little of the finer emotions of our nature; and yet, to do justice to his philosophical omniscience, he may feel bound to imagine and analyse these. Then imagination must take the place of reproduction, and the realistic shades harshly into the ideal. We have chapters where we are in the full rattle of *coups*, the jingling of glasses and the clink of napoleons; and we have others alternating with them, where some stage-struck hero is meditating his amorous misadventures or *bonnes fortunes*; contemplating suicide in a melodramatic paroxysm of despair, or in lulling in raptures of serene self-gratulation. And these stories, though extravagant in their representations of the feelings, may be real to an extreme in their action and in their framework; yet, as we said before, in construction and execution they may command the approval of the most fastidious of critics. While, as we need hardly add, there are authors *hors de ligne*, whose genius and profound acquaintance with mankind are not circumscribed by the *octroi* of Paris.

Where painstaking writers of something more than respectable mediocrity often show themselves at their best, is in the special knowledge they are apt to be ashamed of. The provincial who has gone to school in the *cafés* of the capital, was born and brought up in very different circumstances. He remembers the farm-steading in Nor-

mandy or La Beauce, he remembers the stern solitudes of the Landes or the Breton heaths, the snows and the pine forests of the Pyrenees or the Jura, the grey olive groves of Provence, and the sunny vineyards of the Gironde. He recalls the dull provincial town where he went to college; where the *maire* was a personage and the *sous-prefet* a demi-god, and where a Sunday on the promenade or a *chasse* in the environs seemed the summit of human felicity. Probably he had been in love in good earnest in these days; and the remembrance of that first freshness of passion comes keenly back to him, like the breath of the spring. It is somewhat humiliating, no doubt, the having to revive those rustic memories, the more so that the world and your jealous friends are likely to identify you with the incidents of your romance. But, after all, necessity exacts originality, and a vein of veracity means money and gratifying consideration; and then there is honourable precedent for his condescension. Did not Balzac include the *vie de province* in the innumerable volumes of the 'Comédie Humaine?' With some simple study of a quiet human life, we have charming sketches of picturesque nature, that might have come from the brush of a Corot or a Jules Breton. More generally, however, the nature in the French novel reminds one rather of the stage-painter than the lover of the country; and there they fall far short of the average of second-class English work. Many of our indifferent English novels have been written in quiet parsonages and country-houses, and the most pleasing parts of them are those in which the author describes the fields that he wanders in or the garden he loves. Besides, every Englishman in easy circumstances makes a point of taking his annual holiday, and passes it in the Alps, by the sea, or in the Highlands. While the Frenchman, or the Parisian at least, is content, like Paul de Kock, to adore the *colleaux* of the Seine or the woods of the *banlieue*. Exceedingly pretty in their way, no doubt; but where the turf is strewn with orange-peel and the fragments of *brioche*s; where you gallop on donkeys as on Hampstead Heath; and where the notes of the singing-birds are lost in the shrieks of some boisterous French counterpart of kiss-in-the-ring. The Cockney artists have their colony at Fontainebleau; and it would be well if their brothers the novelists had some suburban school of the kind. But not to mention George Sand for the present, who sunned herself in the beauties of nature with the genuine transports of sympathetic appreciation, there are always a few delightful exceptions; for the French artist, when he cares for the country at all, can paint it with a rare refinement of grace. There is Gabriel Ferry, who is the traveller of romance; there is Edmund About, who showed his cosmopolitan versatility in making Hymettus and the Roman Campagna as real to his countrymen as their Mont Valerian or the Plain of St. Denis; there was Dumas, whose lively 'Impressions de Voyage' are as likely to live as anything he has written, but who, unfortunately, with his vivid power of imagination, is never absolutely to be trusted. They say that, having described his scenes in the 'Peninsula of Simal' at second hand from the notes of a friend, he

was so captivated by the seductions of his fanciful sketches, as to decide at once on a visit to the convent. There are MM. Erckmann-Chatrian, in such a book especially as their 'Maison Forestière;' there is Sandeau, to whom we have already made allusion; and last, though not least, there is André Theuriet. M. Theuriet, although much admired in France—and that says something for the good taste and discrimination of his countrymen—is, we fancy, but little read in England. Yet, putting the exquisite finish of his simple subjects out of the question, no one is a more fascinating guide and companion to the nooks and sequestered valleys in the French woodlands. We know nothing more pleasing than the bits in his 'Raymonde,' beginning with the episode of the mushroom-hunter among his mushrooms; and there are things that are scarcely inferior in his latest story.

France was the natural birthplace of the sensational novel, and the sensational novel as naturally associates itself with the names and fame of Sue and Dumas. Whatever their faults, these writers exercised an extraordinary fascination, abroad as well as at home, and their works lost little or nothing in the translation. We should be ungrateful if we did not acknowledge the debt we owed them, for awakening in us the keenest interest and sentiment in days when the mind is most impressionable. We did not read Sue for his political and social theories, nor Balzac for his psychological analysis. We saw no glaring improbabilities in the achievements of Dumas' 'Three Musketeers,' though we did resent the table of proportion which made a musketeer equal to two of the Cardinal's guards, and a Cardinal's guardman to two Englishmen. We preferred such a soul-stirring story as the 'History of the Thirteen,' to 'Balthasar Claes' or the 'Peau de Chagrin;' but we devoured very indiscriminately all the great French romances of the day; and thousands and tens of thousands of our youthful countrymen paid a similarly practical tribute to the powers of the Frenchmen who undoubtedly for a time filled the foremost places in the ranks of the novelist's guild in Europe. Eugene Sue had seen something of the world before he settled to literature and took up his residence in Paris. He began life as an army surgeon, and subsequently he served in the navy. He broke ground with the sea pieces, which gave good promise of his future career; but he made a positive furor by his publication of the 'Mysteries of Paris,' which had been honoured with an introduction through the columns of the 'Débats'—to be followed by the 'Wandering Jew' and 'Martin the Foundling.' Sue possessed, in exaggeration and excess, the most conspicuous qualities we have attributed to the French novelists. His imagination was rather inflamed than merely warm. In the resolution with which he laid his hands upon social sores he anticipated the harsh realism of Zola. His construction was a triumph of intricate ingenuity; and he never contented himself with a mere handful of characters, who might be managed and manœuvred with comparative ease. On the contrary, he worked

his involved machinery by a complication—by wheels within wheels; and his characters were multiplied beyond all precedent. The action of his novels is as violent as it is sustained; yet the interest is seldom suffered to flag. He is always extravagant, and often absurdly so; and yet—thanks to the pace at which he hurries his readers along—he has the knack of imprinting a certain *vraisemblance* on everything. Not unfrequently, as with Victor Hugo, the grandiose with Sue is confounded with the ludicrous,—as where, in that wonderful prologue to the 'Wandering Jew,' the male and female pilgrims of misery part on the confines of the opposite continents, and, nodding their leave-taking across the frozen straits, turn on their heels respectively, and stride away over the snow-fields. It is easy enough to put that hyper-dramatic incident in a ridiculous light; and yet it is more than an effort to laugh when you are reading it. And so it is in some degree with the adventures of Rudolph and his faithful Murphy in the 'Mysteries of Paris.' For a man who knows anything practically of the science of the ring, and of the indispensable handicapping of light weights and heavy weights, it is impossible to believe that his slightly-made Serene Highness could knock the formidable Maitre d'Ecole out of time with a couple of well-planted blows. Nor do we believe it; and yet somehow we follow the adventures of Rudolph with the lively curiosity that comes of a faith in him, though improbabilities are heightened by his habit of intoxicating himself on the vitriolised alcohol of the most poverty-stricken *cabarets*. Sue understood the practice of contrast, though he exaggerated in that as in everything else. As Rudolph would leave his princely residence in disguise to hazard himself in the modern *Cours des Miracles*, so we are hurried from the dens of burglars and the homes of the deserving poor to *petites maisons* and halls of dazzling light, hung with the rarest paintings and richest tapestries, and deadened to the footfall by the softest carpets. Dramatic suggestions naturally arose out of such violently impressive situations. Vice could work its criminal will, while innocence and virtue were bribed or coerced. Then these social inequalities lent themselves naturally to the socialistic teachings of his later years; and the fortunate proprietor of a magnificent chateau expatiated, with the eloquence of honest indignation, on the atrocious disparities of class and caste. Sue had his reward in his lifetime in the shape of money and fame; and though his novels have almost ceased to be read, his influence survives, and, as we fear, is likely to live.

Dumas was a more remarkable man than Sue,—with his inexhaustible and insatiable capacity for work, and an imagination that was unflagging within certain limits. He was happy in the combination, so rare in a Frenchman, of an iron frame and excellent health, with as strong literary inspiration and an equally robust fancy. If he was vain to simplicity, and provoked ridicule and rebuffs, it must be confessed that he had some reason for vanity; and it was on the principle of *l'audace, et toujours de l'audace*, that he made hosts of friends in high places, and a really remarkable position. As his witty son undutifully

observed of him, he was capable of getting up behind his own carriage, that he might make society believe that he kept a black footman. He was the typical Frenchman in many respects, and above all, the typical French romance-writer. He had actually a vast store of miscellaneous and desultory reading of the lighter kind; he mingled freely in society with all manner of men and women; he had a good though singularly unreliable memory, which he professed to trust on all occasions. Nothing is more naively characteristic of the man than a confession he makes, involuntarily, in the amusing little volume he entitles 'Mes Bêtes.' He is explaining and justifying his marvellous facility of production. He attributes it to the fact that he never forgets anything and need waste none of his precious time in hunting through his book-shelves. And by way of illustration, in the next two or three pages he makes several most flagrant historical blunders. That gives one the measure of his accuracy in the series of historical romances from which so many people have taken all they know of French history in the days of the League and the Fronde. Yet if the narrative is a wonderful travesty of actual events—if the portraits of Valois and Guises are as false to the originals as the Louis XI. of Scott and Victor Hugo is faithful—the scenes are none the less vividly dramatic; while the conversation or the gossip amuses us just as much as if they did not abound in errors and anachronisms. His 'Monte Christo' had all the gorgeous extravagance of an Eastern tale, though the scenes passed in the latitude of Paris and the Mediterranean; and we may see how the ideas grew in the conception, although, characteristically, the author never had patience to go back to correct his discrepancies in proportion. The treasure of the Roman cardinals that was concealed in the cavern, though enough to tempt the cupidity of a mediæval pope, would never have sufficed to the magnificent adventurer through more than some half-dozen years. Yet, after lavishing gold and priceless gems by the handful, when we take leave of Monte Christo at last, he is still many times a French millionaire; and the probabilities otherwise have been so well preserved, that, as in the case of Eugene Sue, we have never thought of criticising.

But one of Dumas' most original ideas took an eminently practical direction. His unprecedented energy and power of work made him absolutely insatiable in producing. So he showed speculative invention as well as rare originality in constituting himself the director of a literary workshop on a very extensive scale. Other authors, like MM. Erckmann-Chatrion, have gone into literary partnership, and a curious puzzle it is as to how they distribute their responsibility. But it was reserved for Dumas to engage a staff of capable yet retiring *collaborateurs*, as other men employ clerks and amanuenses. His vanity, sensitive as it was, stooped to his standing sponsor to the inferior workmanship of M. Auguste Macquet et Cie. The books might be of unequal merit—some of them were drawn out to unmistakable dullness—yet none were so poor as to be positively discreditable. And

the strange thing was, that they took their colour from the mind of the master, as they closely indicated his characteristic style. While to this day, notwithstanding the disclosures of the lawsuits that gratified the jealousy of his enemies and rivals, we are left in very considerable doubt as to the parts undertaken by the different performers.

