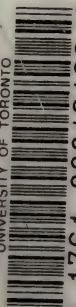
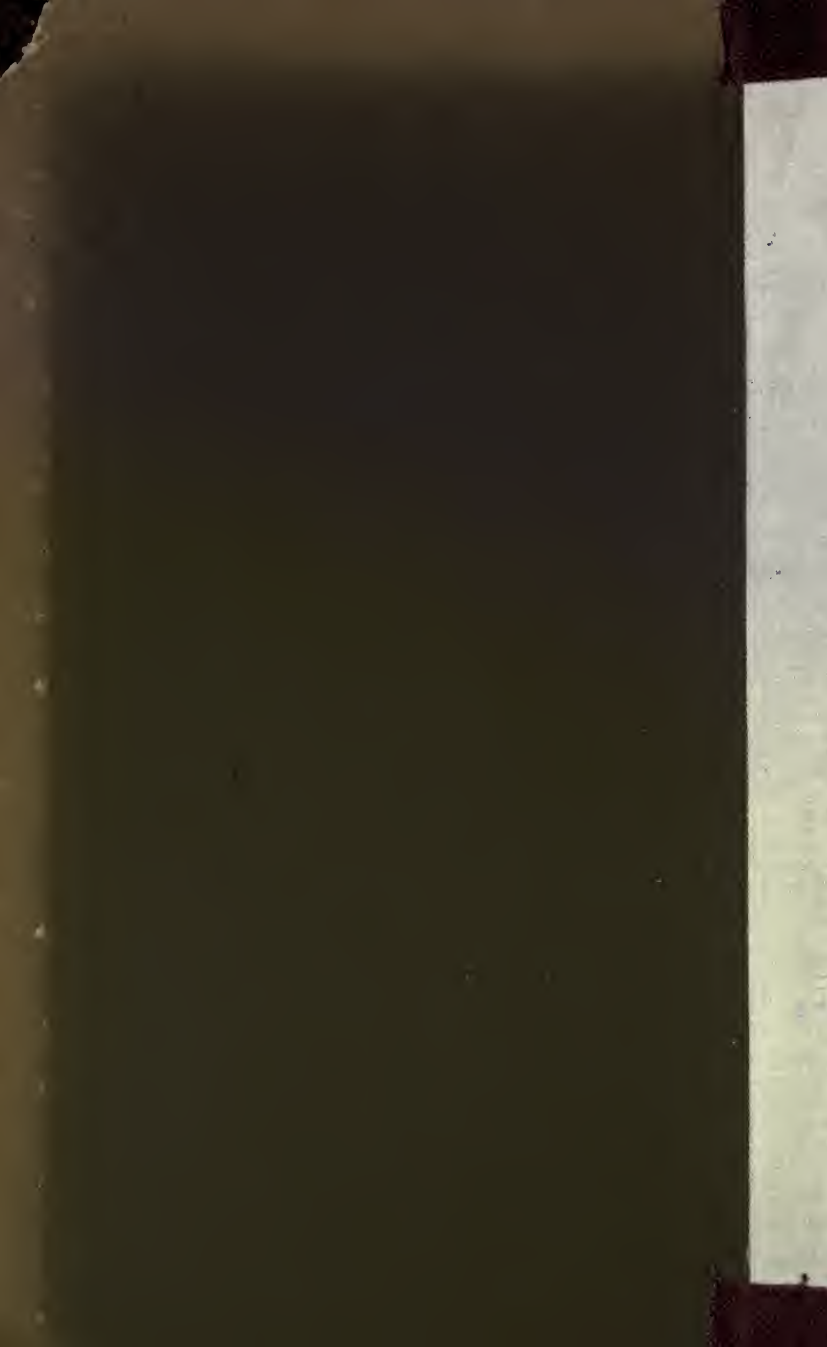


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LITERARY AND SOCIAL
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LITERARY

AND

SOCIAL JUDGMENTS.

BY

W. R. GREG.

FOURTH EDITION, CONSIDERABLY ENLARGED.

VOLUME II.

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LITERARY AND SOCIAL JUDGMENTS.

M. DE TOCQUEVILLE.

It is a very difficult question to decide at what distance of time after a great man's death his biography should be given to the world. If it is put forth at once, as interest and affection would naturally dictate, while the world is yet ringing with his fame and his friends yet grieving for his loss, when every one is eager to know more of a man of whom they had heard so much, the sentiments it excites will be more vivid, and the treatment it receives will be more gentle; it will be read more widely, and handled more tenderly; enmity will be silenced and criticism softened by the recency and the sadness of the severance. But, on the other hand, much must be sacrificed for the sake of those advantages. If the deceased has been a statesman, considerations of political propriety compel silence, or only half disclosures, in reference to transactions which perhaps more than most others would throw light upon his character; his reasons for what he did himself, and his judgments of what was done by others, have often to be suppressed out of

generous discretion, or from obligations of promised secrecy : and thus only a mutilated and fragmentary account of his thoughts and deeds can be laid before the public. Or if, without being a politician, he has mixed largely with his fellows, as most great men must have done,—if he has lived intimately with the celebrated and the powerful, and poured out in unreserved correspondence with his friends his estimates of the characters and actions of those whom he has known and watched,—and if his abilities and opportunities rendered these estimates of singular interest and value,—we are doomed to a still severer disappointment. For these, which are precisely the things we most desire to learn, and for which we should most treasure his biography, are precisely the things which must be withheld. His contemporaries and associates, the objects of his free criticism, and it may be of his severe judicial condemnation, are still living ; their characters must be spared, and their feelings must be respected ; the work must be garbled and impoverished by asterisks and omissions, and all the richest and most piquant portions of it must be postponed to a more distant day. If, in order to avoid these inconvenient and enforced discretions, the publication of the life be delayed till the generation to which it belonged has passed away, the necessity for suppression will be escaped, but half the interest in the subject will have died out. The man, unless he belonged to the very first order of great men, will have become one of the ordinary figures of history ;

his memory may still be cherished by many, but his name will no longer be in every mouth. The delineation of his character may be incomparably more complete and perfect than it could have been at an earlier period, but comparatively few will care to read it; it may be infinitely more instructive, but it can never be half as interesting, for those who would especially have drawn interest and instruction from its pages are gone where all biography is needless. If the subject of the narrative were a public man, his life may still furnish valuable materials for the history of his times; if he were a great thinker, or philosopher, or discoverer, the details of his mental formation and operations may throw much interesting light upon psychology and morals; but if he were only, or mainly, a good man or a social celebrity, it is often hard to see why, after so many years, any account of him should be given to the world at all.

But these are not the only doubtful questions which those who contemplate biography have to consider. It is not easy to decide who would be the fittest person to undertake the delineation of the character and the narration of the career,—a widow, a son, or a brother, or a bosom friend,—or an unconnected literary man, capable of full appreciation, but not disturbed by too vivid sympathies. The family of the deceased may of course be expected to know him more thoroughly than any mere acquaintance could do; they have watched him more closely and more continuously; they alone have seen him in his

most unbent and therefore most natural, though not perhaps his best, moments ; they, more than others, can tell what he was in those private relations of life which usually, but not always, afford the clearest insight into the inner nature of the man. But, on the other hand, they will seldom have known him in his younger days—his widow rarely, his son never ; they will generally be withheld by reverence from any keen critical judgment of his attributes or actions ; or, if not, their criticism will carry with it a semblance of unseemliness, and they will scarcely be able to estimate rightly the real space which he filled in the world's eye, the particular points which the world will wish to hear, and the degree and kind of *detail* which it will bear. They will be apt to fall both into indiscriminate and excessive eulogy, and into voluminous and wearisome minuteness. A very intimate and attached friend, especially if he be not also a man of the world, will be exposed to many of the same dangers, though in a less degree. On the other hand, if the materials are put into the hands of a professional writer, well chosen and really competent by comprehension and just appreciation to treat the subject, the probability is that he will give the public what it wants to know, and will bestow that righteous and measured admiration which the general judgment can ratify ; but it is certain that he will never satisfy the family, who will be pretty sure to condemn him as unsympathizing, critical, and cold.

. Again : how, and on what principle, is the

biographer to hold a fair balance between what is due to his readers and what is due to his hero? The real value of a biography consists in its fidelity, fulness, and graphic truth;—in displaying the character in all its weaknesses as in all its strength; in glossing over nothing, and painting nothing in false colours; in concealing nothing and distorting nothing which can render the picture genuine as an honest delineation, or useful as a moral lesson, or instructive as a mental study. If, out of regard to the fame of the deceased, or the feelings of his family, events or materials are suppressed by which admirers are deceived as to their estimate, or psychologists misled in their philosophical inferences, integrity has been violated, and mischief has been done. The very facts concealed may be precisely those which would have explained the origin of perplexing anomalies in the character, and have thrown a luminous clearness on the dark places of metaphysic science. A “Life” that is not scrupulously faithful is a narrative only—not a Biography, and fails of its highest purpose as well as of its implied promise. An analogous moral question relates to the discretion which the biographer is called upon to exercise as to the literary reputation of his friend. Here, as in the points first referred to, he has to discharge tacit engagements to two parties, whose respective claims he must reconcile. In determining what remains he shall give to the public, is he to consider first and mainly what will elucidate the writer’s character, or what will enhance

or confirm the writer's fame, or what will be interesting and useful to the world? Is he to withhold what is eminently distinctive, and what would be eminently impressive and instructive, because it had not received the last perfection which the author, had he lived, would have been careful to bestow upon it, and because in comparison with his other writings it would have seemed unfinished and undressed; pleading that his friend set special store on the polish and form of his productions? In a word, is he to be guided by the principles which would have actuated the writer himself while upon earth, or by those purer and more unselfish considerations which may be presumed to animate him now?

These various questions M. de Beaumont in his *Life and Remains of Alexis de Tocqueville*,* has had to deal with and decide; and, with the exception of the last, we think he has solved them rightly. A close and loving intimacy with his friend for more than thirty years; association with him both in literary labours and in public life; a position which enabled him to know thoroughly what Tocqueville *was* in domestic intercourse, and what he was thought to be in the world; a superiority of mind which qualified him fully to comprehend and analyze that rich nature, combined with a tried and proved affection which made it easy for him to criticise and judge

* *Œuvres et Correspondance inédites d'Alexis de Tocqueville, précédées d'une Notice par Gustave de Beaumont.* 2 vols. Paris, 1861.

without incurring the faintest suspicion of a cold or depreciating temper—rendered him unquestionably the fittest person that could have been selected for the task he has performed so well. The “Notice” which he has prefixed to the correspondence and unpublished remains has few faults except its brevity. It is simple, succinct, and clear; it gives a sufficient outline of the principal events in Tocqueville’s somewhat uneventful life, with the exception of his political career, of which it would perhaps be difficult at present to speak fully and boldly, and of which it certainly would not answer to speak timidly or obscurely; and it thoroughly displays, and makes intelligible, a character of unusual beauty, subtlety, and delicacy. In this, which appears to have been the biographer’s single and steadfast aim, we think he has perfectly succeeded. It is impossible to lay down the “Life” without feeling that you *know* the man.

The only ground on which we feel disposed to join issue with M. de Beaumont has reference to the literary remains which he has *withheld*. We fully admit that the gallery of portraits of the public men with whom Tocqueville acted, or whom he closely watched, and which we are delighted to hear is in a sufficiently completed state for eventual publication, could not, without indecorum and unkindness, be given to the world during the lifetime of his more notable contemporaries. It was, moreover, his own special injunction that the publication of these “Souvenirs” should be delayed till the passing

generation should, like himself, have gone to rest. We can even understand and respect, though inclined to regret, the motives which are assigned for the biographer's entire silence as to Tocqueville's speeches and proceedings during the ten years previous to 1848, when he was an active Member of the Chamber, though some of those speeches were singularly interesting, and all those proceedings did honour to the actor. But he usually opposed, and often with earnestness and severity, those ministers who, as leaders of the old Constitutional party, are now, along with his own more immediate friends, involved in one common proscription; and the circumstances were inopportune for what would have looked like a posthumous attack. It may even have been right to suppress the memoir which Tocqueville had prepared on the Indian Empire, though it must have been full of interest and suggestive value; since the author had himself appended a note to the MS. to the effect that the work would only be worth publishing in the event of his being able to resume and terminate the needful researches. But we cannot acknowledge the validity of the reasoning which has decided M. de Beaumont to withhold from us those portions of the second volume of *L'Ancien Régime et la Révolution*, which he himself describes as nearly, if not quite finished.* He tells us that the volume was within a few months

* These have since been published.

of its completion; that the order of the chapters and the sequence of the ideas were arranged from first to last; that some chapters were not only entirely written, but had received the last touch of the master's hand; and that, by collating those materials, and adding here and there a page or two, here and there only a word or two, a volume might have been legitimately given to the public. He tells us further that the notes and documents which were to furnish Tocqueville's materials, all written by his own hand, are "an immense arsenal of ideas;" that from some of these notes alone other authors might draw the substance for whole volumes; and that some of the preparatory "studies"—such as those on Turgot, on the States-General, on England, and on some German publicists—*sont autant d'ouvrages tout faits*. Yet he has decided, irrevocably he says, that all this vast intellectual wealth, all this knowledge which the prolonged and patient industry of his friend had brought together, all this treasure-chamber of political sagacity, shall be sealed to the public now and for ever!

The reasons given for this decision may be satisfactory to a Frenchman, but scarcely to an Englishman. We take leave to doubt whether they would have appeared satisfactory to the philosopher himself. All this invaluable matter, which Tocqueville had collected and digested for the enlightenment of the world, the world is to be denied access to;—and why? Because it would be "profanation to mingle an inferior style with the product of that glorious

pencil," and inflict upon the author the responsibility of the faults and feebleness of his editor and continuator. In the first place, we would not have advised, and we are sure M. de Beaumont would have had far too much skill and taste to commit the error of such intermixture. What was fragmentary we would have given as a fragment, not cooked up into a finished article. Tocqueville was so precise a thinker, and so minute an investigator, that his detached *pensées* and *pièces justificatives* would have had more value, would have been more profound and suggestive, than the most maturely elaborated productions of almost any other man. We should have valued them as "remains," and should never have fallen into the ungenerous blunder of judging them as finished performances. And, in the second place, if we *had* so judged them, where would have been the harm? We should have been conscious of the casual imperfection while cherishing and admiring the inestimable jewel. The literary fame of so unrivalled a master of style as the author of the *Ancien Régime* could not have suffered in the eyes of any, because it was discovered that his condensed and pregnant phrases were not the *first* form that the thought had assumed in his mind. And even if it had so suffered in the fancy of some thoughtless reader, we say, what then? Is literary renown or public usefulness the weightier consideration? Is the first and paramount purpose of the statesman and the philosophic patriot, in handling these grave matters, to enhance his own

reputation for genius and profundity, or to warn his countrymen, from the errors of the past, of the perils which await them in the future? Above all, what was Tocqueville's own estimate of these things? M. de Beaumont says: "Tocqueville ne comprenait une publication *qu'à la condition d'un accroissement de gloire pour son auteur* : il n'admettait pas qu'on fit un livre pour faire un livre." We believe that in saying this he has been guilty of great injustice to the high and unselfish nature of his friend. No doubt Tocqueville was about the last man to sit down to write a book for the mere pleasure of book-making, though he himself often tells us that one of the most effective causes that goaded him into literary activity was his incurable discontent and unrest whenever he had no great object of study and of work on hand. No doubt, too, he had too much of the genuine spirit and conscience of the artist to be content to turn out of his studio any piece of workmanship which fell below his severe standard of attainable perfection; and too sincere a respect for his readers to cast his thoughts before them in any but the most becoming dress, and the most decorous attitude; and, more than all, too deep a sense of what was due to the great question he was investigating, and the pregnant principles he was labouring to elicit and enforce, not to spend his utmost strength to clothe them in the fittest words, and to give them forth in the most digested, polished, and effective shape. A slovenly sentence or a slipshod thought was equally his aversion:

ἀεὶν ἀριστεύειν was his desire in every page he wrote—scarcely ὑπεύροχον ἰμμεῖναι ἄλλων. At least we are sure that, though an *accroissement de gloire* from each new volume was far from indifferent to him, as proving that he had done his work well, and so far succeeded in his aim, yet it was by no means his actuating motive, nor his prevailing and inspiring thought. He was an earnest and enthusiastic patriot, saddened to the very soul by the discreditable present, and the gloomy future of his country, yet grieving less over her degradation, than over the moral deficiencies and faults to which that degradation was attributable, and which, if not cured, would go far to insure its hopeless permanence; he saw that the roots of all that he deplored, lay deep in the antecedent history, and in the inherent nature of the people; he was bent upon penetrating to the very inner spirit and meaning of the Revolution, the causes to which it owed both its existence and its special features, and the enduring consequences it had left behind; and he was sanguine in his hopes that in a thorough comprehension of these things might be discovered some guiding light, by means of which what was good in that mighty movement could be maintained and made productive, and what was evil modified and controlled. To this great work he resolved to devote those dark years of France's annals which condemned him, in common with all nobler and purer politicians, to retirement; and how, then, can we agree that any contribution towards its accomplishment which he had prepared,

ought to be suppressed merely out of deference to his credit as a consummate writer? We cannot believe that such considerations would have decided him while on earth: we are sure they will not influence him now.

However, it would be too much to hope that any arguments of ours can now influence M. de Beaumont to reconsider his decision on these points; though our regret is enhanced by the specimen he has given us to show what the work would have been, had Tocqueville lived to complete it. *L'Ancien Régime et la Révolution* is in our judgment a far maturer and profounder work than the *Démocratie en Amérique*, deeper in its insight, graver in its tone, soberer, simpler, and chaster in its style; and the two chapters now published, which would have formed part of the second volume of the *Révolution*, show an advance even on the first-named book in lucidity and in mastery of grasp. They are entitled respectively, "Comment la République était prête à trouver un maître," and "Comment la nation, en cessant d'être républicaine, était restée révolutionnaire;" and they depict with a force and clearness which we never saw approached elsewhere, the profound lassitude, discouragement, and disenchantment which made the *coup d'état* of the 18th of Brumaire so easy and so welcome.

We wish our space would permit us to give an analysis of these two admirable fragments,—if, indeed, anything so condensed is capable of analysis. But we can only find space for one paragraph—the conclusion of the first chapter:

“ Quelque habitué que l'on doive être à la mobilité inconséquente des hommes, il semble permis de s'étonner en voyant un si grand changement dans les dispositions morales d'un peuple : tant d'égoïsme succédant à tant de dévouement, tant d'indifférence à tant de passion, tant de peur à tant d'héroïsme, un si grand mépris pour ce qui avait été l'objet de si violents désirs, et qui avait coûté si cher. Il faut renoncer à expliquer un changement aussi complet et aussi prompt par les lois habituelles du monde moral. Le naturel de notre nation est si particulier que l'étude générale de l'humanité ne suffit pas pour le comprendre ; elle surprend sans cesse ceux même qui se sont appliqués à l'étudier à part : nation mieux douée qu'aucune autre pour comprendre sans peine les choses extraordinaires et s'y porter ; capable de toutes celles qui n'exigent qu'un seul effort, quelque grand qu'il puisse être, mais hors d'état de se tenir longtemps très haut, parcequ'elle n'a jamais que des sensations et point de principes ; et que ses instincts valent toujours mieux que sa morale ; peuple civilisé entre tous les peuples civilisés de la terre, et cependant, sous certains rapports, resté plus près de l'état sauvage qu'aucun d'entre eux ; car le propre des sauvages est de se décider par l'impression soudaine du moment, sans mémoire du passé et sans idée de l'avenir.”

The events of Tocqueville's life were neither many nor remarkable. He was the youngest son of an ancient and noble family of Normandy ; his mother was the grand-daughter of Malesherbes, and his father, himself a literary man of some pretensions, was at one time Prefect of Versailles, and Peer of France. Alexis received but an imperfect education, embraced the judicial career, and at the age of twenty-two was appointed *Juge-auditeur*, or Assessor to the Court of Justice of Versailles,—a post which he held for five years, and then resigned in consequence of the dismissal of his intimate friend, M. de Beaumont. Charged by the French Government to investigate the penitentiary system of the United States, he sailed to

America in company with this same friend in 1831; and on his return, after presenting his official report to the authorities, devoted himself for some years to the preparation of his great work on the American Democracy. The first part of this book, which at once made him famous and placed him in the very first rank of political writers, appeared in 1835, and the second in 1840. In 1835 he married an English lady, than whom no one in mind and character could have been more worthy to be his companion through life; and in 1841 he was elected to the *Académie Française*. In 1839 he was chosen deputy for Valognes, and remained a member of all the successive Chambers till the *coup-d'état* in 1851. He felt immense interest in all parliamentary struggles, and took part in them so far as his health permitted, but found himself obliged always to act with the liberal opposition. He felt painfully and indignantly that the narrow electoral basis on which the Chambers rested precluded the great body of the nation not only from exercising any legitimate influence on political proceedings, but from feeling any vivid interest in them; while the trivial and unworthy party conflicts which made up the chief portion of the parliamentary annals of that time taught the people to regard that arena as a mere stage for the display of personal ambition. To Louis Philippe, in the first place, and to Guizot and Thiers in the second, to the disgust created by the corruption of the one and the squabbles of the other, he attributed both the Revolution of

1848 and the discredit which overshadowed constitutional government in France. In a letter to Mr W. R. Greg, dated 1853, he says :

“The electoral system of the Constitutional Monarchy had one enormous vice, which, in my judgment, was the principal cause of the fall of that monarchy; it rested on too small a body of electors (there were about 240,000). The result was, that the electoral body soon became nothing but a small *bourgeois* oligarchy, preoccupied with its special interests, and separated from the people, whom it neither considered nor was considered by. The people, therefore, ceased to have the slightest sympathy with its proceedings; while the ancient upper classes, whom it jealously kept out of the administration, despised it, and impatiently endured its exclusive supremacy. Nearly the whole nation was thus led to regard the representative system as a mere political contrivance for giving predominance to certain individual interests, and placing power in the hands of a small number of families—an opinion far from correct even then, but favouring, more than any other cause, the advent of a new government.”

M. de Tocqueville did not speak often in the Chamber, for his voice was feeble, and the form in which he instinctively clothed his sentiments was philosophic rather than rhetorical, and was too terse and polished to be as effective as the matter of them deserved; but whenever he did appear in the tribune, he always excited interest; and one of his speeches, delivered just three weeks before the catastrophe of February 1848, created an extraordinary sensation. He warned his audience, with all the earnestness of prophetic insight, that they were on the eve of a most formidable revolution; that, notwithstanding the absence of *émeutes* and street-disturbances, a profound perturbation agitated men's minds to their inmost

depths ; that the passions which would predominate in the coming outbreak would be social rather than political, and would assail society itself more than particular governments and laws ; and that the worst danger of the volcano on which they were sleeping consisted in the *contempt* felt by the lower classes for those above them, as unworthy and incapable at once. The Chamber protested against such conclusions ; but in less than a month came the Republic, and in four months, the frightful and sanguinary struggle in the streets of Paris.*

When the revolution which he had predicted with such a rare sagacity broke out, he prepared himself to do his duty to his country in that perplexing crisis with a courage and a clearness of vision still more unique and admirable. He saw that society and liberty as well as government were in danger ; he had little faith in a republic, and little sympathy with the sort of men with whom republican institutions would

* Not long before, he had written to M. de Corcelle from his country-house in Normandy : "I find this country without political excitement, but in a most formidable moral condition. We may perhaps not be close upon a revolution, but assuredly it is thus that revolutions are prepared. The effect produced by Cubières' trial is immense. The horrible affair, too, which has filled every mind for the last week (the murder of the Duchess and the suicide of the Duke de Choiseul Praslin) is of a character to create an undefined terror and a profound uneasiness. I confess it does so with me. I never heard of a crime which has shocked me more from its indications as to man in general and the humanity of our day. What disturbance in the consciences of men does not such a deed proclaim ! How it shows the moral ruin which successive revolutions have produced !"

infallibly mix him up ; and he had no sanguine hopes that it would be possible to steer France through the perils she had conjured up around her. But he felt that it would not be the part of a good citizen or an honourable man to desert the helm because the sea was stormy, or the vessel damaged, or the crew dirty or disreputable ; he was convinced that the only chance for liberty and order lay in making the Republic *work*, if it were possible to do so ; and for this object, therefore, he sacrificed many of his own tastes and submitted to the defeat of many of his predilections and opinions. He sat in both the *Constituent* and the *National* Assemblies, and took an active part in framing the new and short-lived constitution. His opinion was to the last, that, if they had had fair play, there was wisdom and sober patriotism in those two Assemblies to have managed the political machine. In the letter from which we have already quoted he bears the following remarkable testimony to the working of universal suffrage, when perfectly free and genuine :

“ It must be admitted that the two general elections conducted under this system were the most honest and unfettered that have been seen in France since 1789. There was neither corruption nor intimidation of any kind. Intimidation was indeed attempted by the Government, and by different factions, but without success. The great number of the electors, and especially their collection in great masses in the electoral colleges, rendered the action of the Government absolutely unfelt. On the contrary, the system restored, in most provinces, to the clergy and the rich proprietors more political influence than they had possessed for sixty years, and they nowhere abused it. This became apparent when the

genuineness of the contested returns came to be discussed in the Assembly. It was unanimously recognised that the influence of the clergy and the great landowners had been considerable. But there was scarcely a single complaint of the peasants having been either bullied or bribed;—the truth being, that, in a country where wealth is as much *distributed* as in France, intimidation or corruption by *individuals* can never be pushed very far under any electoral system. The influence, therefore, which was exercised over the peasant by the rich proprietor was entirely a moral one. The peasant, himself a proprietor, and alarmed for his property by the doctrines of the communists, applied for guidance to men who were more enlightened than himself, and had still larger proprietary interests at stake. I cannot say that this would have always continued to be the case. I merely state the facts I witnessed; and I affirm that the Conservative majority which predominated, first in the Constituent and then in the National Assembly, contained more rich and independent landed proprietors, more of what you in England term *country gentlemen*, than any Chamber in which I have sat.”

In June 1849, Tocqueville consented to accept the portfolio of Minister for Foreign Affairs. He retained it only five months, when his disapproval of a step taken by the president on the 31st October compelled him to resign. But during his period of office occurred, we grieve to say, the expedition to Rome, and, we are glad to say, the support given, in conjunction with Great Britain, to Turkey in her resistance to the infamous demands of Austria and Russia for the extradition of the Hungarian refugees. From the time when Tocqueville left the Ministry till the *coup-d'état* in December 1851, he sat sad and disgusted in the Assembly, watching its long agony, and waiting for the obviously preparing and inevitable stroke. He was one of the 200 deputies who were

seized and sent to Vincennes. His political life ended with the death of liberty in France. He retired to his beloved home, near Cherbourg—his ancestral Château de Tocqueville—and thenceforward till his decease occupied himself, as far as health permitted, in collecting materials for the great work which, to the regret of all, he was compelled to leave unfinished. Profoundly discouraged and sorrowful he certainly was; but he never altogether lost heart as to the final redemption of his country, and never for one hour ceased to ponder and to labour for it.

To the general world, however, Tocqueville is known not as an active politician, but as the profound and meditative writer on political science;—and as such he ranks, as at least an equal, with the three great modern masters in his own department, Machiavelli, Montesquieu, and Burke; possessing at the same time certain marked characteristics which distinguish him from each in turn. Machiavelli was a subtle and sagacious statesman, and his writings abound in ingenious deductions and suggestions, but his purpose in *The Prince* was mainly practical, and the ground ranged over in the *Discorsi sopra Tito Livio* was comparatively narrow. He was admirable in his faculty of large generalization and of penetrating insight; but his materials were deplorably scanty, being confined to one Roman history of very questionable accuracy, and of very unquestionable incompleteness, and to what he had himself learned at first hand, or heard from others, of the political annals of the

small Italian states. The truth is, he drew far more from his own intuitive sagacity, sharpened as it had been by active participation in political affairs and intimate intercourse with the ablest statesmen and generals of his age, than from any facts which the annals of other countries laid before him; and in reading his chapters we are perpetually disturbed by the contrast between his wide inductions and the apparently flimsy foundation on which they are made to rest.*—Montesquieu, we confess, we have never been able to appreciate—at least, not to anything like the degree of admiration expressed for him by his countrymen. The *finesse* and acuteness of his mind render his *Esprit des Lois* a most entertaining book; but it is impossible not to feel that you are dealing with an intellect too ingenious to be quite sound, and too distinct and positive in solving the great problems of society to have been fully conscious of their depth or difficulty; and moreover, the reader soon finds that no reliance can be placed on the facts adduced by the

* It is interesting to see Tocqueville's estimate of his great predecessor. He writes to Kergolay: "The Machiavelli of the *History of Florence* is, to me, the same Machiavelli who wrote *The Prince*. I cannot understand the perusal of the first work leaving any doubt as to the object and meaning of the second. Machiavelli in his *History* often praises great and noble actions; but with him this is obviously an affair of the imagination. The foundation of his ideas is, that all actions are morally indifferent in themselves, and must be judged according to the skill they display and the success they secure. For him the world is a great arena, from which God is absent, in which conscience has nothing to do, and where every one must manage as well as he can. Machiavelli is the grandfather of M. ****. I need say no more."

author to illustrate or to prove his positions. Any statement which answers his purpose is taken for gospel, however contemptible the authority on which it rests; if a philosopher or historian does not give him what he wants, a missionary or a traveller will do as well; the statistics of Meaco are quoted to exemplify doctrines which the statistics of France or England might have refuted; and any idle tale about Siam, Japan, or Timbuctoo which has reached his ears is easily pressed into the service if no solid materials are at hand. Both the *Esprit des Loïs* and the *Grandeur et Décadence* are therefore rather clever disquisitions than works of real philosophical research. —Burke was a mind of a very different order. He was not a systematic or analytic thinker, like Machiavelli or Montesquièu, nor probably did he meditate over all he saw and knew as patiently and searchingly as Tocqueville; but his memory was stored with wealth of every sort; his genius was perhaps the very loftiest and finest that has ever been devoted to political investigations; his wonderful imagination, though it sometimes led him astray, and often tempted him too far, yet gave him a profound and penetrating insight, and an almost prophetic intuition, which mere reason and observation could never attain; and his passionate sympathies with all that was good and noble or suffering and oppressed, while they frequently made him intemperate and occasionally made him unjust, throw over his works a fascination and a glow which belong to no other writer.

The more we study him, the more we are compelled to rank him as at once the wisest and most loveable of political philosophers.

Tocqueville had two or three characteristics as a writer and thinker which distinguished him from all his three predecessors. He was not a learned man, though no one ever took greater pains to make all the investigations and to amass all the information requisite to form a conscientious judgment on the questions which he treated; he had all the clearness and precision of thought which belong to the French mind; he had a faculty of patiently "chewing the cud" of his reflections and materials which was almost German; he was a *ruminating* animal;* he revolved and meditated, as well as examined and reasoned; while he was peculiarly English in the eminently practical turn of his ideas, as well as in his almost solemn earnestness of purpose and in the predom-

* His mode of working is thus described in a letter to Duvergier d'Hauranne. "When I have a subject to treat, it is almost impossible to read any books that have been written by others on it: the contact of the ideas of other men disturbs and affects me painfully. But, on the other hand, I take incredible pains to find out everything for myself in the original documents of the epoch I am dealing with: often I obtain in this manner with vast labour what I might have discovered much more easily by following a different line. When I have gathered in this toilsome harvest, I retire as it were into myself; I examine with extreme care, collate, and connect the notions I have thus acquired; and I then set to work to draw out and expound the ideas which have arisen spontaneously within me during this long effort, without giving a single thought to the inferences which others may deduce from what I write."

ance and constant activity of the moral element within him. It is this last feature in his speculations, more even than their depth and astonishing sagacity, which lends them their greatest charm: you feel that you are dealing with a man who not only believes every word he says, and experiences every sentiment to which he gives expression, but to whom, in this crisis of the destiny of mankind, everything is grave and nearly everything is sad. Tocqueville had no taste for abstract reasoning; he abominated metaphysics; he found himself thrown into the arena of life, in a land, and at a time, where there was much to alarm and yet more to perplex and disgust both the patriot and the general philanthropist; he saw a tide setting in over the whole western world which seemed irresistible in its strength and perilous in its direction; and he set to work with his whole soul to study its nature and its origin, in the hope, which at length nearly ripened into a conviction, that what could not be checked might be modified and guided, so as to become comparatively harmless and almost beneficent. He believed that the democratic tendencies of the age throughout Europe, as well as in America, were omnipotent as against all antagonism, but that they might be mastered, and *ridden* as it were, if we could at once accept them as inevitable, understand their meaning and their foibles, and foresee and guard against the dangers and excesses inherent in their essence. This was the *idée-mère*, as he often calls it, of his great work on the *American Democracy*;

this engrossed and coloured all his thoughts and directed his course while an active politician; this dictated his last literary effort, *L'Ancien Régime*, and haunted him to his latest hour. In 1836 he writes to Kergolay :

“ Tout ce que tu me dis sur la tendance centralisante, réglementaire, de la démocratie européenne, me semble parfait. . . . Les pensées que tu exprimes là sont les plus *vitales* de toutes mes pensées; ce sont celles qui reviennent, pour ainsi dire, tous les jours et à chaque instant du jour dans mon esprit. Indiquer, s'il se peut, aux hommes ce qu'il faut faire pour échapper à la tyrannie et à l'abâtardissement en devenant *démocratiques*, telle est, je pense, l'idée générale dans laquelle peut se résumer mon livre, et qui apparaîtra à toutes les pages de celui que j'écris en ce moment. Travailler dans ce sens, c'est à mes yeux une occupation *sainte*, et pour laquelle il ne faut épargner ni son argent, ni son temps, ni sa vie.”

To his friend Stoffels he explains his purpose more fully :

“ I wished to show what in our days a democratic people really was, and, by a rigorously-accurate picture, to produce a double effect on the men of my day. To those who have fancied an ideal democracy, as a brilliant and easily-realized dream, I undertook to show that they had clothed the picture in false colours; that the democratic government which they desired, though it may procure real benefits to the people who can bear it, has none of the elevated features with which their imagination would endow it; and moreover, that such a government can only maintain itself under certain conditions of faith, enlightenment, and private morality which we have not yet reached, and which we must labour to attain before grasping their political results.

“ To men for whom the word ‘democracy’ is the synonyme of overthrow, spoliation, anarchy, and murder, I have endeavoured to prove that it was possible for democracy to govern society, and yet to respect property, to recognize rights, to spare liberty, to honour religion; that if democratic government is less fitted than other forms to develop some of the finest faculties of the human

soul, it has yet its noble and its lovely features ; and that perhaps, after all, it may be the will of God to distribute a moderate degree of happiness to the mass of men, and not to concentrate great felicity and great perfection on a few. I have tried, moreover, to demonstrate that, whatever might be their opinion upon these points, the time for discussing them was past ; that the world marched onwards day by day towards a condition of social equality, and dragged them and every one along with it ; that their only choice now lay between evils henceforth inevitable ; that the practical question of this day was not whether you would have an aristocracy or a democracy, but whether you would have a democratic society, without poetry and without grandeur, but with morality and order ; *or* a democratic society disorganized and depraved, delivered over to a furious frenzy, or else bent beneath a yoke heavier than any that have weighed upon mankind since the fall of the Roman Empire.

“ I wanted to lessen the ardour of the first class of politicians, and, without discouraging them, to point out their only wise course. I sought to lessen the terrors of the second class, and to curb their will to the idea of an inevitable future, so that, one set having less eagerness, and the other set offering less resistance, society might march on peaceably towards the fulfilment of its destiny. *Voilà l'idée-mère de l'ouvrage.*” (vol. i. p. 427).

It is obvious enough from this passage, as from many others, that Tocqueville's own opinions and predilections were anything rather than democratic. He writes to Kergolay from the United States in 1831 :

“ Nous allons nous-mêmes, mon cher ami, vers une démocratie sans bornes. Je ne dis pas que ce soit une bonne chose ; ce que je vois dans ce pays-ci me convainc au contraire que la France s'en arrangera mal ; mais nous y allons poussés par une force irrésistible. . . . Dans les premiers temps de la république, les hommes d'état, les membres des Chambres, étaient beaucoup plus distingués qu'ils ne le sont aujourd'hui. Ils faisaient presque tous partie de cette classe de propriétaires dont la race s'éteint tous les jours. Maintenant le pays n'a plus la main si heureuse. Ses choix tombent en général sur ceux qui flattent ses passions et se mettent à sa portée. Cet effet de la démocratie, joint à l'extrême instabilité de toutes

choses, au défaut absolu d'esprit de suite et de durée qu'on remarque ici, me demontre tous les jours davantage que *le gouvernement le plus rationnel n'est pas celui auquel tous les intéressés prennent part, mais celui que dirigent les classes les plus éclairées et les plus morales de la société.*"

The truth is, that Tocqueville had an essentially *judicial* mind ; he adhered to no special political party ; he had no political passion but that of liberty ; and he had no political prejudice at all. His birth from an aristocratic family, and in a democratic age, made it, as he says in a letter to Mr Reeve, easy for him to guard himself against the unreasonable likes and dislikes of both classes :

" On veut absolument faire de moi un homme de parti, et je ne le suis point. On me donne des passions, et je n'ai que des opinions ; ou plutôt, je n'ai qu'une passion, l'amour de la liberté et de la dignité humaine. Toutes les formes gouvernementales ne sont à mes yeux que des moyens plus ou moins parfaits de satisfaire cette sainte et légitime passion de l'homme."

Alexis de Tocqueville had long been known over the world as one of the profoundest political thinkers of this or any age ; it is only from his correspondence that those who had not the privilege of knowing him personally, could learn how unique and how superior he was in his inner nature, and in all the relations of private life. This correspondence is extraordinarily rich and interesting ; for to Tocqueville not only was constant intercourse with his friends, and a real interchange of sentiments and ideas, an absolute necessity, but it was a positive pleasure to him to develop his views and the workings of his mind in writing when he could not do it in conversation. He wrote, too,

moreover, with the greatest openness as well as with singular clearness and care; and he wrote on those subjects which most especially for the moment occupied his thoughts; so that in reading his letters we not only learn to know the man, but are admitted at once to a treasure-house of political sagacity and pregnant suggestions almost as rich as his published works. We see his opinions in the process of formation; we see the infinite pains he took to collect and to consider dispassionately all that could throw light upon them; we see them slightly modified, indeed, by time, but on the whole growing firmer, clearer, and more constant, as his experience became wider, and his meditations deeper. But, above all, we see into the innermost recesses of his character; we learn the relative value at which he appraised all earthly blessings; we learn the estimate which he formed of life, its enjoyments, its obligations, and its meaning, the purposes to which he determined to consecrate it, the objects for which he was willing to resign it. Domestic felicity, the serene delight and strength of married life, he considered beyond all price; he sought for it with singleness of aim, and he secured it in rare perfection. "Plus je roule dans ce monde, et plus je suis amené à penser qu'il n'y a que le bonheur domestique qui signifie quelque chose," he wrote in 1831. Four years later he married an English lady to whom he had been long attached. The lady had neither rank nor fortune, and many of Tocqueville's friends, therefore, objected to the connection as undesirable.

Nevertheless, as M. de Beaumont observes, he never hesitated for a moment. Where was the use of being superior to ordinary men in intellect, if he was to sink to their level in his sentiments and character, and to marry for money and promotion, instead of making it his wisdom and his pride to consult only his reason and his heart? In acting as he did, too, he not only followed his nobler instincts, but he was profoundly convinced of the surpassing moral influence which must be exercised on the entire existence of a man by the character of the woman he has selected as the companion of his course. He always counted his marriage as the wisest action of his whole life. Scarcely a year passes that we do not find in one or other of his letters some sentence like the following :

“La petite gêne que sous ce rapport [want of wealth] j'éprouve ne m'empêche pas de bénir Dieu tous les jours et de tout mon cœur d'avoir pu acquérir à ce prix la femme admirable avec laquelle je vis. Assurément je ne puis pas dire que la Providence m'ait maltraité dans ce monde ; mais de tous ses bienfaits, celui que chaque jour me montre plus grand, c'est d'avoir placé Marie sur mon chemin. J'abandonnerais tous ces autres dons pour conserver celui-là. Adieu, mon bon ami ; mon cœur s'adoucit et s'ouvre toujours lorsque je suis sur ce chapitre.”*

* His estimate of the singular value of a good wife to public men is well worth quoting, “I have a hundred times in the course of my life seen weak men display real public virtue, because they had beside them a wife who sustained them in this course, not by counselling this or that action in particular, but by exercising a fortifying influence on their views of duty and ambition. Oftener still I have seen domestic influence operating to transform a man naturally generous, noble, and unselfish, into a cowardly, vulgar, and ambitious self-seeker, who thought of his

Tocqueville had three or four intimate friends, besides numbers with whom it was a constant pleasure to him to hold cordial and unreserved intercourse. Friendship with him was not so much an addition to the other enjoyments and embellishments of life as a first necessity of life. He says more than once that he is at a loss to conceive how a man *can* live without some sister-soul into which he can pour all his own. He threw into his sentiment all the tenderness, delicacy, and warmth which pervaded his entire nature, and formed for it a very high ideal. To his earliest bosom friend, Kergolay, he writes :

“ Pour en finir sur ce point, je te dirai qu’il n’y a rien de plus précieux pour moi que notre amitié. J’y vois une source inépuisable de sentiments élevés et énergiques, de belles émotions, de résolutions généreuses, un monde à part, un peu idéal peut-être, mais où je me repose, mon point comme un paresseux, mais comme un homme fatigué qui s’arrête un moment pour reprendre des forces et se jeter plus avant ensuite dans la mêlée.”

His estimate of existence, its value, and its uses, was as lofty and generous as religion and philosophy could combine to make it. Among his scattered manuscripts is found this sentence, which, as his biographer observes, is in itself a *résumé* of his whole life : “ La vie n’est pas un plaisir, ni une douleur ; mais une affaire grave, dont nous sommes chargés, et

country’s affairs only to see how they could be turned to his own private comfort or advancement ;—and this simply by daily contact with an honest woman, a faithful wife, a devoted mother, but from whose mind the grand notion of public *duty* was entirely absent.”

qu'il faut conduire et terminer à notre honneur." Again, he writes shortly before his marriage :

"I feel more and more as you do as to the joys of conscience. I believe them to be at once the deepest and the most real. There is only one great object in this world that deserves our efforts; that is, the good of humanity. . . . As I advance in life, I see it more and more from that point of view which I used to fancy belonged to early youth, viz. as a thing of very mediocre worth, valuable only as far as one can employ it in doing one's duty, in serving men, and in taking one's fit place among them. How cold, small, and sad life would become if, by the side of this every-day world, so full of cowardice and selfishness, the human mind could not build for itself another, in which generosity, courage, virtue, in a word, may breathe at ease! . . . Ah! (he concludes) que je voudrais que la Providence me présentât une occasion d'employer à faire de bonnes et grandes choses, quelques périls qu'elle y attachât, ce feu intérieur que je sens au dedans de moi, et qui ne sait où trouver qui l'alimente."

A quarter of a century later, about two years before his death, he writes to a friend who had dissuaded him from spending too much of his time in the solitude of a country life :

"You know that my most settled principle is, that there is no period of a man's life at which he is entitled to *rest*; and that effort out of oneself, and still more above oneself, is as necessary in age as in youth—nay, even more necessary. Man in this world is like a traveller who is always walking towards a colder region, and who is therefore obliged to be more active as he goes further north. The great malady of the soul is *cold*. And in order to counteract and combat this formidable illness, he must keep up the activity of his mind not only by work, but by contact with his fellow-men and with the world. Retirement from the great conflicts of the world is desirable no doubt for those whose strength is on the decline; but absolute retirement, away from the stir of life, is not desirable for any man, nor at any age."

It is always extremely interesting to know the esti-

mate formed of mankind in general by those who have studied them profoundly as well as acted with them in the most trying relations of life. Tocqueville's opinion of his fellow-men was indulgent, but not high. When a young man, he tried to love them, he says, but without much success. "I like *mankind*; but I constantly meet *individuals* who repel and disgust me by the meanness of their nature. It is my daily effort to guard against a universal contempt for my fellow-men. I can only succeed by a minute and severe analysis of myself; the result of which is, that I am inclined, as a rule, rather to condemn men's intelligence than their hearts." In 1840, when immersed in public life, he says to Stoffels, "It is a sad side of humanity that politics uncovers. We may say, without making any exception, that nothing there is either thoroughly pure or thoroughly disinterested; nothing really generous, nothing hearty or spontaneous. There is no *youth*, even among the youngest; and something cold, selfish, and premeditated may be detected even in the most apparently passionate proceedings." And, as the summary result of his experience, he speaks thus to a somewhat misanthropic friend :

"You make out humanity worse than it is. I have seen many countries, studied many men, mingled in many public transactions; and the result of my observation is not what you suppose. Men in general are neither very good nor very bad; they are simply *mediocre*. I have never closely examined even the best without discovering faults and frailties invisible at first. I have always in the end found among the worst certain elements and *holding-points* of honesty. There are two men in every man: it is childish to see only one; it is sad and unjust to look only at the other.

. . . . Man, with all his vices, his weaknesses, and his virtues, this strange mixture of good and bad, of low and lofty, of sincere and depraved, is, after all, the object most deserving of study, interest, pity, affection, and admiration to be found upon this earth ; and since we have no angels, we cannot attach ourselves to anything greater or worthier than our fellow-creatures."

Our space is limited, and, as we have been chiefly anxious to display the character and inner nature of Alexis de Tocqueville, as revealed in these volumes, we have been obliged to pass over nearly all his judgments and reflections on the events of his day both at home and abroad, though these are everywhere replete with interest and instruction. If we had been able, we should have wished to cite his views as to the change in the literary temper of his country ; as to the moral retrogression since the epoch of 1789 ; his vivid picture, in a letter to Madame Swetchine, of the transformation of the young conscript from the peasant into the soldier, and *vice versâ* ; his profound remarks on the mischief which in France religion has always suffered from the alliance between the Church and the Government ; and his sound and sagacious notions as to the peculiar perils and difficulties of our Indian Empire. But for all these we must refer our readers to the volumes themselves, of which an English translation by a most competent hand is about to appear. We must, however, be allowed to extract his remarks as to the "political selfishness of England," and the singular impressions on this head which prevail in every part of the world, and which so friendly and acute an observer as Tocqueville could not help avow-

ing that he shared. He had noticed what few others on the Continent seem yet to have perceived :

“The gradual change which has come over the English temperament, which is daily becoming more pacific, less irritable, and less proud, than at any previous period of modern history. This I believe to be only the result of the grand revolution which has been at work there, slowly indeed, but as irresistibly as everywhere else,—the predominance of the middle classes over the aristocracy, and of the industrial element over the agricultural and real-property one. Will this be a good, or an evil? Your grandchildren will discuss this question. A society calmer and duller, more tranquil and less heroic,—such no doubt will be the spectacle for our successors.”

But in 1856 he writes to M. de Beaumont :

“Mme Grote nous envoie quelquefois des journaux anglais qui font ma joie. Ils ont une espèce de naïveté ravissante dans leur passion nationale. A leurs yeux, les ennemis de l'Angleterre sont tout naturellement des coquins, et ses amis de grands hommes. La seule échelle de la moralité humaine qu'ils connaissent est là.”

And to Mrs Grote herself he says :

“Aux yeux des Anglais, la cause dont le succès est utile à l'Angleterre est toujours la cause de la justice. L'homme ou le gouvernement qui sert les intérêts de l'Angleterre a toutes sortes de qualités, et celui qui la nuit, toutes sortes de défauts; de sorte qu'il semblerait que le *criterium* de l'honnête, du beau, et du juste doit être cherché dans ce qui favorise ou ce qui blesse l'intérêt anglais. . . . En France, on a fait souvent en politique des choses utiles et injustes, mais sans que l'utilité cachât au public l'injustice. Nous avons même quelquefois employé de grands coquins, mais sans leur attribuer la moindre vertu. Je ne suis pas bien sûr qu'au point de vue moral cela vaut mieux, mais elle montre du moins une faculté plus grande de l'esprit.”

Finally he calls the attention of Mr Senior to the painful fact that the Indian crisis, even more than our sufferings in the Crimean war, showed how little

sympathy and liking for England can be found among foreign nations. Our discomfiture in that fearful conflict, he observes, could have profited no one and no cause but that of barbarism; yet it was generally wished for. No doubt, he says, this universal sentiment was partly attributable to malice and envy, but also in part to a less discreditable reason,—“to a conviction felt by all people in the world that England never considers others except from the selfish point of view of her own grandeur; that all sympathetic sentiment for *what is not herself* is more absent in her than in any nation of modern times; that she never notices what passes among foreigners, what they think, feel, suffer, or do, except in reference to the advantage that England may draw therefrom,—occupied in reality only with herself, even when she seems most occupied with them. There is certainly some exaggeration in this notion, but I cannot say there is not much truth in it.”

It is well, no doubt, that we should be aware what harsh things are thought of us, and especially that we should hear them from a man so candid and so fair, and usually so well inclined to admire and love England, as Tocqueville assuredly was;* for it is a proof that, however unjust the accusation, we must

* His admiration of our country was earnest and sincere. On his return from England in 1857, he wrote to M. de Corcelle: “C’est le plus grand spectacle qu’il y ait dans le monde, quoique tout n’y soit pas grand. Il s’y rencontre surtout des choses entièrement inconnues dans le reste de l’Europe et dont la vue m’a soulagé.”

have given some grounds for it by our language and our manners, if not by our actions. But as to the charge itself, we must avow our conscientious conviction that it is monstrously overdrawn, if not utterly unfounded, and as coming from a Frenchman absolutely astounding. We may readily admit that England has often done unjust actions, and has shown curious ingenuity in blinding herself to their injustice; we may even allow that, like other nations, she is disposed to judge her friends and servants more leniently than her foes,—to

“ Be to their faults a little blind,
Be to their virtues very kind ;”—

we may confess, with shame, that the language of our statesmen, especially of late, when they have had occasion to explain or justify the measures of their foreign policy, has often been calculated to give an air of truth to this accusation of unsocial selfishness; and that, if we could consent to be judged by the coarse and ferocious manifestoes of Mr Bright, we should not have a word to urge in our defence. But that England in these respects has been worse than other nations, that she has not, more particularly during the last half-century, been much better than other nations, that she has not of late years been the one Power which has habitually proclaimed the principles and held the language of generous sympathy and unselfish public morality,—we must emphatically and deliberately deny. She has hailed the progress of civilization and prosperity everywhere; she has expressed the

warmest appreciation of the efforts and aspirations of liberty wherever they have broken forth ; she has been the first to denounce the acts of injustice and oppression occasionally exercised by her own agents and proconsuls ; and she has steadily opposed and protested against the grasping and intriguing iniquities of France, the cynical immorality and selfishness of whose public conduct, has been written in sunbeams on every page of recent history. We need look no further than Italy to be able to form a comparative judgment of the relative capacity for disinterested sympathy displayed by the two nations. Republican France, without the faintest vestige of a just pretext, sent an army to crush the republican liberties of Rome, within eighteen months after she had turbulently seized her own ; she replaced the worst government of Europe on its throne by force, and has acted as its *sbirri* ever since ; she did this simply and avowedly to prevent Austria from gaining additional influence in Italy by forestalling her proceeding ; and, we grieve to write it, she committed this enormous and unblushing crime while Alexis de Tocqueville was Minister for Foreign Affairs. Italy has now recovered her liberties, thanks to *Imperial* rather than *French* assistance ; she has formed a united country under a constitutional monarch ; she bids fair to be in time free, happy, and progressive. What does England say to the prospect ?—she is wild with disinterested enthusiasm and delight. What does France say ? Why, all French publicists or statesmen

with scarcely a single exception besides the Emperor, Liberal, Orleanist, Despotic, Legitimist, Republican, Catholic, Protestant—are grinding their teeth with dishonourable envy and more dishonourable rage. “*It won't suit France,*” is their unanimous and shameful cry, “to have a great and independent Italy beside her; she may become our rival; and what title has Italy to be free while we are whining or fawning under despotism?”

We must draw to a close. The great charm of these volumes, as we have already said, lies in the complete and distinct picture they present of the real nature and being of the man, without drapery and without disguise. No man was ever more worth seeing in this unreserved disclosure than Tocqueville, and few men's characters could bear it so well. Every fresh revelation of his most intimate sentiments and thoughts, only serves to make us love him better and admire him more. He was not exactly a perfect character, and yet it was impossible to wish anything changed or anything away. You might imagine something more absolutely faultless, but you could not imagine anything more attractive or more noble. Perhaps his most unique and characteristic distinction was that, while perfectly simple, he was at the same time unfailingly high-minded. You felt at once that no sentiment, mean, ungenerous, prejudiced, or shallow, *could* gain entrance into his mind or find utterance through his lips. A profound moral earnestness pervaded everything he did, or thought, or wrote. He

could not separate either public from private morality, or patriotic from personal affection. With all that delicate chivalry of honour which belonged to the purest of the old *noblesse*, he blended a far loftier code and a far sounder judgment as to the truly right and good than the old *noblesse* ever dreamed of. He threw his soul into both his philosophic investigations and his political career. He loved his country as he loved his friends: its misfortunes grieved him like a domestic calamity; its crimes and follies weighed down his spirits like the sin and dishonour of a brother or a son; the clouds and dangers that hung over its future haunted him like a nightmare. Partly from this cause, and partly from a delicate organization and frequent suffering, he was often sad, and at times melancholy almost to despair. His intellect was sensitive and restless in a remarkable degree for one so sober and moderate in all his views; work, actual labour for some great aim, was absolutely necessary to his comfort and tranquillity, while, alas, it was often too much for his strength. To him everything in life was serious; he felt too keenly and he thought too deeply not to be habitually grave, though his elegant taste, cultivated intelligence, and natural sense of humour prevented this gravity from ever becoming oppressive, except to the most frivolous and shallow minds. The grace of his manner and the charm of his conversation were, by universal admission, unrivalled in this day; while to the intercourse of daily life the exquisite polish of his spirit, mingled

with a most affectionate and caressing disposition, lent a fascination that was strangely irresistible. In the midst, too, of all his rare refinement and maturity of wisdom there was a fund of enthusiasm which gave relief and animation to the whole ; and there were few changes in France which he deplored more than the cold and passionless materialism which seemed to have absorbed all classes and all ages. In 1858, he describes a visit which he paid to an enthusiastic old Benedictine of ninety-six, who had shared in all the hopes and efforts of 1789 ; and then goes on to say to M. Freslon, his correspondent :

“J’ai déjà remarqué qu’en France la quantité de calorique intellectuel et moral était en raison inverse du nombre des années. On est plus froid à mesure qu’on est plus jeune ; et la température semble s’élever avec l’âge. Des hommes comme vous et moi paraissent déjà des enthousiastes bien ridicules aux sages de dix-huit ans. Suivant cette loi nouvelle, mon centenaire devait être tout feu. Et il l’était en effet quand il parlait des espérances de 89 et de la grande cause de la liberté. Je lui ai demandé s’il trouvait la France bien changée sous le rapport moral. “Ah ! monsieur,” m’a-t-il répondu, “je crois rêver quand je me rapelle l’état des esprits dans ma jeunesse, la vivacité, la sincérité des opinions, le respect de soi-même et de l’opinion publique, le désintéressement dans la passion publique. Ah ! monsieur (ajoutait-il en me serrant les mains avec l’effusion et l’emphase du xviii^{me} siècle), *on avait alors une cause : on n’a plus que des intérêts.* Il y avait des liens entre les hommes : il n’y en a plus. Il est bien triste, monsieur, de survivre à son pays.”

We are naturally desirous to know the sentiments of a man at once so good, so wise, and so free, on religion—that great matter on which wise and free and good men differ so marvellously, if not so hopelessly. Neither the memoir nor the correspondence

is very specific on this head. This much, however, appears clearly, that the subject was one that occupied his intensest thought, and that he held faith to be a possession of first necessity to individuals as to States. He often laments the indifference and infidelity of his countrymen, and their apparent inability to do as England had succeeded in doing,—to unite belief and liberty. Among memoranda and reflections written early in life, and found among his papers, is the following:—“ Il n’y a pas de vérité absolue,” and a little further on, “ Si j’étais chargé de classer les misères humaines, je le ferais dans cette ordre : 1°. Les maladies ; 2°. La mort ; 3°. Le doute.” Many years afterwards, when he was about forty-five years old, he writes to M. de Corcelle : “ Je ne sais d’ailleurs si les dernières circonstances dans laquelle je me suis trouvé, la gravité plus grande que l’âge donne à la pensée, la solitude dans laquelle je vis, ou toute autre cause que je ne sais pas, agissent sur mon âme et y produisent un travail intérieur ; la vérité est que je n’ai jamais plus senti le besoin de la base éternelle, du terrain solide sur lequel la vie doit être bâtie. Le doute m’a toujours paru le plus insupportable des maux de ce monde, et je l’ai constamment jugé pire que le mort.’

From this doubt, however, which he so deprecated, it was impossible for a spirit at once so searching and so honest as his ever quite to free itself ; but it remained speculative merely, and though it might disturb his religious creed, it never for one moment

weakened his religious sentiment:—in all that is essential, eternal, and indisputable, no sincerer Christian ever lived and died. In this, as in other matters, Tocqueville grew more tranquil with years, if not more happy. Serenity, indeed, could never be the portion upon earth of a temperament so tremblingly sensitive as his; and his later letters are filled with the most touching expressions of the growing sadness which gathered over him as he found himself becoming more and more isolated in feeling and opinion, in aspirations, and in aims, from most of those around him. What his contemporaries worshipped and followed had no dignity or charms for him; he despised what they desired; he cherished what they had neglected and forsaken; they seemed hurrying down a steep [incline of which he saw the inevitable abyss, but could not induce them to listen to his warnings. The past, containing so much that was beautiful and noble, was daily becoming more dead, more remote, and more forgotten; and in the immediate future, so far as human eye could penetrate, no dawn of hope was to be discerned. Much as we mourn for his untimely loss, deeply as we grieve over his empty place and his unfinished work, we can well believe that he would himself have discovered some consolation for all that he was leaving in the thought that he was “taken away from the evil to come.” He died peaceably at Cannes, on the 16th of April 1859: the purest, noblest, truest gentleman it was ever our privilege to know. Over no death-bed might the lofty language

of Tacitus be more fitly spoken: "Si quis piorum manibus locus; si, ut sapientibus placet, non cum corpore extinguuntur magnæ animæ, placidè quiescas:— nosque, domum tuam, ab infirmo desiderio et muliebribus lamentis, ad contemplationem virtutum tuarum voces, quas neque lugeri neque plangi fas est; admiratione te potius et, si natura suppeditet, emulatione decoremus."

WHY ARE WOMEN REDUNDANT ?

A STATE of society so mature, so elaborate, so highly organized as ours cannot fail to abound in painful and complicated problems. One after another these excite attention. The philosopher seeks to solve them ; the philanthropist endeavours to relieve the suffering, and the moralist to cure the evil, they involve or imply. There is enough, alas, in the various forms of wrong, of error, and of wretchedness which multiply around us, not only to make our hearts bleed, but to bewilder our understanding, to disturb our conscience, to shame our indolence and ignorance, and almost to stagger and to strain our faith ; and enough also to afford ample occupation to that vast amount of restless, prying, energetic, impatient benevolence, which is perhaps the most remarkable, as it is certainly the most hopeful, feature of this age. It would seem as if, in this respect, "our strength was equal to our day," and our resources to the work which lies before us : all that appears necessary is, that the diagnosis should be complete before the medicine is administered, and that the physician should be sure of his prescription before the surgeon begins to operate. For ourselves, we can say that we never "despaired of the Republic;" we

have never done the Creator the wrong of doubting (to use an expression we once heard from Dr Chalmers) "that the world is so constituted that if we were morally right, we should be socially and physically happy;" we are profoundly convinced that, of all the evils which oppress civilization and all the dangers which menace it, none lie beyond the reach of human sagacity to analyze, or of human resolve and compassion to avert and cure. If we thought otherwise, there would be little joy in living, and little comfort in looking forth on life. The sensualist might revel in the pleasures which wealth or toil placed within his reach, till repetition brought early satiety and disgust; the lover might bask in his brief spring and sunshine of fruition; the human mill-horse might tread his weary rounds in the dull grey apathy of selfishness; the ambitious man might stun his nobler thoughts in the fierce struggle for power that could then be wielded for no hallowing end;—but the statesman worthy of his grand vocation, and the thinker capable of rising to the height of the great argument before him, would find both their occupation and their inspiration gone.

The British world—philanthropic as well as poetical—takes up only one thing at a time; or rather, and usually, only a fragment of a thing. It discovers an island, and proceeds to reason on it and deal with it as such; and it is long before it learns that the supposed island is only the promontory of a vast continent. WOMAN is the subject which for some time

back our benevolence has been disposed to take in hand, fitfully and piecemeal. We have been grieved, startled, shocked, perplexed, baffled; still, with our usual activity, we have been long at work; beating about the bush; flying at this symptom; attacking that fragment; relieving this distress; denouncing that abomination. First it was the factory girls; then the distressed needlewomen; then aged and decayed governesses; latterly Magdalenes, *in esse* or *in futurum*. The cry of "Woman's Rights" reached us chiefly from America, and created only a faint echo here. We have occupied ourselves more with "Woman's Mission," and "Woman's Employment;" and, as usual, have been both more practical and more superficial than our neighbours across the Channel and across the Atlantic: but the "condition of women," in one form or another—their wants, their woes, their difficulties—have taken possession of our thoughts, and seem likely to occupy us busily and painfully enough for some time to come. And well they may; for not only do the mischiefs, anomalies, and falsities in that condition unveil themselves more and more as we study the subject, but they are, we believe, every day actually on the increase.

The problem, which is so generally though so dimly perceived, and which so many are spasmodically and ambitiously bent on solving, when looked at with a certain degree of completeness,—with an endeavour, that is, to bring together all the scattered phenomena which are usually only seen separately and in detail,

—appears to resolve itself into this : that there is an enormous and increasing number of single women in the nation, a number quite disproportionate and quite abnormal ; a number which, positively and relatively, is indicative of an unwholesome social state, and is both productive and prognostic of much wretchedness and wrong. There are hundreds of thousands of women—not to speak more largely still—scattered through all ranks, but proportionally most numerous in the middle and upper classes,—who have to earn their own living, instead of spending and husbanding the earnings of men ; who, not having the natural duties and labours of wives and mothers, have to carve out artificial and painfully-sought occupations for themselves ; who, in place of completing, sweetening, and embellishing the existence of others, are compelled to lead an independent and incomplete existence of their own. In the manufacturing districts thousands of girls are working in mills and earning ample wages, instead of performing, or preparing and learning to perform, the functions and labours of domestic life. In great cities, thousands, again, are toiling in the ill-paid *métier* of sempstresses and needlewomen, wasting life and soul, gathering the scantiest subsistence, and surrounded by the most overpowering and insidious temptations. As we go a few steps higher in the social scale, we find two classes of similar abnormal existences ; women, more or less well educated, spending youth and middle life as governesses, living laboriously, yet perhaps not uncomfortably, but laying by nothing,

and retiring to a lonely and destitute old age : and old maids, with just enough income to live upon, but wretched and deteriorating, their minds narrowing, and their hearts withering, because they have nothing to do, and none to love, cherish, and obey. A little further upwards, how many do we daily see, how many have we all known, who are raised by fortune above the necessity of caring for their own subsistence, but to whom employment is a necessity as imperious as to the milliner or the husbandman, because only employment can fill the dreary void of an unshared existence ;—beautiful lay nuns, involuntary takers of the veil, —who pine for work, who beg for occupation, who pant for interest in life, as the hart panteth after the water-brooks, and dig for it more earnestly than for hid treasures. With most women, probably, this phase comes at some epoch in their course ; with numbers, alas, it never passes into any other. Some rush to charity, and do partial good or much mischief ; some find solace in literary interests and work, and these, though the fewest, are perhaps the most fortunate of all ; some seek in the excessive development of the religious affections a pale ideal substitute for the denied human ones,—a substitute of which God forbid that we should speak slightingly, but which is seldom wholly satisfactory or wholly safe. Lastly, as we ascend into the highest ranks of all, we come upon crowds of the same unfulfilled destinies—the same *existences manquées*,—women who have gay society, but no sacred or sufficing home, whose dreary

round of pleasure is yet sadder, less remunerative, and less satisfying, than the dreary round of toil trodden by their humble sisters. The very being of all these various classes is a standing proof of, and protest against, that "something wrong," on which we have a few words to say,—that besetting problem which, like the sphinx's, society must solve or die.

It is because we think there is a tendency in the public mind at this conjuncture to solve it in the wrong way, to call the malady by a wrong name, and to seek in a wrong direction for the cure, that we take up our pen. In all our perplexities and disorders—in social perplexities and disorders more perhaps than in any others,—there is one golden rule, if we will but apply it, which will suit great things as well as small, which is equally sound for all ages and all climes :—*Consult Nature* ; question her honestly and boldly, with no foregone determination as to what answer she shall give, with no sneaking intention to listen only to a fragment of her oracle, or to put a forced construction on her words. Thus interrogated, be confident that she will give forth no mistaken or ambiguous reply. Nature, as soon as we have learned to love her and to trust her, and to understand her language, is always right, and most commonly speaks intelligibly enough. In our difficulties, then, let us consult her ; in the remedies we apply let us study her, assist her operations, return to her paths. Let us search out the original causes of social evils and errors, so that we may not *counteract* them, but *undo*

them and *retrace* them. The mischiefs wrought by one departure from the dictates and the laws of nature do not endeavour to cure or compensate by another. Shun, as the most fatal of blunders, the notion that the first *égarement* can be rectified by a second. Above all, be very slow to accept any anomalies or sufferings as necessary or irremediable, and to treat them with the anodynes prescribed by hopelessness or incapacity. Palliatives and narcotics are for ineradicable and inevitable maladies: Nature knows few such in the physical, fewer still in the political or social world. When we have discovered wherein we have erred and why we are diseased, and have stepped back into the honest and the healthy way, and cut off the source of the disorder,—when the *fons et origo mali* has been thus dried up,—then, and not till then, may we proceed to relieve the symptoms, and mitigate the pain, and countervail the mischiefs produced by the wide-spread and long-fostered disease, with a hearty and enlightened zeal,—provided only we are sedulously watchful that the lenitives we administer shall not be of a character to interfere with the remedy we have discovered and prescribed.

Now, what does Nature say in reference to the case before us? By dividing and proportioning the sexes, by the instincts which lie deepest, strongest, and most unanimously in the heart of humanity at large in all times and amid all people, by the sentiments which belong to all healthy and unsophisticated organisations, even in our own complicated civilization, marriage, the union of one man with one woman, is unmis-

takably indicated as the despotic law of life. This is *the* rule. We need not waste words in justifying the assumption. As the French proverb says, "On ne cherche pas à prouver la lumière." But Nature does more than this: she not only proclaims the *rule*; she distinctly lays down the precise amount and limits of the *exception*. In all countries of which we have any accurate statistics, there are nominally more women than men; the excess varying from two to five per cent. Wherever, from accidental or artificial causes, this proportion is much disturbed, the saddest results ensue. Whether this very moderate excess points towards polygamy or celibacy is a question which on these bare facts alone might be open to controversy. In either case, the *limit* of the divergence permissible from the general law is definitely fixed. In arguing before an English audience we need not discuss the former supposition; here, at least, we shall not be accused of going one step beyond the boundaries of safe and modest inference, when we assume that the numerical fact we have mentioned points out the precise percentage of women whom Nature designed for single life, and that wherever this percentage is materially exceeded, the dictates of Nature have been neglected, silenced, or set at naught.

No doubt there are exceptional organisations in both sexes; and these exceptions are likely to become more numerous in proportion as civilisation grows more complex and artificial. There are men who, from defective instincts, or from abnormal cerebral

development, or from engrossing devotion to some jealous and exclusive pursuit, pass through life alike undisturbed by the passion and unsoftened by the sentiment of love. To a few, celibacy is a necessity; to a few, probably, a natural and easy state; to yet fewer, a high vocation. There are women, though we believe they are more rare than any other natural anomalies, who seem utterly devoid of the *fibre féminine*, to whom nature never speaks at all, or at least speaks not in her tenderest tones. There are others too passionately fond of a wild independence to be passionately fond of any mate; and to such single life may spare the endurance and the infliction of much misery. There are some who seem made for charitable uses; whose heart overflows with all benevolent emotions, but the character of whose affection is rather diffusive than concentrated—ideal old maids—old maids *ab ovo*. There are women again—and these are sometimes, though but seldom, of a very high order—in whom the spiritual so predominates over the other elements of their being, that human ties and feelings seem pale and poor by the side of the divine; and to such marriage would appear a profanation, and would assuredly be a mistake. But of those who fancy that this is their vocation, the vast majority commit a fearful and a fatal error, and awake at last to find it so; and to those who are really thus called, the voice, we suspect, comes oftener from a narrow intelligence or a defective organisation than from the loftier aspirings of the soul. Lastly,

there are women who are really almost epicene ; whose brains are so analogous to those of men that they run nearly in the same channels, are capable nearly of the same toil, and reach nearly to the same heights ; women not merely of genius (for genius is often purely and intensely feminine), but of hard, sustained, effective *power* ; women who live in and by their intelligence alone, and who are objects of admiration, but seldom of tenderness, to the other sex. Such are rightly and naturally single ; but they are abnormal and not perfect natures.

The above classes—and it is impossible to say how few individuals they honestly comprise when all are added together—constitute the *natural celibates* among the female sex ; to all others who go through life celibacy is unnatural, even though it may in one sense be voluntary. Hundreds of women remain single in our distorted civilisation because they have never been asked at all. Thousands remain single because the offers they have received threatened to expose them to privations and sacrifices which they shrank from even more than from celibacy. Thousands more, because one abortive love in the past has closed their hearts to every other sentiment ; or because they have waited long years in persistent faith and silent hope for that one special love which never came ; or because ambition deluded them into setting their claims higher than fate or fortune was prepared to realise. But we are satisfied that no one whose experience of life has been large, whose insight

into life has been deep, and whose questionings of life have been honest, will demur to our assertion that the women who adopt a single life from positive (not *relative*) choice,—we do not say from preference, but from love,—who deliberately resolve upon celibacy as that which they like for itself, and not as a mere escape from the *lottery* of marriage,—will not in their combined numbers exceed, if they even reach, that three or four per cent., for whom, as statistics show us, Nature has provided no exclusive partners. The residue, the large excess over this proportion—who remain unmarried, *constitute the problem to be solved, the evil and anomaly to be cured.*

Without affecting an accuracy of detail which, where figures are concerned, is always ostentatious and usually perplexing, the law which determines the proportional numbers of the sexes may be thus succinctly stated: There are usually about 104 or 105 males born to every 100 females; but as mortality among males at most ages exceeds that of females, the number of the latter *actually living* is always greater than the number of the former. In countries where the natural proportion has not been materially disturbed by emigration, immigration, desolating or prolonged wars, or other artificial causes, the excess of females would appear to be about two per cent.*

In Great Britain, to which we shall in future confine our attention, the actual excess is above *three* per

* The following table is given in the Supplement to the Report of the Statistical Congress which met at Paris, and may be re-

cent., there being 103·3 females actually living for every 100 males, a proportion, however, which has unquestionably been enhanced by emigration. But as in the earlier years of life the proportion is in the other direction, the excess of *grown* women over *grown* men is much more than three per cent. Between the ages of twenty and sixty years it is about five and a half per cent., and after that still larger ; so that after twenty years of age we may state broadly that about 106 women are to be found for every 100 men. Now, if we are correct in assuming (as we believe we are) that in a thoroughly natural, sound, and satisfactory state of society all women, as a rule, above twenty years of age—*except the redundant six per cent., for whom equivalent men do not exist here*—would be married,* then the number (over six per cent.) who are single may be taken as the measure of our departure from that healthy and prosperous con-

garded as approximately correct for the five out of the seven cases.

England (1851)	.	.	.	103·29	females to 100 males.
France	„	.	.	101·08	„ „
Turkey (1844)	.	.	.	101·62	„ „
Austria (1840)	.	.	.	102·99	„ „
Prussia (1849)	.	.	.	100·07	„ „
Russia (1855)	.	.	.	101·60	„ „
United States (1850)	.	.	.	95·02	„ „

* This is apparently a perfectly legitimate assumption ; since the number of women who will marry before their twentieth year may be set off against those who voluntarily defer their marriage altogether. Even in England, the country *par excellence* of late marriages, two and a half per cent. of the females between fifteen and twenty years of age are married.

dition. The proportion of women above twenty years of age, then, who *must and ought* to be single, being *six per cent.*, the actual proportion who *are* single is *thirty per cent.* According to the Registrar-General, "Out of every 100 females of twenty years of age and upwards, fifty-seven are wives, thirteen are widows, and thirty are spinsters.*

To reduce *proportions* to actual numbers, and thus bring the facts more clearly before our readers' minds, we will quote another statement of the Registrar-General. There were in *England and Wales*, in 1851, 1,248,000 women in the prime of life, *i.e.* between the ages of twenty and forty years, who were unmarried, out of a total number of rather less than 3,000,000. According to our assumption there ought only to have been 150,000 (or five per cent.) in that condition, which would leave 1,100,000 women in the best and most attractive period of life, who must be classed as unnaturally, if not all unintentionally, single. There is no need, however, to place either figures or inferences in too strong a light; and as unquestionably many women do marry between the ages of twenty and thirty years, we may perhaps reduce the number of those who are spinsters, in consequence of social disorders or anomalies of some sort, and not from choice, to about 750,000 or three-quarter of a million—a figure large enough in all conscience.