It was a notion that could never have occurred to Victor Hugo. No French author lends himself so easily to parody; and a page or two of high-flown phrases, where the sense is altogether lost in the sound, may provoke a smile as a clever imitation. But though Hugo is always reminding us of the line, that "Great wits are sure to madness near allied," he really is a great wit, a profound thinker, a magnificent writer, and, above all, an extraordinary dramatic genius. Although, latterly, there is almost as much that is absurd in what he has written as in what he has said, there is nothing about him that is mean or little. He has the conscience and enthusiasm of his art as of his political convictions. And we could as soon conceive some grand sculptor leaving the noble figure his genius has blocked out to be finished by the clumsy hands of his apprentices, as Hugo handing over his ideas to the manipulation of his most sympathetic disciples. He at least, among contemporary Frenchmen, rises to the ideal of the loftiest conceptions, and yet his noblest characters are strictly conceivable. Take, for example, the trio in the tale of the 'Quatre-vingt-treize'—Lantenac, Gauvain, and the stern republican Cimourdain, who sits calmly discoursing, on the eve of the execution, with the beloved pupil he has condemned to the guillotine. In romance as in the drama, Hugo sways the feelings with the strength and confidence of a giant, exulting in his intellectual superiority. It is true that he not unfrequently overtasks himself—sometimes his scenes are too thrillingly terrible—sometimes they border on the repulsive, and very frequently on the grotesque. Yet even the grotesque, in the hands of Hugo, may be made, as we have seen, extremely pathetic; and the pathos is artistically heightened by some striking effect of contrast. The Quasimodo in his 'Notre Dame' is a soulless and deformed monster, who resents the outrages of a brutal age by regarding all men, save one, with intense malignity. His distorted features and deformed body provoke laughter, and consequently insult, so naturally, that, by merely showing his hideous face in a window-frame, he wins the honours of the *Pape aux fous*. Yet what can be more moving than when, bound hand and foot in the pillory, the helpless mute rolls his solitary eye in search of some sympathy among the jeering mob? or the change that works itself in his dull feelings when the graceful Esmeralda comes to quench his thirst with the water she raises to his blackened lips? Hugo is essentially French in his follies as well as his powers; his political dreams are as wild as they might be dangerous: yet he is an honour to his country, not only by his genius, but by the habitual consecration of his wonderful gifts to what he honestly believes to be the noblest purposes.

Neither Balzac nor Sand will be soon replaced. For the former, it is seldom in the history of literature that we can look for so keen and subtle an analyst of the passions, frailties, and follies of humanity. In the everyday business of life he showed a strange lack of common-sense; but fortunately for his contemporaries and posterity, he had the intelligence to recognise his vocation. What a range of varied and absorbing interest—of searching and suggestive philosophical speculation—of shrewd incisive satirical observation—would have been lost to the world if the eccentric author of the 'Comédie Humaine' had been forced to take his place among the notaries he found reason so heartily to detest! The originality of his manner of regarding men was as great as the spasmodic *élan* of his energy was tremendous, when his necessities felt the spur, and his fancies fell in with his necessities. Balzac dashed off his books by inspiration, if ever novelist did. What varied profundity of original thought, what delicate refinements of mental analysis, often go to a single chapter! The arrangement of ideas is as lucid as the language is precise and vigorous. Yet we know that when Balzac locked his door for more than a round of the clock, filling the nerves and flagging brain with immoderate doses of the strongest coffee, the pen must have been flying over the paper. His vast reserves of reflection and observation placed themselves at his disposal almost without an effort; and the characters were sketched in faithful detail by the penetrating instinct whose perceptions were so infallible.

George Sand has been more missed than Balzac, because she could vary her subjects and manner to suit almost every taste. Universally read, she was universally admired; and she pleased the fastidious as she entertained the many. An accomplished mistress of the graces of style, her language was wonderfully nervous and flexible. In her way she was almost as much of the poet as Hugo, though her poetry was lyric and idyllic in place of epic. She could never have written so well and so long had she not had an individuality of extraordinary versatility. In a romance of the passions like her 'Indiana' or her 'Jacques,' she is as thoroughly at home as Balzac himself; while she throws herself into the feminine parts with all the sympathetic ardour of a nature semi-tropical like Indiana's. While in such a story as the 'Flammarande,' which was her latest work, and in which she showed not the faintest symptom of decline, she confines herself severely to the character of the half-educated steward, rejecting all temptations to indulge herself in the vein of her personality. For once, though the scenes are laid in most romantic landscapes, we have none of the inimitable descriptions in which she delights. She merely indicates the picturesque surroundings of the solitary castle in the rocky wilderness, leaving it to our imagination to fill in the rest. What she could do in the way of painting, when sitting down to a favourite study she gave herself over to her bent, we see in the 'Petite Fadette,' 'La Mare d' Auteuil,' 'Nanette,' and a score of similar stories. The simplest materials served for the tale, which owed half its charm

to her affection for the country. The woman who had wandered about the streets of Paris in masculine attire, who had a strong dash of the city Bohemian in her nature, who loved in after-life to fill her salons with all who were most famous in literature and the arts, was never so happy as when living in *villeggiatura* among the fields and the woodlands she had loved from childhood. The old mill with its lichen-grown gables and venerable wheel; the pool among flags and sedges, sleeping under the shadows of the alders; the brook tumbling down in tiny cascades and breaking over the moss-covered boulders; nay, the tame stretch of low-lying meadowland, with its sluices and clumps of formal poplars,—all stand out in her pages, like landscapes by Ruysdael or Hobbema. And we believe that these simple though exquisitely finished pictures will survive, with a peasant or two and a village maiden for the figures in their foregrounds, when more pretentious works, that nevertheless deserved their success, have been forgotten with the books that have been honoured by the Academy.

Among the most prolific of the novelists who have died no long time ago,—hardly excepting Dumas, Balzac, or Sand,—and who have been largely read by our middle-aged contemporaries, is our old acquaintance Paul de Kock. Paul de Kock had a bad name for his immorality, and doubtless in a measure he deserved it. It is certain that if an expurgated edition of his voluminous works were collected for English family reading, it would shrink into comparatively modest proportions. But Paul, with all his faults and freedoms, did very little harm, and certainly he afforded a great deal of amusement. He was guilty of none of those insidious attacks on morality which have been the *spécialité* of some of his most notorious successors. He never tasked the resources of a depraved imagination in refining on those sins which scandalise even sinners. He never wrapped up in fervid and graceful language those subtle and foul suggestions that work in the system like slow poison. He was really the honest *bourgeois* which M. Zola gives himself out to be. He boldly advertised his wares for what they were, and manufactured and multiplied them according to sample. He sold a somewhat coarse and strong-flavored article, but at least he guaranteed it from unsuspected adulteration. He painted the old Paris of the *bourgeoisie* and the students just as it was. If there was anything in the pictures to scandalise one, so much the worse for Paris, and *hont soit qui mal y voit*. The young and sprightly wives of elderly husbands immersed in their commerce, the susceptible daughters of officers and *rentiers* in retreat, were not so particular in their conduct as they might be. The students and gay young men about town were decidedly loose in their walk and conversation; and the *grisettes* keeping house in their garrets, away from the maternal eye, behaved according to their tastes and kind. Paul never stopped to pick his own phrases, and he frankly called a spade a spade. In short, he took his society as he saw it under his eye; dwelt for choice on the lighter and sunnier side, and laughed and joked through the life he enjoyed so heartily. In all his works you see the signs of his jovial temper and admirable

digestion. He tells a capital story himself of his breakfasting on one occasion with Dumas the younger; when the rising author of the 'Dame aux Camellias' gave himself the condescending airs of the fashionable *petit maître*. Dumas was pretending then to live on air, and trifled delicately with one or two of the lighter dishes. De Kock, on the contrary, who saw through his man, devoured everything, even surpassing the performances of the paternal Dumas; and finally scandalised his young acquaintance by calling for a second portion of plum pudding *au rhum*. And all his favourite heroes have the same powerful digestion and the same capacity for hearty enjoyment. There is a superabundance of vitality and vivacity in his writings. When he takes his *grisettes* and their lovers out for a holiday, he enters into their pleasures heart and soul. Yet Paul de Kock, though somewhat coarse in the fibre, with literary tastes that were far from refined, was evidently capable of higher things; and the most boisterous of his books are often redeemed from triviality by interludes of real beauty and pathos. He was the countryman turned Parisian, and he held to the one existence and the other. He frequented the Boulevards, but he lived at Romainville. As the Cockney artist, transferring the natural beauties of the environs of a great city to his pages, peopling the suburban woods with troops of merrymakers in the manner of a *bourgeois* Watteau, he has never been excelled. Yet now and again he will give us a powerful "bit" of slumbering beauties in the actual country with the freshness and fidelity of a George Sand. Nothing can be more delicate than the touches in which he depicts the repentance and expiation of some woman who has "stooped to folly;" and there are stories in which he describes a promising career ruined by thoughtless extravagance and dissipation, which are the more valuable as practical sermons that they may have been read by those who might possibly profit by them.

It is seldom that a novelist who has made a great name decides to retire upon his reputation in the full vigour of his powers; and it is seldom that a journalist who has come to the front in fiction falls back again upon journalism while still in the full flush of success. Yet that has been the case with Edmund About, and very surprising it seems. It is true that he has the special talents of the journalist—a lucid and incisive style—a keen vein of satire—a logical method of marshalling and condensing arguments, and the faculty in apparent conviction of making the worse seem the better reason. As a political pamphleteer he stood unrivalled among his contemporaries; and the opening sentence of his 'Question Romaine' might in itself have floated whole chapters of dulness. Had he hoped to make journalism the stepping-stone to high political place or influence, we could have understood him better. But he is lacking in the qualities that make a successful politician, and we fancy he knows that as well as anybody. The very versatility that might have multiplied his delightful novels, portended his failure as a public man. While personally it must surely yield more lively pleasure to let the fancy range through the fields of imagination, or to curb it with the

consciousness of power in obedience to critical instincts. We can conceive no more satisfying earthly enjoyment to a man of *esprit* than exercising an originality so inexhaustible as that of About, with the sense of a very extraordinary facility in arresting fugitive impressions for the delight of your readers. His fancy appears to be never at fault in evoking combinations as novel as effective; and he had the art of mingling the grave with the gay with a pointed sarcasm that was irresistibly piquant. 'Tolla' was a social satire on the habits of the long-descended Roman nobility, as the 'Question Romaine' was a satire on the administration of the popes. But the satire was softened by an engaging picture of the simple heroine, and by admirable sketches of the domestic life in the gloomy interior of one of the poverty-stricken Roman palaces. It was relieved by brilliant photographs of the Campagna and Sabine hills, with shepherds in their sheepskins, shaggy buffaloes, savage hounds, ruined aqueducts, huts of reeds, vineyards, oliveyards, gardens of wild-flowers, fountains overgrown with mosses and maiden-hair, and all the rest of it. 'Le Roi des Montagnes' presented in a livelier form the solid information of 'La Grèce Contemporaine'; you smell the beds of the wild thyme on the slopes of Hymettus; you hear the hum of the bees as they swarm round the hives of the worthy peasant-priest who takes his tithes where he finds them, even when they are paid by the brigands in his flocks. The satire of the story may be overcharged; yet if it be caricature, the caricature is by no means extravagant, when we remember that the leaders of Oppositions in the Greek Assembly have been implicated in intrigues with the assassins of the highroads. About is always treading on the extreme of the original, yet he has seldom gone beyond the bounds of the admissible; and his most pathetic or tragic plots are lightened by something that is laughable. As in his 'Germaine' where the murderer engaged by Germaine's rival goes to work and fails, because the consumptive beauty, under medical advice, has been accustoming herself to the deadly poison he administers. The same idea appears in 'Monte Christo,' where Noirtier prepares his granddaughter Valentine against the machinations of her stepmother, the modern Brinvilliers. But in the scene by Dumas, everything is sombre; whereas About so ludicrously depicts the disappointment and surprise of the poisoner, that we smile even in the midst of our excitement and anxiety. While his humour, with its fine irony and mockery, has one of the choicest qualities of wit by astonishing us with the most unexpected turns; landing the characters easily in the most unlikely situations, in defiance of their principles, prejudices, and convictions. As in 'Trente et Quarante' where the swearing and grumbling veteran who detests play as he detests a *pékin*, finds himself the centre of an excited circle of gamblers, behind an accumulating pile of gold and bank-notes, and in the vein of luck that is breaking the tables.