We have now to consider to what causes this start-

* Population Return, 1851, vol. ii., p. 165.

ling anomaly is to be traced, and by what means it may be cured ; for as we premised at the outset, we must search for remedies before we can safely begin to think of applying anodynes. The chief causes we shall find to be three in number : the first we shall notice is EMIGRATION.

I. In the last forty-five years, upwards of 5,000,000 persons have definitively left our shores to find new homes either in our various colonies, or in the United States. Of this number we know that the vast majority were men, though the proportions of the sexes has, we believe, been nowhere published. A considerable amount of that excess of women, which we have recorded as prevailing in the mother country, is thus at once accounted for, and is shown to be artificial and not natural, apparent rather than real. Nature makes no mistakes ; Nature has no redundancies ; and, as we shall presently see, the excess here is counterbalanced by a corresponding deficiency elsewhere.

In the North-American colonies, the proportion is as follows :

	Males.	Females.	Total.	Excess of Males.
Canada (Census of 1851)	949,034	893,231	1,842,265	55,803
Newfoundland (census of 1857)	64,268	58,370	122,638	5,898
New Brunswick (Census of 1851)	99,526	94,274	193,800	5,252
Nova Scotia (Census of 1861)	165,584	165,273	300,857	311
Prince Edward Island (Census of 1861)	40,880	39,977	80,857	903
	1,319,292	1,251,125	2,570,417	68,167

In the Australian colonies, the following is the proportion :

POPULATION OF AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND.

Year.	Colony.	Males.	Females.	Total.	Excess of Males.
1860	New South Wales, .	213,021	147,406	360,427	65,615
1861	Victoria,	328,651	211,671	540,322	116,980
1860	South Australia, .	59,678	58,289	117,967	1,389
1861	Western Australia, .	9,843	5,750	15,593	4,093
1860	Queensland, . . .	16,817	11,239	28,056	5,578
1860	Tasmania,	48,602	39,173	87,775	9,429
1860	New Zealand, . . .	45,341	34,284	79,625	11,057
	Total	721,953	507,812	1,229,765	214,141

In 1840 (we still depend on the Registrar-General) the *total* excess of males over females in the United States was 309,000 ; the excess, after the age of twenty, was 198,000. This disproportion has assuredly been largely aggravated since, and we shall be within the mark if we assume that at least 250,000 adult women are needed in America to redress the balance among the free white population of that country. The deficiency of female life there is, as nearly as possible, the same as the redundancy in England, *viz.*, *five per cent.*

It will be observed that all we are able to give in these latter cases is the entire aggregate excess of males ; but since nearly the same proportion between the total figures and the figures above twenty years of age may be assumed to prevail there as elsewhere, we shall be quite safe in the following table :—

Deficiency of women over 20 years—United States .	250,000
” ” ” Canadian Colonies	45,000
” ” ” Australian Colonies	145,000
	440,000

Now the *excess* of women over twenty years of age in Great Britain in 1851, was 405,000. It appears, therefore, on the aggregate, that more women are wanted in those new countries which took their rise hence, than the mother country could supply them with. If the redundant numbers *here* were transported thither, they would scarcely be filled, and we should be denuded. Further, such an exodus, such a natural rectification of disproportions, would reduce the unmarried adult women in England and Wales from 1,100,000 to 660,000, from more than a million to little over half a million. Nay, more, it would do this *at once and directly*, it would do much more secondarily and indirectly;—such a vast reduction in the redundant numbers could not fail to augment the value of, and the demand for, the remainder.

These figures, then, clearly indicate, and even loudly proclaim, the first remedy to be applied. We must redress the balance. We must restore by an emigration of women that natural proportion between the sexes in the old country and in the new ones, which was disturbed by an emigration of men, and the disturbance of which has wrought so much mischief in both lands. There are, however, two serious difficulties in the way; but difficulties are only obstacles to be overcome;—as soon as we see with sufficient clearness, and feel with sufficient conviction, the course that *ought to be* pursued, we cannot doubt that some practicable mode will be devised in which it *can* be pursued.

The first difficulty is chiefly mechanical. It is not easy to convey a multitude of women across the Atlantic, or to the antipodes, by any ordinary means of transit. To transport the half million from where they are redundant to where they are wanted, at an average rate of fifty passengers in each ship, would require 10,000 vessels, or at least 10,000 voyages. Still, as 350,000 emigrants *have* left our shores in a single year before now, and as we do not need and do not wish to expatriate the whole number at once, or with any great rapidity, the undertaking, though difficult, would seem to be quite possible. But far the greater portion of the 350,000 emigrants were bound for the shorter voyage to America, and of the 440,000 women who should emigrate, the larger number are wanted for the longer voyage to Australia. Still it would be feasible enough to find passenger ships to take out 10,000, 20,000 or 40,000 every year, if they were men. But to contrive some plan of taking out such a number of women, especially on a three months' voyage, in comfort, in safety, and in honour, is a problem yet to be solved. We all may remember that the attempt was made by a Female Emigration Society, set on foot many years ago by the late excellent and benevolent Lord Herbert ; but the results were such as effectually prevented a repetition of the experiment,—at least in the same manner and on the same scale. To send only a few women in each ship, and with adequate protectors, in no degree met the requirements of the case ; and to

send large numbers, over whom no such guardianship could be exercised, and among whom were certain to be found some who would set the example and smooth the way to evil, led to such deplorable disorders as discredited the whole scheme, and caused its prompt abandonment. One admirable and sagacious lady, however, was not to be thus discouraged. Discerning clearly what was wanted, and devoting her energies and personal superintendence to the task, Mrs Caroline Chisholm established herself in Sydney, made arrangements for receiving young female emigrants as they landed into a comfortable and well-ordered home, and forwarded them into the interior under the charge of respectable families, from whose roof they were married as fast as they chose. Occasionally she took them up the country herself, under proper escort, and in considerable numbers, and located them wherever she found that their services were required, and their position would be safe. Including families and single women, she is said to have comfortably settled eleven thousand souls. She afterwards came to England and organized "The Family Colonization Society," the object of which was to send out young women of good character and suitable capacities and health, under the charge of married couples, or in extemporised "family groups,"—thus affording them the protection and control often so sorely needed, both on the voyage, and on their arrival in the land of their adoption. The scheme was admirable, and its success has been

very great ;* the only drawback is, that the scale of the proceedings has been necessarily so limited that it is scarcely more than taking a drop out of an overflowing cistern to pour it on a thirsty desert. We want fifty Mrs Chisholms, with Government aid, and Government protection, to whatever extent and in whatever form might be required, and this part of the problem would be solved. We are by no means blind to the practical impediments which must meet any *extensive* scheme of female emigration ;—all we wish to point out is, that if the mind of Australia and the mind of England were both adequately impressed with the necessity of solving the problem in the natural way,—if the 250,000 unmatched men in the colonies were determined to have wives, and a proportionate number of unprotected women in the mother country were determined to have husbands,—means could and would be found of bringing the supply and the demand together. The subject has again been brought before the public by two ladies who are pursuing a most useful career of judicious benevolence, for the service and to the credit of their sex—Miss Emily Faithful and Miss Maria Rye. They find plenty of women of all ranks willing and anxious to go out ; but as yet the funds are wanting and the organization is in its infancy.

The second difficulty is of a different character.

* Story of the Life of Mrs Caroline Chisholm ; with the Rules of the Family Colonization Society. *Trelawney Saunders, Charing Cross, London.*

There can be no doubt that three or four hundred thousand women who are condemned to celibacy, struggle, and privation here, might, if transferred to the colonies or the United States, find in exchange a life, not indeed of ease, but of usefulness, happiness, domestic affection, reasonable comfort, and ultimate prosperity. But the *class* of women who are redundant here is not exactly the class wanted in the colonies, or specially adapted for colonial life. The women most largely wanted there would be found among the working classes, and in the lower ranks of the middle classes:—the women who are mostly redundant, the “involuntary celibates” in England, are chiefly to be found in the upper and educated sections of society. Among the agricultural and manufacturing population, who earn their daily bread by daily labour, comparatively few women remain long or permanently single. It is those immediately and those far above them—who have a position to maintain and appearances to keep up, who are too proud to sink, too sensitive to contrive, too refined or too delicate to toil, or too spoiled to purchase love at the expense of luxury—that chiefly recruit the ranks of the old maids. The redundancy, in a word, is not in the emigrating class. This is true, no doubt; but we have two remarks to make in reference thereto. The first is, that a removal of superfluous numbers, in whatever rank, cannot fail gradually and indirectly to afford relief to the whole body corporate,—just as bleeding in the foot will relieve the head or the heart from distressing and

perilous congestion. The second is, that we can see no reason, pride apart, why female emigration should not be proportionate from all ranks. Many gentlemen have gone to New Zealand and Australia, and many more to Canada, preferring a life of honourable industry and eventual abundance in a new country to hollow and pretentious penury at home :—why should not a relative number of ladies display similar good sense and sound appreciation of the *realities* of earthly felicity? The class of women, again, who perhaps are more extensively redundant in England than any other, are those *immediately* above the labouring poor, those who swell the ranks of “distressed needlewomen,” those who as milliners’ apprentices so frequently fall victims to temptation or to toil, the daughters of unfortunate tradesmen, of poor clerks, or poorer curates. Now these, though neither as hardy nor as well trained for the severe labours of a colonial life as dairymaids, have all been disciplined in the appropriate school of poverty and exertion, and if their superior instruction and refinement added to their difficulties in one way, it would certainly smooth them in another ; for of all qualities which education surely and universally confers, that of *adaptability* is the most remarkable.

II. In female emigration, then, must be sought the rectification of that disturbance in the normal proportions between men and women which the excess of male emigration has created. But when this remedy has been applied as extensively as shall be found

feasible, there will still remain a large "residual phenomenon" to be dealt with. We have seen that the extensive annual exodus from Great Britain, which has now grown almost into a national habit, has only raised the excess of adult women to about *six* per cent., whereas the proportion of adult women who are unmarried is *thirty* per cent. The second cause for this vast amount of super-normal celibacy is undoubtedly to be found in the growing and morbid LUXURY of the age. The number of women who remain unmarried, because marriage—such marriage, that is, as is within their reach, or may be offered them—would entail a sacrifice of that "position," which they value more than the attractions of domestic life, is considerable in the middle ranks, and is enormous in the higher ranks. This word "position" we use as one which includes all the various forms and disguises which the motive in question puts on. Sometimes it is luxury proper which is thus inordinately valued,—dainty living, splendid dressing, large houses, carriages *ad libitum*, gay society, and exoneration from all useful exertion. Sometimes it is the more shadowy sentiment which values these things, not for themselves,—for to many they are wearisome even to nausea,—but for their appearance. Hundreds of women would be really *happier* in a simpler and less lazy life, and know it well; but to accept that life would be, or would be deemed to be, a derogation from their social status; a virtual ejection, to a greater or less degree, from that society, that mode

of existence, which they do not enjoy, but cannot make up their minds to surrender. Hundreds again—probably thousands—forego the joys of married life, not because they really cling to unrelished luxuries or empty show, but because they shrink from the loss of those actual *comforts* which refined taste or delicate organizations render almost indispensable, and which it is supposed (often most erroneously) that a small income could not sufficiently procure. They would willingly give up carriages, expensive dresses, and laborious pleasure, but they must have tolerably ample and elegantly-furnished rooms, leisure for reading, occasional “outing,” and intercourse with chosen friends. They don’t wish to be idle, but they are not prepared to become drudges—either mere nursemaids or mere housewives. To these must be added, as belonging in justice to the same category, those to whom men, who might otherwise love and choose them, abstain from offering marriage, under the impression that the sentiments we have described are the sentiments they entertain. Very often this impression is wholly erroneous; very often these women would thankfully surrender all those external advantages, to which they are supposed to be so wedded, for the sake of sharing a comparatively humble and unluxurious home with men whom they regard and esteem. But their own language, their own conduct, or the habitual *tone* of the society to which they belong, has warranted and created the impression; and therefore the fault as well as the penalty is theirs.

Quite as many men—probably far more—share these sentiments, form the same estimates, and come to the same conclusions. They are loth to resign the easy independence, exceptional luxuries, the habitual indulgences of a bachelor's career, for the fetters of a wife, the burden and responsibility of children, and the decent monotony of the domestic hearth. They dread family ties more than they yearn for family joys. Possibly they do not care much about a carriage themselves, but they would not like their wife to be without it. They shrink from the additional exertion and the additional self-denial which marriage and its issues would demand; and the visions of delicate children, and a sick or languid mother, to whom they could not give all the comforts and alleviations and advantages they would desire, mingle with the reflection of the club they must cease to frequent, the gay society in which they would no longer be sought, and the social rank which, in fancy at least, they must step out of, to deter them from an irremediable proceeding.

Now, with respect to those women who really and deliberately prefer the unsatisfying pleasures of luxury and splendour to the possible sacrifices of married life, we have no compassion for them, and need not waste much thought in endeavouring to avert the penalty of their unwholesome preference. Their hearts must be unusually cold, and their heads unusually astray. But numbers would make a wiser and a nobler choice, if they listened to the promptings of their better

nature, and if it were not for the double error,—that the luxuries and social occupations and appliances around them really confer much enjoyment, and might not be easily foregone,—and that a very great amount, perhaps all that is really indispensable, of refinement and of comfort cannot be secured with comparatively scanty means. Much nonsense has been written, on both sides, about “love in a cottage,” and “managing on £300 a year,” and “keeping up appearances,” and the grave realities which those “appearances” often imply ;—and we have no intention of broaching any extravagances as to any of these theses. We fully admit that a position which would trample upon real refinement can afford no happiness to those in whose natures refinement is an ingrained element. We are only too well aware that defective health often renders that an absolute necessity to some which to hardier frames is a superfluity easily dispensed with. We quite agree that it is, for most persons, wise before entering on the married state to consider not only its obvious and probable, but many of its merely *possible*, contingencies, and to sit down carefully and count the cost, and their own means, both in purse and in character, of meeting it. We have not a word to say—at least, we are not going to say a word—against that facile, scented, and feather-bed existence which a complicated and elaborate civilisation renders so common and so tempting. Material enjoyment, where it is neither coarse nor vicious, is a very good thing, which no sensible layman will waste breath in denouncing or

depreciating. But what we wish to represent, and what we would entreat our countrymen and countrywomen to consider, is this :—that a very large proportion of those luxuries,—whether the lusts of the flesh or the lusts of the eye, or the hollow gauds of pride,—which so foster the mistake of female celibacy in the educated classes, are neither necessary to the enjoyment of life, nor really contribute to it ; that those who have them are often much less happy than those who have them not ; they are factitious ; they are unremunerative ; and in remaining single in order to retain them, both men and women are sacrificing a reality for that which is, and is constantly felt to be, as very a shadow and simulacrum as ever mocked the desert traveller thirsting for the substantial and refreshing waters of life. Let folks live for pleasure if they will ; let them place their happiness in earthen vessels, and their joy in empty pageants, if so their faulty training or their shallow natures shall delude them : but at least let that, for which they forego what *we* hold to be far better, be something which they really relish and feel to be a treasure, not merely something which they fancy, and which others tell them, they *ought to* value and delight in.

People, moreover, are under a great delusion as to the incompatibility of a moderate income with most of the essential refinements, and even elegances, as well as comforts, of life. There is *some* truth in the idea, but the extent to which they push it is the reverse of true. The reason why substantial elegances and re-

finements are so often forfeited by those who marry upon small means is, that deceptive appearances are *not* surrendered. Many an income is amply sufficient to supply all that simple taste and a keen sense of comfort demand,—books and leisure for reading them, servants enough to spare the mistress of the house from becoming either a drudge, a slattern, or an invalid, and change of air and scene enough for health of mind and body,—which is quite inadequate to afford these things, and *show and style as well*,—a butler or a footman, costly and tedious dinner-parties, much visiting, or excursions in the height of the season to crowded and fashionable watering-places. No one who has seen the better side of French, or Swiss, or Italian family life, or who has been admitted to the intimacy of some of the well-regulated homes which are to be found among the more sensible, independent, and refined of our middle classes, will be at a loss to understand what we mean, or will hesitate to admit its accuracy.* Hundreds of families *do* contrive to combine the highest culture and the most essential

* We have been at some pains (whenever an opportunity has presented itself) to analyse the reasons which make a very moderate income (say £400 or £500 a year) amply sufficient to maintain a *family* in elegance, comfort, and cultivated refinement, in other countries, and wholly inadequate in England;—and when rigidly examined and *pursued home to ultimate facts*, it is astonishing to discover how little is to be attributed to difference of cost in the necessaries of life. The real difference lies, not in comfort, not in luxuries, not in social enjoyments, but in *style of living*, in things which either do not contribute to happiness, or which do so only because others *have* them and therefore we *want* them, or which,

comfort, as well as all the loveliest and happiest affections, with means which, to those who submit to be the tame slaves and the ready echoes of the world's commands, would appear, and would be, scanty even for single life ;—and they effect this by the simple art of grasping at essentials instead of accidents, and substances instead of shows. We have not the faintest hesitation in affirming that one half of those of both sexes who now imagine themselves doomed to celibacy, on pain of squalor or derogation, might marry with perfect safety if only their epicureanism (without being in any degree diminished) were *rationalized* enough to induce them to insist merely upon such appliances as in sober verity constituted or enhanced the felicity and the luxury of existence.*

as far as really enjoyable or needed, *could be had in a far cheaper form*. Some day we hope to be able to go to the bottom of this matter.

* We may here notice, in passing, one not unfrequent cause of female celibacy among the humbler classes, viz. *education*. Many girls in rather humble life are now so well educated, and in the course of that education, and as a consequence of the intercourse it sometimes involves with those above them, acquire so strong a taste for refinement of mind and courtesy of manners, that the comparative roughness and coarseness of the men in their own rank of life, among whom they would naturally look for husbands, becomes repulsive to them; while at the same time their own training and acquirements scarcely qualify them to match on fair terms with those above them. Their position thus becomes an essentially false and perilous one; their very superiority even is more of a danger than a safeguard; they are attractive to, and attracted by, men whose notice is sure to bring them mischief; from among them come many of the most elegant of the *filles entretenues*; and to their accession is in a great degree to be attri-

Connected with this part of the subject we must enumerate one more fruitful source of female celibacy—*domestic service*. The number of women servants in Great Britain, nearly all of whom are necessarily single, is astonishing. In 1851 it reached 905,165, and must now reach at least a million. Of these 905,165, 582,261 were twenty years of age and upwards. This is a social phenomenon in all civilized countries, though probably nowhere on so great a scale as with us; it would appear to be a permanent and a necessary one; and probably in its essence and within due limits is not to be found fault with or deplored. That there are some evils connected with it is indisputable. No doubt many of these girls are exposed to considerable hardships. More probably are exposed to great temptations. Thousands of them live in a degree of comfort, and even luxury, which they would forfeit if they married in their own rank and descended to a cottage or a garret of their own, and the unwillingness to forfeit which makes them cling to single servitude as preferable to conjugal and maternal cares and joys. Thousands of them also acquire that perception of, and taste for, refined manners and modes of life which are only to be found in

buted the marked improvement observable in the character and manners of this class of late years. We do not see how this incidental evil is to be averted; but its existence is indubitable, and should be noted. Anything which raises women above those whom alone, unless in very exceptional cases, they can expect to marry, may be a good thing, but in the present state of the English community it is a dearly purchased one.

the families of the upper ranks, which gradually, become almost indispensable to them, and which we have just alluded to in a note as constituting one of the dangers of the better educated daughters of the poor. Lastly, all of them, or nearly all, from years spent in a state of dependence and of plenty, in which everything is supplied to them and arranged for them without trouble or forethought of their own, lose or never acquire that *managing* faculty and those provident habits which would fit them to conduct a household of their own. If girls usually entered domestic service, as the Lowell factory girls in America enter the cotton-mills, only for a few years, to acquire practice and to lay up a dowry, it might only have the effect of postponing their marriage to a prudent age; but as it prevails among us, it is inimical to marriage altogether.

The special remark, however, which we have to make upon this matter, as bearing on our present subject, is that *female servants do not constitute any part* (or at least only a very small part) *of the problem we are endeavouring to solve.* They are in no sense redundant; we have not to cudgel our brains to find a niche or an occupation for *them*; they are fully and usefully employed; they discharge a most important and indispensable function in social life; they do not follow an obligatorily independent, and therefore for their sex an unnatural, career:—on the contrary, they are attached to others and are connected with other existences, which they embellish, facilitate, and serve.

In a word, they fulfil both essentials of woman's being; *they are supported by, and they administer to, men.* We could not possibly do without them. Nature has not provided one too many. If society were in a perfectly healthy state, we should no doubt have to manage with fewer female servants than at present; they would earn higher wages; they would meet with more uniform consideration; and they would, as a rule, remain in service only for a few years, and not for life; but they must always be a numerous class, and scarcely any portion of their sex is more useful or more worthy.

III. We have now to treat of the third and last chief cause of the abnormal extent of female celibacy in our country,—a cause respecting which a speech is difficult, but respecting which silence would be undutiful and cowardly. We will be plain, because we wish both to be brief and to be true. So many women are single because so many men are profligate. Probably, among all the sources of the social anomaly in question, this, if fully analyzed, would be found to be the most fertile, and to lie the deepest. The case lies in a nut-shell. Few men—incalculably few—are truly celibate by nature or by choice. There are few who would not purchase love, or the indulgences which are its coarse equivalents, by the surrender or the curtailment of nearly all other luxuries and fancies, if they could obtain them on no cheaper terms. In a word, few—comparatively very few—would not marry

as soon as they could maintain a wife in anything like decency or comfort, if only through marriage. they could satisfy their cravings and gratify their passions. If their sole choice lay between entire chastity,—a celibacy as strict and absolute as that of women,—or obedience to the natural dictates of the senses and the heart in the only legitimate mode, the decision of nine out of ten of those who now remain bachelors during the whole or a great portion of their lives would, there can be no doubt, be in favour of marriage. If, therefore, every man among the middle and higher ranks were compelled to lead a life of stainless abstinence till he married, and unless he married, we may be perfectly sure that every woman in those ranks would have so many offers, such earnest and such rationally eligible ones, that no one would remain single except those to whom nature dictated celibacy as a vocation, or those whose cold hearts, independent tempers, or indulgent selfishness, made them select it as a preferable and more luxurious career. Unhappily, as matters are managed now, thousands of men find it perfectly feasible to combine all the freedom, luxury, and self-indulgence of a bachelor's career with the pleasures of female society and the enjoyments they seek for there. As long as this is so, so long, we fear, a vast proportion of the best women in the educated classes—women especially who have no dowry beyond their goodness and their beauty—will be doomed to remain involuntarily single.

How this sore evil is to be remedied we cannot

undertake to say. But what we have already said in an earlier part of this Paper will suggest one or two palliatives and partial mitigations, which, together and in time—by a cumulative and very gradual process—may approach to something like a cure. When female emigration has done its work, and drained away the excess and the special *obviousness* of the redundance ; when women have thus become far fewer in proportion, men will have to bid higher for the possession of them, and will find it necessary to make them wives instead of mistresses. Again : when worthless appearances, and weary gaieties, and joyless luxuries, shall have lost something of their factitious fascination in women's eyes, in comparison with more solid and more enduring pleasures, they will be content with smaller worldly means in the men who ask their hands, and, as they become less costly articles of furniture, they will find more numerous and more eager purchasers. To speak broadly, as wives become less expensive and less *exigeantes*, more men will learn to prefer them to mistresses. Ladies themselves are far from guiltless in this matter ; and though this truth has been somewhat rudely told them lately, it *is* a truth, and it is one they would do well to lay to heart. Society—that is, the society of great cities and of cultivated life and high life—has for some years been growing at once more expensive and less remunerative ; more difficult and more dull ; it exacts much and repays little ; its attractions are few, while its trouble and its *gêne* are great. All this time, while the *monde* has been de-

terioriating, the *demi-monde* has been improving; as the one has grown stupider and costlier, the other has grown more attractive, more decorous, and more easy. The ladies *there* are now often as clever and amusing, usually more beautiful, and not unfrequently (in external demeanour at least) as modest, as their rivals in more recognized society. Wanting the one essential, female virtue, they often seek to atone for its absence by accomplishments and amiabilities which irreproachable respectability does not invariably display. These may be unpalatable facts: it is sad that things should be so, but they are so. Now, as long as men are fond of female society, and yet hate to be bored, and shrink from profitless exertion and fatiguing *gêne*, and possess only a moderate competence, and above all things dread pecuniary embarrassment or ruin,—so long will those whose principles are not strict, and whose moral taste is not fastidious, be prone to seek that society where they can have it on the easiest and cheapest terms. And the only way in which virtuous women and women of the world can meet and counteract this disposition, is the very opposite to that they have seemed inclined to adopt of late. They must imitate that rival circle in its attractive, and not in its repellent features,—in its charms, not in its drawbacks, nor its blots; in its ease and simplicity, not in its boldness or its licence of look and speech; in the comparative economy of style which covers so much of its wastefulness, and in the cheerfulness and kindliness of demeanour which redeems or gilds so many of its sins.

Single life, to those to whom it comes naturally, is, like all natural states, a happy and a dignified one.* Single life, to those on whom it is forced by individual errors or by vicious social prejudices or arrangements, is unnatural, and therefore essentially unsound, unstable, and the source of immeasurable wretchedness and mischief. Celibacy, within the limits which Nature has prescribed, and through her statistical interpreters has clearly proclaimed, is a wholesome and not unlovely feature in the aspect of society. Celibacy, when it transcends these limits, and becomes anything but exceptional, is one of the surest and most menacing symptoms of something gravely and radically wrong. Therefore it is that all those efforts, on which chivalric or compassionate benevolence is now so intent, to render single life as easy, as attractive, and as lucrative

* We are so anxious to preclude misconception of our views, that, at the risk of repetition, we may say again distinctly, that, where female celibacy is either necessary, natural, or voluntary, we would surround it with every honour and with every comfort and adornment. Maiden ladies are in hundreds of instances both more useful, and more estimable, and less selfish than the wives and mothers who are *engrossed* in conjugal and maternal interests. In thousands of instances they are, *after a time*, more happy. In our day, if a lady is possessed of a very moderate competence, and a well-stored and well-regulated mind, she may have infinitely less care, and infinitely more enjoyment, than if she had drawn any of the numerous blanks which beset the lottery of marriage. Recent disclosures have added alarming confirmation to this conclusion, and are producing considerable influence on the feelings of many women. All that we wish to lay down is, that God designed single life for only a few women, and that where he did not design it, it is a mistake, even though it be not a misery.

to women, as unhappily other influences to which we have alluded, have already made it to men, *are efforts in a wrong direction*,—spontaneous and natural, no doubt, to the tender heart of humanity, which always seeks first to relieve suffering, and only at a later date begins to think of curing disorder,—but not to be smiled upon or aided by wise prescribers for the maladies of states. We despise the shallow ignorance of the physician who administers an anodyne to allay pain arising from local inflammation or congestion, instead of resorting to the depletive measures which the cause of the pain unmistakably demands. But we have something more than contempt—we have abhorrence and disgust—for the menial complaisance of the quack who is ever ready with his appetite pills and his emetics, to remedy the indigestion of yesterday, and to render possible the gormandizing of to-day ; or who tasks his ingenuity and skill to save his dissolute patients from the penal and corrective consequences which nature had entailed on their excesses, and to enable them to continue those excesses with immoral and mischievous impunity. In like manner our philanthropy—that of many of us at least—is setting out on the wrong tack. To endeavour to make women independent of men ; to multiply and facilitate their employments ; to enable them to earn a separate and ample subsistence by competing with the hardier sex in those careers and occupations hitherto set apart for that sex alone ; to induct them generally into avocations, not only as interesting and beneficent, and

therefore *appropriate*, but specially and definitely as *lucrative*; to surround single life for them with so smooth an entrance, and such a pleasant, ornamented, comfortable path, that marriage shall almost come to be regarded, not as their most honourable function and especial calling, but merely as one of many ways open to them, competing on equal terms with other ways for their cold and philosophic choice;—this would appear to be the aim and theory of many female reformers, and of one man of real pre-eminence,—wise and far-sighted in most questions, but here strangely and intrinsically at fault. Few more radical or more fatal errors, we are satisfied, philanthropy has ever made, though her course everywhere lies marked and strewn with wrecks, and failures, and astounding theories, and incredible assumptions. Till the line we have pointed out has been definitely taken, and the remedies we have enumerated have at least *begun* to be systematically and energetically applied, and the evil we have analyzed has been corrected at its source, and the social anomalies and distress arising therefrom, have thus been brought within manageable compass, all such lenitives as are suggested will prove very questionable—to say no more. *Then*, however, when it has been fully recognized that they *are* lenitives, and not cures; that they are needed, not to render possible the continuance of an unhealthy social state, but to clear away and relieve the miseries which that state—now sentenced and discarded—has left behind it; when it is seen and admitted that what we have to do

is to provide occupations, remunerative to themselves, and to the society for which they live, not for a permanent and incurable excess of single women, but only for those whom our past errors have made single, and for those who are single either for a time only, or from exceptional disaster, or from nature and vocation—our course will become very clear, and our work comparatively very simple. On the details of this matter we have but a few remarks to make. More experienced and more practical heads and hands than ours are busy at the task ; our only desire has been to see that the true inspiring and directing conception should be discerned and grasped.

1. And, firstly, those wild schemers—principally to be found on the other side of the Atlantic, where a young community revels in every species of extravagant fantasies—who would throw open the professions to women, and teach them to become lawyers and physicians and professors, know little of life, and less of physiology. The brain and the frame of woman are formed with admirable suitability to their appropriate work, for which subtlety and sensitiveness, not strength and tenacity of fibre, are required. The cerebral organization of the female is far more delicate than that of man ; the continuity and severity of application needed to acquire real *mastery* in any profession, or over any science, are denied to most women, and can never with impunity be attempted by them ; mind and health would almost invariably break down under the task. And wherever any exceptional women are to

be found who seem to be abnormally endowed in this respect, and whose power and mental muscle are almost masculine, it may almost invariably, and we believe by a law of physiological necessity, be observed that they have purchased this questionable pre-eminence by a forfeiture of some of the distinctive and most invaluable charms and capabilities of their sex.

2. We are not at all disposed to echo the cry of those who object to women and girls engaging in this or that industrial career, on the ground that they thus reduce the wages and usurp the employment of the other sex. Against female compositors, tailors, telegraph-workers, and factory-hands, this objection has been especially urged. We apprehend that it is founded on an obvious economical misconception. It is an objection to the principle of *competition* in the abstract. It is a bequest from the days—now happily passing away—of surplus population, inadequate employment, and Malthusian terrors. It is clearly a waste of strength, a superfluous extravagance, an economic blunder, to employ a powerful and costly machine to do work which can be as well done by a feebler and a cheaper one. Women and girls are less costly operatives than men: what they can do with equal efficiency, it is therefore wasteful and foolish (*economically considered*) to set a man to do. By employing the cheaper labour, the article is supplied to the public at a smaller cost, and therefore the demand for the article is increased. If, indeed, there were only a certain fixed and unaugmentable

quantity of work to be done, and too many hands to do it,—so that some must unavoidably be idle,—then it *might* be wise to employ men to do it, and let the women, rather than the men, sit with their hands before them. But it could be wise only in a moral, not in an economical, view of the subject. Such a state of things, however, can never obtain in a healthy community, and rarely (if ever) *in reality* in any community at all. Certainly it is not the case with us. If women are employed as tailors or as printers, men are thereby set free for harder and more *productive* labour, which they can do, and which women cannot. If women are selected to manage electric telegraphs, not only are men not *wasted* over that work (wherein half their strength and capacity would be unused and in consequence unprofitable), but telegrams become cheaper, and more telegrams are sent, and the public is better served. The employment of women and children in factories, at labour which they can do not only as well, but actually better than grown men (since it requires watchfulness and nicety of touch rather than strength or skill), enabled our manufacturing industry to attain a development to which half the wealth and progress of the nation may be traced. If only men had been employed in cotton mills, calicoes would have cost three times as much per yard as at present ; the population of England would have been smaller by some millions ; our ships and commerce would have been proportionally restricted ; and distant countries would have been far more inadequately

clothed than they actually are. If there be any objection to the employment of women and children in manufacturing or other analogous sorts of labour, it must be based exclusively upon social or moral considerations ; and even then it will be found to be enormously over-estimated, to arise from a curable abuse or excess, and to be a separable accident, and not a mischief essential to the system. The employment of married woman in factory labour is undoubtedly an evil ; but it is so because they continue it after they are mothers, when it does not pay,—and because it disables them for making their husbands' homes comfortable, and from laying out their earnings with economy and skill. The employment of young girls in factory labour, too, is attended with the serious drawback, that it usually leaves them utterly ignorant and inexperienced in household management ; but this is because they continue it too long, and give themselves to it so exclusively. *Abusus non tollit usum.*

3. The condition of that section of unmarried women who earn, or attempt to earn their bread as governesses, has attracted, and assuredly deserves to attract, an unusual amount of public attention. Few conditions in our stage of civilization want amending and rectifying more. But here, as in so many other of our benevolent efforts, we have been sailing on the wrong tack. Why has the function of a female educator—of a woman whose task it is, in the privacy and confidence of the domestic circle, not merely to *instruct*, but often actually to *form*, the mind and the character of our girls, and up to a

certain age of our boys too,—why has the position of those called to exercise this most responsible and momentous of all functions been so little honoured and so ill-remunerated? Mainly, we say it distinctly (where it *has* been little honoured and ill-remunerated), because it deserved no better; because such numbers of those who undertook it were wretchedly qualified to discharge it conscientiously or efficiently. It was ill-paid and ill-esteemed, because it was ill-done. Governesses were a depressed and despised class—where they were so—for the same reason that needle-women were a distressed class; because as every woman could read and write, and use a needle, as every woman could teach a little and sew a little, every uneducated woman who was destitute became a sempstress, and every educated (or half-educated) woman became a governess. If none but the really competent had undertaken the profession, the profession would have been highly valued and highly rewarded. If there had been any recognized and reliable test by which the competent could be distinguished from the incompetent, the former would have been honoured and engaged, and the latter would have been neglected and starved out. But as the majority were utterly unfit for their task (whatever their excellent morals and intentions), and as there was no means of distinguishing the minority from the mass, all were discredited alike, and the average rate of reward fell to the average rate of merit—perhaps even below it. The remedy seems to us clear. Let there be some institution authorized

to examine ladies who desire to become teachers (if not also to prepare them for the work), and to confer upon them diplomas or certificates of qualification, as is the case in Germany, and we believe in other continental countries.* No one is allowed to practise medicine or surgery without proof of competence: why should any one be allowed to practise education? No one unqualified may undertake the management of the body: why should the mind be left more recklessly unprotected? Surely as much mischief may be done by an incapable practitioner in the one case as in the other. But there would be no need to go as far as this. If all women who wished to become governesses could find a college in which to qualify themselves for the noble office; and if all who were thus qualified could provide themselves with a certificate of qualification,—the unprovided and incompetent would be unable to find employment, and would cease to lower the character and drag down the remuneration of the entire class, into which they now intrude themselves unwarrantably. You would, *at first*, have fewer following that calling; but those who did follow it would hold their right position, and their numbers would be recruited as the need for them was felt.

4. There will still remain a large number of single women unprovided for, of such a class in life that they cannot sink to be servants, of such a character and

* Decided steps have of late begun to be taken in this direction.

capacity that they cannot rise to be governesses, who are yet under the necessity of finding some means of supporting themselves. They are very numerous now : they will probably always exist in moderate numbers, even when all the natural and healthy influences we have pointed out shall have wrought their remedial results. Some of these will be provided for by such occupations as those which Miss Maria Rye, Miss Emily Faithfull at the " Victoria Press," and other judicious friends of the sex, have endeavoured to open to them. But as redundant single women are removed by emigration and by marriage, the population out of which the class of superior female servants are recruited will be so much reduced, that that class will rise in value, in estimation, and in reward ; so that the position will be sought by and eligible for many to whom it would now seem a decided derogation to enter it.

5. Lastly, there are occupations for which single women are and always will be wanted,—occupations which none other can discharge as well, or can discharge at all. There are the thousand ramifications of charity ; nurses, matrons, *sœurs de charité*, " missing links ;"—functions of inestimable importance and of absolute necessity,—functions which if ill-performed or unperformed, society would languish or fall into disorder. In a healthy state of civilization these tasks would absorb only a moderate number of women, perhaps not more than the four or five per cent. whom Nature has provided *ad hoc*. In our disarranged and morbid state, the demand for their services is enor-

mously enhanced, —enhanced, possibly, almost as much as the supply. Then there is a large and increasing call for a supply of literary food, such as many well-educated women find themselves fully able to furnish; and if only those who are really competent to this work were to undertake it, it would keep them in ample independence. Novels are now almost as indispensable a portion of the food of English life as beef or beer; and no producers are superior to women in this line, either as to delicate handling or abundant fertility.

To sum up the whole matter. Nature makes no mistakes and creates no redundancies. Nature, honestly and courageously interrogated, gives no erroneous or ambiguous replies. In the case before us, Nature cries out against the malady, and plainly indicates the remedy. The first point to fix firmly in our minds is, that in the excess of single women in Great Britain we have a curable evil to be mended, not an irreparable evil to be borne. The mischief is to be eradicated, not to be counterbalanced, mitigated, or accepted. To speak in round numbers, we have one million and a half adult unmarried women in Great Britain. Of these half a million are wanted in the colonies; half a million more are usefully, happily, and indispensably occupied in domestic service;—the evil, thus viewed, assumes manageable dimensions, and only a residual half million remain to be practically dealt with. As an immediate result of the removal of 500,000 women from the mother-country,

where they are redundant, to the colonies, where they are sorely needed, all who remain at home will rise in value, will be more sought, will be better rewarded. The number who compete for the few functions and the limited work at the disposal of women being so much reduced, the competition will be less cruelly severe, and the pay less ruinously beaten down. As the redundancy at home diminishes, and the value is thereby increased, men will not be able to obtain women's companionship and women's care so cheaply on illicit terms. As soon as the ideas of both sexes in the middle and upper ranks, on the question of the income and the articles which refinement and elegance require, are rectified,—as soon, that is, as these exigencies are reduced from what is purely factitious to what is indisputably real,—thousands who now condemn themselves and those they love to single life will find that they can marry without foregoing any luxury or comfort which is *essential* to ladylike and cultivated and enjoyable existence. Finally, as soon as, owing to stricter principles, purer tastes, or improved social condition,—or such combination of all these as the previous movements spoken of must gradually tend to produce,—the vast majority of men find themselves compelled either to live without all that woman can bestow, or to purchase it in the recognized mode,—as soon, to speak plainly, as their sole choice lies between marriage and a life of real and not nominal celibacy, the apparent redundancy of women complained of now will vanish as by magic, if,

indeed, it be not replaced by a deficiency. We are satisfied that IF the gulf could be practically bridged over, so that women went where they are clamoured for; and IF we were contented with the *actualities* instead of the empty and unreal and unrewarding shadows of luxury and refinement; and IF men were necessitated either to marry or be chaste,—*all of which things it is a discreditable incapacity in us not to be able to accomplish*,—so far from there being too many women for the work that must be done, and that only women can do well, there would be too few. The work would be seeking for the women, instead of, as now, the women seeking for the work. We are disordered, we are suffering, we are astray, because we have *gone wrong*; and our philanthropists are labouring, not to make us go backward and go right, but to make it easier and smoother to persist in wrong.

TRUTH *versus* EDIFICATION.

CONVOCAATION has recently* come to a decision of some importance, as far as importance can be said to attach to any decision of that anomalous and self-surviving body. The Lower House suggested and strongly urged the appointment of a Committee "to report on" Dr Colenso's book; and the Upper House, in a crowded assembly of five members presided over by the Primate, in an evil hour conceded the request. Three circumstances, however, gave a peculiar significance to this resolution. The Bishop of Oxford was opportunely absent, being opportunely ill. The resolution was adopted by a majority of *one*,—three Bishops voting in its favour, and two against it. And the three "ayes" were the Bishops of Lincoln, St Asaph, and Llandaff, while the two "noes" were the Bishops of London, and St David's. These two eminent dissentients pointed out certain objections to the course proposed, and certain difficulties in which its adoption might involve them. They intimated that good seldom arose out of authoritative condemnations of argumentative works; that such condemnations and prosecutions were generally urged by inconsiderate and unknowing juniors, or by grey-headed men as incon-

* 1863.

siderate and unknowing as the young; and that to denounce a book which they did not propose to answer, and a man whom they might officially be called upon to judge, was scarcely wise, and certainly not decorous.

This ground, indeed, had been boldly and plainly taken by a member of the Lower House on a previous day. He pointed out the very obvious consideration that the only effectual means of counteracting the mischief said to be wrought or menaced by the book whose publication they all deplored, was to reply to it; to show where it was wrong, and to prove that it was wrong. And it is the more clear that this course is obligatory upon some one, because while it may be assumed, and is confidently believed by those who have been most startled and shocked, that many of the propositions in the inculcated volume are untenable and may easily be refuted, it is equally certain that some of them are true and cannot be gainsaid; and the religious world are anxiously desirous to be told by some competent and accredited instructor *which* of the Bishop of Natal's statements are correct, and which are erroneous. It is obvious that a *condemnation* of the book, however severe, however unanimous, however high the authority from which it may proceed, will afford no satisfaction on this—the essential—point to sincere and pious inquirers.

We fully understand the reluctance of those prudent and learned members of the Episcopate who voted against the appointment of the committee in question, to undertake, or to allow any of their authorized

brethren to undertake, the task of dealing with Dr Colenso's work. They know well—though the great body of the clergy who constitute the Lower House may probably be ignorant—that any honest, effectual, and competent reply must commence by concessions which would startle the generality of English churches almost as much as the obnoxious book itself, and might unsettle their faith far more; because, though they would be less extensive, and would refer to points less vital, they would be as new to the masses, would come from a higher authority, and once made, could not be recalled. This is the real difficulty that stands in the way of any attempt to meet Dr Colenso's biblical criticism on the part of our ecclesiastical dignitaries and "accredited teachers." It may well be that all that is truly noxious and dangerous in the bishop's book could be satisfactorily and conclusively refuted by an unfettered layman, whom piety and learning should combine to qualify; but the very position in which he would place his battery would raise suspicions and accusations of treachery from the churches whose battle he was going to fight, and the first shot he fired would strike even greater dismay into the hearts of his own camp than into the ranks of the enemy.

We can understand also the disinclination of fair and qualified divines, like Dr Tait and Dr Thirlwall, to anathematize a work which, mischievous and erroneous as they might deem it as a whole, yet contains some corrections of old errors and misconceptions such as they would themselves be glad to see

generally accepted, and some wholesome views, usually denied or neglected, which they themselves have long entertained. We approve, therefore, both their prudence and their loyalty; and we regret that it should have been reserved for a layman, who has drunk too deep at the fountains of all literature and of some sciences not to know where truth lies, so to imitate one of the most ordinary and most indefensible proceedings of the ecclesiastical mind, as to denounce a book which he not only does not attempt to refute, but which he does not even profess to believe is, in its main propositions and substantial essence, capable of refutation.

A recent number of *Macmillan's Magazine* contains an article* from the pen of Mr Arnold strongly condemning, not the conclusions of Bishop Colenso's book, but the publication of that book. The article in question, like everything that proceeds from the same source, is eminently characteristic, able, polished, and interesting; but it maintains a thesis so questionable, and is based upon fallacies so transparent and assumptions so inaccurate, that we are filled with surprise at so practised a disputant venturing to take up a position so unsafe.

The opinion of Mr Arnold—which he appears to hold as firmly as any Catholic divine, and which he certainly broaches as nakedly as any Pagan philosopher—is, that the distinction between *esoteric* and *exoteric*

* *The Bishop and the Philosopher.* BY MATTHEW ARNOLD.

views and knowledge is as obligatory as that between the divine and the human, the sacred and the profane, and cannot be disregarded or broken down without mischief or without guilt; that truth is the privilege of the few, and edification the only claim and right of the many; that, in a word, sound doctrine is for the clergy, and safe doctrine for the laity. We are naturally a little startled at the *naïve* courage with which this very academic notion of the Oxford professor is propounded by one of her Majesty's inspectors of schools assisted and superintended by the State; but as we are desirous to avoid all abstract or disputable questions, and as there is a sense in which, and a limit up to which, the thesis in question does admit of justification, we shall not join issue with Mr Arnold upon this ground. We may at once concede, as a general principle, that in all cases, mental as well as material, the soil must be prepared before the seed is sown, if we wish to reap a satisfactory and wholesome harvest; that "strong meat is not for babes;" and that the young, the ignorant, and the uncultured masses, who seek only moral guidance and spiritual consolation and support, should be fed with what St Peter terms "the sincere milk of the Word," rather than with "doubtful disputations." But when Mr Arnold proceeds to apply his *esoteric* philosophy to the case before us, and to deduce special rules from his general theory, he comes upon propositions which are not only utterly inadmissible as practical directions, but quite incorrect as serious statements.

No book (on such a subject as biblical criticism or theology) ought to be written, says Mr Arnold, unless it is calculated either "to inform the instructed, or to edify the uninstructed;" unless it aims either to elevate the moral condition of the masses, or to add to, and carry forward to a higher point than it has yet reached, our knowledge of theological science. Bishop Colenso's book does neither. It has therefore no *raison d'être*, and its publication is a culpable indiscretion. "We knew all this before" (says, in effect, the Oxford Professor): "it is no news to us that much of the Pentateuch is un-historical, its figures usually untrustworthy, and its facts often questionable, and sometimes obviously incorrect: you have told us nothing fresh, and even the old matter you have not told us particularly well; and, more than this, you had no business to tell it to the multitude at all. If you must write such a book, you ought to have written it in Latin; in which case it could have been read by few of the working clergy, and by scarcely any of the busy laity."

Now, if Mr Arnold is content to use the terms of his general proposition in a *strict* sense, we should not be inclined to dispute it. Every religious work—indeed, every serious work—ought to be able to plead as the justification, both for its existence and its character, that it seeks either the enlightenment of the instructed few, or the edification of the ignorant many. But he does *not* use his terms, or at least he does not apply them, strictly; and therefore we demur

to the doctrine, and we hold his application of it to be slippery and unfair. We affirm that Bishop Colenso's book *is* calculated both to inform those whom Mr Arnold, we presume, would in courtesy consider as the instructed, and to edify those whom he would include among the uninstructed; and we are satisfied that the Professor, as soon as he looks at our assertion closely and in the concrete, will be the first to agree with us. We should think very ill of our argument if we could not carry with us in every step of it a mind so lucid, so straightforward, and so sincerely liberal as Mr Arnold's.

There are not less than fifteen thousand clergymen of the Church of England, and about as many more divines, or ministers, of other sects—Baptists, Presbyterians, Wesleyans, Romanists, Unitarians, &c.—who are every Sunday employed in expounding the Scriptures and preaching Christianity to various congregations in Great Britain. There are, that is, thirty thousand accredited theological teachers, whose business it is to “edify the ignorant masses,” and who labour diligently and honestly in their vocation. Now, we simply ask, do these preachers, as a rule, belong to Mr Arnold's class of “instructed,” or to his other class of the “uninstructed”? If to the instructed, then it is manifest that the Bishop's book is eminently calculated to “inform them,” and to carry forward *their* knowledge of biblical criticism and theological science. Mr Arnold knows, far better than we can tell him, how deplorably slight is the *professional*

education of the Church clergy; and how still more superficial is that of the great majority of dissenting ministers. It is certainly not too much to say that out of the above-named thirty thousand religious teachers, whom by courtesy we must rank among the "instructed," there are not above five thousand to whom the Bishop's facts and arguments will not be almost or altogether new. The remaining twenty-five thousand, if they do not now learn for the first time that the doctrine of the Plenary Inspiration has been impugned, have no idea that it has long since been abandoned by all the thoughtful and really learned even among orthodox and earnest Christians; that no one, however pious, who has studied theology as a science, or is at all acquainted with the result of the investigations of the ablest divines, now believes that the Pentateuch, as we have it, was written by Moses, or doubts that its narratives are often legendary, and its numbers almost invariably mythical. To all these men the facts and reasonings of the Bishop will come like a flash of dazzling and bewildering lightning. It will not only "carry forward their knowledge of biblical criticism"—it will be nearly their first introduction to that new department in their own field of thought. It will not only "inform them further" on topics which ought to have been familiar to them from their ordination—it will be literally the alphabet of that information to most of them. These things, which are old and almost trite verities to "us," are to them the most astounding and disturbing novelties. Dr

Colenso's book to all these men will be what Lessing and Eichorn, and de Wette and Ewald, and Strauss, were successively to the theological world of Europe. It does not, indeed, greatly carry forward the science of biblical criticism, but it brings that science for the first time home to the vast majority of British ministers of the Gospel.

If, then, the mass of English clergymen, orthodox and schismatic, be included by Mr Arnold in his category of the instructed few, then there can be no doubt that the Bishop's book will "inform and enlighten" them, and has therefore made good its title to existence. If, on the other hand, Mr Arnold, from the height of academic culture, and looking to indisputable facts, should relegate them in his calm and dignified serenity to the crowded ranks of those uninstructed many, for whom "edification" is all that is necessary, and all that is accessible,—then in reference to that proposition also we have a word or two to say. But the argument we are criticizing was obviously based upon the first and more polite division; and on that supposition only could it have any validity whatever. If, indeed, as Mr Arnold appears tacitly to have assumed or intended to imply, the theological teachers of the nation—all "instructed" men—knew perfectly well, and had long known, that much of the Pentateuch was unhistorical, that none of it was verbally and textually inspired, that it contained many narratives which were legendary, and some legends that were of a very doubtful moral

tendency,—that amid splendid truths and sublime revelations, and pure and noble precepts, and marvellous insight into God's character and dealings, it mingled much of a very different if not opposing nature;—and if, knowing all this, they carefully winnowed the wheat from the chaff, and—without disturbing the minds of their uncritical and undoubting hearers by hints of sceptical theology—taught them only what was edifying, made them believe only what was credible, insisted only on worthy and elevated views of God, and reiterated and enforced only that pure morality and that unfaltering trust as to the truth and value of which no question could arise,—then, indeed, we might have been ready to admit that critical propositions, which all the wise knew, need not be repeated, and that the ignorant who knew them not would be no better nor happier for having them proclaimed and expounded. But Mr Arnold is well aware that the “if” supposed is the very reverse of the truth; that the majority of the teachers who every Sunday get up into their pulpits to “edify” the multitude below them, neither endeavour to keep the difficulties of the Old Testament in the background, nor are conscious of the existence of those difficulties; but, on the contrary, often appear with a kind of perverse instinct to delight in bringing them forward, and dwelling upon them till the thoughtful are unspeakably disgusted, and thoughtless are hopelessly perplexed and led astray. Mr Arnold's assumption, therefore, of an instructed clergy who know

already all the Bishop can tell them, falls to the ground as notoriously at variance with facts.

The plain truth is, that the assumption of an instructed clergy and an uninstructed laity is a purely imaginary one; and in the fact that this line of demarcation is imaginary lies the substantial justification of all works like Dr Colenso's. It is, indeed, only through the laity that we can instruct the clergy. It is only by appealing to the *populus* that the *clerus* can be made to open their eyes or to guard their lips. In this country there is a great analogy between the only effectual course of proceeding available to reformers in theological and in political matters. Every one who has tried has been compelled to admit, with bitterness and indignation, that if he desires to bring the Government to abandon a mistaken system or to adopt sounder views, it is not to members of the Government that he must address himself. Time so employed is usually thrown away. He must convince the public—not the ministers; and when the public is enlightened and persuaded and grows noisy, then the officials follow tardily, reluctantly, and grumblingly in its wake. Ecclesiastical tenacity in adhering to old ideas, established formulas, obsolete errors, and exploded routine, is at least a match for bureaucratic immovability and (to coin a word) unconvinability. As long as listeners are uninstructed, preachers will continue to enunciate, with the same security as heretofore, the drawling platitudes, the innutritious ethics, the unbelievable legends, the startling narratives,

the unedifying commentaries, the repellant dogmas, with which it is their inveterate custom to regale their audience,—and will call these things the saving truth of God. Does any one suppose—does Mr Arnold fancy—that if the mass of the people, the rational but unlearned laity, were once conversant with the untenable nature of the doctrine of Plenary Inspiration, and the unhistoric character of many of the Old Testament narratives, the pulpits of the land would *dare* to resound Sunday after Sunday, from our cradle to our grave, with the dreary, shallow, unprofitable, misleading verbiage, which our clergy now deem good enough for hearers who know no better? Does any one believe that, till the people *are* thus enlightened, there is any prospect of this discreditable and injurious state of things being amended? You must force the “accredited teachers of religion” to teach truth and sense and edifying doctrine, by so augmenting the capacities and requirements of their flocks that they cannot, for fear of being put to open shame, do otherwise.

Looking at all these considerations—comparing with much sadness, and with no little anger, what the few really instructed clergy believe and know, with what the majority of the clergy habitually preach—we are driven to affirm that there is a sense, and a most essential sense, in which works like Bishop Colenso’s are edifying to the general public—the mass of reading and thinking, though unlearned men. We are not going to eulogize the particular volume in

question. Regarded as a philosophic treatise, and viewed in the light of the higher exegesis, it might seem weak and narrow if we did not receive it as part of an unfinished whole. Nearly all the efficiency—of the first part at least—would be neutralized by a controversialist who should at once concede that the *figures* of the Old Testament—whether from original obscurity of notation, or from errors of copyists arising out of that obscurity—are obviously unreliable. But let us remember that this book is in the main specifically directed against the position of those divines who maintain the verbal inspiration, the entire accuracy, the unassailable textual authority, of every part and of every statement in the Bible. This position is most crucially tested and most effectually and irrecoverably overthrown by precisely such minute and narrow arguments as Dr Colenso has adduced. His small weapons penetrate where heavier falchions would merely make a dint. The multiplication-table has a grasp which will hold thousands of minds that would slip easily away from any philosophic syllogism or dilemma, and on whose pachydermatous nature the sharpest shafts of rhetoric would be blunted or turned aside. Against detailed and positive dogmatism, detailed and microscopic criticism is the best antagonist that can be employed. And no one can deny that, while it leaves (thus far) all the religious value of the Bible untouched, as an assault upon the dogma in question—verbal and plenary inspiration—the Bishop's book is irresistible and its success complete.

And this at once brings us to the proposition to which we have been leading up, and which warrants us in characterizing the "Inquiry into the Pentateuch" as eminently edifying. Many of those doctrines of Christianity, as ordinarily preached, which most perplex and try the faith of sincere believers; and most effectually repel from the threshold of belief thoughtful, pure, and earnest minds of all classes, depend for their authority mainly or solely on special texts and passages, which are often at variance with the general tone and tenor of the book. These special texts and passages are considered conclusive, and all men have been required to fall prostrate before them, and submissively accept their teaching, merely on the strength of that dogma of verbal inspiration which Dr Colenso so effectually overthrows. It cannot be too strongly stated that nearly all the difficulties which have stood in the way of the cordial reception of the pure religion of Christ, whether by foreign heathens or by native sceptics, have been gratuitous, artificial, and the creation of Christian ministers and divines. Thousands upon thousands would have accepted the rich essentials of the New Testament readily and joyously, who could not accept the legends, the dogmas, or the speculative propositions which were affirmed to form part and parcel of Christianity, to be inextricably bound up in its nature, and to be inferentially involved in its reception. It is not the noble poetry, and the sublime dévotion, and the un-failing trust of Job, and David, and Isaiah; it is not

the fascinating character, the solemn grandeur, the elevating, enriching, guiding, glorious career of the Saviour while on earth ; it is not the satisfying, comforting, strengthening, convincing views of our relations to God our Father which he first taught and made us comprehend ; it is not those grand and far-reaching hopes, nor those grave, sad warnings, nor those ineffable and inspiring consolations which we may gather from every page of the New Testament, and from many pages of the Old :—it is none of these things that have deterred the thoughtful and the good, or even the careless and the critical, from accepting Christianity on their knees, with gratitude and with submission, as the greatest boon ever offered to struggling and aspiring man. All these things would have been attractive—not repellant ; and these things are the essence of the faith which Jesus taught and for which he lived and died. But the angel that has stood with flaming sword at the gate, and has driven men away from the threshold of that Eden of Truth and Hope, in which they might have found rest for their troubled souls, strength for their feeble knees, and a lamp for their dark and thorny path, has been this very doctrine of verbal inspiration and textual correctness, against which Dr Colenso has broken so keen a lance.

We need not go into long details ; a few specified instances will do the work as effectually as a hundred. We need only remind our readers that it is *on the authority of this dogma and on this alone*, that educated and rational men are required, as the very

condition; as it were, of their admission into the Temple, to accept as true the six days of Creation, with all their rude errors and their singular misconceptions; the Tree of Knowledge, the Apple and the Fall; *two* statements as to Noah's ark and the animals that entered it, utterly contradictory, and both incredible; the ingenious legend of the Tower of Babel; the literal version of the Plagues of Egypt, and the crowded miracles of the Exodus, the Passage of the Red Sea, the Sojourn in the Desert, and the establishment in Canaan; the strange and more than strange stories about the Patriarchs; and, to crown the whole, the directly divine origin of the horrible Levitical instructions. No one, of course, would dream of accepting these as history, if not constrained to it by the dogma of verbal inspiration; nor, were it not for this dogma, would any one feel them a serious obstacle to the reception of all that the Old Testament contains of noble, and elevating, and true, in its teachings of "the ways of God to man."

So much for narratives. In the matter of creed and doctrine, there are two or three Articles of Faith which have more than any other stood in the way of the cordial and grateful reception of Ecclesiastical Christianity by the most pure and honest minds—those whose instincts of justice were truest and strongest—those whose conceptions of the Deity were the most lofty and consistent. These are the doctrines of Vicarious Punishment, of Salvation by Belief, and of Eternal Damnation. Of these doctrines—as *now*

promulgated and maintained—three things may in our judgment be confidently asserted—that they were undreamed of by Christ ; that they can never be otherwise than revolting and inadmissible to all whose intuitive moral sense has not been warped by a regular course of ecclesiastical sophistry ; and that no Christian or sensible divine would think of preaching them were they not inculcated, or supposed to be inculcated, by isolated texts of Scripture ; and were it not held that every text of Scripture is authentic, authoritative, indisputably true, and, in some sense or other, inspired and divine. We are driven, therefore, to the conclusion that this proposition, or theory, or dogma—whichever we may be pleased to call it—is mischievous and hostile to the pure religion of Jesus in two ways : it deters thoughtful and sincere minds from receiving it, and it corrupts and complicates and stains it to those who have received it, by mingling with it incongruous and deteriorating accretions. To destroy this dogma, therefore, to demonstrate its untenability, to shake its hold on both teachers and the taught, is, we maintain, to “ edify ” in a peculiar and a double sense, and is the most signal and the most needed service which a good and pious man can render to the sacred cause of Christianity and Truth.

Apparently Mr Arnold has been somewhat startled by the reception of his first Paper, and the impression it has produced upon the minds of the classes whom he thought he was addressing ; for he has mingled with a cordial and well-merited eulogium of “ Stanley’s

Lectures on the Jewish Church," which has just appeared in the same periodical, an elaborate explanation and justification of his former judgment. This attempted justification is, in our eyes, a singular aggravation of the offence, and contains more injustice and unfairness than we can easily comprehend in a writer so peculiarly lucid and a thinker ordinarily so exact. The tone, the assertions, and the arguments resemble far more those of a baffled, bothered, and irritated clergyman, angry with a controversialist who had dazzled and bewildered him, than the calm treatment of a philosopher who is serene because he knows that he is clear and feels that he is strong. Mr Arnold affirms that Mr Burgon's proposition, that "Every word, every syllable, every letter of the Bible is the direct utterance of the Most High," is *a thousand times less false* than Dr Colenso's statement, that "the writer of Exodus, while compiling his legend, was innocent of all conscious wrong or deception." So at least we read his singular assertion. He commends Spinoza for saying that "the Bible contains much that is mere history, and, like all history, sometimes true and sometimes false,"—because Spinoza uttered this *merely* as a speculative idea, and "brought it into no juxtaposition" with the religious faith of Christendom. He justifies Galileo in declaring, in spite of Joshua, that it was the earth and not the sun that moved; but says that if Galileo had "placed this thesis in juxtaposition with the Book of Joshua, so as to make that Book regarded as a tissue of fictions, then his

'the earth moves,' in spite of its absolute truth, would have become a falsehood." Again, in order to condemn Dr Colenso by the contrast, he praises Dr Stanley for telling the reader that with regard both to the numbers, and the chronology, and the topographical details of the Israelitish Journey, "we are still in the condition of discoverers," and that "suspense as to such matters is the most fitting approach for the consideration of the presence of Him who has made darkness His secret place." How could he lose sight of the fact that this "exactness" as to all details which Dr Stanley condemns, *is the most marked characteristic of the Biblical writers*, and that precise feature of their narratives which Dr Colenso assails and exposes. Plainly enough, neither Mr Arnold nor Dr Stanley believe the details given by the sacred writers to be always "exact:"—why should Dr Colenso be singled out for blame because he undertakes to show how "inexact" they are?

Mr Arnold takes up one very singular position. The "intellectual ideas" around which the religious life of any age collects, and to which it clings, are often, he says, inaccurate, and even unfounded; and from time to time are discovered and proved to be so. New views and new truths are established in reference to religious matters, and to "make these new truths harmonize with the religious life"—*i. e.* with the religious feelings of mankind—is, he admits, a task which must sooner or later be performed, though "one of the hardest tasks in the world." But then, he says,

it should be left to the *Zeit-Geist*, or Spirit of the Time; or if ventured upon by any man, it should be by one of those great prophets who only appear on the stage once in many ages. Only an Isaiah or a Luther ought to venture on translating for the world the new intellectual truths and religious discoveries of a Spinoza or a Hegel. "*Insensibly*," he says, these new ideas should percolate downwards and around, till the nation has become more or less penetrated with them, and "the time comes for the State, the collective nation, to intervene," and adopt and adapt them. But what does he mean by "insensibly"? And how is this percolation and inoculation to be effected without human agency? "Time," Mr Arnold thinks, will do it. But what is Time save an abstraction, unless it means the sum of influence exerted on the general mind by some scores of writers like Dr Colenso! How could "Time" operate if all Colensos are to be condemned to everlasting silence? To live for ever in the intellectual ideas of those who framed the Articles and the Prayer Book is, Mr Arnold avows, impossible. The old popular notion of the Atonement "is barbarous and false." The new ideas, being the true ones, must somehow or another, he feels—"insensibly" if possible—be introduced into, and made to harmonize with, the religious life of the people. But it must not be done by proclaiming them, by arguing for them, by demonstrating them, before the assembled intelligence of the nation. It must be done by some undescribed mental effluvia,

some subtle intellectual emanation, homœopathic, and therefore at once harmless and penetrating. It must needs be (says the Professor, with a sigh of mingled candour and resignation) that enlightenment come; but woe to that man through whom it comes! And the woe is not *prophesied* for him as an imprudent man, but *denounced* against him as a dangerous and noxious one.

Mr Arnold, in the strength of his trained intelligence and from the height of his accumulated learning, has been enabled to sever in his own mind the questionable, inadmissible, and unworthy portions of the Scriptures from their cherished essence, their grand truths, their sublime conceptions, and their guiding light—to assimilate the one and discard and pass by the other. He can say, “I will live by the teaching and the inspiration of Isaiah and Job, and David in his finer moods, and Christ and Paul; and I will not plague myself with the cruelties, and sacerdotal trivialities and shocking orders, and astounding narratives of Leviticus and Numbers. They pass over me like the idle wind which I regard not.” But *who and what enables him thus to analyze the ore, to clasp the gold and to reject the dross?* Does he not reflect that, till men like Colenso have cleared the way and done the work, and achieved for him the eclectic freedom in which he revels, all that he discards or ignores in the Bible may be forced down his throat as equally authoritative, equally essential, equally divine, with all that he accepts.

Does he not remember that, as long as that doctrine of Plenary Inspiration, at which Colenso has struck such a staggering and mortal blow, remains erect, all his wise and just discrimination is, in the eyes of ordinary Christians, ordinary clergymen, ordinary Churches, mere daring heresy and sin? Can he not perceive that Colenso is labouring to win, *legally, publicly, and for all*, that acknowledged right of separating God's truth from man's assertion, which Mr Arnold, *per saltum*, by lawless assumption, in his secret soul, and in his locked closet, has done for himself alone?

An ordinary believer—pious, sincere, knowing not Colenso, and having not been “insensibly” inoculated by the subtle emanations of the *Zeit-Geist*, but trained in the common doctrine of Biblical Inspiration—is often put to sore suffering and trial. A man in sacerdotal robes, brought up at the feet of the most accredited Gamaliel, stamped as sterling by the image and superscription of the National Church, addresses him thus:—“You are bound to believe—for it is all written in the Inspired Books and endorsed by the Church—not only that God created man; called Abraham; led the Israelites out of Egyptian bondage, and set them apart and trained them as a peculiar people; revealed His true character and relations through a succession of prophets; and finally completed the purification and redemption of man through Jesus Christ;—but also that he directed the construction of Noah's ark, and sent all living beasts

therein; aided Jacob in a filthy fraud; sanctioned the basest treachery; commanded fearful cruelties and unmerited penalties; permitted the flogging of slaves to death, provided only they did not die upon the spot; showed His back but not His face to Moses; and dictated the veracious narrative of Balaam and his ass. You must accept the one set of statements as not only equally true, but equally valuable and instructive, with the other; for what are you, that you should dare to choose between one and another deed or word of the Most High, or place one on a higher level than another? You must receive *all* these things, on peril of damnation; for they are all written in the Word of God; everything written therein is inspired: and to reject or doubt 'the true sayings of God' is damnation."—An ordinary Christian, thus addressed, either succumbs or resists. If he succumbs, his reason is outraged and bewildered, and his moral sense is shocked and injured. If he resists, he is made miserable by doubts, misgivings, and tormenting fears.

The same man, in sacerdotal garments, comes to Mr Arnold and addresses him in the same words. But the Professor, serene and unassailable in his double armour of natural intelligence and perfect culture, waives him aside with a gesture of supreme ineffable disdain, saying, "Pooh, pooh, man! don't talk that stuff to ME."

Now, the work that Dr Colenso has bound himself to do—and which, if he completes his labours with success, he will have done—is to enable the poor man

as well as the *savant* and the sage, the layman as well as the professor, John Smith as well as Matthew Arnold—to say to impertinent teachers from the uninstructed Church, “Pooh pooh! I know how to distinguish the building from the rubbish. I know wherein religious truth consists and where religious life lies. Don’t choke ME with your regulation loaf of fossil sawdust, and tell me *that* is the Bread of Life.”

The Bible contains, in different passages, two discrepant ideas of the nature and attributes of the Supreme Being, about as wide asunder as ever prevailed among organised and civilised nations. It is only by the establishment of the doctrine which it is the object and the justification of the Bishop of Natal’s book to demonstrate—*viz.*, that though the Bible *contains* the Word of God, it *is not* the Word of God, but contains much beside this, and much that is irreconcilable with this—that we can acquire an indefeasible right of choosing between these two discrepant conceptions. If the Bible be the Word of God, and be in every portion of it true and inspired, then one of these two conceptions is just as correct and authoritative as the other, and we are not entitled to choose the lofty and to reject the derogatory one. One of these conceptions is about as low and inadmissible as a rude and violent people ever framed for themselves in their most uncultivated times. The other is the noblest and purest that human imagination ever reached. There is the God who showed

his "back parts" to Moses—and the "God who is a Spirit, and must be worshipped in spirit and in truth." There is the God who wrestled bodily with Jacob and who fed with Abraham in his tent—and the God whom the heaven of heavens cannot contain, much less a temple made with hands. There is the God who talked with Moses face to face as a man talketh to his friend—and the God "whom no man hath seen or can see"—whom "no man can see and live." There is Jehovah, who was the national and selected God of the Hebrews—and there is our Father in heaven, who dwelleth in light inaccessible and full of glory, who is the dwelling-place of all generations, the Father of the spirits of all flesh. There is the God of Abraham and Isaac and Jacob—and there is the God of Isaiah, of Paul, of Christ. There is the jealous, angry, and relentless God of the rudest Jewish fancy, appeased by sacrifices and whole burnt-offerings, repenting him of what He had done, of what He had threatened, of what He had promised, unjust according even to our poor human scales of equity and righteousness—and there is the God of better days and truer conceptions, to whom whole burnt-offerings and sacrifices were a weariness and an abomination, with whom is no variableness or shadow of turning, long-suffering and plenteous in mercy, loving all His creatures, and loving most especially those whom He is compelled to chasten, forgiving till seventy times seven, giving His only-begotten Son to die for the world that He would save;—the great I AM, who

shall wipe away all tears from all eyes, and whom the pure in heart shall be privileged to see at last. But, if Dr Colenso's proposition is not to be established—if books like Dr Colenso's are not to be written to make that proposition good—it will continue to be in the power and the practice of every bishop, priest, and deacon to declare that the one conception is as true, as grand, as ennobling as the other—since both came equally from God, and both are equally inspired.

We have spoken plainly, broadly, and, as many will say, shockingly, because only thus can we awaken men's minds to the incommensurable magnitude and moment of the point at issue—a point which Mr Arnold has so strangely and suicidally endeavoured to cover up. Suicidally, we say; for while he blames Dr Colenso for not separating the living gold from the concealing dross of the Pentateuch, discerning the former and clinging to it, and cherishing it as the *essence* of the whole, he will not see that the Bishop, more methodical, more humble, and more comprehensive than himself, is labouring to *demonstrate the denied and denounced right of doing this very thing.*

THE DOOM OF THE NEGRO RACE.

IN the absence of that Report from the Commission of Inquiry which cannot reach us for a month or two yet,* it would be unjust and rash as well as premature to say a word upon the mode in which the recent insurrection in Jamaica was suppressed by Governor Eyre and the instruments whom he employed, or more than a word upon the immediate causes of the outbreak. The time will shortly come for discussing those painful subjects with far fuller and more competent knowledge than any one can now pretend to, and therefore, one would hope, in a fairer temper of mind and with greater profit. Meanwhile, a question lies before us on which we fear the Commissioners will only be able to throw partial and incidental light—a question still graver and darker, and of more national if of less personal concern,—what is the condition of Jamaica and its inhabitants; how that condition has come to be what it is; and by what measures we must strive to amend what is deplorable, and to atone for what is disgraceful, in the state of one of our fairest colonies and our largest negro population! To the essential points of this question we propose to devote a very few pages; and we do so at once, not because we are not painfully conscious of the very

* Written in March 1863.

imperfect and vague nature of all the information which is extant on the subject, but because we see no earlier or directer means of eliciting fuller and more authentic knowledge than by a concise statement of the problem to be solved, of the facts which may be considered as admitted or ascertained, and the points upon which further and clearer light is wanted.

We have no intention of discussing the justice or injustice of the treatment which the Jamaica planter has met with at the hands of the mother country, nor the consistency or inconsistency of the course which England has pursued in reference to slavery and its collateral questions. Our purpose is political rather than judicial—to discover what course to steer for the future, rather than to award sentences of condemnation or acquittal on the actors in the past. It must, we apprehend, be admitted on the one hand that emancipation did deprive the planters of that *command* of continuous labour without which the sugar cultivation is impossible and sugar estates valueless, and that the compensation money allotted to them made up for a very small portion of the damage inflicted. It must be admitted also that the admission of slave-grown sugar to our markets in 1846, on the same terms as the West Indian produce—plausible as were the arguments adduced in its favour at the time—did frightfully lower the price,* and exposed

* During the six years preceding that measure, the average price of British plantation sugar was 37s. 8d. per cwt. For the six years succeeding it was only 25s. 2d.

our islands to a competition for which they were alike unfitted and unprepared—a competition the terms of which were manifestly unequal and unfair. It must be conceded further, we fear, that in this proceeding Great Britain was guilty of a strange inconsistency—sacrificing her anti-slavery principles, which were slightly blunted, to her free-trade principles, which were then in the heyday of their ascendancy; and there can be no doubt that she did, by this lapse from her previous policy, give renewed activity and most disastrous extension to the Cuban slave trade,* and exhibited to the world a specimen of that national illogicality which foreigners always unjustly attribute to a moral, instead of an intellectual, defect in our character, and deserved all the derision which was cast upon her for maintaining her suppressive squadron on the African coast to put down the traffic, while she was at the same time holding out to Spain and Portugal irresistible inducements to prosecute it with remorseless vigour. On the other hand, it must be conceded with equal unreserve that the Jamaica planters were ruined almost to a man before either emancipation or free-trade gave them the *coup-de-*

* Average annual number of slaves landed in Cuba and Brazil:—

1842—1846	30,500
1847—1851	43,300

In 1845-6 there were imported into Cuba only 1,719, and into Brazil, 69,800.