About writes like a man of the world, and though he is by no means strait-laced in his treatment of the passions, his tone is thoroughly sound and manly;—in striking contrast to the sickly and unwholesome

sentimentality of Ernest Feydeau, whose 'Fanny' made so great a sensation on its appearance. "A study," the author was pleased to call it, and a profitable study it was. With an ingenuity of special pleading that might have been employed to better purpose, he invoked our sympathies for the unfortunate lover who saw the lady's husband preferred to himself. Apparently unconsciously on the part of the author, the hero represents himself as contemptible as a being as can well be conceived. Morality apart, the rawest of English novel-writers must have felt so maudlin and effeminate a character would never go down with his readers; and had the admirer of 'Fanny' been put upon the stage at any one of our theatres in Whitechapel or the New Cut, he would have been hooted off by the roughs of the gallery. It is by no means to the credit of the French that, in spite of the unflattering portraiture of one of the national types, the book obtained so striking a success. But there is no denying the prostituted art by which the author instinctively addresses himself to the worst predilections of his countrymen; nor the audacity which hazarded one scene in particular, pronounced by his admirers to be the most effective of all, which, to our insular minds, is simply disgusting.

Flaubert's great masterpiece excited even more sensation than Feydeau's; and it deserved to do so. Flaubert is likewise one of the apostles of the impure, but he is at the same time among the first of social realists. He addresses himself almost avowedly to the senses and not to the feelings. He treats of love in its physiological aspects, and indulges in the minutest analysis of the grosser corporeal sensations. In intelligence and accomplishments, as well as literary skill, he was no ordinary man. He had read much and even studied profoundly; he had travelled far, keeping his eyes open, and had made some reputation in certain branches of science. He wrote his 'Madame Bovary' deliberately in his maturity; and the notoriety which carried him with it into the law-courts, made him a martyr in a society that was by no means fastidious. In gratitude for forensic services rendered, he dedicated a new edition of it to M. Marie-Antoine Sénard, who had once been president of the National Assembly, and who died *bonnier* of the Parisian bar. The venerable advocate and politician seems to have accepted the compliment as it was intended. And seldom before, perhaps, has an author concentrated such care and thought on a single work. Each separate character is wrought out with an exactness of elaboration to which the painting of the Dutch school is sketchy and superficial. Those who fill the humblest parts, or who are merely introduced to be dismissed, are made as much living realities to us as Madame Bovary herself or her husband Charles. Flaubert goes beyond Balzac in the accumulation of details, which often become tedious, as they appear irrelevant. Yet it is clear in the retrospect that the effects have been foreseen, and we acknowledge some compensation in the end in the vivid impressions the author has made on us. His descriptions of inanimate objects are equally minute, from the ornaments and furniture in the rooms to the

stones in the village house fronts, and the very bushes in the garden. He looks at nature like a land-surveyor, as he inspects men and women like a surgeon, without a touch of imagination, not to speak of poetry. In fact, he proposes to set the truth before everything, and we presume he does so to the best of his conviction. Yet what is the result of his varied experience and very close observation? We have always believed that in the world at large there is some preponderance of people, who, on the whole, seem agreeable, and that the worst of our fellow-creatures have their redeeming qualities. According to M. Flaubert, not a bit of it. He treats mankind harshly, as Swift did, without the excuses of a savage temper fretted by baffled ambitions. M. Flaubert goes to his work as cruelly and imperturbably as the Scotch surgeon in the pirate ship, who is said to have claimed a negro as his share of the prey, that he might practice on the wretch in a series of operations. He makes everybody either repulsive or ridiculous. We say nothing of his heroine, who is a mere creature of the senses, loving neither husband, nor lovers, nor child; although such monstrosities as Emma must be rare, and we may doubt if they have ever existed. An ordinary writer, or we may add, a genuine artist, would have at least sought to contrast Madame Bovary with softer and more kindly specimens of her species. Nor had M. Flaubert to seek far to do that. Madame Bovary's husband was ready to his hand. Charles is dull, and his habits are ridiculous; but he had sterling qualities, and an attachment for his wife, which might have made him an object of sympathy or even of affection. M. Flaubert characteristically takes care that he shall be neither; he consistently pursues the same system throughout; so we say advisedly that that realistic work of his is actually gross caricature and misrepresentation. A man who undertakes to reproduce human nature in a comprehensive panorama, might as well choose the whole of his subjects in Madame Tussaud's Chamber of Horrors. And if we must give Flaubert credit for extreme care in his work, we have equal cause to congratulate him on the rare harmony of his execution. For he invariably expatiates by choice on what is either absurd or revolting, whether it is the untempting M. Bovary awaking of a morning with his ruffled hair falling over his sodden features from under his cotton nightcap; or Madame ending her life in the agonies of poisoning, with blackened tongue and distorted limbs, and other details into which we prefer not to follow him.

Adolphe Belot's 'Femme de Feu' is a romance of sensual passion like 'Madame Bovary,' though it has little of Gustave Flaubert's consummate precision of detail. On the other hand, there is far more fire and *entrain*, and if the scenery shows less of the photograph it is infinitely more picturesque. Sprightly cleverness is the characteristic of the book—though there, too, we have a poisoning and horrors enough. The very title is a neat *double entendre*. The *femme de feu* takes her *petit nom* from a scene where she is seen bathing by starlight in a thunderstorm, when the crests of the surge are illumined by the electricity, and the billows are sparkling as they break around her.

The light-hearted married gentleman who christened her so poetically, protests against intending any impeachment on her morals. As it turns out he might have called her so for any other reason without libelling her in the slightest degree. The whole book is consistently immoral; and debasing, besides, in its tone and tendency. It is commonplace so far, that this *femme de feu* captivates our old acquaintance, the grave and severe member of the French magistracy who goes swathed in parchments, and ostentatiously holds aloof from all sympathy with the frailties of his fellow-mortals. We must grant, we suppose, that Lucien d'Aubier ceases to be responsible for his actions when, falling under the spells of the *femme de feu*, he is swept off his legs in a tornado of emotions. But though a gentleman may be hurried by passion into crime, he must always as to certain social conventionalities be controlled in some degree by his honourable instincts. It is difficult for an Englishman to conceive the *égarement* which would tempt a high-bred man of good company to make deliberate preparations for imitating Peeping Tom of Coventry; and if the author forced him into so false a position, it would be done at all events with a protest and an explanation. It is highly characteristic of M. Belot and his school, that he thinks neither protest nor explanation necessary. The magistrate bores a *trou-Judas* in the partition of a bathing cabinet; and walks out holding himself as erect as before. And his stooping to that is merely a preparation for still more disgraceful compromises with his conscience in the course of his married existence with the *femme de feu*. Had the scene been acted at a watering-place on this side of the Channel, we should have pronounced the story as incredible as it is immoral. Being laid in the latitudes of the bathing establishments on the Breton coast, we can only say that it is thoroughly French; and that M. Belot and his countrymen seem entirely to understand each other.

It is refreshing to turn from Flaubert and Belot to such a writer as Jules Sandeau. 'Madeline' is as innocently charming as Madame Bovary is the reverse. It is the difference between the atmosphere of the dissecting-room and of primrose banks in the spring; and the French Academy, by the way, did itself honour by crowning the modest graces of Sandeau's book. M. Sandeau shows no lack of knowledge of the world; but he passes lightly by the shadows on its shady side, resting by preference on simplicity and virtue. Young Maurice de Valtravers, to use a vulgar but expressive phrase, is hurrying post-haste to the devil. Wearied of the dullness of the paternal chateau, he has longed to wing a wider flight. He soon succeeds in singeing his pinions, and has come crippled to the ground. There seems no hope for him: he is the victim of remorse, with neither courage nor energy left to redeem the past in the future; and he has found at last a miserable consolation in the deliberate resolution to commit suicide. When his cousin Madeline, who has loved him in girlhood, comes to his salvation as a sister and an angel of mercy, with the rare sensibility of a loving woman, she understands the appeals that are most likely to serve her. She comes as a suppliant, and prevails on him at least to

put off self-destruction till her future is assured. It proves in the end that, by a pious fraud, she has presented herself as a beggar when she was really rich. That she resigns herself to a life of privation, supporting herself by the labour of her hands, is the least part of her sacrifice. She has stooped to appear selfish, in the excess of her generosity. Maurice swears, grumbles, and victimises himself. But the weeds that have been flourishing in the vitiated soil, die down one by one in that heavenly atmosphere. Madeline's sacrifices have their reward in this world as in the other: and she wins the hand of the cousin, whom she has loved in her innermost heart, as the prize of her prayers and her matchless devotion. Once only, as it appears to us, M. Sandeau shows the cloven foot unconsciously and inconsistently. Maurice, in his evil self-communings, reproaches himself with living as a brother and a saint in the society of so young and charming a woman. And to do him justice, he needs a supreme effort of courage when he decides to approach his cousin with dishonourable proposals. Madeline receives him in such a manner, that, without her uttering a word of reproach, the offender never offends again. But our nature is not so forgiving as hers: and we think the unpleasant scene is a blemish on a work that otherwise comes very near to perfection. For it is not on the story alone that 'Madeline' repays perusal; and every here and there we come upon a passage that is as pregnant with practical philosophy as anything in Montaigne or La Rochefoucauld.

Charles de Bernard laid himself out like Flaubert to seek his subjects and characters in exceptional types. But, unlike Flaubert, in place of painting *en noir*, Bernard loved to look on the comic side of everything; and he laughs so joyously over the eccentricities of his kind, that it is difficult not to chime into the chorus; while Prosper Mérimée, with as prolific a fancy as any one, indulged the singularity he seemed so proud of, by curbing it *à l'ostentation*. He studied austere and extreme simplicity; his style was as pure as it was cold and self-restrained; and his mirth has always the suspicion of the sneer in it. He never displayed such serene self-complacency as when he had played a successful practical joke in one of his inimitable mystifications. Like Mérimée, with whom otherwise he has hardly a point in common, Jules Claretie, as we have said, has merely taken to novel-writing among many kindred pursuits. He interests himself in politics, and writes daily leaders indelibly; he is a critic of all tastes, who visits in turn the theatres, the art-galleries, and the parlours of the publishers. Consequently he places himself at a disadvantage with those of his competitors who concentrate their minds on the fiction of the moment, and live sleeping and waking with the creations of their brain, till these become most vivid personalities to them. Claretie's works are extremely clever,—in parts and in particular scenes they are even powerful; but the incidents are wanting in continuity as the characters are vague in their outlines. They give one the idea, and it is probably not an unjust one, of a man who makes a dash at his brushes when he finds some unoccupied hours; who plunges ahead in

a flow of ready improvisation, till the fancy flags for the time, or he is brought up by some more urgent engagement. When he returns to the work on the next occasion, naturally he has to re-knot the threads of his ideas. What goes far towards confirming our theory, is the exceptional freedom from such faults in 'Le Renégat,' which, we believe, was his last work but one. In 'The Renegade,' Claretie placed himself on a *terrain* where he knew every yard of the ground—that is to say, he was in the very centre of those hot polemics which preceded the decline and fall of the Empire. We do not say that Michael Berthier was intended for a portrait or for a libel. But such a type of the time-server, who was tempted to his fall by the talents on which he had hoped to trade, was by no means uncommon; and the siren who seduced him, the veteran courtier who tickled him, the purse-proud *nouveaux-riches*, and the Republicans made fanatical by prosecutions and condemnations, were all figures with whom the author had familiarised himself, by hearsay if not by actual intercourse. His very scenes may have been repeatedly acted, with no great differences, under his eyes; although his talent must have remoulded and recast them in novel and more piquant shapes. We say nothing of Michel Berthier's leave-taking of his mistress Lia, and of the tragic episode when the miserable young woman drags herself back to die of the poison under the roof of the man she had adored. That scene, although not unaffecting, savours too strongly of the melodramatic; and at best it is *banal*, to borrow a French phrase. But there is great power in the situation where the saintly Pauline, who will retire into a convent to the despair of her father, silences the pleadings of the broken-hearted man by quoting those seductive pictures of the cloister-life which had been written by his own too eloquent pen. Yet, though the situation is striking, it has its weak point; and it is impossible to imagine so careful a writer as Flaubert or Daudet, permitting a girl, perfect as Pauline, to be guilty of so cold-blooded a piece of cruelty as the abandonment of a parent by his only child to mourn her memory while she is still alive to him.

It is nearly six years since the death of Emile Gaboriau, and no one has succeeded as yet in imitating him even tolerably, though he had struck into a line that was as profitable as it was popular. We are not inclined to overrate Gaboriau's genius, for genius he had of a certain sort. We have said in another article that his system was less difficult than it seems, since he must have worked his puzzles out *en revers*,—putting them together with an eye to pulling them to pieces. But his originality in his own *genre* is unquestionable, though in the main conception of his romances he took Edgar Poe for his model. But Gaboriau embellished and improved on the workmanship of the morbid American. The murders of the Rue Morgue and the other stories of the sort are hard and dry *procis-verbals*, where the crime is everything, and the people go for little, except in so far as their antecedents enlighten the detection. With Gaboriau, on the other hand, we have individuality in each character, and animation as well as coarser excitement in

the story. The dialogue is lively, and always illustrative. Perhaps Gaboriau has had but indifferent justice done to him, because he betook himself to a style of romance which was supposed to be the speciality of police-reporters and penny-a-liners. His readers were inclined to take it for granted that his criminals were mere stage villains, and that his police agents, apart from their infallible *fair*, were such puppets as one sets in motion in a melodrama. The fact being that they are nothing of the kind. Extreme pains have been bestowed on the more subtle traits of the personages by which, while being tracked, examined or tried, they are compromised, condemned or acquitted. Read Gaboriau carefully as you will, it is rarely indeed that you find a flaw in the meshes of the intricate nets he has been weaving. Or, to change the metaphor, the springs of the complicated action, packed away as they are, the one within the other, are always working in marvellous harmony towards the appointed end. The ingenuity of some of his combinations and suggestions is extraordinary; and we believe his works might be very profitable reading to public prosecutors as well as intelligent detectives. His *Maitre Lecoq* and his *Père Tabouret* have ideas which would certainly not necessarily occur to the most *rusé* practitioner of the Rue Jerusalem; and they do not prove their astuteness by a single happy thought. On the contrary, the stuff of their nature is that of the heaven-born detective, who is an observer from temperament rather than from habit, and who draws his mathematical deductions from a comparison of the most trivial signs. The proof that Gaboriau's books are something more than the vulgar *feuilleton* of the 'Police News,' is that most of them will bear reading again, though the sensations of the *dénouement* have been anticipated. In reading for the second time, we read with a different but a higher interest. Thus in the 'L'affaire Lerouge,' for example, there is an admirable mystification. The respectable and admirably conducted Noël Gerdy, who has coolly committed a brutal murder, plays the hypocrite systematically to such perfection that we can understand the famous amateur detective being his familiar intimate without entertaining a suspicion as to his nature and habits. The disclosure having been made, and Noël fatally compromised, the circumstances strike you as carrying improbability on the face of them; so you read again and are severely critical in the expectation of catching M. Gaboriau tripping. And we believe, by the way, that in that very novel we have come upon the only oversight with which we can reproach him, although it is not in the history of Noël's intimacy with Père Tabouret. It is a missing fragment of a foil, which is one of the most deadly *pièces de conviction* against the innocent Viscount de Commarin; and the fragment, so far as we can remember, is never either traced or accounted for. But exceptions of this kind only prove the rule; and when we think how the author has varied and multiplied the startling details in his criminal plots, we must admit that his fertility of invention is marvellous. The story of the 'Petit Vieux des Batignolles,' the last work he wrote, though short and slight, was by no means the least

clever. One unfortunate habit he had, which may perhaps be attributed to considerations of money. He almost invariably lengthened and weakened his novels by some long-winded digression, which was at least as much episodical as explanatory. When the interest was being driven along at high-pressure pace, he would blow off the steam all of a sudden, and shunt his criminals and detectives on to a siding, while, going back among his personages for perhaps a generation, he tells us how all the circumstances had come about.

No less remarkable in his way is Jules Verne; and the way of Verne is wonderful indeed. He has recast the modern novel in the shape of 'The Fairy Tales' of science, and combined scientific edification with the maddest eccentricity of excitement. His, it must be allowed, is a very peculiar talent. It is difficult to picture a man of most quick and lively imagination resigning himself to elaborate scientific and astronomical calculations; cramming up his facts and figures from a library of abstruse literature, and pausing in the bursts of a flowing pen to consult the columns of statistics under his elbow. Thus these books of Verne are the strangest mixture, upsetting all the preconceived notions of the novel-reader, and diverting him in spite of himself from his confirmed habits. We read novels, as a rule, to be amused, and nothing else. But Verne not only undertakes to amuse us, but to carry us up an ascending scale of astounding sensations. It is on condition, however, that we consent to let ourselves be educated on subjects we have neglected with the indifference of ignorance. If we skip the scientific dissertations when we come to them, we break the continuity that gives interest to the story, and the ground goes gliding from beneath our feet as much as if the author had launched us on one of his flights among the stars. Now we are exploring the regions of space at a rate somewhere between that of sound and electricity; now we are diving into the caverns of ocean, among submarine forests and sea monsters. And, again, we are at a standstill in mazes of figures, or picking our steps among primeval geological formations; and yet, though we have been, as it were, brought back to the lecture-room or the laboratory, we are still in a world of surprises and emotions, though the surprises are of a very different kind. Verne, of course, with all his skill, must abandon the novelist's chief means of influence. His books are so far the reverse of real as to be the very quintessence of impossible extravagance. We may bring ourselves to believe, for a moment, in the marvels of an Aladdin's cave; for we can hardly recognise a physical objection to precious stones being magnified to an indefinite size. Even the credibility of a leadstone island, that draws the bolts out of the ship's timbers, may seem a mere question of force and mass. But the judgment, even under a trance, refuses to expand to the possibility of a piece of ordnance, of nine hundred French feet in length, that is to shoot to the moon a projectile supposed to deliver a party of travellers. As a consequence, the writer sacrifices the interest of character, and the analysis of conceivable passions and emotions. A Barbicane—an Ardan—the explosive J. T. Maston—are in

a category of creations far more fanciful than a Sinbad the Sailor, or a Captain Lemuel Gulliver. They are of the nature of the giants and ogres in the pantomime, who figure on the stage with the columbine in petticoats; and these are very evidently of a different order of beings from the girl who performs for a weekly salary. Verne was wise in his generation, in striking out a line which has assured him both notoriety and a handsome fortune. It says much for his original talent that he has had a remarkable success; and though we fancy he might have made a more lasting name in fiction, of a higher order and more enduring, yet, probably, he has never regretted his choice. Perhaps the most popular of all his stories is the 'Tour of the World,' which was rational by comparison to most of the others. We happened to read it lately in a twenty-fourth edition; and we are afraid to say for how many successive nights the piece had its run at the Porte St. Martin. But the idea of making the round of the globe in eighty days was conceivably feasible, if it was rash to bet on it. The incidents that delayed the adventurous traveller might have happened—allowances made—to any man; and each of the separate combinations by which he surmounted them, goes hardly beyond the bounds of belief. The real weakness of the story is in what seems at first one of its chief attractions. The self-contained Mr. Phileas Fogg is actually more improbable than Ardan or Barbicane. The man who could keep his temper unruffled, his sleep unbroken, and his digestion unimpaired, under the most agitating disappointments and a perpetual strain, has nothing of human nature as we know it, and must have boasted a brain and nerves that were independent of physical laws. And yet, even in this inhuman conception, Verne shows what he might have been capable of had he consented to work under more commonplace conditions. For by his disinterested and generous Quixotry in action, Mr. Fogg gradually gains upon us, till we think that Mrs. Aouda was to be sincerely congratulated in being united to that impersonation of the *phlegme Britannique*.

Among the novelists who have set themselves emulously to work to scathe and satirise the society of the Empire, Daudet and Zola take the foremost places. Of the former, we have nothing to say here, except incidentally in referring to Zola, since we lately noticed his novels at length. But there is this obvious difference between the men, that Daudet has the more refined perceptions of his art. He does not *afficher* like Zola, a *mandat impératif* from his conscience to go about with the hook and the basket of the *chiffonnier*; to turn over the refuse of the slums without any respect for our senses; and to rake as a labour of love in the sediment of the Parisian sewerage. Daudet's social pictures are often cynical enough; but he knows when to *gazer*; and he shows self-restraint in passing certain subjects over in silence. While Zola, recognising a mission that has assuredly never been inspired from above, makes himself the surveyor and reforming apostle of all that is most unclean. We have spoken of M. Zola's conscience, because he makes his conscience his standing apology. When the critics mali-

ciously cast their mud at the spotless purity of his intentions, he throws up his hands in meek protest. The prophets have been stoned in all the ages, and virtue and duty will always have their martyrs. His critics will insist on confounding him with the shameless *roué* whose depravity takes delight in the scenes he describes. How little they know the honest citizen, who is as regular in his habits as in his hours of labour! To our mind, by no avowal could he have condemned himself more surely than by that apology. We are half inclined to forgive a book like 'Faublas,' or 'Mademoiselle de Maupin,' flung off with the fire of an ardent temperament, full of the spirits of hot-blooded youth, and with some delicacy of tone in the worst of its indecencies. We have neither sympathy nor toleration for the cold-blooded philosopher who shuts himself up in the quiet privacy of his chamber to invent the monstrosities he subsequently dilates upon. He harps upon the conscience which we do not believe in. According to the most far-fetched view of that mission of his, he might be well content to paint what he has seen. Heaven knows he would find no lack of congenial subjects in the quarters where he has pushed his favourite researches. But such a scene as he has selected for the climax of the 'Curée' is neither permissible by art nor admissible in decency. What we may say for it is, that it adds an appropriate finishing touch to the singularly revolting romance of the foulest corruption, that he has worked out so industriously and with such tender care. But his genius—for he has genius—is essentially grovelling. The Caliban of contemporary fiction never puts out his power so earnestly as when he is inhaling some atmosphere that would be blighting to refinement. His 'Assommoir,' from the first page to the last, is repulsive and shocking beyond description; and yet there is a sustained force in the book that makes it difficult to fling it away. But even the elasticity of Zola's principles and conscience can hardly cover the pruriency of the dramatic incident in the public washing-place.