In 1848-9 there were imported into Cuba 2,950, and into Brazil, 114,000.

grace ; that nothing but the restoration of the slave-trade—if even that—could have regained or preserved their pristine prosperity ; that their negroes were dying out ; that their properties were mortgaged to excess ; that production was carried on without either energy or science, and could scarcely, without protection, have kept its ground against Cuba and Brazil, even if they had labour as abundant and as cheap. In a word, independently of all injurious or mistaken legislation, they had neither succeeded nor deserved success ; and, though treated with injustice, the justest treatment could not have saved them. Long years of slavery and monopoly—of affluence without exertions, of security based not on inherent strength, but on over-shadowing protection—had generated habits which even made slavery and monopoly combined unequal to the task of maintaining them in prosperity. Both failed—as in combination they were certain to fail, because certain to enervate—and no one would now dream of restoring either.

Neither in 1834 nor in 1846 did England think much of the planter. She emancipated the slaves to discharge her conscience ; she equalized the sugar duties to relieve her wants and to extend her trade. But by the former measure she intended in her heart to benefit the negroes—to rescue them from grievous wrongs—to secure for them steady progress and a brighter future ; and for a long time she was assured, and believed, that she had done so. *Has* the Jamaica negro been improved and made happy by emancipation ?

Has he gone upwards or downwards in the social scale ; Is he now retrograding or advancing ? Are the results of our grand self-sacrificing measure—to which so many Pharisees among us habitually point as an effort of virtue that places us far ahead of other nations in national morality—such as we ought to be proud of or content with ? In fine, has emancipation succeeded ? And if not, why not ? It is acknowledged on all hands that the production and export of sugar in Jamaica is only half what it was under the old system ; that the planters are irretrievably ruined ; that the whites are gradually leaving the island, and are now scarcely more than one-third of their former numbers. But all this would weigh little in our minds if the coloured population were growing prosperous, moral, educated, and contented ; rising in civilization and well-being ; a blessing to themselves and their co-mates elsewhere ; a credit and a joy to their admirers and protectors ;—since emancipation was enacted for *their* good, and not that sugar might be grown or that planters might be wealthy.

It will not, however, do to say, as some cynics and disappointed philanthropists are beginning to say, “Never mind if the negro is idle. All men, even Anglo-Saxons, will be idle under a tropical sun. Why should the negro work, if he can live without work ? If the climate predisposes him to indolence and languor—if nature is so bountiful that she furnishes him gratuitously with all that is indispensable for comfortable existence—if his wants are few

and easily supplied, why seek to multiply them artificially, and thus to render life more difficult! If he prefers contentment with the bare necessities of life, it may be that he is a truer philosopher than we who reprove him and would stimulate him. If he chooses to be lazy, he has a right to be so. It is sufficient that he is free, and that we have secured to him his rights."

In our judgment it is *not* sufficient. It was not for this that we purchased his liberty and sacrificed his master. If this be the result, emancipation must be admitted to have failed. It may be assumed, and must be conceded, that content with the minimum that suffices for bare life, naked inaction, basking indolence, the animal enjoyment and dreary vacuity of barbaric ease, were not the purposes for which even Africans were created, or in which they were designed by Providence to remain; that savage existence—*mere* existence, vegetable life, life amid yams and plantains, with a cloth round their loins and a thatch over their heads—is not a condition into which England can or ought to allow half a million of her subjects, *whom she has taken in hand*, to sink; that if this be the result of our work, we have done our work very ill, and must set to work at once to do it better. The negro must be civilized—brought up, that is, to such a stage of civilization as he is capable of reaching, and to a higher and higher stage as years roll on and generation succeeds to generation. We cannot acquiesce without great guilt in his relapse into savagery. *He has no right to be a*

savage ; God made him and all men for advance ; he must improve, or die out ; earth is not made for mere *fruges consumere nati*—least of all, British earth in the nineteenth century. If the negro can rise and civilize, however slowly, by himself and under his own guidance, by all means leave him to himself and give him time ; if he cannot, then help him, guide him, control him, compel him ; but never dream of sitting down helplessly content with a failure of hopes and prophecies and duties so signal—so fatal to him, so discreditable to ourselves.

Now, two things are, by universal admission, essential to civilization,—industry in one form or other, and a raising, not a lowering, of the standard of comfortable life—a multiplication, rather than a reduction, of our wants. To be satisfied with what is sufficient to maintain life, to propagate life, even to enjoy mere animal life, is to be a brute or to be in the way of becoming one. Man cannot live by bread alone ; beasts can and do. If the negro is to be a man and not a beast, he must have decent clothing and a decent hut ; he must have some religion, some education, some aspirations ; he must wish to better himself, to marry, to have property of some sort ; the present generation must desire to be better off than the last, and to see their children improving on themselves. They must work. It is not at all necessary that they should work for wages, or work on sugar plantations, or work for others ; but if they are to civilize—if they are to fulfil prophecies and

expectations—if they are to justify their existence or even to sustain it, they must work either at a trade or on a sugar or coffee estate, or on their own grounds. And they must do this because industry is the first condition of civilization. We think we need waste no more words on this thesis. We may safely assume that Great Britain is not going to allow those for whom she is responsible, who are still her subjects and her citizens, to become what their ancestors were in Africa, what the savages of Congo are yet. She will civilize them by some means—by persuasion and instruction if she can; by control and compulsion if such should be found necessary. She will not give up the struggle as hopeless, or as too much for her; she will solve the problem, or hand over the island to those who can. Jamaica was meant to be a paradise: we can never suffer it to be made a pigsty—not even if it can be shown that the pigs are really comfortable and very fat.

The really important question is, What is our duty towards the negroes in Jamaica? Are we morally bound to try to make them industrious and civilized beings; or ought we to be satisfied, and think that we have done whatever it is necessary for us to do, as soon as we have secured them life and property? In a word, is *laissez faire* to be our rule in the West Indies as it is in England? Suppose it to be proved that the black likes to be a savage. Nature certainly enables him to be a savage if he likes, with perfect ease and comfort. Are we to let

him take his 'time' in peace, and even say grace for him over his pumpkins? or are we to try—as we should call it—to raise him to our level, although he thoroughly dislikes the process? If so, on what principle?

It certainly is our decided opinion that we ought by no means to be contented to let the negro ideal of life take its course, and that we ought by all reasonable ways and means to do our very utmost to give the negro the wants of civilized life, and also to give him the virtues which are cultivated by making provision for those wants. We think that if the black population really is relapsing into savage life, they must have been very ill-governed, and we must have grossly neglected our first duties towards them. The mere fact that they like to be savages is no more a reason why they should be allowed to be savages than the fact that a boy likes play better than work is a reason why he should be allowed to play when he ought to be working.

Now, what, as far as can be ascertained from the somewhat scanty information and the very conflicting statements extant and available, is the condition, past and present, of the black population of Jamaica? Are they improving in morals, in comfort, and in industry, or are they retrograding in these important particulars, which comprise nearly everything of importance? The impression which we believe will be left upon the minds of most readers by an impartial consideration of the evidence is that, on the whole, a

tolerably encouraging account could be given of the position and progress of the negro for the first twelve or fifteen years subsequent to emancipation, perhaps up to 1848 or 1850 ; but that since that time there has been a marked and deplorable retrogression. We do not guide ourselves mainly either by missionary, or planting, or official testimony, but by the most reliable portions of each sort which we can collect ; and from these we gather that during the first years of freedom, the planters were far more to blame than the negroes for the difficulty of obtaining efficient and continuous labour. The masters too often endeavoured to enforce work by threats of ejection, and unfairly to reduce the promised wages by the extortion of extravagant rents for huts and provision grounds ; they often paid their labourers with disheartening irregularity ; and by these proceedings and other fiscal regulations, indirectly and unintentionally made it the interest of the negro to work for himself rather than for his employer. Still there is ample evidence that when the wages offered were fair, when these wages were regularly forthcoming, and when the general treatment was good, the negroes would usually work with reasonable steadiness ; and that up to 1848 at least a better feeling between the employer and the labourer was springing up ; and that, where the industry of the negro was sagaciously directed and vigilantly supervised, it was far from being inefficient or unprofitable. In many of the free negro villages, where the peasantry lived on their own lands and laboured for

their own behoof, the accounts were most encouraging. Dr King, in 1850, described them as both more industrious and better housed than the Scotch Highlanders (perhaps this is not saying much); and they were said by some to be growing nearly as frugal and penurious as peasant proprietors elsewhere. Even as late as 1854, Sir Henry Barkly, than whom no one is more entitled to be heard with confidence, while by no means looking at the condition or prospects of the island, as a whole, in a very sanguine spirit, writes thus:—"Altogether, these mountain villages, which put one somewhat in mind of those of Switzerland in respect to situation and construction, have a decided air of progressive civilization and comfort about them; and it is quite clear, whatever may be the case elsewhere, that their inhabitants are not retrograding either in moral or physical condition."*

As to other matters, we find Lord Stanley affirming in 1842, as "unquestionable facts," that since emancipation "the negroes have been thriving and contented; that they have raised their manner of living and multiplied their comforts and enjoyments; that their offences against the laws have become more and more light and infrequent; that their morals have improved; that marriage has been more and more substituted for concubinage; and that they are eager for education, rapidly advancing in knowledge, and powerfully influenced by the ministers of Religion." No doubt

* Another gentleman, travelling over the island ten years later, gives a very different account, which we shall quote in due time.

this picture is somewhat coloured by the well known temperament of the writer, then Colonial Minister, as well as by a natural disposition to think well of the results of his own measure ; but the statement was not without warrant. A year or two later, Mr Philippo, after describing the increase of schools, goes on : “ During slavery, the sanctities of marriage were unknown ; but now, out of a population of 420,000, not fewer than 14,840 marriages annually take place, being a proportion of one in twenty-nine. Indeed, everywhere marriage is now the rule, and concubinage the exception.”* And, to conclude, Lord Howard de Walden, an extensive Jamaica proprietor, when asked in 1848, before a Committee of Inquiry—“ Can you speak to the moral improvement of the negroes in Jamaica, as respects education, habits, dress, and marriage ? ” replies, “ I believe they have amazingly improved in every respect since emancipation ; everybody agrees that the change has been very remarkable.” The accounts of crime, too, were on the whole very favourable ; and making fair allowance for difficulties and an inevitably slow rate of progress, there seemed every reason to believe that emancipation had succeeded, and was gradually raising the African into a higher stage of civilization in all essential particulars ; and

* *Jamaica : Past and Present*, p. 232. *West. Rev.*, April, 1853. The *figures* here are obviously a reckless exaggeration. Since there must be two persons to each marriage, they would imply that one fourteenth of the population was married every year. One in 100 is a high marriage rate. In England it is about one in 121.

that, though he grew much less sugar than formerly, yet he was, as a rule, both moderately industrious and more than comfortable. Mr Bigelow, an American who visited Jamaica in 1805, and who speaks with all an American's irrepressible disgust of the indolence, inefficiency, wastefulness, and want of enterprise of the capitalists, declares that the number of small coloured proprietors of land, holding from three to five acres each, is upwards of 100,000,* and that they seem wonderfully happy, care-free and industrious.

“A freehold of four or five acres gives them a vote, to which they attach great value; and it enables them, with two or three months of labour for wages in crop time, and one day in each week devoted to their little farms, to live in comparative ease and independence. . . . Their properties average, I should think, about three acres. They have a direct interest in cultivating them economically and intelligently. The practice of planning their own labour, encouraged by the privilege of reaping its rewards themselves, exerts upon them the most important educational influence, the results of which will soon be more apparent than they are now. . . . Of course it requires no little self-denial and energy for a negro, upon the wages now paid in Jamaica, to lay up enough to purchase one of these properties; but if he does get one, he never parts with it except for a larger or a better one. The planters call them lazy, for indulging in this feeling of independence; but I could never see anything in the aversion of the negroes here to labour which was not sanctioned by the example of their masters and by instincts and propensities common to humanity.”

Now let us turn to the picture, drawn by unexceptionable witnesses, of the *present* condition of the

* Mr Clarke, the Baptist missionary, gives the number as 60,000. Probably both are guesses, as we cannot find that any authentic returns have ever been published.

lower classes of Jamaica. Thanks to Dr Underhill's letter, and to the answers it has called forth, we have now before us the most ample testimony on all points. Never perhaps was a larger mass of evidence as to the social and moral state of any people brought to light. Seldom, assuredly, has evidence so voluminous been at the same time in the main so consentaneous. In reply to the circular of Governor Eyre, we have replies from bishops, clergymen, Wesleyan and Baptist ministers, American missionaries, physicians, chief justices, judges, magistrates, custodes, churchwardens—from nearly every one qualified by position and means of observation to give information on any of the various points on which information was demanded. We do not propose to load our pages with a mere series of extracts; but we will endeavour to give our readers the net results with as much conciseness, clearness, and accuracy as we can; we will do this with all the fairness we are masters of; and we shall find the task the less difficult, inasmuch as there is really scarcely any difference of opinion among the witnesses as to the facts they depose to, and but little (with a few silly exceptions) as to the explanation of these facts. But, first, we must quote Dr Underhill's statement in his letter to Mr Cardwell:

“ 33 MOORGATE STREET, E. U.

Jan. 5, 1865.

“ Crime has fearfully increased. The number of prisoners in the penitentiary and gaols is considerably more than double the average, and nearly all for one crime—larceny. Summonses for petty debts disclose an amount of pecuniary difficulty which has

never before been experienced ; and applications for parochial and private relief prove that multitudes are suffering from want little removed from starvation.

“The immediate cause of this distress would seem to be the drought of the last two years ; but, in fact, this has only given intensity to suffering previously existing. All accounts, both public and private, concur in affirming the alarming increase of crime, chiefly of larceny and petty theft. This arises from the extreme poverty of the people. That this is its true origin is made evident by the ragged and even naked condition of vast numbers of them ; so contrary to the taste for dress they usually exhibit. They cannot purchase clothing, partly from its greatly increased cost, which is unduly enhanced by the duty (said to be 38 per cent. by the Hon. Mr Whitelocke) which it now pays, and partly from the want of employment, and the consequent absence of wages.

“The people, then, are starving, and the causes of this are not far to seek. No doubt the taxation of the island is too heavy for its present resources, and must necessarily render the cost of producing the staples higher than they can bear, to meet competition in the markets of the world. No doubt much of the sugar land of the island is worn out, or can only be made productive by an outlay which would destroy all hope of profitable return. No doubt, too, a large portion of the island is uncultivated, and might be made to support a greater population than is now existing upon it.

“But the simple fact is, there is not sufficient employment for the people ; there is neither work for them, nor capital to employ them.

“The labouring class is too numerous for the work to be done. Sugar cultivation on the estates does not absorb more than 30,000 of the people, and every other species of cultivation (apart from provision growing) cannot give employment to more than another 30,000. But the agricultural population of the island is over 400,000 ; so that there are at least 340,000 whose livelihood depends on employment other than that devoted to the staple cultivation of the island. Of these 340,000 certainly not less than 130,000 are adults, and capable of labour. For subsistence they must be entirely dependent on the provisions grown on their little freeholds, a portion of which is sold to those who find employment on the estates ; or perhaps, in a slight degree, on such produce as they are able to raise for exportation. But those who

grow produce for exportation are very few, and they meet with every kind of discouragement to prosecute a means of support which is as advantageous to the island as themselves. If their provisions fail, as has been the case, from drought, they must steal, or starve. And this is their present condition."

There is no reason to suppose that Dr Underhill is not a good and sincere man,—none to suppose that his intentions have been other than benevolent. But it will soon become clear that a series of more fallacious and deceptive misrepresentations has seldom been given forth to the world; so much so, that it is difficult to account for them otherwise than on the assumption that he has been the somewhat easy dupe of local partisans. The wretched condition of a considerable part of the population is undoubtedly true, though what is partial and comparatively recent is represented as chronic and universal; but the general colouring and the causes assigned are singularly incorrect. The Governor undoubtedly went too far in ascribing to Dr Underhill's statements, and the meetings held in different parts of the island to discuss them, so large an influence in producing the late rebellion; but it is equally indisputable that their operation was, and could not fail to be, mischievous and misleading in a very high degree. Having said thus much on the personal part of the matter, we shall drop that subject altogether, and proceed to the far more important one—the actual state of the Jamaica population.

1. That the condition, moral and physical, of the lower classes has rapidly deteriorated of late years, and that this deterioration still continues, if even it does

not accelerate, scarcely any one denies or doubts. On this point the testimony may be said to be nearly unanimous. It is clear also that in some places, and among some classes, great destitution and absolute misery exists, and that this has been in certain districts much increased by recent droughts. But these droughts, as is always the case in Jamaica, have been merely local ; and the destitution complained of is to be found almost exclusively among the following sections of the people, and depends upon the causes here assigned. First—Among the inhabitants of towns, who are somewhat above the lowest class ; among small tradesmen, who cannot recover their debts ; among respectable families, once rich, but now reduced to squalid poverty by the general ruin which has overtaken the staple production of the island ; among the female population, which is considerably more numerous than the male ;* and especially among those who, like the sempstresses and washerwomen, depend for employment and remuneration upon the prosperity of the community at large. Secondly—Among the aged and infirm throughout the island, *who are habitually and universally deserted by their children* : and among the illegitimate and unacknowledged children, *who are about as universally deserted by their parents*. Thirdly—Among those of the peasantry in the country whose provision grounds, otherwise adequate to their support, are so constantly

* Among the *browns* there are 38,000 males and 42,000 females. Among the *blacks*, 167,000 males to 179,000 females.

plundered by the idle pilfering vagrants who swarm throughout the island, that they cannot reap the fruits of their industry, and in very many instances have given up the cultivation of their land in absolute despair. With these exceptions—putting out of view a few very isolated and peculiarly situated localities—there is no physical distress or want that is not purely voluntary, and does not arise from the inveterate idleness or profligacy of the sufferers.

2. Indeed, it stands to reason that it must be so ; and that it is so is affirmed in the plainest language both by the Governor and by nearly every competent witness who speaks upon the subject. Abundance of fertile land is to be obtained in every part of the country by any labouring man who wishes for it. It can be had on rent at 10s. to 20s. an acre ; it can be purchased at fee-simple at prices varying from five dollars to five pounds,* and large quantities have been so purchased by the negroes. Nay, it can be had, and *is* had, in most parts without either rent or purchase—by mere occupation ; and it is not uncommon for an unauthorised squatter to *sublet* to other negroes plots to which he himself has no title beyond simple residence. It is certain that a month's steady industry will enable any one who pleases to purchase an acre of land. It is equally certain that

* They are nearly all freeholders in this district (St Mark's, Portland). I may mention that in the last twelve months properties have been bought by some of them to the extent of nearly 600 acres, at a cost of about £400.—*Jamaica Papers*, p. 39 (1866).

one day's work in the week will, on two acres, if not on one, produce food enough to maintain a family throughout the year.* Under these circumstances it is idle and wrong to affirm that there is or can be any general distress except such as arises from wilful indolence. "I cannot understand," says Mr Salmon, "how increasing distress can be predicated of a people who will not give 20 days' labour on their grounds in a year, which labour would provide each person with food enough and with clothes."

3. Nor is it true that employment cannot be procured by those who are anxious for it, or that the wages are in any fair sense low or inadequate. On these points the evidence is overwhelming, and wonderfully consentaneous and detailed. There are not, as Dr Underhill recklessly affirms, only 60,000 persons engaged in the staple productions of the island, but at least 120,000; the whole adult population of both sexes, exclusive of whites and wealthy coloured persons, being about 200,000. The average wages for *six hours* work is a shilling to eighteen-pence; and those who watch the labour given for this sum are of opinion that it is highly paid. By task-work a man can earn 2s. per task, or at least 3s. or 4s. for a full day; but he never will do more than one task.† The

* I have it from the peasants' own lips that one acre of land, for which they pay a rent of 12s. to 21s., yields them, when in good cultivation, from £12 to £15.—*Jamaica Papers*, p. 98.

Evidence to this effect is overwhelming, and extends back for thirty years and more.—See *Papers*, pp. 8, 27, 69.

† Carpenters, masons, and other skilled labourers earn from 2s.

negro always takes three weeks' holiday at Christmas and the same in August, and as soon as he has earned the sum he needs for his immediate wants, can seldom be induced to continue in the hope of more ; and he perpetually leaves his employer at the most critical moment, thus driving the latter to seek coolie and immigrant labour, not as being more effective, but as being more reliable.* That labour is not ill-remunerated in Jamaica is further proved by the fact that there, as elsewhere, the coolie, who is a less able workman than the negro, saves and grows rich on earnings which the negro grumbles at, and carries back considerable sums to his native country. Lastly, it is true that the abandonment of a vast number of sugar estates has diminished the demand for labour in several districts ; but this abandonment has been chiefly caused by the impossibility of obtaining reliable labour.

4. It is proved beyond question that such distress as exists in Jamaica does not arise from the high price of imported provisions, since that price has not materially risen, and is certainly not much higher than in other West Indian islands, where the negroes are flourishing enough. Moreover, a land that can

to 3s a day : and when the quality of their work is taken into consideration, these wages are high.—*Jamaica Papers*, p. 96.

* Moreover, it is the opinion of many of the best qualified witnesses that no increase of wages would benefit the negro so long as his present character and habits continue unchanged ; since he would only work so many fewer days or hours. And there can be no doubt that this would be the case.

grow nearly everything, like Jamaica, has no excuse for importing provisions at all, unless it can plead that it does so either because other crops are more remunerative or because labour is defective. Nor can the alleged distress arise from the asserted increase in the price of ground provisions, inasmuch as such enhancement of price, if the fact, must benefit and not injure a population every family of which is, or might be, a grower and a seller, not a buyer of those articles. Nor, finally, can the distress be traced, as Dr Underhill so unwarrantably alleges, to unequal or excessive taxation, since no case of unfairness is specified by Dr Underhill, or can be discovered to exist (this is distinctly affirmed by the most qualified witnesses);* and since the taxation, though in our judgment sometimes unwise enough, is not so high as in most other colonies. Thus, it averages, according to Mr Hosack, at

The Cape of Good Hope	55s. per head.
Canada	28s. „
Guiana	34s. „
Trinidad	45s. „
Jamaica	14s. „

3. With reference to the alleged raggedness of the people, described by Dr Underhill as approaching to nudity, and as greatly attributable to the increased taxation upon articles of clothing,—which taxation he

* There may have been formerly, but these cases have been rectified.—*Jamaica Papers*, p. 10.

states to have been raised from $12\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. *ad valorem* to 38 per cent.,—there is some truth and much falsehood in his statement. It is true that raggedness is on the increase; but one reason—the chief reason—is, that owing to the enhanced price of calicoes, consequent on the American war and the cotton famine, it requires a greater degree of industry than formerly to buy the necessary amount of clothing; and the negro and negress, on the whole, prefer being naked to being industrious. Another cause is specified by some witnesses,—viz., that as display in dress is one of the very strongest passions of the Africans of both sexes,—and one gentleman, a clergyman, declares it to be almost the only remaining and most-to-be-cherished link which still binds them to civilisation,—they, as a rule, insist upon being gorgeously and extravagantly dressed on Sundays and holidays, and, in order to obtain this end, are content to be ragged almost to indecency during the rest of the week. But when it is remembered how few yards of calico are needed for decorous and even comfortable clothing in a tropical climate like Jamaica, and that this calico is procurable even now at from 6d. to 1s. per yard, and that a week's work could, therefore, at any time procure a dress, we cannot for a moment admit that deficient clothing is anything but a voluntary evil.* And as to Dr Underhill's statement about the taxation

* Moreover, the price of "Osnaburghs," a chief article of habitual clothing among the blacks, has only risen from $4\frac{1}{2}$ d to $7\frac{1}{2}$ d a yard.—*Jamaica Papers*, p. 96.

on clothing, it is simply an inexcusably reckless or inexcusably wilful untruth. The duty on calico has not been raised: it is still $12\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., as it always was; and the utmost effect it can produce would be to raise plain goods from 6d. to 7d., and printed ones from 12d. to 14d. Indeed, this is an outside statement. But Dr Underhill and, we are sorry to be obliged to add, his colleagues also, appear to have been ready to accept, without inquiry or reflection, whatever assertions were sent home to them, and to have put them forth to the world endorsed by an authority which can never be relied upon again.

6. One of the worst features in the material condition of the negroes of Jamaica is the wretched state of their habitations. It would almost seem as if strong enough language could not be found to describe the insufficiency, filthiness, airlessness, and habitual overcrowding which prevails. Dr Milroy's elaborate Report to the Board of Health, after the cholera in 1851, speaks of those in Kingston, and nearly all the towns and many of the villages, as shocking and beastly beyond parallel; and though some of his statements and much of his colouring were declared by Governor Darling to be exaggerated, yet we are bound to say that they are fully confirmed and borne out by the Report of a Committee (in 1857, we believe) addressed to the Government by the Council of the Royal Society of Arts,—a body comprising many of the principal inhabitants in the island. This document is given *in extenso* in the Papers lately laid

before Parliament. The passages we refer to are too long to quote; but nothing can be worse or, we fear, truer than the picture they draw. In the country districts the evil is not nearly so bad, simply because they *are* country districts; but even there, as a rule, the dwellings are not such as decent people should or would inhabit.*

* The following is an Extract from the Report of a person of high authority, who two years ago made a tour throughout the entire island :

“The dwellings of the peasantry are for the most part of a very wretched description. Situated generally amongst closely-growing trees or other rank vegetation, often in damp situations, and without any attempts at drainage, or at the preservation of cleanliness around them, they are usually most unhealthy. Large families are crowded into small hovels, and all ages and sexes promiscuously occupy the same apartment. The natural and necessary result is that all sense of propriety or decency, all morality, and all cleanliness are utterly wanting in the labouring population as a body, whilst the absence of the common requirements for the preservation of health leads to much illness at all times, and in times of epidemics to almost a decimation of the population. Until a radical improvement can be effected in the dwellings of the peasantry, as well as in their social habits, but little hope can be entertained of their real or permanent advancement in civilisation or morality, and I took every opportunity which offered of endeavouring to impress upon them the importance of attending to these essential particulars. At present, there is the singular anomaly presented of a people, who for the most part are comfortably off, possessing lands, carts, horses, mules, and other property, who profess to be members of religious bodies, and who on Sundays and holidays are always well-dressed, being at their own homes and in their social habits and relations little better than absolute savages. Whilst making this sweeping charge against the peasantry as a body, I must add that there are pleasing exceptions, where the dwellings are of a superior description, and considerable efforts made to render the exterior and surrounding premises clean and neat.”

7. When we turn from the physical to the moral condition of the black peasantry of Jamaica, the accounts given are far more discouraging and appalling, and yet more consentaneous, if that be possible. All witnesses, with scarcely an exception, agree that crime is rapidly increasing, especially the crime of petty larceny, and principally from provision grounds ; that summary convictions have doubled within the last four years is proved by the official returns ; the prisons are full, and seem to present no deterring aspects to the criminals ; and that the spread of larcenous habits and offences against property is in no degree traceable to want or destitution, is made clear by the unanimous testimony of the magistrates, the gaolers, and indeed of all classes, to the fact that the offenders are almost invariably active, able-bodied, and well-fed. " The young and the strong of both sexes are those who fill the gaols, and they almost universally come in good condition. The old, the decrepit, or the emaciated, are seldom to be met with in a Jamaica prison." Nor is it only theft that is on the increase : crimes of violence are becoming more and more common. Sin, too, is advancing as well as crime, and even faster, and sin of all sorts,—sins of omission, and sins of commission. All affirm and deplore the decrease of marriages ; the habit, almost universal, of concubinage, beginning from the earliest puberty ; the nearly invariable neglect, moral and material, of children by their parents ; the quite invariable neglect and desertion of parents by their children ; the

systematic abandonment of the sick and the infirm by their relatives and neighbours ; the absence of all principle ; the dying out of nearly all kindly feeling. Education is despised, and the services and duties of religion are falling more and more into decay. In short, the moral deterioration seems general and progressive ; and not one single bright feature in the prospect is discernible. This sounds like extravagant delineation ; but 300 pages of the most unexceptionable testimony leave us no loophole of escape from the conclusion that it is in the main a faithful representation of the truth.

8. But the worst remains to be told. All parties concur in stating that the rising generation is incomparably the worst part of the population,—the most depraved, the most profligate, the most ignorant and vicious, and the most incorrigibly idle. The civil, the industrious, the tolerably steady, the tolerably decent, are almost invariably the *freedmen*,—those who were trained and disciplined under slavery.* A generation has now grown up since emancipation, and that generation is incomparably worse than its predecessor. This is terrible and most disheartening. But, say all the witnesses, how should it be otherwise ? The discipline and obedience formerly enforced by masters has been replaced by no parental training or control ; the children grow up in the pigsties above described, without education, without supervision : idle, because

* *Jamaica Papers*, p. 116.

they can live without work ; lewd, because the means of lewdness are always at hand, and there are no motives to self-restraint ; uncontrolled by others, and utterly unfit to control themselves. “ And ” (conclude the writers who draw this fearful picture), “ These boys and girls are destined to be the men and women, the parents of the next generation ; and it is fearful to contemplate what shall then be the state of society, when the spring-time of youth has issued in the harvest of matured adult villainy.”* We had marked a number of passages confirmatory of the above statements ; but they are too long to transfer to our columns, and our readers must be content with the condensed summary we have given in these few lines.

To sum up the whole matter thus far :—The black peasantry of Jamaica, which for a while after emancipation appeared to be improving both in habits and in comforts, in morals and in decency, have now for many years been receding in all these particulars ; and of late this deterioration has been marked and rapid. There is misery, but only among the vicious and the idle, and those who suffer from the idleness and viciousness of those around them ; there is crime, with no excuse for it in the pressure of external circumstances ; there is flagrant, spreading, cancerous immorality among a population that might easily, as far as the absence of obstacles and temptations go, be the happiest and most well-conducted in existence. In a

* *Jamaica Papers*, p. 144.

country where every one is free, where land may be had for the asking, where the soil is fertile and the climate good, where a month's labour will buy an acre, and a day's work each week will make that acre yield enough to support a whole family, there is yet great poverty, frequent distress, general squalor, and common raggedness; theft and crime are making rapid progress; the criminals are the vigorous and the young; profligacy of the worst sort is the rule and not the exception; and, most deplorable of all, each generation is growing manifestly worse than the preceding one. It is not a case of slow progress towards good, for which every allowance should be made: it is a case of rapid proclivity towards evil—of degeneracy, of advance to barbarism—for which there can be no excuse, and in dealing with which there must be no delay, no dawdling, no toleration of folly, no tenderness to crime. A little more sleep and a little more slumber, and a little more folding of the arms to rest; a little more pausing in apathy, as we have been doing session after session, and Parliament after Parliament; a little more wilfulness in denying facts, a little more cowardice in facing cant, a little more feebleness in assuming the responsibility which belongs to high station and to solemn obligations; a little more shrinking from duty and cowering before clamour,—and the last chance of saving the negro race from ruin, and the principles of freedom from dishonour, will be gone for ever. The interest awakened by the late rebellion and its terrible repression; the completeness and promptitude with

which Jamaica has thrown itself upon the mother country for rescue and salvation ; the real comprehension of the subject which has for the first time been made possible,—all combine to offer us one golden opportunity for redeeming the past. It remains to be seen whether we have yet among us manhood and statesmanship equal to the task, and capable of rising to the greatness of the emergency.

Now, to what cause are we to attribute the social and moral deterioration of the emancipated population of Jamaica ? To what influences, negative or positive, is it owing in the last resort that freedom has not brought those results with it that were confidently prophesied as its inevitable, if gradual, consequences ; and that the negro peasantry, who for a time appeared to be improving and advancing, have of late been so indisputably retrograding ? Clearly not to their poverty ; for their poverty, it is proved, even when the fact, is nearly invariably wilful, and is an effect and a sign and not a source of their moral deficiencies. Not to the recent bad seasons ; for these have only produced local distress, and under sounder conditions would not have produced serious distress at all. Not to the high price of imported provisions ; for this price appears to have varied little if at all, and can scarcely be said to have had any decided operation. Not to the high price of ground provisions ; for this, where it existed, must have benefited rather than injured the peasantry who are the growers of them. Not to low wages, for wages are not low to an industrious

labourer ; they are even high for the amount and quality of work rendered ; they are higher even than an English peasant can earn in the same number of hours, while the cost of living is much lower ; they are higher than in Barbadoes, where the people prosper ; they are in fact seven shillings a week habitually, and sixteen when the workman wishes. Not even to want of employment ; for this is only exceptional, and is caused entirely by the irregularity with which employment is sought or accepted : planters are clamorous for labour that can be relied upon ; they import it at vast expense from distant countries ; they are being ruined by hundreds for the lack of it. Not to excessive or unfair taxation ; for no unfairness has been or can be pointed out, and the taxes per head are lighter than in almost any other of our colonies. Not, finally, as Dr Underhill vaguely but positively affirms, to unjust tribunals,* unequal laws, and a denial of political privileges ; for he does not even attempt to specify or make good any of these charges, and all the best-qualified witnesses give them the most positive contradiction.

The cause of the evil—the *fons et origo mali*—lies patent to sight. It is simply that a people

* We by no means wish, however, to deny that, since a most unwise and niggard parsimony led to the supersession of the stipendiary magistrates, justice, as administered by the planters who succeeded to their functions, has often been most faulty. On the contrary, we are fully prepared to admit that much well-founded discontent may be traced to this source.

peculiarly in want of wise guidance and of firm control, have been left to grow up and to go on without either. The negroes had just been set free from slavery, which is about the most demoralizing and incapacitating sort of antecedent that any race can suffer from, and they needed the most judicious and careful management and direction during the first years of freedom. They are a docile, naturally obedient, genial, jovial, well-disposed, irascible, excitable, ignorant, deludable, volatile, unpersistent, *childish* race, and their first and paramount *need* was of superior intelligence, steady direction, strong control, compulsory education, to govern and to guide them. Instead of this they were left to themselves, to bad advisers, to irritated and impatient masters, to inefficient government, to injudicious friends, and to injurious example. The superior race, who ought to have been their leaders and rulers, were placed in a position of antagonism and often of animosity towards them. The largest proprietors were non-residents; the residents, always embarrassed, and utterly ruined by the competition of slave sugar, gradually abandoned the island, till the white population, once 30,000 among 350,000, had dwindled down to 14,000 among 450,000. In the days of slavery, the masters all exercised some controlling influence over their dependants; the good masters exercised an improving and civilizing influence as well; and regular industry, even when enforced by coercion, has *some* good effects both over character and habits. Under freedom, there have been but few proprietors com-

petent to act as "captains of industry," or qualified to gain ascendancy by power of character over a race which they could no longer coerce by mere force of will. In the days of slavery, again, the missionaries and ministers of the gospel had great influence over the blacks, and this influence was in the main a most excellent one. The negroes felt that these men, the Baptists especially, were their friends, their defenders, their benefactors; they learned to love them and obey them, and look up to them as superior beings; and when emancipation came, gratitude and confidence made them ready to contribute in the most liberal manner to their support, as well as to the erection of schools and chapels—for in the early days of emancipation the negroes were comparatively rich, and were lavish of their riches. Proud of this liberality on the part of their flocks, and confident in its continuance, the Baptist missionaries severed their connection with the Home Society—as far at least as maintenance was concerned—and threw themselves entirely on their native congregations for support. But by degrees the first flush of zeal declined; the negroes began to be idle, and to find their contributions a burden; like all meagre and semi-civilized natures, they had looked up to those who assisted and supported them, but began to look down upon those whom they had to support; the tables were turned, and the negro who paid his minister grew to consider himself as the patron, and the minister as his dependant, and thus of late the influence of these missionaries has lamentably fallen

off.* Their place has been a good deal taken by the "Native Baptists"—a set of negro preachers, ignorant and silly to the last degree, the effect of whose preaching is almost unmixed evil; and as their revenue has decreased, they have not unnaturally been disposed to attribute this decrease rather to the poverty than the wickedness of their flocks. Those who remain, as well as the Moravians, the Wesleyans, and the clergymen of the Church of England, do what they can, but their number is very inadequate to their task: the provision for the education of the peasantry is lamentably insufficient, and the influence of the religious element is grievously on the decline.

In addition to this, and operating in the same direction, the conduct of the Assembly, and the proceedings and mode of life of the upper classes generally, have exercised, and were sure to exercise, a most injurious effect upon the negro population. The administration—both municipal and insular—has too often, not to say generally, been inefficient and negligent; sanitary arrangements, even the most obviously essential, have been habitually put aside; crime has neither been prevented nor repressed; till recently, imprisonment was the only punishment provided by the law, and the prisons, from the absence of strict discipline, enforced labour, and corporal infliction, were places rather of attraction than of terror; while the jobbery, selfishness, corruption, absence of patriotism, prevalence of

* There are now said to be only twelve regular European Baptist ministers left in Jamaica.—*Jamaica Papers*, p. 124.

personality and passion, to be found in all public bodies, and in the House of Assembly more even than elsewhere, have had the worst possible effect upon the people. Add to this, that the morals of the upper classes, especially in reference to indolence and licentiousness, have been such as to make their example a grievous power of evil to those over whom they ought to rule,—and little more is needed to explain the state of things.

We give an extract from the written testimony of Mr Bowerbank, Custos of Kingston, than whom no man can be more qualified to speak, to show that our language is not a whit too strong.

“My own belief is that this state of matters is by no means a new or sudden one, but that it has been gradually going on for years past, till now it has assumed a magnitude that strikes the attention of every one ; and I myself have no hesitation in expressing my opinion that this appalling state of things is due in a great measure to the example set by those of the upper to the lower classes.

“It is painful to be obliged to confess it, but nevertheless it is true, that in no community is there so palpable and evident a want of principle in guiding men’s actions as in this.

“I believe that the conduct of magistrates and others in authority in assuming duties they do not faithfully perform, and in using their authority or influence to the interest of themselves and their dependants, injuriously influences the conduct of the lower orders ;

“That the generally acknowledged inefficiency of our courts of law in respect to juries and the consequent too frequent and evident failure of justice, influence the lower orders ;

“That the laxity and improprieties committed by public boards in the performance of their duties, and in executing the trusts committed to them, influence the lower orders ;

“That the gross and unblushing bribery and corruption often

practised by persons of the upper class at elections influence the lower orders ;

“ That the licentiousness and gross perversions of the truth so common in the newspapers of the island, under the plea of upholding the independence of the press, and which are in too many instances conducted by men whose station in society, their antecedents, their social and moral relations, unfit them to act as censors for the public, influence the conduct of the lower orders ;

“ That the want of principle and integrity which causes gross abuses to be overlooked and denied in the carrying out of our public institutions, till men quarrel and expose the shortcomings of each other, influences the conduct of the lower orders ;

“ That the looseness and *laisser-aller* system in which many of our laws are carried out, as regards the collection of taxes and the revenue, the punishment of perjury, the justness of weights and measures, &c., influence the lower classes ;

“ That the disgraceful bickerings and battlings for office, and the gross personal and party jobs committed by the House of Assembly, influence the lower orders ;

“ And my opinion is, that so long as the present unsatisfactory state of matters is allowed to remain, so long will crime increase.

“ It is unreasonable to expect that so imitative and cunning a class of men as the lower orders of this community, will see their betters in their own way set at defiance all law, justice, and religion to obtain their own ends, and that they will not in their own way follow the example set them to serve their own purposes.

“ I feel confident that the clergy of Jamaica of all denominations have done their best to stem the torrent, and the present Governor and his several executive committees have striven at progress ; but, alas ! as things are at present, we must all be swept away, unless the British Government will intercede, and put an end to the present condition of matters.

“ Jamaica never can and never will be better till the present constitution is done away with.

“ The deplorable state of this parish is referable to want of municipal government. The very law constituting the corporation of Kingston is a dead letter, and the common council itself a mere shadow, but under the gloom of which injustice is practised and jobbery committed.

“The downward condition of this island I am thoroughly convinced is owing to the existence of the House of Assembly—a branch of the Legislature for which, in these days, the material to form it does not exist in the island.”—*Papers relating to Jamaica*, p. 74.

In conclusion, does it not seem as clear as the daylight that the negro race, capable, docile, physically strong, and intellectually by no means despicable, cannot be expected to stand by its own strength, to walk by its own light, or to govern and guide itself by its own wisdom and self-control, but needs the presence and the rule of more enlightened and civilized elements; that emancipation could only succeed where good example, firm government, wise laws, efficient restraint, enforced education, and sagacious industrial tuition were provided, either by the administration or by the upper classes of the community; *and that all these indispensable conditions have been wanting in Jamaica?*

Let us now turn to inquire briefly, as far as the extant information within reach can assist us, in what degree this conclusion is confirmed by the condition and history of the emancipated negro in other islands and under various positions. The evidence is no doubt far more imperfect than could be wished, but it appears all to point in the same direction and to lead to the same inference.

The negroes naturally, and wherever placed in tolerably favourable circumstances—nay, even when these circumstances, according to our estimate, are not

favourable—are a singularly prolific race. They appear to be so in Africa, where slavery is nearly universal and where their position is often harsh and severe. They were so beyond all question in the Slave States of America, as to which our knowledge is more full and accurate. There, they habitually multiplied at least as rapidly as the whites (immigration apart), increasing steadily at the rate of *three* per cent. per annum. Even in Jamaica, so far as figures can be relied upon, the natural increase of the black race seems to have been unquestionable and considerable, in spite of a large infant mortality and two terrible visitations of small-pox and cholera, the latter of which, in 1851, was believed to have swept off nearly 40,000 souls. The census taken in 1844 was believed to be defective, but it gave a total of 293,000 blacks, while that of 1861 made them amount to 346,000.

Now, what is the movement of the negro population in other places? In the smaller islands, taken as a whole, it would seem about to maintain itself, but scarcely more: there is so much inter-migration among them that we should probably do wrong to draw any conclusions from the bare numbers recorded. When we come to the more important colonies, we find a different and less encouraging result. In TRINIDAD, the increase between 1851 and 1861, was 5000 only (when the Indian and Chinese immigrants are deducted), on a total native and European population of 84,000, or less than *one* per cent. per annum, instead of *three* per cent. as in America. But this

does not represent the *actual* state of things. How it was before 1859 we have no means of knowing; but since that date the population must have been decreasing rapidly, the deaths being always largely in excess of the births; the excess, in fact, averaging 350 per annum. The marriages also are on the decline:—

	Births.	Deaths.	Marriages.
1859	2425	2701	374
1860	2444	2479	479
1861	2447	3090	385
1862	2413	2868	309

The population of BRITISH GUIANA ranks next to that of Jamaica among the West Indian colonies. It was (exclusive of the aborigines) 125,000 in 1851, and 148,000 in 1861, showing an increase of 23,000. But we find that in the decade the number of Coolie immigrants in the colony had increased by 17,000; that 11,000 immigrants had been introduced from Madeira, the Cape de Verd Islands, and elsewhere; and 9300 from Africa—captured negroes, we presume. These numbers together amount to 37,000; so that, if the previous census be correct, the native negro population must have decreased by at least 14,000 out of a probable total of 90,000, or at the rate of about $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. yearly. In ANTIGUA, the decrease of population has recently become still more alarming. This island used to be considered a rather prosperous one. The numbers were in 1851, 37,136; in 1861, 36,412. But it is the proportion of deaths

to births that has of late been so menacing here as well as in TRINIDAD :—

	Births.	Deaths.	Marriages.
1857	1518	1346	144
1858	1273	1311	not given
1859	1346	1241	253
1860	1298	1344	185
1861	1328	1403	197
1862	1072	1738	150
1863	1407	1734	163
1864	1407	1750	166

If now we turn to MAURITIUS, we find in the Government Report for August 1863, the remark that the Indian agricultural population is likely in a few years to “replace the old Creole emancipated negroes, *who are fast dying out.*” From the confusing and constantly changing manner in which the statistical returns are given both in the Colonial Blue-books and in those issued by the Board of Trade, it is difficult to say precisely what the negro population of Mauritius now is; we only know that it has largely decreased and is still decreasing. By the last census taken previous to 1829, according to a parliamentary return, the number of slaves was 76,774. At the time of emancipation, 1834, it is stated officially by a stipendiary magistrate to have been about 60,000; and this is confirmed by Pridham, who gives it in 1832 at 63,000. In 1846, the “ex-apprentice” population (*i.e.* the former slaves and their families and descendants) were only 49,365, and in 1851 they had diminished to 48,330. In the last returns, those

for the census of 1861, the "ex-apprentice" section of the population is no longer kept distinct, but is merged in what is termed the "general," as distinguished from the "immigrant Indian" population. Now, in 1859, the general population was 96,600; and if the miscellaneous had continued to increase as it did between 1846 and 1851, it would have reached by that time 56,600, leaving only 40,000 for the numbers of negroes now remaining, which we have little doubt will be nearly correct. If so, they would be decreasing at the rate of about 1000 a year, or *two* per cent. This conclusion is, we fear, placed beyond doubt by the following return, which relates solely to the negro section of the population:—*

	Births.	Deaths.	Marriages.
1859	1940	2445	259
1860	1817	2478	161
1861	1696	2312	156
1862	1545	2711	167

If we attempt to investigate the causes which may be supposed to lead to this undeniable and apparently general tendency among the British negro population in these important colonies to die out, we cannot specify anything much more distinct than the somewhat vague terms of profligacy and idleness. We certainly find an increase of promiscuous intercourse, and a disinclination to regular marriage; we hear intimations of still worse vices and propensities; and

* In 1865, the deaths exceeded the births by 1637, in the aggregate population of 340,000.

the change of social habits on the part of the negro is nearly everywhere described in identical words. In all colonies where he can, he has ceased to labour on the sugar estates, and indeed to labour *regularly* for wages at all.* His labour is now only regarded by the planter as a *supplementary* resource, not as a chief reliance. He *supplements* the Chinese and the Coolie and the Madeira immigrant—working occasionally only, and seldom or never for long together. This is so to some extent even in the smaller Antilles: it is still more so in Trinidad and Guiana: it is peculiarly so in the Mauritius. There, where our statistics are more accurate than elsewhere, we find that in 1851 there were only $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of the “ex-apprentices” employed on sugar estates. Their mode of life is thus described in 1845 by the stipendiary magistrates, in their answers to Lord Stanley’s official inquiries:

“Many of them cultivate small patches of ground, and live upon the produce; others make a living by hawking vegetables, fruit, firewood, grass, &c.; and a considerable number frequent the seaside, either fishing themselves or buying fish to sell again; others, being artisans, live by working at their several trades, with more or less application as their wants demand—the high rate of wages, and great facility in gaining a livelihood, *naturally tending to discourage habits of continuous labour*. There are others again employed in loading and discharging ships in the harbour, or as labourers on the wharf; whilst not a few, I regret to say, live by theft—robberies of poultry, vegetables, fruit, &c., &c., being of almost nightly occurrence.

* It also appears, from testimony we have been able to collect from miscellaneous but trustworthy sources, that he usually leaves the cultivation of his small freehold, and often all hard jobs, to the women.

“As for their progress in knowledge and wealth, I think it will be admitted that the negroes occupy themselves very little about either the one or the other. Like all indolent or half-civilized people, they hate being compelled to think, or to exert either their bodily or their mental faculties; and as knowledge and wealth are to be acquired only by one or other of these modes of exertion, the black would willingly forego both rather than take any pains or trouble to attain them.”

In 1847, the Governor of Mauritius, Sir W. Gomm, wrote thus hopefully of the negroes there :—

“There can be no doubt, as I have affirmed in my earlier despatches, that they are at this hour *a thriving and improving class* of the colonial population, and in a great measure filling a middle station between the common field labourer and easy employer, as small independent cultivators, as artisans, overseers, foremen of workshops, and others, with fair profit to themselves and advantage to their community.”

No one would write thus cheerfully or sanguinely now. The present Governor, Sir Henry Barkly, says “they are fast dying out;” and a recent letter from a resident on the island, an officer and not a planter, describes them as—

“Given up to idleness, squatting on Government lands, or retiring to small properties in the interior and less frequented parts of the island. Among the habits of these people, that of intermarriage, or, to speak more correctly, interconnection among blood relations, has tended as much as anything to render them effete. They are without energy, and very superstitious; and even among those professing Christianity, these superstitions lead them to put more faith in the charms of the sorcerer than in a regular medical practitioner when sick. They have many filthy and debasing habits; but beyond these and their native indolence, which has left them, as it were, behind the rest of the community, I can trace no cause for their gradual extinction.”

Of the comparison between the past and present

condition of the emancipated blacks in Trinidad and British Guiana, we are not able to give any distinct evidence in quotations from official and reliable reports.* We only know generally that they give little continuous labour on plantations; that they are jealous of the preference shown to the immigrants, who will do what they will not; and that they follow more and more the prevalent tendencies of their race, seek for *chance* jobs, become freeholders, poultry-keepers, market-gardeners, and artisans (deplorably careless and unskilful often, but earning high wages nevertheless); but, as a rule, leading always and in all things a *desultory* life, and morally and socially tending downwards rather than upwards. In reference

* Comparatively little is now said about them; they are evidently regarded in a considerable degree as in course of *supersession*. Up to 1847, all the reports spoke of "gradual improvement in habits, morals, and condition." Now, we only meet (1865) with such casual remarks as "The creole population, which is chiefly located in villages, must always be a source of the deepest anxiety." The proprietors evidently have learned to think chiefly how they can do *without* negro labour, since they cannot command it or rely upon it. A gentleman, who from position and long residence is peculiarly qualified to speak, informs us that there are nearly 60,000 freeholding negroes in Guiana (including their families, of course); that many of these became joint purchasers of abandoned estates; but that in a great number of instances they have so allowed the sea to encroach upon their properties (which it will do in Guiana, as in Holland, unless guarded against by constant vigilance and industry) as to nearly ruin them; and that they are indisputably on the whole deteriorating in all essentials. He also states a remarkable fact, *viz.* that the *immigrant* Africans (those captured from slave ships) who are located on small freeholds or in villages, are favourably distinguished from the creole or emancipated negro by their industry, cleanliness, and orderly and quiet habits.

to ANTIGUA, we crave attention to the following two reports from respective Governors, at intervals of seventeen years :—*

“ [1847.] Here, as in other islands, the material condition of the emancipated race is most satisfactory. They are abundantly supplied with all the necessaries and many of the comforts of life. They are well fed, well housed, well clothed; the passion for fine dress in both sexes continues unabated. The poorest can command good medical attendance. The number of labourers withdrawing from estates and settling in detached villages, where they purchase or rent small independent holdings, continues to increase. By acquiring a direct and personal interest in the soil, the negroes become more and more identified with it, and will sooner become sensible of the duties as well as the rights attaching to property. . . . I am unable to pronounce an opinion on the spiritual and moral enlightenment of the emancipated race with so much confidence as on their social and physical improvement; although I have no reason to doubt that gradual progress in these most essential points is being made, and more perhaps than is immediately perceptible. The peaceable and orderly demeanour of the rural peasantry, and their general propriety of conduct in paying attention to religious observances and deference to the laws, entitle them to high commendation.”

“ [1864.] The native population has decreased since last census by 1068, or nearly one cent. per annum; the deaths of children under one year of age had reached 40 per cent. in 1863; the illegitimate were 59 per cent. of the total births, and the still-born 13 per cent. The number of marriages, which between 1840 and 1844 averaged 480 a year, have for the last 5 years averaged only 192. Upwards of one-half of the labouring population live in what are called ‘free villages.’ In these villages, 80 in number, most of which were established immediately after emancipation, some neat and well-ordered cottages, belonging to tradesmen, small shopkeepers, and head workmen, are to be found; but in the majority of instances, the plot of land purchased rarely exceeds 40 square feet in extent; and on a portion of this a wretched hovel is

* A similar contrast in the case of Jamaica may be seen by comparing pp. 127 and 139.

erected, often containing only one room, and that unfloored and imperfectly ventilated, in which, not unfrequently, five or six persons, adults and children of both sexes, sleep together at night. . . . The position of the labourer located on the sugar estates is somewhat preferable, both in regard to his dwelling and his habits generally. . . . Notwithstanding the endeavours on the part of those in authority to raise the moral and sanitary condition of the people, the annual returns exhibit the unaccountable but undeniable fact that, instead of improvement, there has been a positive retrogression in both these particulars. The labourer seems insensible to the advantages which would accrue to himself and family from free ventilation, cleanliness, and an adequate supply of clean water, and will not willingly contribute his labour or his money for either of these purposes. It has been found impossible to induce those residing in the villages to give even a couple of days' work to cleaning the ponds in the immediate vicinity of their dwellings; hence the ponds have either to be cleaned at the expense of the general revenue, or from want of cleaning get filled and become useless."

Considerable light might be thrown on the question of the negro's capacity for self-management and self-improvement, and a distinctive and separate civilization, if we had any recent and full and authentic accounts of the state of the population in Hayti since it threw off the French dominion—now a period of more than three-quarters of a century, or nearly three generations. We may infer that the negroes of Hayti belonged to an unusually energetic race of blacks, for they effected their independence with great promptitude and completeness, and have maintained it against all attempts with considerable heroism and entire success. They have also produced some chiefs of remarkable vigour, of whom Toussaint l'Ouverture is by far the best example. But, unfortunately, it is not

easy to determine the present condition of the Haytian negro with any absolute certainty. All that is generally known is, that the history of their island since 1792 has been one series of bloody and unprofitable revolutions; that commerce has sunk to a low ebb, and indeed is insignificant; that white settlers are not only discouraged, but forbidden to hold property; and, on the whole, that the island which used to be one of the most wealthy and flourishing in the West Indies, is now about the most wretched and most unproductive. The best and latest account of it we have been able to meet with is that of Victor Schœlcher, who wrote his book in 1843. He appears to have been charged with a mission of inquiry by the French Government, and visited nearly all the islands; he personally liked many of the Haytians, and was an enthusiastic abolitionist and negrophile. But the picture he draws of the poverty, ignorance, inertia, and desolation of the people is lamentable in the extreme. We give a few extracts:—

“La nation haïtienne est une nation mal vêtue, gardée par des soldats en guenilles, habitant avec indifférence des maisons en ruines, et disputant des rues de fumier aux chevaux, aux ânes, aux cochons et aux poules, qui cherchent pâture dans des villes sans police. Les Haïtiens sont à peu près tombés dans l'engourdissement; ils ne s'aperçoivent même plus du délabrement de leurs cités, de la misère de leurs foyers. Ils soupçonnent à peine qu'ils manquent de tout. J'ai vu des sénateurs logés dans des maisons de paille, des instituteurs et des députés sortant avec des habits troués aux coudes. *Tout le monde*, en un mot, *subit l'influence d'une sorte d'atonie générale* qui, des choses matérielles, a passé par une relation intime aux choses spirituelles. . . . Il faut que

Haïti le sache, l'homme qui arrive des pays civilisés est frappé, en abordant l'ancienne St.-Domingue, d'une profonde tristesse à l'aspect de cette dilatation de toutes les fibres sociales de cette inertie politique et industrielle qui couvre l'île d'un voile ignominieux. La république est un corps que la dissolution gagne chaque jour. . . . *Tout en ces lieux justifie ce que les antagonistes de la race noire disent contre elle* " (ii. p. 180).

" Nous ne pouvons nous dissimuler que l'éducation n'est pas assez répandue dans les classes aisées, et que les masses sommeillent encore dans la plus affligeante ignorance. *Elles n'ont point avancé d'un pas depuis le jour où elles se sont affranchies de la servitude* " (ii. p. 207).

After stating that the population does not increase, that the cultivation of sugar is almost extinct, that all the useful public works, roads, aqueducts, &c., of the French have been allowed to go to ruin, the author continues :—

" D'un côté personne ne cultive avec suite, parceque les vols de cannes et de fruit que fait un peuple sans direction morale au milieu d'un pays sans police, découragent tout le monde. . . . Le laboureur vit dans la paresse plutôt que de se livrer à un travail mal rétribué, tandis que le propriétaire, privé de revenus, ne peut lui offrir un salaire capable de stimuler son intérêt. Haïti *n'ayant aucune organisation, aucune consistance politique*, formant une agglomération d'hommes plutôt qu'une société, est abandonnée par l'argent. . . . Les cases des pauvres ne sont encore que des huttes d'esclaves; quelques branches d'arbre arrangées, treillagée et maçonnées en terre; souvent percées au jour, *bien au-dessous d'une cabane d'Indiens*, sans meubles, sans utensils de ménage, sans chaises. . . . Sous leur beau ciel, ils ignorent les choses devenues nécessaires à notre vie, ou s'en passent sans le moindre regret; ils subsistent avec un peu d'eau et cinq ou six bananes. . . . Ils n'ont pas encore senti la nécessité de se créer les besoins qui enfantent l'industrie, obligent au travail, et en développant notre sensibilité nerveuse, raffinent nos jouissances. Négativement heureux, ils existent au jour le jour, et grâce à la liberté, ils sont gais et contents malgré leur indigence. Mais on ne doit par les en plaindre moins; car une pareille vie nous éloigne de tout mouvement spirituel et nous ramène à l'état bestial " (ii. 265, 266).

There is, however, one colony from which none of the disheartening accounts of the emancipated population which we have been reading appear to come—a colony where the negro is increasing in numbers, is prosperous, is tolerably contented, is regular in his habits, and is improving in morals, in education, and in industry. In Barbadoes—and, as far as we can discover, in Barbadoes only—emancipation seems to have succeeded both for planter and for negro; the sugar production has increased, and the free black has shown no tendency to relapse from civilization, the export of sugar, which, on a comparison of the last six years of slavery, with the six of the latest years of freedom (1829-34 with 1855-61), *fell off* in Jamaica from 1,356,628 cwt. to 464,697 cwt., *rose* in Barbadoes from 338,793 to 656,485 cwt. And while in the former island we hear of nothing but distress, idleness, vagrancy, irritation, and degeneracy, in the latter we hear usually of comfort, industry, increase of marriages, attendance at church and school, prevalent content, and general though slow progress upwards. Now, to what are we to trace this difference? There is no difficulty whatever in assigning the cause, nor any doubt as to the inference to be drawn. It cannot arise from the political constitution of the colony, for both islands have similar charters and institutions, councils and assemblies. It cannot be owing to “the denial of political rights” to the negroes of Jamaica which are possessed by their black brethren in Barbadoes; for few negroes in

Barbadoes have votes, and many have them in Jamaica, and nearly all might have votes if they wished. It cannot be that wages are high in Barbadoes and low in Jamaica; since the very reverse is the case, for they are twenty per cent. lower in Barbadoes. It cannot be that provisions are dearer in Jamaica; for the Barbadians live much more exclusively on imported food than the Jamaica peasantry, and pay as nearly as may be the same prices for them; while "ground provisions" are, or ought to be, much cheaper in Jamaica. It cannot be owing to inordinate taxation, for the taxation per head is 12s. in one case and 13s. in the other. It is owing to three distinct but combined causes, all pressing in the same direction, and all helping to bring to bear upon the Barbadian negro the influences which were necessary to keep him in the path of civilisation. (1.) At the time of emancipation all the land was cultivated, and all was private property; there was no waste land on which the negro could squat; if he wished to purchase, he must pay a high price, if he wished to lease, he must pay a high rent; * he had, therefore, no resource except to work, and to work steadily, for wages; his choice lay between labour and starvation; accordingly he did work, and worked steadily on the whole; and the transition from slavery to freedom was effected with little disturbance and with no

* It is stated that the negroes often pay £7 per acre rent for provision grounds (see *Slavery and Freedom*, by Charles Buxton, p. 56). In Jamaica they pay 12s. to 16s.

mischief, because it brought with it scarcely any change of habits or of system. In Jamaica, as we have seen, the case was almost reversed ; waste land was to be had *ad libitum*, and the negro, therefore, need not work for wages unless he wished. He first ceased to labour for his master, and then, by a natural step, soon ceased to labour for himself. (2.) The population in Jamaica was very sparse : that in Barbadoes was very dense. In the first island there are only 69 inhabitants to the square mile ; in the latter there are 920 : and the wholesome pressure brought to bear upon the lower classes by all the *incidental* influences of a dense population can scarcely be overrated. The demand for labour, especially for every sort of miscellaneous and handicraft work, is increased ; the necessity for industry becomes inescapable ; churches, chapels, schools, and other elements of civilization are possible in the one case, and almost impracticable in the other. (3.) The proportion of whites to blacks, of the superior to the inferior race, is very different in the two colonies. In Jamaica there are thirty coloured persons to one white : in Barbadoes, only nine. The number of whites in Jamaica, too, has long been rapidly diminishing ; the number in Barbadoes is steadily increasing. Thus the Barbadian negro has bearing upon him the combined influence of *inevitable* industry ; public opinion, the operation of a crowded population, many of whom are well conducted and all orderly and decent—an operation peculiarly strong upon a vain and imitative race : and, lastly, an upper class compara-

tively numerous, powerful, and wealthy, and in a far higher stage of civilization than himself. The Jamaica negro is destitute of these influences, or has them in a far slighter measure.

The general conclusions, then, forced upon the mind by this inquiry appear to concur with those which we should have been inclined to draw *à priori* from a knowledge of human nature as a whole, and of negro nature in particular. They are these, and they appear to us neither disputable nor *necessarily* disheartening. The negro needs guidance, stimulus, control,—and will assuredly deteriorate and barbarize without these. He requires, more even than most other races, whether Asiatic or European, the coercion of circumstances or the coercion of command to make him labour as much and as systematically as is requisite to keep him in comfort, in decency, in civilization—in an improving as distinguished from a degenerating condition. He shrinks from thought, from foresight, and from toil; if left to his own choice and his own guidance, he ignores the future, he neglects his duties both to himself and his children and his parents—that is, he does so, and will do so in his present state of culture. He imperatively needs the direction and government of a superior race, and will degenerate if he is denied it or allowed to escape from it. He cannot stand by himself, or rule himself, or raise himself, and will not be able to do so for generations. But since he is docile, quick, and imita-

tive ; since, whenever he is brought into contact with a superior race, even in the most unfavourable circumstances, he does improve ; since, by general admission, the American negro, two generations even from the slave-ship, is, physically and intellectually, even morally—nay, even in the conformation of his brain—superior to his African forefathers ; since remarkable and satisfactory specimens here and there show what he may become ; since he multiplies and improves in Barbadoes, and degenerates and brutalizes and dies out in Hayti and Mauritius,—we see dimly how he ought to be treated, and how he may be saved.

We have now only to improve what we have learned, and apply it to the practical solution of the problem before us. In what way must we deal with Jamaica so as to save it?—if, indeed, there are sense and manhood enough in the English race to save it, and if the remedy do not come too late. We speak merely of the *people* of Jamaica—the 440,000 inhabitants—and think only of sugar and of sugar planters in so far as they are constituent elements or collateral incidents of the question. Our conviction is that Jamaica and the negro race, in our colonies and elsewhere, *might* be saved ; our belief is that they *will not* be saved ;—and that Exeter Hall, and that Exeter-Hall element which enters so largely into the constitution of Englishmen generally, will prevent their being saved. If, indeed, in the late outbreak, the blacks had massacred the whites to a man, then we

apprehend we should have taken them in hand in the right fashion, and have rescued and restored them. But since, unhappily, the whites have been rather the more massacring body of the two, there is too much reason to fear that our sympathies and our actions will go the other way. However, a grand opportunity is placed in our hands.

There are two opposite directions in which the improvement and rehabilitation of the Jamaica peasantry may be sought—the restoration and recovery of sugar cultivation, or the extension and perfectation of the system of peasant-proprietorship. Between these two plans the preferences of thinkers and spectators are divided; and between these two we have virtually to choose. We may *either* endeavour to replace the negroes in the condition—their actual condition in Barbadoes and some partial districts elsewhere—of labourers for wages, under supervision and direction, and perhaps under contract, and thus develop in them the habits of industry, subordination, regularity, and discipline, which belong to what Mr Carlyle calls “regimented labour,” and the moral virtues which directly or indirectly spring from the relation between employers and employed;—*or*, we may establish them even more universally and systematically than at present as possessors of small freeholds, and thus hope to develop among them the qualities and habits which in Europe are found to pertain to peasant-proprietors—*viz.*, frugality, patient and unremitting industry, independence, self-restraint, foresight, and

pride in a decent and improving condition. We believe that either plan might, *under other circumstances*, succeed. The first would answer if the British nation were scientific or statesmanlike in any moderate degree, and could be relied upon for the *persistence* in one line and in one administrative system which alone could attain success, and if they could be induced to apply to the negro race that degree of *compulsion* from laws, circumstances, or supreme will, which has been found wholesome and efficient elsewhere. The second would answer if the negro were in any respect or moderate degree endowed with the qualities or advanced to the same point of culture as the Swiss or Belgian peasant, or if we could place him under adequate guidance and coercion for two or three generations, till he has *approximated* to the condition of the Swiss and the Belgian peasant. But it will be seen that success in either line involves a large "postulate"—and a postulate which will not be granted us.

Sir Henry Barkly, some time Governor, and perhaps the wisest and most sagacious Governor Jamaica ever had, at the conclusion of a searching personal inquiry into nearly every part of the island, gave it as his deliberate opinion that in the preservation and restoration of sugar cultivation, lay the only prospect of salvation for Jamaica. "Without wishing (he writes)* to give undue prominence to one species of industry at the expense of others, it seems to me no exaggeration to

* *Papers relating to Jamaica*, 1854, p. 55.

assert that *the issue at the present moment lies between Jamaica with its sugar cultivation resuscitated, and Jamaica reduced to the condition of desolation and semi-barbarism from which St Domingo, after the lapse of half a century, shows but a glimmer of revival.*" Every consideration we have given to the subject brings us, we confess, to precisely the same conclusion. But the embarrassment of the problem lies here: that Sir Henry Barkly and all who at that time thought with him, and nearly all who take his view now, looked to the restoration of sugar cultivation, not by forcing or inducing the negro population generally to engage in it for hire, but to superseding their labour by a large immigration of Coolies and Chinese. Now, there can be no doubt that, under a wise and firm Government, life and property might be made secure in Jamaica; there is no doubt that a large Indian immigration might be made to pay; there is no doubt that by this means such a supply of continuous and reliable labour might be secured as once more to tempt English capital and English enterprise (or American) to try its fortune on that magnificent and fertile field. It is, too, by no means an irrational hope that, by the extinction of the slave trade and the ultimate abolition of slavery in Cuba—neither of which events we think are very far off—the price of sugar may be so raised as to make its growth a most profitable business even in Jamaica. But all this, though it may save Jamaica as a colony, and the large Jamaica proprietors as a body, saves them by *giving the go-by* to the negro.

The basis of the plan is to supersede the negro—to leave him to one side—to give him up as a bad job—to surrender him in despair to squatting, to pilfering, and to savagery. It does not solve the problem: it evades it. It appears to anticipate, and would probably result in, making Jamaica a second Mauritius, with the native race degenerate, decadent, and moribund. Sir Henry Barkly indeed appeared to hope that the effect of a large immigration would be to stimulate the competition of the negroes and make them *seek for* work (as was said at first to be the case in Trinidad and Guiana); but he does not express himself very clearly on this point; and most certainly this has not been the result elsewhere. In nearly every colony where there has been Coolie and Chinese or Portuguese immigration on a large scale, the immigrants have superseded negro labour, not goaded it to activity and rivalry. More and more as immigration has increased, and as sugar cultivation, fed by immigration, has prospered, the African race has withdrawn from regular estate labour, and become artisans, hawkers, poultry-keepers, gardeners, cultivators of provision grounds, at first; mere scratchers of the soil, loafers, dawdlers, at last.

The negroes even in Jamaica might, we incline to think, be forced to work, and work regularly, on the sugar plantations at a fixed and liberal tariff; but only by a system of strictness and almost coercion which an English Parliament could hardly be induced to sanction. We find even now, from the concurring

accounts in the tours of Sir H. Barkly and Governor Eyre (in 1854 and 1864 respectively), that in those districts where the soil is unfit for provision grounds, the negroes do work on the plantations, and that there the proprietors get on pretty well. If, in those districts where the negroes *will not* cultivate their provision grounds so as to make them yield a sufficiency, they were compelled to labour on the adjacent estates; if all vagrants and petty pilferers now in gaol were apprenticed to sugar or coffee plantations; if *shirkers* were sent to prison, and prisons were made scenes of hard labour; if, in a word, the negro were given merely the choice of "Work for yourself, or work for a master whom the State will provide,"—something might, perhaps, be done; but what prospect have we of any effective legislation of this kind? And, failing this, how is the suicidal and demoralizing inertia of the free black to be counteracted?

Those who take a more sanguine view than we are able to do of the negro character and capacities,—who do not realize how completely he is a child, whose childhood seldom ripens into anything like maturity, an undeveloped man who stops at a very early stage of development, not only an uncultivated peasant but an uncivilized and immature brain,—are inclined to turn legislation and administration in a different direction, and to make him a proprietor, and trust to the hidden magic of property to improve him into something like a European. They think that hitherto this experiment has not, in Jamaica at least, been

fairly or fully tried ; that though he has been able to obtain land easily and at a cheap rate, he has seldom been allowed to get absolute legal possession of it in fee simple—a secure ownership, which should bring with it all the motives and affections of ownership. This view has been recently put forth with considerable ingenuity of reasoning, but without due cognizance of facts, by a writer in the *Economist*, whose scheme appears to be to make the conveyance of land so simple and cheap that each negro should become possessor of acres enough for the decent and comfortable maintenance of a family, and that the adequate cultivation of this property should be induced, or secured, or enforced, by requiring the payment of a heavy land-tax,—so heavy that it could not be paid without moderately steady industry,—which tax should take the place in a great measure of indirect taxation and of Customs' dues, so as to leave trade as free as possible. We should be very glad to see the experiment tried, and tried with patience and with every appliance to aid it. But we cannot be sanguine of its success in raising the Jamaica negro into a thriving and industrious yeoman, or even labourer, for the following reasons. In the first place, actual proprietorship with a good legal title is far commoner among the negro holders in Jamaica than is supposed. Their practice is to *buy* one or two acres, and to *squat* on three or four in addition. We have no authentic record of the number of actual freeholders : they are stated by Dr King to be 60,000, and by Mr Bigelow to be 100,000. Both state-

ments are probably exaggerations ; but they are certainly numerous. Land cannot well be cheaper than it is, nor titles very easily.* “I know,” says the Custos of Vere (and the case is one of scores), “of 600 acres of good provision ground in the mountains sold the other day for £160, after having been long offered at £200. Where titles are cheap (a *printed one*, which is commonly used, and which any educated person can fill up, costs 10s.), where there is no tax on the land but the quit-rent of one penny an acre, what better state of things for a labouring people could exist in any country ?” But we do not find that, even under these favourable circumstances, the peasants, *as a rule*, show any of the virtues supposed to spring out of peasant proprietorship—*viz.*, frugality, industry, patience, or ambition. It is true that there are thriving settlements of negroes in many parts (as the last witness we have quoted mentions), where the people live in decency and comfort, and even remind Sir H. Barkly of Swiss villages ; but these are the exception ; and we believe (but cannot state with certainty) that in the great majority of cases, if not universally, these villages will be found to be inhabited by *negroes who were formerly slaves*, whose habits of industry were formed under slavery, and who obtained the means of purchasing their lands either by extra labour when slaves or apprentices, or by unusual energy during the year or two succeeding

* *Jamaica Papers*, p. 113.

complete emancipation ; and who by this fact alone gave evidence of *exceptional* qualities. And the unfortunate and undeniable state of things which we have seen to exist, not only in Jamaica, but in Antigua and Mauritius, and, though to a less extent, in Guiana and Trinidad, where negro proprietorship is general, forbid us to entertain any sanguine hopes from an extension of, or perseverance in, the experiment. We believe that the secure possession of an adequate amount of land, which develops the Belgian or the Frenchman into a thrifty, sober, indefatigable labourer, will only develop the less advanced and civilized negro into a lazy, reckless, naked savage. At least the preponderance of evidence, and we fear of probability also, points to this conclusion.

“ But (it is said) the experiment has not been tried under wise conditions. Let us see what can be done by *enforcing* industry on the peasant proprietor, by exacting so high a land tax (as in Hindostan) that he cannot pay it without frugality and steady toil.”—The scheme is theoretically good : it must, however, fail on this account—that the climate is so favourable, and the soil so fertile, that no amount of taxation that could be seriously proposed would *compel* industry. One day’s labour in the week would pay any rate that could be fixed. It is as if, when the tax-gatherer came round with his demand, the negro had nothing to do but turn up a turf in his garden, and find the necessary coin. The person who of all now living probably knows the West Indies most thoroughly, some years ago, with a

view to this very suggestion, made a calculation, the result of which was that in order to render the negro a regular moderately industrious labourer for six days in the week, it would be necessary to *tax him to the extent of £30 per acre per annum*; since any smaller sum he could earn, over and above all the requisites of life for himself and his family, by less than six days' work!