It must be admitted that Zola has in large measure two of the most indispensable qualities of the successful novelist. He has supreme self-confidence and indefatigable industry. We have understood, as we have said before, that he devotes the mornings to his novels, and can count invariably upon "coming to time!" That we can easily understand. He gives us the idea of a thoroughly mechanical mind; and though his scenes may be profoundly or disgustingly sensational, his style is sober, not to say tame. He lays himself out to make his impressions by reproducing, in sharp clear touches, the pictures that have taken perfect shape in his brain. We cannot imagine his changing his preconceived plan in obedience to a happy impulse; and he seldom or never indulges in those brilliant flights that are suggested to the fancy in moments of inspiration. Indeed, if he were to take to lengthening his route—if he wasted time by wandering aside into foot-paths, he would never arrive at his journey's end. For he has far to go if he is to reach his destination before time and powers begin to fail. He shows his self-confidence in the complacent assurance that

the public will see him through his stupendous task, and continue to buy the promised volumes of the interminable memoirs of the Rougon-Macquart family. Writers like Mr. Anthony Trollope have kept us in the company of former acquaintances through several successive novels. There is a good deal to be said for the idea, and Mr. Trollope has been justified by its success. You have been gradually familiarised with the creations you meet with again and again; and writers and readers are relieved from the necessity of following the progress of each study of life from the incipient conception to the finish. But M. Zola has improved, or at least advanced on that idea. It is not the same people he presents to you again and again, but their children, grandchildren, and descendants to the third and fourth generation; so much so, that to his 'Page d'Amour' he has prefixed the pedigree of the Rougon-Macquarts; and it was high time that he did something of the kind if we were not to get muddled in his family complications. Apropos to that, he announces that twelve volumes are to appear in addition to the eight that have already been published. Twenty volumes consecrated to those Rougon-Macquarts! Should literary industry go on multiplying at this rate, we may have some future English author "borrowing from the French," and giving himself *carte-blanche* for inexhaustible occupation in a prospectus of 'The Fortunes of the Family of the Smiths.' The Smiths would serve for the exhaustive illustration of our English life, as those Rougon-Macquarts for the ephemeral society of the Empire.

In one respect M. Zola's political portraiture seems to us to be fairer than that of Daudet. Daudet in his 'Nabab' invidiously misrepresents. There is no possibility of mistaking the intended identity of some of his leading personages, even by those who have been merely in front of the scenes. Yet he introduces scandalous or criminal incidents in their lives which we have every reason to believe are purely apocryphal. De Morny never died under the circumstances described; and the relations and friends of a famous English doctor have still more reason for protesting against a shameful libel. Zola makes no masked approaches; nor do we suppose that he panders to personal enmities. But he attacks the representatives of the system he detests with a frankness that is brutal in the French sense of the word. Son Excellence, Eugene Rougon, is to be painted *en noir* by a public prosecutor. M. Zola's readers understand from the commencement that he is to be presented in the most unfavorable light. He is one of the creatures of the order of the autocratic revolution, which takes its instruments where it finds them, and only sees to their being serviceable. Failure is the one fault that cannot be forgiven, as all means of succeeding seem fair to the *parvenu*. The peasant-born adventurer who climbs the political ladder is the complement of the autocrat who lends him a helping hand. His Excellency has neither delicacy, scruples, nor honour. But his conscience, like M. Zola's, is as robust as his *physique*; and he carries the craft of his country breeding into politics, being as much as ever *notre paysan*, as Sardou has put

the peasant on the stage. When he shows kindly feeling, or does a liberal act, it is sure to have been prompted by personal vanity; he is sensitive to the reputation he has made in his province; he loves to play the rôle of the *parvenu* patron; and his passions are stirred into seething ferocity when it is a question of being balked or baffled by a rival. Then there comes in the by-play. As a private individual, as a notary, or a farmer in the country, Rougon might have been one of the heroes of Flaubert or Belot. His nature is brutally sensual; his capacity for enjoyment is as robust as his constitution; there is nothing he would more enjoy than playing the Don Juan, were not his passions held in check by his interest and ambition. So there is nothing that does him any great injustice in the incident where he shows Clorinde his favorite horse. We do not suppose that it is in any degree founded upon fact; indeed, from internal evidence it must be imaginary; and yet, if his Excellency were half as black as he is painted elsewhere, that touch of embellishment goes absolutely for nothing. But if we ask how far such painting is legitimate, we are brought back again to the point we started from.

The 'Assommoir,' though it is a section of the same comprehensive work, is a book of an altogether different *genre*. Reviewing it in the ordinary way is altogether out of the question; and there is much in it which eludes even criticism by allusion. This at least one may say of it, that it is a remarkable book of its kind. The author seems not only to have caught the secret phraseology of the slang of the lowest order of Parisians, but he has lowered himself to their corruption of thought, to say nothing of their depraved perversity of conduct. The colouring of the story is perfect in its harmony. Never in any case does the novelist rise above the vulgar, even when the better feelings of some fallen nature are stirred; and it is impossible to imagine the depths to which he sinks when he is groping, as we have said, in the darkness of the sewers. He interests us in Gervaise, that he may steadily disenchant us. In place of trying to idealise by way of contrast and relief the lingering traces of the freshness she brought to Paris from the country, he demonstrates her descent step by step, with all those contaminations to which she is exposed. We doubt not that the talk of public washerwomen may often be gross enough; but how can we attribute any of the finer feelings to a woman who listens to it indifferently, if she does not join it? Gervaise goes from bad to worse as she loses hope and heart; and idle habits grow upon her. Finally, she resigns herself to the last resource of a reckless woman in desperate extremity; and Zola has not the discretion to drop a veil over the last horrible incidents of her miserable career. Faithful to his system in completing the picture, he does not spare us a single revolting detail. No doubt you cannot complain of being surprised, for he has been industriously working on to this terrible climax. He has missed no opportunity of exciting disgust, he has neglected no occasion of turning everything to grossness; and you cannot say you have not had ample warning if the end seems somewhat strong to you

after all. We do not know what surprises M. Zola may have in store for us; we cannot pretend to gauge the range of his audacious invention; but we do know that he is one of the most popular and successful of French novelists, and it is not want of sympathetic encouragement that will cripple him.

Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.

SCHOPENHAUER ON MEN, BOOKS, AND MUSIC.

Many readers who have neither leisure nor inclination to master Schopenhauer's scheme of metaphysics, nor German enough to read his non-philosophical works with ease, may yet like to know what the great pessimist thought on men considered as social and intellectual beings, on books and authors, lastly on music and art generally; topics on which he mused perpetually and had much to say. The metaphysician was ever the keen observer to whom nothing human was alien. He could not be said to live in the world, but he knew it as few practical men have done, and not only its outer but its inner life, its æsthetic as well as its material side.

Insight led him further than experience leads the majority, and, theoretic pessimist *par excellence* though he was, as a moral teacher he has nevertheless some valuable lessons to give us, and cheerful lessons too. What indeed, will many readers ask with pardonable incredulity, can this cynic of cynics, this uncompromising misanthrope and unparalleled misogynist, teach the rest of mankind? A little patience, good reader, and the question shall be satisfactorily answered. It must first be borne in mind that Schopenhauer does not profess to instruct the great, unthinking, unlettered multitude, the 'common herd,' for whom he cannot conceal his contempt. He says, somewhere, 'Nature is intensely aristocratic with regard to the distribution of intellect. The demarcations she has laid down are far greater than those of birth, rank, wealth, or caste in any country, and in Nature's aristocracy, as in any other, we find a thousand plebeians to one noble, many millions to one prince, the far greater proportion consisting of mere *Pöbel, canaille, mob.*' For the latter class—from his point of view, the preponderating bulk of mankind—it may be, excellent citizens and heads of families, but without pretence either to originality, thought, or learning, and dominated by the commonplace, he entertains a positive aversion. It was less the incapacity of ordinary mortals that irritated him than their love of talking about what they do not understand, and that worst of all conceits, the conceit of knowledge without the reality. Stupidity was Schopenhauer's bugbear; mental obtuseness, in his eyes, the cardinal sin, the curse of Adam, the plague spot in the intellectual world; and whenever opportunity arose he fell to the attack with Quixotic fury and impatience. 'Conversation between a man of genius and a

nonentity,' he says somewhere, 'is like the casual meeting of two travellers going the same way, the first mounted on a spirited steed, the other on foot. Both will soon get heartily tired of each other, and be glad to part company.'

Equally good is the following psychological reflection:

The seal of commonness, the stamp of vulgarity written upon the greater number of physiognomies we meet with, is chiefly accounted for in the fact of the entire subjection of the intellect to the will; consequently the impossibility of grasping things except in their relation to the individual self. It is quite the contrary with the expression of men of genius or richly endowed natures, and herein consists the family likeness of the latter throughout the world. We see written on their faces the emancipation of the intellect from the will, the supremacy of mind over volition; hence the lofty brow, the clear contemplative glance, the occasional look of supernatural joyousness we find there in perfect keeping with the pensiveness of the other features, notably the mouth. This relation is finely indicated in the saying of Giordano Bruno, '*In tristitia, hilaris; in hilaritate, tristis.*'

Here he brings his sledge-hammer upon the dunderheads without mercy:

Brainless pates are the rule, fairly-furnished ones the exception, the brilliantly-endowed very rare, genius a *portentum*. How otherwise could we account for the fact that out of upwards of 800 millions of existing human beings, and after the chronicled experiences of six thousand years, so much should still remain to discover, to think out and to be said!

True enough, it required a Pascal to invent a wheelbarrow, and doubtless we must wait for another before discovering the cure for a smoking chimney and other everyday nuisances. But Schopenhauer does not content himself with scourging stupidity; he goes to the bottom of the matter, and at the risk of touching metaphysical ground, we extract the following elucidation of an everyday mystery. Who has not gazed with puzzledom on the initial letters, names, and even mottoes cut upon ancient public monuments in all countries, from the pyramids of Egypt to the monoliths of Carnac; from the crumbling walls of the Dionysiac theatre at Athens to the tombs in the Campagna? Nothing is too solemn or too sacred for these incorrigible scratchers or scribblers, who seem indeed to have made the journey to the uttermost ends of the world for the sake of carving John Smith or Tom Brown on some conspicuous relic of former ages. As far as we know, Schopenhauer is the first to explain this mischievous and absurd habit of the tourists whose name is Legion:

By far the greater part of humanity (he says) are wholly inaccessible to purely intellectual enjoyments. They are quite incapable of the delight that exists in ideas as such; everything standing in a certain relation to their own individual will—in other words, to themselves and their own affairs—in order to interest them, it is necessary that their wills should be acted upon, no matter in how remote a degree. A naive illustration of this can be seen in everyday trifles; witness the habit of carving names in celebrated places. This is done in order that the individual may in the faintest possible manner influence or act upon the place, since he is by it not influenced or acted upon at all.

To understand Schopenhauer's classification of mankind, we should master his metaphysical scheme; but for our present purpose, the following explanation will suffice:—The world of dunderheads—the stupid, the ignorant, and the self-sufficient—are, according to his theory, to be distinguished from the intellectual, the gifted, the high-souled, and the noble-minded, in the *subjectivity* of their intellect—in other words, the subjection of intellect to will; whilst with the choice spirits, the flower and *élite* of mankind, the reverse is the case; and this *objectivity*, or emancipation from the will, enables them to live outside the restricted little world of self; and instead of being interested in things only as they immediately affect their own wills, i. e. interests, feelings, and passions, they are interested in the larger, wider life of thought and humanity. 'Every man of genius,' he says somewhere, 'regards the world with purely objective interest, indeed as a foreign country:' and in another passage, following out the same line of thought, he gives an apt simile by way of illustrating his theories:

The average individual (*Normal Mensch*) is engrossed in the vortex and turmoil of existence, to which he is bound hand and foot by his will. The objects and circumstances of daily life are ever present to him, but of such taken objectively he has not the faintest conception. He is like the merchants on the Bourse at Amsterdam, who take in every word of what their interlocutor says, but are wholly insensible to the surging noise of the multitude around them.