But supposing even, for the sake of argument, that some such enormous tax were imposed, how could it be enforced? By turning the negro out of his holding if it were not paid? This would only make him once more the vagrant he now is! By imprisoning him and keeping him to hard labour? Perhaps. By apprenticing him for a term of years to a planter? Yes: that might answer; but would either of these plans be sanctioned by a foolish and illogical British Parliament—notoriously prone to insist upon its servants making bricks without straw, and to demand results, while refusing the only means of securing them? *When* once we are prepared to *compel* the negro to labour, the problem becomes soluble immediately: there are several schemes feasible, and almost any scheme will answer. *Till* we are prepared for this, no scheme is worth much thought, for none offers even a prospect of success.

Let us, in conclusion once more realize distinctly what the negro problem is, and what are its conditions. You have to reclaim the emancipated creole to civilization,—to retain him in civilization,—to advance him to a higher and more assured civilization. You have to

produce this effect on a race singularly volatile, indolent, and childish ; capable of great and brief effort for an immediate object, and under strong excitement of hope or fear ; incapable or little capable, as a rule, of being acted upon by any motive which lies far in the future, or which demands sustained exertion. You have to instil into this being the habits and the tastes befitting an orderly and industrious and moral community, while he lives in a land and under a climate where fertile acres can be had in abundance, and for the asking—where *one* day's labour in the week suffices to supply him with all accustomed comforts and necessaries, both of food, of clothing, and of shelter,—in a word, to enable him and his family to live according to their standard of happiness ; where *two* days' labour will give him, in addition, all the luxury and means of display which the most prosperous of his race (the "head-men" of the time of slavery) have ever yearned for or achieved—a horse, silk dresses, varnished boots, and occasional wine ;* where, in consequence, after he has supplied all his wants, he has five days to himself, with no need to employ them at all, with no motive to employ them industriously, with no tastes or culture which should enable him to employ them well, with no social or political ambition to induce him to employ them in self-elevation ; and we have to imagine, moreover, the effect which five days' idleness coupled with two days' industry will produce on the habits and character of

* In fact, an amount of leisure and luxury and comfort which no English or European peasant can ever hope to reach.

such a man—how soon the industry will become irksome and intolerable, how surely and insidiously the idleness will encroach on the whole week. We can conceive few things more fatally demoralizing than a present of five days' leisure each week bestowed upon an ignorant, unambitious, uncultured, and naturally indolent race. Finally, you have to solve your problem, to perform your task, to work your miracle, in a community where the superior race is in numbers to the inferior as one to thirty; where the upper classes, both white and mixed, are far less superior than they ought to be; where there are not many, not wise, not good; where their superiority has not been judiciously exercised nor kindly manifested; where their example has not been improving; where, in a word, they are not much loved nor much respected; and where, in consequence, their influence is neither as strong nor as beneficent as it might be.

Under such circumstances, and looking the problem fairly in the face, it appears clear what course we should pursue, but by no means clear what the result of that course will be. Happily we can now do pretty much what we like. The Jamaica Assembly, long the curse of the island (according to the strong terms of one of its members), has at last abolished itself, and the colony has surrendered itself unreservedly, and apparently in hope and confidence, to the management of the mother country. The first thing to be done is to establish a paid magistracy, in whose justice the peasants can believe and trust, and a powerful and

numerous police, whose vigilance will be dreaded by the ill-disposed and relied upon by the orderly and decent. Prisons must be made places of punishment, not mere asylums for temporary sequestration. Crime must be repressed with unflinching and merciful severity. Education must be made compulsory, and must be placed in the hands of a very superior and liberally paid set of teachers. Children must be taken out of the hands of parents who either neglect them or mislead them. The erection of decent dwellings must be enforced, and they must be kept decent by adequate regulations. On the young at least industry must be made obligatory; must be enforced in schools up to a reasonable age; and thus good habits may be formed and *may* endure. The number of ministers of religion must be increased, and the individuals must be well selected;—in a word, we must supply *artificially* that superior class in the community which does not exist *naturally*: the people must have among them men who can command their respect and can influence them for good. All this will cost money; but there is no need to hesitate on this account; under proper management the present taxation would probably suffice, and if not it might easily be doubled. Thirty shillings an acre would yield all that could be wanted; and thirty shillings an acre in such a country would be scarcely felt. Any industrious peasant could pay it with ease, and still live in a degree of comfort to which few English labourers attain. When all these things are done; when property is secure; when

tranquillity is assured ; when municipal and political squabbles are at an end ; when towns are drained and streets are cleansed, and mendicancy and vagrancy put down by a strictly administered law, there is a chance that English capital and enterprise may once more seek those island shores, and find there a harvest and a recompense—especially if Cuban slavery is drawing to a close. But it will only do so in case steady industry can be secured at fair wages ; and if it does not, we should not be disposed to augur well of a mere community of black peasant proprietors, even with all the appliances we have named brought to bear upon them. When we have done these things we shall have done all we can ; but we cannot say that we think we shall, even then, have succeeded. We fear it is too late : our course has been too thoroughly erroneous, and we have persevered in that erroneous course too long. It is too probable that the negro race in the British colonies—possibly in the United States also—is doomed to die out, and to die out in and by degradation ; to starve in the midst of inexhaustible plenty ; to degenerate amid all the surroundings of an energetic and luxurious civilization ; to pass away neglected and unutilized in an age of unmatched benevolence, of awakened justice, of advancing political wisdom ; and to undergo this sad fate simply because, in our passion and our prejudice, we refuse to recognize patent facts—to acknowledge and proclaim that the negro is a child, and must be taught as a child, governed as a child, coerced for his good as a child, borne with as a

child ; because, in fine, with a great duty and a heavy responsibility towards him, entailed upon us by our ancestral sins and our own sins against him, we have guiltily thought to discharge the one and evade the other by giving him his liberty and cutting him adrift. Selfishly, and sinfully we enslaved him for our profit : selfishly, lazily, and almost as sinfully we set him free for the relief of our tardily-awakened, impatient, intemperate, and unenlightened conscience. By generations of servitude we utterly unfitted him for self-government and self-guidance ; we then suddenly and without preparation threw him on his own resources and his own control ; made him “ Lord of himself—that heritage of woe ;” and have ever since held ourselves up to the admiration of the world as the only nation capable of so generous and sublime a sacrifice ! If our prognostics should unhappily be realized, and the creole negro shall disappear, his ruin and extinction will lie at our door, and the reproach may be about equally divided between those who were his masters and those who claimed to be especially his friends.

1866.

T I M E.

THE looseness of idea which is traceable in many of our semi-philosophic phrases and opinions offers a curious subject for reflection. Habitually, partly from mental indolence, probably, partly from inherent unscientific carelessness of mind, we are satisfied with *approaches* to an idea about, or an explanation of, the phenomena which catch our attention,—with what Dr Chalmers used to call “the inkling of an idea,”—not so much with half an idea as with the raw materials of an idea. We are content with feeling that a conception, and probably a true conception, *lurks* under the expressions we hear and repeat; and under cover of this inarticulate *sentiment* (for it is usually nothing more) we absolve ourselves from the exertion of analyzing the conception, embodying it in appropriate language, or even carrying it so far as distinct and expressible notions. We use a phrase, and then fancy we have done a thing,—have elucidated a fact or given utterance to an idea. We employ words not to express thought, nor (as Talleyrand suggested) to conceal it; but to hide its absence, and to escape its toil.

No word has been oftener made to do duty in this way than TIME. We constantly say—speaking of material things—that “Time” destroys buildings,

effaces inscriptions, removes landmarks, and the like. In the same way—speaking of higher matters appertaining to men and nations, to moral and intellectual phenomena—we are accustomed to say that “Time” obliterates impressions, cures faults, solaces grief, heals wounds, extinguishes animosities; as well as that under its influence empires decay, people grow enlightened, errors get trodden out, brute natures become humanized, and so on,—that the world “makes progress,” in short. Now what do we mean when we speak thus; or do most of us mean anything? What are the mighty and resistless agencies hidden under those four letters, and embodied in, or implied by, that little word?

Sir Humphry Davy, in those *Consolations in Travel* which worthily solaced “the last days of a philosopher,” endeavoured to answer this question as regards mere physical phenomena. He analyzes the several causes which, in the course of ages, contribute and combine to produce the ruins which cover the surface of the earth, and most of which are more lovely in their decay than ever in their pristine freshness. Putting aside all results traceable to the hand of man, to the outrages of barbarian invaders, or the greed of native depredators,—leaving out of view, too, the destruction wrought from time to time by lightning, the tempest, and the earthquake,—he shows that the principal among those elements of destruction, which operate slowly and surely, generation after generation, are traceable to *heat* and *gravitation*. More precisely,

they may be classed under two heads, the chemical and the mechanical, usually acting in combination, and the former much the most powerful of the two. The contraction and expansion of the materials of which all buildings are composed, due to changes of temperature, operates to loosen their cohesion, especially where wood or iron enters largely into their composition; and in northern climates, wherever water penetrates among the stones, its peculiarity of sudden and great expansion when freezing, renders it one of the most effective agencies of disintegration known. The rain that falls year by year, independent of its ceaseless mechanical effect in carrying off minute fragments of all perishable materials, is usually, and especially near cities, more or less charged with carbonic acid, the action of which upon the carbonate of lime, which forms so large an element in most stones, is sometimes portentously rapid, as indeed we see every day around us. The air, again, through the instrumentality of the oxygen which is one of its component parts, is about the most powerful agency of destruction furnished by the whole armoury of nature; it corrodes the iron by which the stones are clamped together; it causes the gradual decay of the timber of which the roofs of buildings are usually constructed, so that we seldom find any traces of them in the more ancient remains which have come down to us. Thus the great principle of organic life becomes also, in its inevitable and eternal action, the great agent also in decay and dissolution. Then

follows what we may term the unintentional or accidental agencies of living things. As soon as the walls and pediments and columns of a statue or a temple have lost their polished surface through the operation of the chemical influences we have enumerated, the seeds of lichens and mosses, and other parasitic plants, which are constantly floating in the atmosphere, settle in the roughnesses, grow, decay, and decompose, form soil, attract moisture, and are followed by other and stronger plants, whose roots force their way into the crevices thus formed by "Time," and end by wrenching asunder the damaged and disintegrated blocks of marble. The animal creation succeeds the vegetable and aids its destructive operations; the fox burrows, the insect bores, the ant saps the foundations of the building; and thus by a series of causes, all of them in the ordinary and undying course of nature, the most magnificent edifices ever raised by the genius, the piety, and the industry of man are brought to an end, as by a fixed and irreversible decree. And this is "Time," so far as its physical agencies are concerned.

When we turn from the influence of Time on the work of man's hands to consider its influence on the man himself, we find a very different mode of operation. "Time" with individuals acts partly through the medium of our capacities and powers, but more, probably, through our defects, and the feebleness and imperfection of our nature. It ought not, perhaps, to be so, but it is so. Time heals our wounds and brings comfort to our sorrows, but *how*? "It

is beneath the dignity of thinking beings (says Bolingbroke) to trust to time and distraction as the only cure for grief—to wait, to be happy till we can forget that we are miserable, and owe to the weakness of our faculties a result for which we ought to be indebted to their strength.” Yet it is precisely thus that “thinking beings” generally act, or find that “Time” acts with them. Half the healing influence of Time depends solely upon the decay of memory. It is a law of nature—and like all nature’s laws, in the aggregate of its effects a beneficent one—that, while the active powers strengthen with exercise, passive impressions fade and grow feeble with repetition. The *physical* blow or prick inflicted on a spot already sore with previous injuries is doubly felt; the second *moral* stroke falls upon a part which has become partially benumbed and deadened by the first. Then new impressions, often far feebler, often far less worthy of attention, pass like a wave over the older ones, cover them, cicatrize them, push them quietly into the background. We *could* not retain our griefs in their first freshness, even if we would. As Mr Arnold says :

“ This is the curse of life : that not
 A nobler, calmer, train
 Of wiser thoughts and feelings blot
 Our passions from our brain.

But each day brings its petty dust,
 Our soon choked souls to fill ;
 And we forget because we must,
 And not because we will.”

In a word, we do not overcome our sorrow—we only overlive it. It is succeeded—not subdued; covered up, mossed over, like the temples of Egypt or the tombs of the Campagna—not controlled, transmuted, reasoned down.

It is the same, too, usually with our faults. “Time” cures them, we say. It would be more correct to say that it removes the temptation to them. Sometimes it is only that pleasures cease to please; we grow wise and good through mere satiety—if wisdom and goodness that come to us through such an operation of “Time” be not a most fallacious and cynical misnomer. The passions that led our youth astray die out with age from the slow changes in our animal frame, from purely physical modifications of our constitution;—the appetites and desires that spring from the hot blood and abounding vigour of our early years no longer torment the languid pulse and phlegmatic temperament of after-life; the world and the devil, not the flesh, are then the tempters to be prayed against. The frailties of—

—“Cheerful creatures whose most sinful deeds
Were but the overbeating of the heart,”

come easily and naturally to an end when from the dulled emotions and impaired vitality of advancing age we feel nothing vividly and desire nothing strongly. Time does not so much *cure* our faults as *kill* them.

Sometimes—often, indeed, we would hope—Time brings experience in its train. We learn that vice

“does not pay.” We discover by degrees that the sin is far less sweet than we fancied, and that it costs much dearer than we had bargained for. We grow better calculators than we were; we reflect more profoundly; we measure and weigh more accurately. Occasionally, no doubt, “Time” operates through a nobler class of influences. The observation of life shows us the extensive misery wrought by all wrongdoing; we find those around us whom we love better than ourselves; and affection and philanthropy gradually initiate us into virtue and self-denial. Growing sense aids the operations of dulled sensibility;—we become less passionate and fierce as our nerves become less irritable; we drop our animosities as failing memory ceases to remind us of the offences which aroused them, and as a calmer judgment enables us to measure those offences more justly; we are less willing to commit crimes or neglect duties or incur condemnation for the sake of worldly advancement, as we discover how little happiness that advancement brings us, and as we reflect for how short a period we can hope to enjoy it. But, through all and to the last, the physical influence of “Time” upon our bodily frame is the best ally of its moral influence on our character and our intelligence. Time brings mellowness to man much as it brings beauty to ruins—by the operation of decay. We melt and fade into the gentle and the good, just as palaces and temples crumble into the picturesque.

When we come to speak of nations, and of national progress, the idea of “Time” embraces a far wider

range of influences, both as to number and duration, which we can only glance at. Time, as it operates on empires and on peoples, on their grandeur and their decadence, includes the aggregate of the efforts, separate or combined, of every individual among them, through a long succession of decades and of centuries. Mr Matthew Arnold, in the least sound of his many sagacious and suggestive writings—his inconsiderate attack upon Colenso—speaks much of the *Zeitgeist*, the Spirit of the Age, and urges us to trust to its slow and irresistible influence, and not to seek to hasten it,—that is, as far as we could understand him, to abstain from all those acts and efforts of which its influence is made up. Mr Lecky, again, in his admirable and philosophical work, *The History of Rationalism*, especially in the chapter on magic and witchcraft, writes as if the decay of superstition, which he chronicles so well, were owing to a sort of natural spontaneous growth of the human mind, and its added knowledge, and not to any distinct process of reasoning, or to the effects of the teaching of any particular men—out of which alone in truth such growth could come. But “Time,” in reality, when used in speaking of nations means nothing but the sum of all the influences which, in the course of time, individual labourers in the field of discovery, invention, reasoning, and administration, have brought to bear upon the world. In the work of religious truth and freedom “Time” means the blood of many martyrs, the toil of many brains, slow steps made good through infinite

research, small heights and spots of vantage-ground won from the retiring forces of ignorance and prejudice by generations of stern struggle and still sterner patience, gleams of light and moments of inspiration interspersed amid years of darkness and despondency, thousands of combatants falling on the field, thousands of labourers dying at the plough—with here and there a Moses mounting the heights of Pisgah to survey, through the mist of tears and with the eye of faith, the promised land which his followers may reach at last. In material progress, in those acts of life which in their aggregate make up the frame-work and oil the wheels of our complicated civilization, “Time” signifies the hard-won discoveries of science, augmented by the accessions of each succeeding age from Thales and Archimedes to Newton and Davy; the practical sagacity and applicative ingenuity of hundreds of inventors like Arkwright and Watt, Stephenson and Wheatstone (to whom we owe the cotton manufacture and the steam engine, the railway and the telegraph), as well as the humbler and unremembered labours of the thousands whose minor contrivances paved the way for their great completors; the innumerable contributions, age after age, of the professional or speculative men who at last have made medicine and surgery what they now are; finally, the daily, unacknowledged, half-unconscious, because routine, exertions of the rulers and administrators who have rendered these great victories of peace possible because they have enabled those who achieved them to labour in security and in hope. As

far as "Time" has made the world, or any nation in it, wiser and better, it is because wise and good men have devoted that brief fragment of Time which was allotted to them here below to the task of enlightening and encouraging their fellow-men, to rendering virtue easier and wisdom more attractive, to removing obstacles in the path of moral progress, to dragging up the masses towards the position which the *élite* had previously attained. Where nations, once in thralldom, have won liberty and independence, it is not the cold abstraction of "Time" that has enfranchised them, but tyrants that have so misused time as to make sufferers desperate; prophets who have struck out the enthusiasm that makes sufferers daring because hopeful, and patriots who have been found willing to die for an idea and an aim.

And, to look on the reverse of the picture, when in its ceaseless revolutions "Time," which once brought progress and development, shall have brought decay and dissolution, the agencies in operation and their *modus operandi* present no difficult analysis. Sometimes the same rough energy which made nations conquerors at first makes them despots and oppressors in the end, and rouses that hatred and thirst for vengeance which never waits in vain for opportunities, if only it wait long enough; and the day of peril surprises them with a host of enemies and not a single friend. Usually the wealth which enterprise and civilization have accumulated brings luxury and enervation in its train; languor and corruption creep

over the people's powers, exertion grows distasteful, and danger repels where it formerly attracted; degenerate freemen hire slaves to do their work, and mercenaries to fight their battles: and no strength or vitality of patriotism is left to resist the attacks of sounder and hardier barbarians. Occasionally, in the process of territorial aggrandisement, a nation outgrows its administrative institutions; the governmental system and the ruling faculties which sufficed for a small state, prove altogether unequal to the task of managing a great one, and the empire or republic falls to pieces from lack of cohesive power within or coercive power above. Not unfrequently, it may be, the mere progress of rational but imperfect civilization brings its peculiar dangers and sources of disintegration; the lower and less qualified classes in a nation, always inevitably the most numerous, rise in intelligence and wealth, and grow prosperous and powerful; institutions naturally become more and more democratic; if the actual administration of public affairs does not pass into the hands of the masses or their nominees, at least the policy of the nation is moulded in accordance with the views of the less sagacious and more passionate part of the community; the mischief is done unconsciously but irretrievably, and the catastrophe comes without being either intended or foreseen. In other cases, states and monarchies come to an end simply because they have no longer a *raison d'être*,—because they never had in them the elements of permanence; because destructive or

disintegrating causes, long in operation, have at last ripened into adequate strength. The Ottoman Power is falling because the military spirit which founded it has died away, and it has few other points of superiority to the people over whom it rules: because the Turks are stagnant and stationary, and the Greeks are *au fond* a progressive though a corrupt and undeveloped race. Austria, too, a while ago, seemed crumbling to pieces, because composed of a host of incongruous elements, and because neither the genius to fuse them, nor the vigour to coerce them, could be found among their rulers.

Is there, then, no permanence in any earthly thing? Must nations for ever die out under the slow corrosion of "Time," as surely as men and the monuments men rear? Is there no principle of vitality strong enough to defy at once assaults from without and disintegration from within;—no *elixir vitæ* discoverable by the accumulated sagacity and experience of centuries, by means of which the essential elements of national life can be renewed as fast as they consume, and the insidious causes of decay watched and guarded against the instant they begin to operate, and counteracted *pari passu* with their operation? In a word, cannot the same wisdom and self-knowledge which tell nations *why* and *how* they degenerate and die, discover antidotes against degeneracy and death? Or is Fate too mighty for human resistance?—that is, to speak more piously and definitely, has Providence decreed that the progress of the race shall proceed by a *suc-*

cession of states and peoples, and not by the adaptation and perfectation of existing ones;—and must nations perforce forego the noble egotism of immortal life, and be content to live vicariously in their offspring and inheritors? The question is of infinitely small moment except to our imaginations, but there is surely no reason why the dearer and more human hope should not be realized, though we may be ages distant from the day of realization. We have all the preserving salt that lies latent in the true essence of Christianity, as yet so little understood; we are learning to comprehend, far better than the ancients and our ancestors, in what rational patriotism consists, and wherein lie the real interests of republics and of empires; all the needed pharmacopœia of policy is within our reach as soon as we thoroughly know our constitutions, and have the virtue and the nerve to apply the remedies in time. If there had been Conservators of the Coliseum, versed in all the destructive and reparative agencies of Nature, vigilantly watching the one and promptly applying the other, the Coliseum would have been standing in its strength and its beauty to this hour.

GOOD PEOPLE.

THERE are more good people in the world than is commonly believed,—or, rather, more people are entitled to be called “good” than those to whom it is the custom to apply, and to confine, the epithet. The consciously pious and the ostensibly philanthropic have been accustomed to think of themselves as, if not exclusively, at least peculiarly, *the good*,—the

“Salt of the Earth, the virtuous few
Who season humankind ;”

and usually the world has taken them at their own valuation, and has tacitly conceded to them a sort of patent for the use of the adjective in question. They have, as it were, been diploma-ed and laureated to this effect, stamped with the Hall Mark, decorated with the cross of this Legion of Honour. No doubt they deserve it, so far as fallible and blundering mortals can ; we have not a word to say in derogation, where they are sincerely devout and honestly and actively benevolent. It is natural they should feel warranted in preferring the claim ; and it is natural the world should admit it without demur. The religious man is conscious of loving and worshipping God, who is the source and centre of all good ; and the philanthropist is conscious of loving and of trying

to serve his fellow-creatures, and of striving to become the instrument of carrying out God's designs of good towards them. Both are pointedly and directly labouring to make men happier and better; the first is endeavouring to *be* good; and the second to *do* good; both, therefore, have a right to think themselves, and to be thought by others, "good people." But several considerations must be weighed before we can consent to regard them as the only good people, or even as the *good-est* people extant.

We need not speak of those whose benevolence, however restless and untiring, is so prompted and alloyed by vanity as to be in truth rather a pardonable weakness than a praise-worthy virtue;—nor of those with whom it is an impulse rather than an aim, an effort more to relieve their own emotions, than to assuage the sufferings or supply the wants of others;—nor again of those in whom it is so blended with conceit and ignorance that they usually do mischief when striving to do good, whose shallow notions never dream of mistrusting their own sagacity, when they know that their feelings are kindly, and fancy that their motives are pure; who shrink from the indispensable fatigue and delay of preliminary reflection and research, and deem that philanthropy is an easy profession, needing nothing but a warm heart and an open purse. Yet these three classes constitute, it is probable, four-fifths of the recognized philanthropists. Nor need we speak of those self-deceivers, whose religion, genuine in its way, no doubt, is only a some-

what more far-sighted and less ignoble egotism,—what Coleridge happily described as “other-worldliness,”—a self-seeking, whose reward is placed in a loftier sphere and fixed at a higher rate, but is an undisguised self-seeking still; men and women who can never rise to the idea of “serving God for nought,” and whose devotion and pious observances are little else than a sagacious and safe investment. We have in view at present the simply and disinterestedly pious, and the purely and truly beneficent, to whom no one would deny or grudge the praise of being indisputably “good people;”—and all we wish to say is that there are many other sorts of people, equally good if judged by simplicity and purity of purpose,—perhaps more good if judged by the issue of their labours,—whose claim to share the epithet is yet rarely put forward and not always recognized.

We make question that doing good, in some one or other of the many thousand ways in which good may be done, is the purpose for which we are sent upon the earth and suffered to remain there. Our position is that “good people,” and those who are inclined to canonize them, take habitually far too narrow a view of what “doing good” is—a view sometimes so narrow as to be altogether erroneous. Their mistake lies in assuming that those who do not do good or who are not good in their way, are not being or doing good at all. To do good is to carry out God’s intentions in relation to the human race, to cooperate with His designs, to work towards His ideal,

—in fact and in fine, to assist in the progress of the world, using the word “progress” in its truest and highest sense. Everything by which man is ripened, purified, or benefited, by which society is improved, upheld, and advanced, by which life is rendered less “illiberal and dismal,” by which humanity is really civilized and carried forward nearer to its full development and its widest conquests,—is right, is needed; and every man who does any of these things in a pious spirit, with a hearty will, in a workmanlike fashion, is “doing good.” An incalculable multiplicity of agencies go to make up the sum of human progress. Poetry, music, good government, sound finance, masterly engineering, mechanical invention, scientific discovery, patient thought, are all needed for the well-being and perfection of civilized life, and for the development of our capacities of achievement and enjoyment; and every man who pursues any one of these callings, or of their countless subsidiary ones, conscientiously and thoroughly, and to the best of his power, is just as truly “a fellow-worker together with God, in exploring and giving effect to the beneficent tendencies of Nature” as the missionary, the ostensible philanthropist, or the cloistered nun. Probably we may go yet further and open wider still the boundary of practical good deeds; the merchant, and manufacturer, and shipwright, and all the honest and diligent workmen whom they respectively employ, may with equal truth claim “to be about their Father’s business,” to be carrying out the divine plans, to be toiling in their fit

vocation for the future of mankind, since without them progress could scarcely have been ; and productive industry, and the commerce that spreads the results of that industry from shore to shore, have long been recognized as among the most efficient civilizing agents upon earth. To none of these men or these classes, then,—neither to the poet, nor the thinker, nor the statesman, nor the inventor or discoverer, nor the engineer, nor the sailor, nay, not even to the humblest privates who serve under these chiefs,—is the pious man or the philanthropist entitled to say, “I am doing God’s work, I am doing good, I am religious—you are not.” *All* are fellow-labourers ; *all* are indispensable to the grand aggregate result ; and nothing would seem necessary to constitute a man truly and worthily a faithful servant of his Master’s will, a co-operator with the Most High—a “doer of good,” in short—than that, of the thousand agencies which carry on the world’s life, and oil the world’s wheels, and assist the world’s advance, he should choose that for which he is best fitted, or which is most obviously incumbent on him, or which lies nearest to him, and should pursue it with steady effort, and, as far as human weakness will permit, with a single mind. *Qui laborat orat.* Every true toiler in an honest calling is toiling for the onward march and mending of humanity ; and not the less so that he is often half unconscious—sometimes quite unconscious—of his noble mission, and would be amazed to be told that he was “doing good” when he fancied he was only doing his duty ; not the less so,

too, that he usually thinks only of the next step and the immediate issue, and seldom or never of the annexed dignity or the ultimate and indirect reward. The Ruler of the Universe has martyrs everywhere and in every cause, who never plume themselves upon their martyrdom, soldiers who never pause to think that they are "fighting a good fight," but are

"Content, like men at arms, to cope
Each with his fronting foe ;"—

labourers by the thousand who go about

"That daily round, that common task,
Which furnish all we ought to ask ;"

never dreaming that they are thus ranking among God's fellow-labourers, and therefore never inflated or intoxicated by the dream ; faithful and zealous servants who do His will without putting on His livery ; following His pointing without a thought for the honour or a care about the wages, and mixing neither eye nor lip-service with their tasks.

The truth is, that we seldom realize the vast multiplicity of converging contributions needful for the advancement and welfare of humanity ; all the conflicts, the ventures, the struggles, the sacrifices which conduce to the great result ; to which the simple, unreflecting efforts of the private who merely stands sentinel or marches in the conquering ranks are as indispensable as the skill of the general who arranges the plan of the campaign, or the genius of the ruler or philosophic statesman who keeps his eye upon the ultimate purpose, understands the best way to its

attainment, and can distinctly measure and direct towards it the actions of the undiscerning multitude. In order that the world should make progress, that each generation should be happier and better than its predecessor,

“ that each to-morrow
Find us further than to-day,”—

it is necessary, in the first place, that more food should be provided, and should be more amply and equally distributed;—and every man, therefore, who facilitates the processes of agriculture by machinery or science, or who renders labour more efficient, is not only a fellow-worker in the great common cause, but a fellow-worker without whose contribution that cause could not possibly advance. It is a beautiful and salutary arrangement which we seldom reflect on as we ought, that as a rule men can only become rich and great by supplying some want of their fellow-men, by doing some work for others which others need and are willing to pay for, be that work moral guidance or material provision. We cannot rise to command except by stooping to serve; we cannot obtain conspicuous station among men or power over them without in some way or other rendering ourselves necessary or useful to them; we can scarcely seek our own fortune without, intentionally or unconsciously, ministering to others, and thereby under overruling direction “doing good.” If the son is to be more comfortably clad and more wholesomely housed than his father, if the poor man’s home is to be made more decent and more loveable as time goes

on, think for a moment of the incalculable services which the cotton-spinner, and the cloth-weaver, and the inventor of better bricks, and the builder of roomier and firmer dwellings, and the contriver of skilful drainage and ready water-supply, render to these ends,—each in his respective line, and each looking only to the immediate aim, and not, or only casually, to the ultimate result;—and consider then whether we are not guilty of a curious oversight and partiality in concentrating our admiration and applause so exclusively upon the testator who founds almshouses, and the Dorcas who cuts out garments and gives them gratis or half-gratis to the poor. “Cotton-spinning (says Mr Carlyle) is the clothing of the naked in its result—the triumph of mind over matter in its means.” Think, again, of the countless toil and the consummate skill of the administrator or the legislator who manages that the social machinery of the state shall work smoothly and securely, so that the providers of food, clothing, and shelter shall be able to go steadily forward with their work,—and do honour to the humblest functionary in the complicated organism of government, if only he be faithful and capable as well as humble. Then turn to the men of science, whether abstract or applied:—Were Newton and Laplace, think you, less truly “doers of good,” less grand philanthropists, less undeniable or less indispensable contributors to the well-being of their race, than John Howard, Xavier, or Las Casas? Which have alleviated most misery, prolonged or preserved

most life, wiped away most tears, — Harvey and Jenner, the inventor of chloroform, the skilful surgeon and the wise physician,—or the charitable magnates and missionaries who are believed to “go about doing good,” and whom, therefore, we are prone to regard as especially, if not exclusively, the imitators of our Divine Master? Or, again, take the princes of engineering genius, or some grand inventors, such as James Watt, Stephenson, and Wheatstone; count up what they have done for mankind, how they have multiplied and extended its capacities of action as well as enjoyment;—and then ask yourself what ostensible philanthropist—nay, what generation of philanthropists—can compare their achievements with the blessings conferred by the steam engine, the railway, and the telegraph. Yet these men, it is probable, seldom reflected definitely on the good they were doing to the world, or measured in imagination half its range, or prided themselves consciously upon being benefactors of their species. They drew their inspiration from a source less tainted with the fumes of even a noble egotism. They loved their science for its own sake; they simply obeyed the sound dictates of a sound nature; they exercised their talents, they followed their instincts, thinking of their work, not of themselves, nor even much probably of their work’s ulterior results of civilizing beneficence;—but, in acting thus, they did what God had sent them into the world to do, and so, half unconsciously but still religiously because straightforwardly and dutifully,

fulfilled the purposes of their existence. They may, some of them, have been half Pagans; they may have thought little of prayer, and less of Church; they may seldom have given so much as a passing reflection of self-complacent benevolence to the fellow-creatures in whose cause they were thus ploddingly and serenely spending life and strength;—yet nevertheless the Creative Spirit has had few more intelligent instruments, more devoted messengers, more efficient fellow-workers.

“ In their own task all their powers pouring,
These attained the mighty life ye see.”

One of the commonest and most deep-seated, and perhaps not the least pernicious fallacy in our estimate of relative “goodness,” lies in our disposition to rank negative above positive virtue,—abstinence from wrong above active duty and distinguished service. There is surely a higher and completer decalogue than the purely prohibitory one of Sinai, taught us by One who surpassed and superseded Moses. “Thou shalt” appeals to nobler natures and befits a more advanced civilization than “Thou shalt not.” The early Israelites, just emerging from the double degradation of semi-barbarism and of slavery, and soiled with the brutal passions and the slimy sins belonging to both conditions, had first to be taught the difficult lessons of self-denial and forbearance. On Christians is laid the loftier obligation of active and laborious achievement. It is much for the fierce appetites and feeble wills of savages to abstain from the grosser indulgences

of the temper and the flesh—not to steal, not to kill, not to lust, not to lie. But the civilization of a cultured and awakened age can rest content in no such formal or meagre conception of moral duties. It cannot acquiesce in mere self-regarding excellence. It feels that there is something at once loftier, more generous, and more imperative, than the asceticism which aims simply at the elaboration and development of the spiritual possibilities of a man's own nature;—and that to serve others, even in miry by-ways, in menial capacities, in damaging and revolting conditions, is a worthier and more Christian vocation than coddling one's individual soul. *Faire son devoir* is, after all, a nobler purpose than *faire son salut*. The indolent and timid natures who find abstinence safer and easier than action,

“ Whose sole achievement is to leave undone,”

who shirk dangerous duties because they dread exposure to moral risk, who are content to do no active good if, by fencing themselves carefully about with a *cordon sanitaire* of rules and cautions, they can manage to creep through life in a sort of clever quarantine, and so do no mischief and commit no sins,—can scarcely, in any healthy estimate of relative excellence, be entitled to rank with the bolder spirits who, perhaps over-recklessly, despise such egotistic valetudinarianism, and rush out into the conflicts of the world to acquit themselves like men;—who, often wandering from the path, often falling in the race, often defeated in the combat, sometimes even soiled by the contact with

evil and with guilt, yet, in spite of failures and of falls, press on with unflagging vigour to the end, and so emerge at last, sorely wounded it may be, with their armour stained and their tempers roughened if not hardened by the effort and the strife, but having at least achieved something for others by the way, and with their faces still set "as though they *would* go to Jerusalem." Unless the unsophisticated instincts of mankind are very far astray, our deepest gratitude is due not to the pure and sinless, but to the greatly-daring and the strongly-doing,—not to the monk in his convent or the ascetic on his pillar, but to the warrior in a good cause, to the adventurer in a grand enterprise, to the labourer in a noble work. "I cannot (says Milton) praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue that never sallies out and sees its adversary, but slinks out of the race where the immortal garland is to be run for—not without dust and heat." A greater than Milton has comforted us by the assurance that much is forgiven to those who love much; that the active service of men (which is charity) covers a multitude of sins, and is more and loftier than creeds; and that the talent laid up in a white napkin, and so scrupulously kept out of harm's way, reaps no praise and bears no fruit; while the talent that is made to fructify in commerce, in administration, or otherwise, earns wealth first and recompense and honour afterwards. Surely, in that righteous estimate and just award which we all anticipate at "the great gathering of souls," a man's deeds will be set against his omis-

sions and his failures, his wanderings and his falls,—what he has done and done well against what he has left undone or done amiss,—the efforts he has made and the services he has rendered against the sins he has committed and the temptations to which he has succumbed. Surely, too, as Lord Erskine pleaded (in that grand speech which has become a classic in our language), it is the “general scope” of the Book of our existence by which we shall be judged then and by which we ought to be estimated now,—not solely, not chiefly even, “those frail passages which chequer the volume of the brightest and the best-spent life, but which mercy obscures from the eye of justice, and which repentance blots out for ever.”

It often happens that the truest benefactors of mankind are precisely those to whom an unthinking and ungrateful world is least willing to concede the title. The beneficent, as distinguished from the benevolent—those who *do* good, not those who merely *wish* it—are in many cases the stern inflexible administrators of a sound rule, rather than the soft-hearted who would relax or contravene its operation to meet individual instances of suffering or hardship. These rigid men of principle have a hard time of it here below; there are few to whom we are more habitually unjust. Yet nothing is so capable of proof as that they do more good, prevent or mitigate more wretchedness, *eradicate* more evil, than perhaps any other characters. Nay, further:—a great portion of

their work—for which they are hated and maligned—consists in counteracting and undoing the mischief wrought by the yielding susceptibilities of the charitably tender—who are praised and petted for their self-indulgent malefactions. The “good people” who administer the noxious but delicious anodyne, thank God that they are not as the “unsympathizing and cold-hearted,” who insist upon the healing drug, the self-denying system, or the needful but painful operation. Yet usually there can be as little doubt which of the two are the world’s real friends, as which are the truly “good” in effort and in feeling. The stern administrator of the righteous and salutary law curbs and denies those mischievous and sickly sensibilities which the maudlin man of feeling simply yields to and fosters. The one indulges his sentiment at the cost of his fellow-men:—the other controls his sentiment for their good.