Cynical although this may sound, no one can write more genially than Schopenhauer when on his favorite theme of genius. If he castigates his arch-enemy—the *Normal Mensch*, nonentity, dunderhead, fool, as the case may be—he glows with poetic ardour and descants with appropriate warmth on the *Genialer*; which word we may take to mean the man of genius as well as the gifted, the intellectually genial, the uncommon as compared with the commonplace in humanity. It was not only that Schopenhauer realised the worth and value of genius and rare mental endowments to the world at large, but he comprehended what those precious gifts are to the individual himself. He understood that inscrutable felicity, that happiness past finding out, neither to be bestowed nor acquired, which is based on intellectual supremacy, a high spirit, a noble, unworldly nature. Characters of the loftiest type had inexhaustible fascinations for him; it was the wine with which he loved to intoxicate himself; the ambrosia on which he fed like an epicure. He never wearies of descanting upon the nature of that true joy which, to use the words of Seneca, is a serious thing: 'The joy born of thought and intellectual beauty.' Would that space permitted a translation of his entire chapter entitled 'Von Dem, was Einer ist,' *Parerga*, vol. i.; for this, if nothing else, would put Schopenhauer before us in the light of a moral teacher, inculcating the superiority of spiritual, moral, and intellectual truth, over material good and worldly well-being. 'Happiness depends on what we are—on our individuality. For only that which a man has in himself, which he carries with him into solitude, which none can give or take away, is intrinsically his' and elsewhere he says:

As an animal remains perforce shut up in the narrow circle to which Nature has condemned it, our endeavours to make our domestic pets happy being limited by their capacities, so is it with human beings. The character or individuality of each is the measure of his possible happiness, meted out to him beforehand, natural capacities having for once and for all set bounds to his intellectual enjoyments: are these capacities narrow, then no endeavours or influences from without, nothing that men or joys can do for him, suffice to lead an individual beyond the measure of the commonplace, and he is thrown back upon mere material enjoyments, domestic life, sad or cheerful as the case may be, mean companionship and vulgar pastime, culture being able to do little in widening the circle. For the highest, the most varied, the most lasting enjoyments are those of the intellect, no matter how greatly in youth we may deceive ourselves as to the fact. Hence it becomes clear how much our happiness depends on what we are, while for the most part fate or chance bring into competition only what we have, or what we appear to be.

Not in this passage only, but in a dozen others, Schopenhauer has contrasted the existence of the worldling, the devotee of business or pleasure, the materialist, or the empty-pated, living, intellectually speaking, from hand to mouth, with that of the thinker, the student, the man of wide culture and many-sided knowledge and aspiration. 'There is no felicity on earth like that which a beautiful and fruitful mind finds at its happiest moments in itself,' he writes; and this consideration leads him to some rather uncharitable remarks upon society, so called, and its unsatisfactoriness in so far as the *Genialer*, intellectual or genial-minded, are concerned:

The more a man has in himself, the less he needs of others, and the less they can teach him. This supremacy of intelligence leads to unsociableness. Ay, could the quality of society be compensated by quantity, it might be worth while to live in the world! Unfortunately, we find, on the contrary, a hundred fools in the crowd to one man of understanding! The brainless, on the other hand, will seek companionship and pastime at any price. For in solitude, when all of us are thrown upon our own resources, what he has in himself will be made manifest. Then sighs the empty-pated, in his purple and fine linen, under the burden of his wretched Ego, whilst the man rich in mental endowments fills and animates the dreariest solitude with his own thoughts. Accordingly we find that everyone is sociable and craves society in proportion as he is intellectually poor and ordinary. For we have hardly a choice in the social world between solitude and commonplaceness.

So much for Schopenhauer's classification of mankind, since in substance it amounts to this. Wise men and fools, thinkers and empty-pates, illuminating spirits and bores—he is never tired of drawing the distinction between them, and ringing the changes on their respective merits and demerits. Bitter, cynical, sarcastic as he is, his strictures are for the most part true, and if boredom or stupidity, like other human infirmities, admit of alleviation, Schopenhauer shows the way. All that he has to say on education, the cultivation of good habits in youth, the proper subjection of the passions to reason, is admirable. He, as usual, goes to the root of the matter, and begins with trying to hammer into the understandings of his countrypeople those elementary notions of hygiene and physical training we find so wanting among them:

As we ought above all things to cultivate the habit of cheerfulness, and as nothing less affects it than wealth, and nothing more so than bodily health, we should strive after the highest possible degree of health, by means of temperance and moderation, physical as well as mental; two hours' brisk movement in the open air daily [Heavens! what do German professors say to that?] and the next prescription also must alarm them still more), and the free use of cold water, also dietary rules.

All who are familiar with German domestic life know how, even in the best educated classes, such things are still neglected, to the great detriment of health, sedentary habits especially being carried to a pitch which appears to ourselves incredible. When Schopenhauer reprimands his countrymen severely upon their want of common sense in these matters, we feel the strictures to be deserved, and must remember that he wrote thirty years ago; his voice being among the first, if not the very first, raised in Germany on behalf of soap and water, and exercise. In a sentence he happily enunciates the primary principles of education, not considered as merely a system of instruction, but in the comprehensive sense of the word:

Above all things, children should learn to know life in its various relations, from the original, not a copy. Instead of making haste to put books in their hands, we should teach them by degrees the nature of things and the relation in which human beings stand to each other.

From education we pass to the subject of culture, so called; in other words, that self-education which men and women pursue for themselves throughout the various stages of their existence. We find such a process going on in all classes. Some people have one way of instructing themselves, some another, but we may fairly take it for granted that books are or profess to be the principal instructors of adult humanity. Seeing the enormous numbers of worthless books published, and the vast amount of time squandered upon their perusal, we cannot honestly deny the following assertions:

It is the case with literature as with life: wherever we turn we come upon the incorrigible mob of humankind, whose name is Legion, swarming everywhere, damaging everything, as flies in summer. Hence the multiplicity of bad books, those exuberant weeds of literature which choke the true corn. Such books rob the public of time, money, and attention, which ought properly to belong to good literature and noble aims, and they are written with a view merely to make money or occupation. They are therefore not merely useless, but injurious. Nine-tenths of our current literature has no other end but to inveigle a thaler or two out of the public pocket, for which purpose author, publisher, and printer are leagued together. A more pernicious, subtler, and bolder piece of trickery is that by which penny-a-liners (Brod-schreiber, and scribblers succeed in destroying good taste and real culture. . . . Hence, the paramount importance of acquiring the art *not* to read; in other words, of not reading such books as occupy the public mind, or even those which make a noise in the world, and reach several editions in their first and last years of existence. We should recollect that he who writes for fools finds an enormous audience, and we should devote the ever scant leisure of our circumscribed existence to the master spirits of all ages and nations, those who tower over humanity, and whom the voice of Fame proclaims: only such writers cultivate and instruct us. Of bad books we can never read too little; of the good, never too much. The bad are intellectual poison and undermine the understanding. Because people insist on reading not the best books written for all time, but the newest contemporary literature, writers of the da-

remain in the narrow circle of the same perpetually revolving ideas, and the age continues to wallow in its own mire.

This is severe, but who, in these days of book-making and inordinate reading of the emptiest kind, will affirm that the philosopher's strictures are unmerited? Schopenhauer knew what literature is, and had nurtured his intellect on the choicest, not only of his own country but of others; and he could not brook the craving for bad books and the indifference to works of genius that he saw around him. It was not, however, the smatterer, but the bookworm and the pedant he had in his mind when penning the sentence :

Mere acquired knowledge belongs to us only like a wooden leg and a wax nose. Knowledge attained by means of thinking resembles our natural limbs, and is the only kind that really belongs to us. Hence the difference between the thinker and the pedant. The intellectual possession of the independent thinker is like a beautiful picture which stands before us, a living thing with fitting light and shadow, sustained tones, perfect harmony of colour. That of the merely learned man may be compared to a palette covered with bright colours, perhaps even arranged with some system, but wanting in harmony, coherence and meaning.

Feelingly and beautifully he writes elsewhere about books :

We find in the greater number of works, leaving out the very bad, that their authors have thought, not seen—written from reflection, not intuition. And this is why books are so uniformly mediocre and wearisome. For what an author has thought, the reader can think for himself; but when his thought is based on intuition, it is as if he takes us into a land we have not ourselves visited. All is fresh and new. . . . We discover the quality of a writer's thinking powers after reading a few pages. Before learning what he thinks, we see how he thinks—namely, the texture of his thoughts; and this remains the same, no matter the subject in hand. The style is the stamp of individual intellect, as language is the stamp of race. We throw away a book when we find ourselves in a darker mental region than the one we have just quitted. Only those writers profit us whose understanding is quicker, more lucid than our own, by whose brain we indeed think for a time, who quicken our thoughts, and lead us whither alone we could not find our way.

In the same strain is the following extract from his great work, *Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung* :

It is dangerous to read of a subject before first thinking about it. Thereby arises the want of originality in so many reading people; for they only dwell on a topic so long as the book treating of it remains in their hands—in other words, they think by means of other people's brains instead of their own. The book laid aside, they take up any other matters with just the same lively interest, such as personal affairs, cards, gossip, the play, &c. To those who read for the attainment of knowledge, books and study are mere steps of a ladder leading to the summit of knowledge—as soon as they have lifted their feet from one step, they quit it, mounting higher. The masses, on the contrary, who read or study in order to occupy their time and thoughts, do not use the ladder to get up by, but burden themselves with it, rejoicing over the weight of the load. They carry what should carry them.

Upon books in the abstract Schopenhauer has much that is suggestive to tell us, and here also we must perforce content ourselves with a few golden grains from the garnered stores before us.

He was a stupendous reader; and he read not only the masterpieces

of his own age and country, but of most others. Oriental literature, the classics of Greece and Rome, the great English, Spanish, Italian, and French authors, were equally familiar to him. We cannot recall a literary masterpiece he had not studied; and the more he read, the more eclectic he became. As a critic, he is as original as he is suggestive, whether one can always agree or not. Take the following:

To my thinking, there is not a single noble character to be found throughout Homer, though many worthy and estimable. In Shakespeare is to be found one pair of noble characters—yet not so in a supreme degree—Cordelia and Coriolanus, hardly any more; the rest are made of the same stuff as Homer's folk. Put all Goethe's works together, and you cannot find a single instance of the magnanimity portrayed in Schiller's Marquis Posa.

And these remarks on history:

He who has read Herodotus will have read quite enough history for all practical purposes. Everything is here of which the world's after-history is composed—the striving, doing, suffering, and fate of humanity, as brought about by the attributes and physical conditions Herodotus describes.

But he would not discourage the student of history:

What understanding is to the individual, history is to the human race. Every gap in history is like a gap in the memory of a human being. In this sense, it is to be regarded as the understanding and conscious reason of mankind, and represents the direct self-consciousness of the whole human race. Only thus can humanity be taken as a whole, and herein consists the true work of this study and its general overpowering interest. It is a personal matter of all mankind.

His running commentaries on some of the literary *chefs-d'œuvre* of various epochs are acute and ardently sympathetic pieces of criticism. He was, as is well known, a great, if somewhat theoretical, admirer of England and anything English, and had a positive passion for some of our writers—Byron, for one. The reader may find abundant criticism, with frequent citations from many authors, in *Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung*, and these may be enjoyed without plunging ourselves into the gulf of metaphysics.

We must add that he writes always in a lucid manner. Schopenhauer was indeed a German who knew what style meant, and this might have formed his epitaph had he permitted any: 'I will have nothing written on my tomb,' he said, 'except the name of Arthur Schopenhauer. The world will soon find out who he was'—a prediction which indeed came true. Doubtless the limpid, clear-flowing style of his prose has no little contributed to the popularisation of his works. However weighed down with metaphysics, his writings are generally so transparent in expression, and so clear in conception, as to form delightful reading—the maliciousness adding piquancy here and there.

But it is on the subject of nature and art generally, above all, his darling theme of music, that we find him at his best and happiest.

The sneer has now vanished from his lips, and instead of gall and wormwood we have honeyed utterances only. Whilst none could more pungently satirise the things he hated, none could more poetically extol the things he loved—witness his chapters on music, art,

and nature. Of course, only scientific musicians, and perhaps also musicians wedded to the music of the future, can fully appreciate his theories; but all who care for music at all, and understand what it means in the faintest degree, will read with delight such passages as these:

How significant and full of meaning is the language of music! Take the *Da Capo*, for instance, which would be intolerable in literary and other compositions, yet here is judicious and welcome, since in order to grasp the melody we must hear it twice.

The unspeakable fervour or inwardness (*innige*) of all music by virtue of which it brings before us so near and yet so remote a paradise, arises from the quickening of our innermost nature that it produces, always without its reality or tumult.

Music, indeed, is bound up with Schopenhauer's metaphysical theories; and rather than miss one of the most exquisite passages on this subject in his *opus magnum*, we for once graze lightly on metaphysical ground. The following requires to be carefully thought over:

The nature of man is so constituted that his will is perpetually striving and perpetually being satisfied—striving anew, and so on, *ad inf.*, his only happiness consisting in the transition from wish to fulfilment and from fulfilment to wish: all else is mere ennui.

Corresponding to this is the nature of melody, which is a constant swerving and wandering from the key-note, not only by means of perfect harmonies, such as the third and dominant, but in a thousand ways and by every possible combination, always perforce returning to the key-note at last. Herein, melody expresses the multifiform striving of the will, its fulfilment by various harmonies, and finally, its perfect satisfaction in the key-note. The invention of melody—in other words, the unveiling thereby of the deepest secrets of human will and emotion—is the achievement of genius farthest removed from all reflective and conscious design. I will carry my analogy further. As the rapid transition of wish to fulfilment and from fulfilment to wish is happiness and contentment, so quick melodies without great deviations from the key-note are joyous, whilst slow melodies, only reaching the key-note after painful dissonances and frequent changes of time, are sad. The rapid, lightly-grasped phrases of dance-music seem to speak of easily reached, everyday happiness: the *allegro maestoso*, on the contrary, with its slow periods, long movements and wide deviations, bespeaks a noble, magnanimous striving after a far-off goal, the fulfilment of which is eternal. The *adagio* proclaims the suffering of lofty endeavours, holding petty or common joys in contempt. How wonderful is the effect of minor and major! how astounding that the alteration of a semitone and the exchange from a major to a minor third should immediately and invariably awaken a pensive, wistful mood from which the major at once releases us! The *adagio* in a minor key expresses the deepest sadness, losing itself in a pathetic lament.

Such brief citations suffice to show us in what light Schopenhauer regarded music, but all who wish to master his theories on the subject must turn to his works themselves, wherein they will find, as our French neighbors say, *à quoi boire et à quoi manger*: in other words, intellectual sustenance, equally light, palatable, and nourishing, to be returned to again and again with unflagging appetite. The world of art, like the world of thought and philosophy, was more real and vital to him than that of daily life and common circumstances; and how he regarded a musical composition, a picture, a book, or any true work of art, the following happy similes will testify:

The creations of poets, sculptors, and artists generally contain treasures of deepest recognisable wisdom, since in these is proclaimed the innermost nature of things,

whose interpreters and illustrators they are. Every one who reads a poem or looks at a work of art must seek for such wisdom, and each naturally grasps it in proportion to his intelligence and culture, as a skipper drops his plummet line just as far as the length of his rope allows. We should stand before a picture as before a sovereign, waiting to see if it has something to tell us and what it may be, and no more speak to the one than to the other—else we only express ourselves.

This last sentence shows Schopenhauer's intensity of artistic feeling, nor must it be for a moment supposed that he was insensible to nature. In his last lonely years at Frankfurt, and indeed throughout his life, long country rambles were his daily recreations, the wholesome rule of 'two hours' brisk movement in the open air,' which he laid down for his country people, not being neglected by himself. Many of us know Frankfurt pretty well, and can picture to ourselves exactly the kind of suburban spot which might have suggested this thought to the great pessimist:

How æsthetic is Nature! Every corner of the world, no matter how insignificant, adorns itself in the tastefullest manner when left alone, proclaiming by natural grace and harmonious grouping of leaves, flowers and garlands that Nature, and not the great egotist man, has here had her way. Neglected spots straightway become beautiful.

And then he goes on to compare the English and French garden, with a compliment to the former, which unfortunately it has ceased to deserve. The straggling old-fashioned English garden Schopenhauer admired so much is now a rarity—the formal parterres, geometrical flower beds, and close-cropped alleys he equally detested, having superseded the easy natural graces of former days. He adored animals no less than nature, and amid the intricate problems of his great work and the weighty questions therein evolved concerning the nature and destiny of human will and intellect, he makes occasion to put in a plea for the dumb things so dear to him. His pet dog, Atma, meaning, in Sanscrit, the Soul of the Universe, was the constant companion of his walks, and when he died, his master was inconsolable. The cynic, the misanthrope, the woman-hater, was all tenderness here.

Was Schopenhauer happy or not? Who can answer that question for another? He was alone in the world, having never made for himself a home or domestic ties; he hated society—except, as we have seen, that infinitesimal portion of it suited to his intellectual aspirations, his favourite recreations being long country walks and the drama. It also amused him to dine at a *table d'hôte*, which he did constantly in the latter part of his lifetime. But that he understood what inner happiness was we have seen, and the secret of it he had discovered also. If joy of the intenser kind is born of thought and spiritual or intellectual beauty, no less true it is, that everyday enjoyment depends on cheerfulness, and with the following golden maxims, suited alike for the *Normal Mensch* and the *Genialer*, commonplace humanity and the choicer intellects among whom Schopenhauer found his kindred, may aptly close this little paper:

What most directly and above everything else makes us happy, is cheerfulness of mind, for this excellent gift is its own reward. He who is naturally joyous, has every reason to be so, for the simple reason that he is as he is. Nothing can compen-

sate like cheerfulness for the lack of other possessions, whilst in itself it makes up for all others. A man may be young, well-favoured, rich, honoured, happy, but if we would ascertain whether or no he be happy, we must first put the question—is he cheerful? If he is cheerful, then it matters not whether he be young or old, straight or crooked, rich or poor: he is happy. Let us throw open wide the doors to Cheerfulness whenever she makes her appearance, for it can never be unpropitious: instead of which, we too often bar her way, asking ourselves—Have we indeed, or have we not, good reasons for being content? Cheerfulness is the current coin of happiness, and not like other possession, merely its letter of credit.

We will close this paper with a few quotations culled here and there from the four volumes before us. It is alternately the sage, the artist, the satirist who is speaking to us.

Poverty is the scourge of the poor, ennui of the better ranks. The boredom of Sabbatarianism is to the middle classes what weekday penury is to the needy.

Thinkers, and especially men of true genius without any exception, find noise insupportable. This is no question of habit. The truly stoical indifference of ordinary minds to noise is extraordinary: it creates no disturbance in their thoughts, either when occupied in reading or writing, whereas, on the contrary, the intellectually endowed are thereby rendered incapable of doing anything. I have ever been of opinion that the amount of noise a man can support with equanimity is in inverse proportion to his mental powers, and may be taken therefore as a measure of intellect generally. If I hear a dog barking for hours on the threshold of a house, I know well enough what kind of brains I may expect from its inhabitants. He who habitually slams the door instead of closing it is not only an ill-bred, but a coarse-grained, feebly-endowed creature.

It is truly incredible how negative and insignificant, seen from without, and how dull and meaningless, regarded from within, is the life of by far the greater bulk of human beings!

The life of every individual, when regarded in detail, wears a comic, when regarded as a whole, a tragic aspect. For the misadventures of the hour, the toiling and moiling of the day, the fretting of the week, are turned by freak of destiny into comedy. But the never-fulfilled desires, the vain strivings, the hopes so pitilessly shattered, the unspeakable blunders of life as a whole, with its final suffering and death, ever make up a tragedy.

More clever men always appear exactly at the right time: they are called forth by the spirit of their age, to fulfil its needs, being capable of nothing else. They influence the progressive culture of their fellows and demands of special enlightenment; thereby their praise and its reward. Genius flashes like a comet amid the orbits of the age, its erratic course being a mystery to the steadfastly moving planets around.

Genius produces no works of practical value. Music is composed, poetry conceived, pictures painted—but a work of genius is never a thing to use. Uselessness indeed is its title of honour. All other human achievements contribute towards the support or alleviation of our existence; works of genius alone exist for their own sake, or may be considered as the very flower and bloom of destiny. This is why the enjoyment of art so uplifts our hearts. In the natural world also we rarely see beauty allied to usefulness. Lofty trees of magnificent aspect bear no fruit, procreative trees for the most part being ugly little cripples. So also, the most beautiful buildings are not useful. A temple is never a dwelling-place. A man of rare mental endowments, compelled by circumstances to follow a humdrum career fitted for the most commonplace, is like a costly vase, covered with exquisite designs, used as a cooking utensil. To compare useful people with geniuses is to compare building stones with diamonds.

Could we prevent all villains from becoming fathers of families, shut up the dunces in monasteries, permit a harem to the nobly gifted, and provide every girl of spirit and intellect with a husband worthy of her, we might look for an age surpassing that of Pericles.

Virtue, no more than genius, is to be taught. We might just as well expect our systems of morals and ethics generally to produce virtuous, noble-minded and saintly individuals, as æsthetics to create poets, sculptors, and musicians.

M. B.-E., in *Fraser's Magazine*.

A VISIT TO THE NEW ZEALAND GEYSERS.

The Geyser district of New Zealand is, at some future day, to be the great sanatorium of the Southern world; meanwhile, it is so little known that some account of a visit lately made to it may not be uninteresting.

While 'globe-trotting' with a friend, we found ourselves in April last year at Auckland, New Zealand, and were kindly invited by the Governor to join him in a visit he was going to make with the Commodore and a large party, to the geysers.

The party assembled at Tauranga, a port about 140 miles south-east of Auckland, and the most convenient starting-point for Ohinemutu, the head-quarters of the hot lake country. The little town was gay with flags and triumphal arches, and crowded with Maories looking forward to a big drink in return for the dance with which they received the Governor. I was disappointed to find the natives were broad-nosed, thick-lipped, tattooed savages, or at least so they appeared at first sight. The men are decidedly superior in appearance to the women, and among the young people tattooing is becoming unfashionable.

From Tauranga to Ohinemutu is about forty miles over a good road, except through what is called the 'eighteen-mile bush,' where the road possesses all the ills to which a bush road is heir. About three miles from Tauranga the road passes through the celebrated Gate Pah, where English soldiers in a panic ran away from the Maories, and left their officers to be killed. The pah is well placed on the top of a ridge looking out over Tauranga and the sea. Almost all traces of the earthworks have now disappeared, and the cluster of gravestones in the neglected little cemetery at Tauranga will soon be the only remaining evidence of that disastrous day. About eight miles beyond the Pah we had our first experience of a New Zealand bush. It was magnificent. I cannot say the same of the road. A great part of it is what is called 'corduroy road,' that is, trunks of trees, about 8 or 9 inches in diameter, were laid close together across the track, forming a kind of loose bridge over the soft places. Some of the trees, especially the rimu, a species of yew, here called a pine, were of immense size and age, in places tangled masses of red flowering creepers completely hid the trees. The tree ferns were the perfection of lightness and beauty, the dark-leaved shrubs setting them off to great advantage.

At Ohinemutu we found two small hotels; the charges are very moderate, and the attention paid to visitors is all that can be desired. The land here still belongs to the Maories, who refuse either to sell it or let it; and the hotel-keepers, who are only tenants-at-will, are naturally unwilling to spend much money in building with such an ins-

cure tenure. One creek of Lake Rotorua, on the banks of which Ohinemutu stands, is filled with boiling springs, which heat the waters of the lake for a considerable distance. This creek is a favourite bathing-place, but, as it is dangerous in the dark, my friend and I tried a natural bath, which has been inclosed by the hotel-keepers to keep out the natives. It was as hot as we could bear it, very soft, buoyant, and bubbling, and after our long, bumpy drive, perfectly delicious. When we had got thoroughly warmed through, I thought lying in the soft bubbling water the most perfect sensuous pleasure I ever experienced.

The next morning we visited the many boiling water and mud springs in the immediate neighbourhood of the village. On a small peninsula, between our hotel and the lake, there are a great many native dwellings, called whares (pronounced warries). A whole tribe formerly lived there, but one night the end of the peninsula suddenly collapsed and disappeared in the lake, destroying, of course, all its inhabitants. There is, in the midst of the village, a large native building called the 'Carved House;' its sides are covered, inside and out, with intricate carving, chiefly of grotesque human figures. By Maori law, the carved figures may only have three fingers on each hand, lest any evil-disposed persons should mistake them for caricatures of their ancestors. This native settlement owes its existence to the many hot springs with which the peninsula abounds, the boiling water standing to the natives in the place of fire, and saving them an infinity of trouble with their cooking and washing arrangements. One desirable result of the abundance of warm baths is the undoubted cleanliness of the people.

About a mile farther along the banks of the lake, we came to what is called the Sulphur Point. It certainly deserved its name. The surface of the ground is literally honeycombed with pools of boiling water and mud holes, impregnated with sulphur or alum. The smell was perfectly fearful. One mud bath that we ventured into certainly did not look tempting; great waves of thick brown mud bubbled up in the middle of the pool, and rolled lazily towards the sides. It was just a pleasant temperature, very smooth and oily, and, notwithstanding its appearance, decidedly a success. We next tried a pool of thinner mud, and ended with a swim in the cold waters of the lake, feeling all the better for our strange experience. All the pools have been given stupid English names by the hotel-keeper; the one we first bathed in is known as 'Painkiller,' and enjoys a high reputation for curing rheumatism. It was here that a young Englishman lately nearly lost his life. A large bubble burst near his face, the poisonous gases from which rendered him insensible; and had it not been for a Maori, who happened to be standing near, he must infallibly have been drowned. The whole neighbourhood is a dangerous one; the crust of the earth is in many places so thin that one may at any moment find one's-self standing in boiling water. The guides take so much pleasure in recounting all the accidents that have happened,

that I felt I should be conferring a personal favour on them if I fell in, and was boiled sufficiently to be worth talking about in the future. The surface of the ground is in places covered with masses of pure sulphur. We lighted it in places, and it began to burn freely, and may be burning still for all I know to the contrary.

In the afternoon we saw, for the first time, a body of water thrown any considerable height into the air. It was at a place called Whakarewa-rewa, about two miles from the hotel, amidst the finest hot springs of the Rotorua district. The geyser had been dormant since 1869 until this particular week, and each day it seemed to gather strength and volume. The mighty fountain has formed for itself a fine circular base about thirty feet high, of silica, roughly resembling white marble. After being quiescent for a few minutes, the water began to leap up through the circular cavity at the top of the cone, and rising higher and higher at each leap at last culminated in splendid volumes of clear bright boiling water, thrown fully forty feet into the air. Dense masses of steam floated from the water in mid-air, but the column of water itself fell so nearly perpendicularly that we were able to stand as near to it as the intense heat would permit. After playing for about five minutes, the fountain gradually subsided to take a rest, lasting about eleven minutes, before its next display. The geysers are curiously intermittent in character, and according to all accounts are, on the whole, less active than formerly.

Two of the baths here deserve mention. One called the oil bath has water so oily as hardly to adhere to the skin enough to make a towel necessary on coming out; the other is a very warm creek opening out into a fast-flowing river of cold water, and affording the most delightful gradations of temperature between the two. All the pools have their distinctive character; some are very active, others sullen; some pretty bubbling shallow basins, others dark deep blue of endless depth; some bright and clear as crystal, others milky, or of mud of various consistency; some blowing off steam like fifty steam engines, and many, alas! very many, smelling beyond the power of words to describe. It is curious how quickly one gets accustomed to the ceaseless sound of boiling water, or the dull soughing sound of boiling mud that one hears on all sides, often without being able to see the hole whence it comes.

Next morning we rode over to Major Kemp's village of Wairoa with the Commodore, Mr. F. (the member of the Ministry in attendance on the Governor), and Captain Mair, the resident magistrate, who from his knowledge of the country and language proved himself an invaluable cicerone. On our way we passed through a lovely piece of bush, in which we found a specimen of the curious natural phenomenon 'the vegetable caterpillar.' It appears that the caterpillar, when it buries itself in the ground preparatory to changing into a chrysalis, is attacked by a fungus, which kills it, and sends out one or two shoots, something like the seed-bearing fronds of some ferns, several inches in length, from the head of the unfortunate caterpillar. Farther south

Some of the small mud geysers behind the white terrace were curious; they were growling, and throwing mud of every variety of colour about. One of pale grey mud was said to be eaten by the Maories as a medicine; it had a decidedly acid taste. One big hole was blowing out immense volumes of steam with the noise of a dozen steam engines shrieking in friendly rivalry. A little farther on was a pool of cold vivid green water—greener far than the leaves of the shrubs near it, and strongly charged with sulphuric acid and iron. The wonders of Rotomahana really seemed endless, but, alas! it was Saturday afternoon, and we had to get back to Ohinemutu that night, and however unwillingly, we were obliged to bid the place farewell.

Strolling about after our evening bath on Sunday, we came across a pool in which there were two Maori young women bathing. When we found they had their pipes with them we sent to the hotel for some beer, and sat down to have a chat with them, and found one of them understood a little English. They said they had been in the water an hour before we came. I wonder they were not boiled, the water was very hot and nasty, and we kept them in at least another hour. This was, I think, the pool which Mr. Trollope speaks of having found himself bathing in with three young women; if so, it has now deteriorated very much, and nothing would have tempted us to venture into its dirty waters.

On Monday we rowed over Lake Rotorua to an island called Mokoia. Sir George Grey told me that at one time he lived on the island; it is, in consequence, still rich in fruit trees and cultivated ground. A legend of this island reminds one of the story of Hero and Leander. Hinne-moa, a maiden living on the mainland, one day, on hearing the flute of her lover, Tutanekai, the chief of the island tribe, jumped boldly into the lake and swam across the intervening five miles in safety. Tutanekai scarcely deserved his good fortune, he having a few days before made an attack on the mainlanders and destroyed all their boats. On the highest peak of the island I found myself in a small native burying-ground; it was surrounded by a deep ditch and bank. There were some forty or fifty graves, each marked by a small headstone, but I had not much time to examine them closely, having a proper fear of the unknown penalties incurred by the violation of anything 'tapu' or sacred. On our way home, Captain Mair showed us his beautiful collection of native weapons, carved boxes, and wonderful cloaks made of native flax, and feathers, most of them presents from grateful natives, or, as we enviously suggested, bribes.

My friend and I, after saying good-bye to the others, started the next morning with the guide Fraser to visit the more southern limits of the hot spring country. A ride of about thirty-five miles brought us to the Waikato, a large swift-flowing river, the scene of much bloodshed during the war. The canoe that we had expected to cross in was not forthcoming, so that we had to camp where we were; luckily the night was fine, and we had plenty of provisions. We had a fine lunar display: round the moon, for a breadth of about twice its own apparent

diameter, there was a ring of bright white light; then came a ring of light brown, deepening outwards to purple; then came blue growing into green, that melting into yellow, that deepening through orange into a beautiful red. The series of rings was very perfect, about sixteen times the width of the moon, and lasted apparently without any change for several hours.

After crossing the river at daybreak we soon came to a native settlement of Orakei-korako, and there got a native to guide us to the alum cave, for which the place is famous. The entrance to the cave is completely hidden by creepers and magnificent tree ferns with heavily silvered fronds fully twelve feet in length. Descending the cave some eighty or ninety feet by almost regularly formed steep steps, we found a beautiful pool of clear blue water at the bottom. Of course we bathed in the pool; it was warm, strongly impregnated with alum, and when we were swimming with our backs to the entrance it had, curiously enough, exactly the appearance of getting its light from below. The Maori name for it is 'the looking-glass,' so called, probably, from its power of reflecting light. The floor and walls of the cave were thickly covered with deposits of pure alum, and the roof was coloured in parts with pretty variegated patches resembling marble frescoes.

Soon after leaving the cave my horse broke down, and it was with the greatest difficulty that I got him to the high road before he succumbed entirely. While waiting to see if he would recover I saw three people riding towards me; one was a smart-looking native in the uniform of the armed constabulary, the second was a lady, and to my surprise she too was a native. She wore a tall black hat and dark veil, a dark blue well-fitting riding habit, a dainty pink and white necktie; I afterwards saw she wore a pair of French-looking boots, and black and white stockings. She was, in fact, a 'real dark swell.' She talked a little English, and, after hearing of my plight, she made the third rider, an ordinary-looking native, dismount, and give me his horse, he remaining to do what he could for mine. We rode on to a native village, and there had some boiled potatoes and dried peaches for lunch. My fair riding companion soon afterwards appeared without the riding habit, but with a dirty clay pipe in her mouth. I fear her civilisation, like her dress, was only a new habit, whose greatest charm was the ease with which it could be discarded. I had eventually to walk to Taupo, a township on the biggest lake in the country, where we intended staying a few days.

Major Roberts, the head of the constabulary, who had been asked to help us, kindly provided us with horses, and an orderly as a guide. We first visited the falls of the Waikato; the great broad river is contracted into a narrow channel, not more than thirty feet wide, with precipitous banks, between which the immense volume of water rushes along, one mass of waves and foam, for a distance of about 200 yards; it then makes a mad leap of about forty feet, and dashes tumbling over rapids with frantic fury for some distance, and then suddenly resumes the quiet dignity of a great river. It is said that a party of

six stranger natives were once taunted by the residents into trying to shoot the falls in a canoe, and were, as might have been expected, all drowned. The hot springs were much like those we had before seen; the only remarkable one is called the Crow's Nest. The water has formed a perfect hollow cone of silica about ten feet high. On looking into the cone from above it appears to be built of regular layers of large sticks bound together by incrustations of silica. These sticks give the cone its name of the Crow's Nest, but how the nest came to be so made is a mystery.

In the afternoon I took advantage of a doubt as to whether the game laws apply to game on Maori land to shoot some cock pheasants, although the shooting season does not begin till May. It is very hard on the natives if they are affected by the game laws, for they would have no means of killing the pheasants, which are increasing so rapidly as to threaten to become a perfect plague to them and their small corn cultivation.

In Taupo lake, besides carp, there is a most excellent little fish resembling whitebait. They, like everything else in this country, have their legend. Some 500 years ago a chief with a long name came to Taupo, and grieved to find none of his favourite fish in the lake. After failing to introduce them by natural means, he was driven to have recourse to that most enviable power of obtaining whatever he wished that chiefs seemed to have had then, and have so completely lost now. He accordingly took his cloak, tore it up into small pieces, and cast them into the lake, commanding them to become little fishes, and little fishes they became, and there they are in myriads to this day. Fastidious people think they still have a slightly woolly taste, and I know of no better evidence to support the legend.

Our visit to the hot-lake district came to an end at Taupo. We drove thence some seventy or eighty miles to Napier. We were sorry to leave our friends the Maories with the conviction full in our minds that their days will not be long in their land. I devoutly hope that it may never again be necessary to change our present 'sugar and flour' policy for one of 'blood and iron.'

CLEMENT BUNBURY, in *Fraser's Magazine*.



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