Probably, however, if we take as our measure the amount and the unalloyed character of the good done, and the degree of effort involved in doing it, the “good people” *par excellence* must be the THINKERS, the men of intelligence and research. He who destroys a fallacy, who eradicates a superstition, who establishes a healing principle or a prolific truth, who in any way adds to the knowledge in the world and reduces the amount of error, confers a benefit of which the extent is simply incalculable, because its duration and its field of operation are absolutely illimitable. If we trace back effects to their ultimate causes, we shall find that

most of our vice and nearly all our misery have their source in ignorance or misconception ; in not knowing, or not fully realizing, the physical and moral laws on which our well-being depends ; in not understanding, in this our day, the things which belong unto our peace ; in following after false gods, and blinding ourselves with miserable and misleading creeds. The fierce passions and the wild desires of men never could have raged as they have done through countless generations, never could have wrought the devastation they have spread over the social and the moral world, if false doctrines had not been devised to justify and canonize the passions, and if baseless theories and *crassa ignorantia* had not combined to veil the inevitable consequences of the indulged desires. The peculiarity, too, of the good worked out by the diffusion of sound knowledge and the establishment of pure truth is that it is usually, except perhaps for a brief period, quite without drawback or alloy. The man who founds a charitable institution may be doing vast mischief along with a minimum of good ; the man who discovers a scientific fact, or proves and procures general reception for a philosophic principle, bequeaths his blessing to the world "without money and without price." He adds his mite for ever to the aggregate possessions, the joint inheritance, of man, and he adds a mite which is in its nature and essence healing, beneficent, and fructifying, and which no opposition can more than temporarily render otherwise. The *specifically* philanthropic have, we all know, often been among the

saddest mischief-makers that complicated modern society has nourished in its bosom, and in a thousand instances, and by a thousand proofs, have created more misery than they have relieved. What religion and the specifically pious have done to comfort sorrow, to relieve distress, to confer moral strength, to inspire great deeds, to support "majestic pains," it is true we can never fairly estimate; but all history is full of the crimes, and cruelties, and terrible inflictions, and heinous wrongs wrought, not only in the name of religion, but under the undeniable inspiration of its sincerely followed, but deplorably misread spirit. If, at last, charity and faith have begun to be verily beneficent; if the former has grown wise and self-controlled, and the latter rational, tolerant, and just; it is to the spread of knowledge and the labours of the THINKER that we owe their purification. It is the men of intellect who have taught the men of feeling and the men of piety truly to "do good."

There is yet another class of "good people" whom we once heard described as *doing good by effluvia*. The definition created considerable amusement at the time, yet no other could have been so apt or just. They do good by being good. Their natures are so beautiful, and withal so full of a rich and fertilising vitality, that it is sufficient for them to *live* in order to diffuse happiness around them. They seem to *radiate* virtue and joy; we are grateful to them (to borrow the well-known phrase sarcastically used by

Beaumarchais) *parcequ'ils se sont donnés la peine de naître*. Their characters are so well-balanced, their dispositions so affectionate, their tempers so sweet and gentle, that they disseminate and inspire peace and good-will without effort and without consciousness;—

“Glad souls, without reproach or blot,
Who do His will, and know it not.”

Selfishness and anger cannot live in their presence; their mere companionship pours oil upon troubled waters and balm into wounded spirits; their goodness and kindness are, as it were, *catching*. As Keble expresses it,

“They seem to dwell
Above this earth—so rich a spell
Floats round their path where'er they move,
From hopes fulfilled and mutual love.”

Yet, though about the best, they are by no means always the happiest of God's creatures. Often, indeed, they have known a deeper than common sorrow; only they have survived it or conquered it, or *assimilated* it—turned it, that is, into a blessing and a nutriment.

“The serenity of soul,
Which of itself shows immortality,”

is for ever mirrored in their “clear calm brows,” and speaks unmistakably of peace attained,—not the peace which brooded over Eden, but that which crowned Gethsemane.

The philanthropic and religious will, no doubt, demur to this attempt, not so much to push them from their pedestal, as to assert the claims of others to share it with them. They will plead that they do good directly

and of deliberate purpose aforethought ; while the rest of the candidates named for the same civic crown only do good undesignedly and as an incident to their main end and ordinary work ;—that there must be a wide difference in desert and estimation between the man whose distinct vocation it is to benefit his fellows, and the man from whose honourable pursuit of his own vocation good to the world, through the wise arrangements of Providence, naturally results ;—and that it is a misjudgment to rank in the same class those who place the good of others before their eyes as a definite *object*, and those who only entail it, and perhaps do not always foresee it, as a *consequence* of their actions. But this plea, though not wholly without force, is habitually stretched much too far. Of every man who performs the task assigned him, or the task for which he is best fitted, in the complex machinery of life, and who does this in a straightforward temper and in a workmanlike fashion, two things may be safely predicated ;—*first*, that he is doing his duty—which is always a righteous and sometimes a noble act ; and *secondly*, that, in order to do it, he has to use effort and to overcome temptation of some sort,—whether it be the temptation of indolence or that of pleasure ;—and in most cases the philanthropist or the missionary does no more. No true or worthy work of any kind can be accomplished without encountering difficulties, and surmounting obstacles, and facing dangers, and putting forth the qualities of energy and perseverance, —without, in a word, a steady resolution and a per-

sistent self-control which are worthy of all honour. In many instances of the comparatively *incidental* benefactors of mankind who have been mentioned, serving their fellow-creatures and doing God's work has been their ultimate though not their proximate aim,—their virtual and secret though not their avowed or constantly conscious inspiration—an inspiration which has to be often summoned to their aid in hours of depression and disheartenment, when the willing spirit is on the point of succumbing to the weak and weary flesh. It is so with the statesman, with the philosopher, with the astronomer, with the inventors and discoverers in science,—with the poet, if he comprehends the grandeur of his calling, as Milton did,—with the musician, if his strains, like those of Handel and Mozart, are such as purify and elevate the soul. The patient and skilful surgeon is not the less a mitigator of human suffering because he takes his fees, and is wrapped up in his profession, rather than perpetually reminding himself of its beneficence. The writer, whether of philosophy or fiction, who “vindicateth the ways of God to men,” who renders virtue attractive and great thoughts familiar, is not the less a doer of good because he desires fame ardently and loves it profoundly when it comes. The eminent lawyer, who deals out righteous decisions and widely influential judgments, has not the weaker claim upon our gratitude because his heart has seldom consciously glowed with the love of his fellow-men,—because he thinks more of doing his work well and justly than of the blessings which that true work may

ultimately spread abroad. The artist, even, who is absorbed in his art—who so worships it that he would deem it almost an insult to regard it as a means and not an end,—if only his conceptions of its scope are pure and noble, may be one of God's choicest instruments and fellow-workers in the onward march of humanity ;—ay, even though his art be its own “exceeding great reward,” and though his soul never soars beyond its boundaries.

And for the mere privates in the ranks of the vast army of the faithful, the humbler day-labourers in the wide field of toil, whose efforts and contributions are just as indispensable to the grand issue as those of their captains and their guides ;—if they are but true to the requirements of their calling, and “whatever their hand findeth to do, do it with all their might,”—who shall dispute their title to share alike in the prize-money and the fame, though they never dreamed of putting in a claim for either ? In virtue of the ever-fixed decree of the Most High, every man who does his work and his duty **MUST** be also doing good ;—and, lastly,

“They also serve who only stand and wait.”

It is not ours to measure relative merit or award the palm of virtue. Of one thing only we may be sure ;—that for **ALL** true lovers and servers of Humanity (whatever may have been their line) there is reserved—not fame, not glory, not perhaps even recognition here, not a niche in the grand Valhalla of the Northern

Gods, not a bower in the chill and pallid moonlight of a Greek Elysium, but—a welcome and a home in that beautiful and tranquil world which is the goal of all our earthly aspirations—the world *of solved problems*, of realized ideals, of yearning affections quenched in the fulness of fruition,—that world where the Spirit shall be always willing, and the Flesh never weak.

WHAT IS CULPABLE LUXURY?

IN a paper by Mr Goldwin Smith, published in the January number of the *Contemporary Review*, there occurred a sentence which appeared to me so mischievous in its tendency and so fallacious in its obvious meaning, that I ventured to comment upon it with some severity in the columns of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. A controversy arose out of my remarks, in which four or five combatants took part, and which indicated considerable discrepancy as well as considerable looseness in the prevalent notions as to what sort and amount of expenditure by the rich was permissible and beneficent, and what must be held to be noxiously selfish and injurious to the community,—what employment of our income, in fact, sound economic doctrines would sanction and what they would condemn. In all I wrote during that controversy, I sedulously abstained from entering upon these more general questions, as too wide and complex to be decided upon with journalistic brevity,—preferring to confine myself to the specific task of justifying my original animadversions; but the subject is of such vital interest, and, though old, the current ideas regarding it seem so indefinite, confused, and fluctuating, that I should wish to offer my humble contribution

towards a clearer conception of the points at issue. And in doing this, I propose to avoid such comparatively abstract discussions as, "what is, and what is not, properly speaking, unproductive and reproductive expenditure,"—"whether a demand for commodities is virtually a demand for labour,"—and the like, and to deal with the several questions that arise in a more concrete, and therefore simpler and more intelligible, form.

The obnoxious passage in Mr Goldwin Smith's paper was as follows :—

"When did wealth rear such enchanted palaces of luxury as it is rearing in England at the present day? Well do I remember one of those palaces, the most conspicuous object for miles round. Its lord was, I dare say, *consuming the income of some six hundred of the poor labouring families around him.** The thought that *you are spending on yourself* annually the income of six hundred labouring families seems to me as much as a man with a heart and a brain can bear."

The question thence arose : "Is there any sense in which the owner of the said palace can fairly or accurately be described as "consuming," "spending on himself" the income of six hundred poor families,—or be justly reproached, as selfish and culpable in doing so ?

* Mr Goldwin Smith, in a subsequent reply, explains that this phrase was misunderstood, and merely meant "that he was spending on himself an income as large as six hundred of their incomes put together."

Now the first obvious answer both to the statement made and the blame implied in the above sentences is "the retort courteous,"—to which, it would appear, there can be no rejoinder. If the nobleman referred to, the man of £30,000 a year, is indeed doing this sad thing, then the gentleman of £3000 a year, the small tradesman with £300 a year, nay, every one of us, is doing it according to the measure of his means. Mr Goldwin Smith himself is doing it as distinctly and as sinfully as any of us. Everybody who allows himself anything beyond the simplest necessaries of life is doing it. Nay, the very labouring man whose income the rich lord is represented as eating up, is *pro tanto* as guilty as the rest every time he lights his pipe or drinks his dram. He, as well as the nobleman who smokes a dozen Havannas and sips his Tokay or Steinberger, is consuming the sustenance of one poorer than himself—inasmuch as he is "spending on himself" money which might have filled the belly or clothed the limbs of some needier fellow-man. This irrefutable *argumentum ad hominem* takes away the sting and exposes the injustice of Mr Goldwin Smith's assertion and reproach. Let us see if it does not throw a further light upon the question, and suggest the original basis of the fallacy.

The genuine Irish peasant, I may observe in passing, takes a diametrically opposite view of the matter from that of Mr Goldwin Smith. In Ireland the rich man who does not spend his whole income, and spend it lavishly or "gallantly," is pronounced a sneak, stingy,

and "no gentleman." To save anything exposes him to obloquy. Laying by an annual sum, in the opinion of the cottier of Donegal or Galway, is a shameful diversion of funds which ought to reach the labourer's pocket by some of the ordinary channels of expenditure. The superficial political economist, on the other hand, insists upon the duty of saving everything beyond what is essential for an ordinarily comfortable life, in order that it may be invested for the payment of reproductive labour. There is a fallacy in the naked and extreme notions of both, and the truth must lie somewhere between the two.

The origin of the erroneous impression, to which Mr Goldwin Smith has given currency, is the feeling, common enough and not unnatural at first sight, that a man who drinks a bottle of champagne, costing five shillings, while a neighbour is in want of actual food, which that five shillings would purchase for him, is in some unintelligible way, wronging this neighbour, acting cruelly towards him, eating up his substance. The observer recollects a text which he heard in his youth, but the precise applicability of which he never deliberately considered. "He that hath two coats, let him impart to him that hath none." If he has a smattering of economic education, more especially if he is a radical of the shallower and narrower sort as well, he thinks the five shillings ought to have been put by and used in setting the poor neighbour to work upon waste lands. Thus, the impression is a confused compound of natural sympathy, vague Chris-

tianity, and dim economic science. But while the natural man and the Christian would have the champagne drinker forego his bottle, and give the value of it to the famishing wretch beside him, the radical economist would condemn such behaviour as distinctly criminal and pernicious.

Let us now look at one or two of the items of the rich man's expenditure in detail, and see if common sense will not enable us to agree upon some unassailable conclusions.

The extensive pleasure-grounds, gardens, shrubberies, and deer-parks, of our wealthy nobles, offer one of the strongest points in favour of the views of those who feel as Mr Goldwin Smith feels. No doubt if the land of a country is all occupied and cultivated, and if no more land is easily accessible, and if the produce of other lands is not procurable in return for manufactured articles of exchange, then a proprietor who should employ 100 acres in growing wine for his own drinking, which might or would otherwise be employed in growing wheat or other food for twenty poor families who can find no other field for their labour,—he may fairly be said to be consuming, spending on himself the sustenance of those families. If, again, he in the midst of a swarming population unable to find productive or remunerative occupation, insists upon keeping a considerable extent of ground in merely ornamental walks and gardens, and, therefore, useless as far as the support of human life is concerned, he may be held liable to the same imputation ;—even

though the wages he pays to the gardeners in the one case and the vine dressers in the other be pleaded in mitigation of the charge. But, then, it follows that every one of us in the middle-class who keeps an acre of flower beds and exotic shrubs to refresh his weary eyes after a day's work in towns and crowded streets,—nay, every peasant who cultivates his little plot of ornamental ground before his cottage windows—is open within the limits of his capacity to precisely the same reproach. The conclusion is evidently based on the assumption *that all land ought to be devoted to producing food*, at least till every one has food enough ; an assumption we shall be slow to sanction. For, if admitted, it follows that all land should be devoted to producing that sort of food which will furnish support to the greatest number of people; and that the man who grows wheat instead of potatoes, the man who grows cattle instead of grain, and the man who grows barley for malting, or wine or tobacco at all, are all transgressors of the same public duty and the same economic obligation. What stimulus the doctrine, if acted upon, would contribute towards the multiplication of the race and its consequent universal wretchedness and ultimate degradation, need not here be dwelt upon.

The fancied offence against the public interest and the law of maximum production favoured by some economists, committed by the proprietors of deer parks in England and the conversion of sheep walks into deer forests in Scotland,—seems to have more validity

at first sight, and is not quite so easily disposed of. But on examination it will be found to be governed by the same considerations. It assumes that the owner of land is bound "to make the best use of the soil," as the phrase is,—or to extract from it the greatest of human food—which is a very different thing. In the case of deer parks, the question is a mere matter of degree. Deer are human food, just as much as cattle, and are not allowed to multiply indefinitely and uselessly. The same park might support a larger number of cattle and sheep than of deer: that is about as much as can be said. The alleged depopulation of the Highlands, the removal of the crofters in order to extend the sheep-walks, and the turning of sheep-walks into deer forests, has *primá facie* a bad look; and has been ferociously denounced not only by humanitarians, but by economists and politicians, who ought to have known better, or, at least, to have looked deeper—Mr Bright, in former days, among the number. Yet, curiously enough, it has been irrefutably proved, by detailed arguments which I cannot enter into here, that the first operation was not only the best and most direct, but virtually the *only* mode of raising the condition and securing the well-being of the ill-fed population,—and that the second proceeding, characterized as "an outrage against God and man," has been attended by an actual increase in the amount of labour employed, as well as in the amount of land set free for tillage. Those who wish to understand how this result has

been brought about may find a very full and clear explanation in an article in the *Edinburgh Review* for October, 1857, entitled "Men, Sheep, and Deer."

Another item of the rich man's expenditure which gives great umbrage is the horses which he keeps for pleasure. No doubt, these horses consume unproductively the food which might have given sustenance to as many men. No doubt, if social life ought to be cut down to its simplest needs, these horses should be dispensed with. No doubt, if superfluities are sinful, selfish, and unpatriotic, these horses must be condemned. But this is a matter we will look into further on. No doubt, again, if the rich man were to take farm-horses from a farmer who could not replace them, to use them for his riding or his driving, he would be injuriously interfering with productive labour. No doubt, moreover, it must be admitted that the employment of saddle-horses and race-horses, does indirectly, and perhaps appreciably, raise the price of horses required for agricultural purposes, and does thereby *pro tanto* enhance the price of food. So, far, therefore, the rich man by keeping many carriage or saddle-horses may undeniably be said to be spending on himself the (potential) sustenance of poorer men; just as truly as when he grows wine or tobacco instead of grain, but not more truly, and scarcely more appreciably. We, may, then, allow frankly and without demur that, if he maintains more horses than he needs or can use, his expenditure thereon is strictly pernicious and indefensible, precisely in the same way

as it would be if he burnt so much hay and threw so many bushels of oats into the fire. He is *destroying* human food.

Perhaps of all the branches of a wealthy nobleman's expenditure, that which will be condemned with most unanimity, and defended with most difficulty, is the number of ostentatious and unnecessary servants it is customary to maintain. For this practice I have not a word to say. It is directly and indirectly bad. It is bad for all parties. Its reflex action on the masters themselves is noxious; it is mischievous to the flunkies, who are maintained in idleness and in enervating and demoralising luxury; it is pernicious to the community at large, and especially to the middle and upper middle classes, whose inevitable expenditure in procuring fit domestic service—already burdensomely great—is thereby oppressively enhanced, till it has become difficult not only to find good household servants at moderate wages, but to find servants who will work diligently and faithfully for any wages at all. Whether in a purely economic point of view the poorer classes, who are popularly fancied to be impoverished and in a way robbed by the consumption of the superfluous army of retainers kept up by the wealthy and the great, are practically the sufferers in consequence, in this country at least, it is not so easy to determine. These retainers are for the most part wholly unproductive, and do nothing to replace the commodities they consume. On the other hand, by their withdrawal from an overstocked labour

market—where it *is* over-stocked—they so far help to keep up the rate of wages ; and they offer one of the channels through which the superfluous wealth of the rich is distributed among the poor. And, looking at them in reference to the terms of Mr Goldwin Smith's indictment, they may even be pleaded in mitigation, since so far from constituting three or four of the families whose sustenance the nobleman is supposed to spend upon himself, they constitute families whom he provides with gratuitous support. But the clear and undeniable condemnation of the system lies in the precise feature just alluded to. It is charity, and charity of the bastard sort—charity disguised as ostentation. It feeds, clothes, and houses a number of people in strenuous and pretentious laziness. If almshouses are noxious and offensive to the economic mind, then by a parity of reasoning, superfluous domestics are noxious also.

The unavowed feeling that lies deep down in the common mind, and lies at the root of this objection to the expenditure of the rich, is that somehow or another it is not right, just, humane, or Christian, that some persons should have so much while others have so little ; and that if all were as it should be, the superfluous property of the affluent ought to be dispersed among the indigent. The sentiment is not only inarticulate and unavowed ; it will be disavowed as soon as put into words, being in fact only faintly disguised Communism. Nevertheless it *lurks*. Of course it will not bear the daylight, and vanishes at

once before the reflection that the rich are so few and the poor so many that the equitable division hinted at and secretly longed for would give a portion infinitely small and valueless to each of the multitudinous claimants, while it would operate as a most effectual discouragement to that enterprise, industry, economy, and spirit of accumulation which alone creates anything to divide. We need not, therefore, waste words upon this view of the subject, but pass at once to another on which, if humanitarians are not stronger, economists are sounder.

The millionaire, it is said, instead of spending on himself what would enable hundreds of families to subsist in comfort, ought to save and invest a large portion of his income. If he *spends* merely, the money disappears and leaves nothing behind it. If he *saves*, he adds to the available capital of the country, and to the fund destined for the wages of labour. His economies and investments go to feed enterprise, industry, progress, and production ; and he promotes public good without any exertion of his own—making two blades of grass to grow where one grew before. Undeniably true : let us consider the matter a little more closely.

If this were a new country, in which capital was scanty or deficient, and in which, therefore, the rate of interest was so high as to fetter or discourage enterprise, and the wages-fund so inadequate that remunerative works, public and private, were retarded or prevented, then it might be the clear public duty

of the rich man to hoard and invest his surplus income instead of spending it ; but then no outside pressure in that direction would be needed, because his private interests would be strong enough and plain enough to ensure his doing his duty ; as usury would give him 12 per cent. — But how is it in a country like England, and in the concrete and actual existing case we are considering, where money is at 3 per cent., and where loanable capital exists in almost unbounded and often, as we find, even dangerous abundance—facilitating wars and tempting us into foolish foreign loans and wild commercial speculations ? No doubt, by laying by and investing half his income, our millionaire will be augmenting the fund available, will be lowering the rate of interest, and perhaps raising the rate of wages. Will he become really and truly, a public benefactor by doing these two things ? Is the case clear enough to induce him to stint his freedom or his enjoyments, in order to promote these ends, or to warrant economists and philanthropists to blame him for neglecting them ? Is it not notorious that even now, capital accumulates so fast that capitalists become periodically delirious from the low rate of interest, and rush to waste it in foreign loans, unpaying railways, problematic mines, and other wild schemes ? If it were not for these mischievous modes of depletion, and the still more pernicious phlebotomy of wars, the rate of interest would not improbably fall so low that the motive to accumulation would be materially weakened. So at least J. S. Mill was of

opinion. If, in addition, we were to become still more saving, as well as more prudent than we are, and if millionnaires were, as they are urged, to hoard instead of spending, 2 per cent. or even 1 per cent. might easily become the normal rate of interest ? Is it so absolutely certain that this would be a public boon ?

But, we are told, enterprise would be promoted, commodities would be increased, the demand for labour would be stimulated, *and wages would rise*. Granted. As matters now are, is this an obvious and indisputable benefit to the working classes ? A large increase in the earnings of agricultural labourers, in many counties at least, would be desirable. Beyond that, I should be sorry to pronounce confidently. Assuredly, we do not find that, as a rule, the vastly augmented rate of wages, of many classes of artisans—notably the colliers—has improved their condition, or their comforts, or their habits. They have not risen in the scale of social life in any sense ; they have not grown fairer or more liberal to their families ; they have not grown wiser ; they have not grown happier ; they have not become better citizens ; they have not even grown richer. Much must be done, vast collateral social progress must be made, before the rich man can feel at all confident that, in curtailing his own expenditure to swell that of the poor man, he is inevitably, or very probably, doing a beneficent action.

All the above pleas and considerations, however, may be regarded rather as collateral. The main issue,

the true kernel of the question, I have left to the last ; and it may be stated very briefly. The propriety of the comparatively lavish expenditure of the rich man is entirely an affair of circumstance, selection, and degree. Its justification, moral and economic, must rest upon the demonstration that the circumstances are not exceptional, the selection not injudicious, and the degree not excessive. If expenditure is to be confined to what is reproductive, if our outlay is to be limited to what is required for our mere necessities, or even for our comforts—and if all else ought to be laid by—life would be reduced to “beggarly elements” indeed. Artificial wants, what may be termed extravagant wants, the wish to possess something beyond the bare necessities of existence, the taste for superfluities and luxuries first, the desire for refinements and embellishments next, the craving for the higher enjoyments of intellect and art as the final stage—these are the sources and stimulants of advancing civilization. It is these desires, these needs, which raise mankind above mere animal existence, which in time and gradually transform the savage into the cultured citizen of intelligence and leisure. Ample food once obtained, he begins to long for better, more varied, more succulent food ; the richer nutriment leads onward to the well-stored larder and the well-filled cellar, and culminates in the French cook. The hut of the barbarian or the backwoodsman, sufficient for mere purposes of shelter, as the conception of the inmate ripens towards a better day, is exchanged for the log-

hut, the comfortable cottage, the spacious mansion, the gorgeous and stately palace. The skins and mats which served the aborigines for clothing, and were adequate for warmth and decency, give place, as the wearers emerge from the squalor of barbarism, to woven garments, to ornaments and paint, to woollen, to velvets, and to silks. Culture and progress raise the lust of the flesh into the lust of the eye, and the lust of the eye ripens into the pride of life. It is the instinctive, irrepressible desire, not for the necessities of life, for more food, clothing, and better shelter, but for the superfluities which adorn and soften life, which stirs man to exertion, moving him to—

“Scorn delights, and live laborious days,”

teaching him to think of the morrow, to control present appetites, to save, to accumulate capital, to promote enterprise, to become, in short, the envied millionaire Mr Goldwin Smith points out for reprobation.

All this might seem obvious enough, though forgetfulness of it lies at the root of most of the denunciations of luxury we are in the habit of hearing. But still it will be urged—or at least the muttered sentiment remains—“Is it not wrong, or a blunder needing rectification, that some men should enjoy all these superfluities in such abundance, while others of their countrymen are but scantily provided with the simplest necessities?” Granted for the sake of argument. At all events, whether wrong or not, it is a pity. In-

equalities of condition and of wealth are probably desirable ; certainly they are inevitable : but we may without hesitation or danger admit that in this country at least they are greater than could be wished. But give careful reflection to this one consideration. It is more than probable—it is all but certain—that at this very moment, the actual or easily attainable earnings of the working-classes as a whole, if divided equally among them and spent sensibly by them, would provide them all with food, shelter, and clothing in quite adequate abundance. If it be true—and no one dreams of denying it—that these classes, 24,000,000 in number, spend annually upwards of £50,000,000, or 40s. a year per head (man, woman, and child)——or 10 to 15 per cent. of their incomes—in drink and tobacco ; and if further they waste another 10 per cent. in unskilful purchasing, and a third 10 per cent. in bad cooking, and other measures of unthrift,*—then we may fairly conclude that, if they are unprovided with enough of the necessaries of life, it is not owing to the large fortunes of the comparatively few noblemen and millionnaires. Very well :—then allow, or assume that all are, or are to be, or may be by any warrantable arrangement you please, supplied with a sufficiency of food and clothing and house room—what is to be done with the vast surplus of wealth still remaining in the hands of the capitalist, the great proprietor, and the thriving and careful tradesman of the middle

* See “Mistaken Aims of the Artizan Class.” “The Proletariat on a False Scent.”

class? Clearly, it must be spent as now in superfluities, in luxuries, in the supply of artificial wants. Clearly, everybody having enough to eat, and to keep them warm and well-sheltered, everybody will begin to indulge in other things than necessaries;—everybody will thus indulge according to his taste or his means; the old expenditure on luxuries and superfluities, which we regard as so obnoxious, will begin again—or rather, will never have been interrupted; and, as purses will still be unequally filled as long as men are variously endowed with wealth-earning and wealth-saving capacities and characters—the same inequality in superfluous expenditure will be observable as now. There is already in the country far greater wealth than is required to provide an ample supply of the necessaries of life for all; the vast residue *must* be spent in superfluities, or in hoarding for the future production of those superfluities—and, moreover, will be righteously so spent. If not, it will be spent, and wasted, or worse than wasted, in mere multiplication of numbers, and the loss of all the spreading civilization we are hoping for.

There is, then, no necessary violation of sound economic doctrine in the large expenditure of the wealthy millionaire; nothing obviously culpable or even questionable; nothing inherently wrong or selfish; nothing that can justify any one in describing him as an egotistic consumer of the sustenance of others; nothing, in a word, that *in se* and at a glance can be reprobated by reflecting philanthropists who hold

eleemosynary distribution to be sinful and noxious, and who are not given to socialistic theories as to compulsory division of property. Every man spends and wishes to spend in articles that are in no way necessary to his existence, that he could do without, that are luxuries, superfluities, indulgences, embellishments to his life, or what he deems such. He would be a savage, not a cultivated or a civilized man, if he did not. It is when we come to inquire in detail *what are the articles* in which his income goes; *what* the superfluities in which he delights to indulge; *what* the elegances and embellishments with which his wealth is employed to surround him,—that we come upon considerations of moral praise or blame, and perceive the real difference as to patriotic and social value between one rich man and another. A broad-acred peer, or an opulent commoner may spend his £30,000 a year in such a manner as to be a curse, a reproach, and an object of contempt to the community; he may demoralize and disgust all around him, scattering his means in gambling, horse-racing, drinking, idling, or worse vices still; he may lavish it all so as to do no good to others, and bring no real enjoyment to himself. But if his tastes are refined and his intellect expanded to the requirements of his position; if he manages his property with care and judgment so as to set a feasible example to less wealthy neighbours; if he is prompt to discern and to aid useful undertakings, to succour striving merit, unearned suffering, and overmatched energy; if his establishment in horses and servants is

not immoderate ; then, although he surrounds himself with all that art can offer to render life beautiful and elegant ; though he gathers round him the best productions of the intellect of all countries and ages ; though his gardens and his park are models of curiosity and beauty ; though he lets his ancestral trees rot in their picturesque inutility, instead of converting them into profitable timber, and disregards the fact that his park would be more productive if cut up into potato plots ; though, in fine, he lives in the very height of elegant, refined, and tasteful luxury,—I should hesitate to denounce him as “ consuming on himself the incomes of countless labouring families ; ”—and I should imagine that he might lead his life of “ temperate and thoughtful joy,” quietly conscious that his liberal expenditure enabled scores of those families, as well as of artists and authors, to subsist in comfort, and without either brain or heart giving way under the burdensome reflection.

THE SPECIAL BEAUTY CONFERRED BY IMPERFECTION AND DECAY.

It is not designed here to attempt a discussion of the several sources from which the idea of Beauty in visible objects has been supposed to be derived,—whether their beauty depends on their usefulness and their fitness for the purpose they were designed to serve; or on associations which they awaken in our minds; or whether certain sights and scenes are intrinsically pleasing to the eye (just as certain sounds are sweet to the ear, and certain tastes delicious to the palate), and are called beautiful simply because they give agreeable sensations to the visual organ. The subject proposed for consideration is narrower and more specific, viz :—“ Why it is that so many imperfect and decayed objects are admittedly more beautiful—*felt* to be so—than the same objects when complete and sound? Why even this very imperfection and decay are indispensable to render them beautiful? Why objects that have ceased to subserve their purpose are so often more beautiful than they ever were in the days of their greatest utility and most perfect adaptation? Why, even, in order to be beautiful it is necessary that they should subserve their purpose inadequately? What, in a word, is the source, the meaning, the reason of

that strange and exquisite picturesque charm and eye-delight so habitually clinging round decadence and ruin, and so intuitively, and perhaps reluctantly, recognised as beauty even by the sternest utilitarian.

Three or four illustrations will suffice to make clear the point to be explained. London Bridge is a structure skilfully designed, well built, admirably suited to its purposes; and St. Paul's is a monument of rare magnificence. But does either of them affect us with the same sense of *beauty*, or gratification to the eye, as the "broken arch" we are all familiar with, and "the ruins" of the cathedral, supposed to be sketched from that decaying and unserviceable fragment? Look at a grove or a forest of the finest elms and beeches, with boles as straight as pillars, each absolutely perfect in its conformation and in fullest health and vigour, and of countless value in the eyes of the builder or the shipwright,—is it comparable in real "beauty" to a dozen aged oaks, with bare arms, gnarled trunks, twisted roots, and broken branches, the heart decayed out of them, and with only a few winters of precarious life before them? The nearest road, whether by land or water, from one point of our journey to another, is clearly the fittest, the cheapest, and *primâ facie* the most desirable. Yet what can be more hideous than a structure like the Suez-canal, or a straight thoroughfare stretching along miles of endless, unbroken perspective, even when lined by interminable miles of poplar trees, such as may be seen everywhere in France? On the other hand,

what can be more attractive or gratifying to the eye or the faculty which perceives beauty, than a meandering stream or a winding road, of which we see only a small portion at once, which traverses twice the distance, wastes twice the land, and requires twice the time to take us to our destination? What object more unlovely than a straight strong wall of masonry, not to be climbed over or broken through, with not a stone fallen away or out of line? Yet what object more beautiful, more fascinating to the artist, more pleasing to the general eye, than the same wall old, shattered, full of breaches, covered with ivy that each year undermines and loosens it yet more, and so ruined that the cattle or the deer it was intended to confine creep through it or leap over it at pleasure? The old rotten *Téméraire*, dismasted, her bulwarks broken away, her port-holes worn, her ribs open, and ten feet of water in her hold, apart from historical associations, is a thing which artists love to paint, and which has a singular beauty even to the eye of common men;—and so (though to a less extent, *because less useless and less ruined*) have the superseded frigates and three-deckers that crowd the Hamoaze. But who can associate the idea of beauty with our iron monitors and steam rams, though not a plate or fitting is faulty or out of place, and though not a criticism can be legitimately launched against their hideous perfection? It is even probable that the eye dwells with more real gratification, possibly not unaccompanied with a sense of surprise and self-

remonstrance, on the *Hôtel de Ville*, at Paris, in its present condition, gutted, blackened by fire, damaged but not disfigured, reduced from a perfect to an unserviceable structure—than when not a window or stone or a pinnacle was injured. The exterior of the building remains the same—it is simply blackened, rendered useless, its colours dimmed, and the precision of its lines diminished or obscured.

Illustrations might be multiplied indefinitely, but I will content myself with one more—to my mind the most crucial of all. Let us go to Ireland, and look at the solid, sensible, excellent cottages built (say) on Lord Lansdowne's estates in Kerry, drained, slated, and windowed, warm, firm, impervious to weather—answering completely, in fact, every purpose which houses are made to serve. They are not only not beautiful, but the Mind has absolutely to rebuke the Eye, the social and moral have to silence the æsthetic sense, in order to prevent us from pronouncing them positively ugly. A few hundred yards away, in the very next valley, stands the normal Irish cabin; no windows, no chimney, holes in the roof and wall doing duty for both; the rotten thatch half off, the rain coming in at fifty chinks, the floor wet and filthy, the pestilential dung-heap steaming at the side, the family dirty and in rags, with the pig among their feet and the fowl upon their shoulders, and what scene can be more picturesque or, to an artist's eye, more beautiful? Nay, every one of the deplorable and condemnable features I have mentioned contributes to,

heightens, and, in its scandalous congruity, helps to *constitute* the beauty of the object; if it were one whit less ruinous and nasty, it would be *pro tanto* less gratifying to the mere visual sense and fancy of the spectator; and we have to curb and do violence to ourselves, and to call up many thoughts "unborrowed from the eye," before we can express a sense of actual gratification in contemplating the picture, or refrain from incontinently sitting down to paint it. The cabin has no pleasurable associations to make it beautiful, nor ought it to be beautiful on the utilitarian theory, for it totally fails to subserve its intended purposes. Yet the natural Eye, tutored or untutored, lingers lovingly on the wretched hovel; it is the enforced Thought only which recurs with pleasure and with effort to the slated house.

Are not ruins recognized and felt to be more beautiful than perfect structures? Why are they so? Ought they to be so?

I have no pretension to attempt a full analysis or explanation of the mental phenomenon in question. I can merely offer a few suggestions, derived from different quarters, as contributions towards that result.

And, first, it may be remarked that it is only under certain conditions, and with reference to certain objects that beauty is conferred by ruin and decay. Eminently the case with regard to architecture, it is not at all the case with regard to sculpture. The Coliseum may be more beautiful—in the sense of giving greater pleasure to the cultivated eye and the inactive though

educated mind—than in the first blaze of its imperial magnificence. The Antinous and the Apollo would assuredly not gain by mutilation. The Venus dei Medici no doubt would gain—but only because mutilation would bring her nearer to the original design. The Venus of Milo clearly must be less perfect in her broken loveliness than when fresh from her creator's hand. Yet, again, it is difficult to fancy—even when every due allowance has been made for the infinite associations that cling round it—that the Parthenon could have conveyed such a glowing impression of marvellous grandeur, or (if the word may be used in such a connection) of such unapproachable perfection of beauty, when Pericles first gazed upon it, blazing with gold, gorgeous with the richest colouring, and dazzling in the sunrise—as it does to-day when seen towering in shattered and useless majesty in the fading twilight from the Gulf of Salamis or the Island of Egina. The Elgin marbles, which constituted its frieze, are disfigured by mutilation and decay. The edifice which contained them, and of which they were only minor accessories, is glorified thereby. The contrast and conjunction would seem to point to some not very recondite solution.

Again, there is reason to believe that the beauty conferred by decay was not always—perhaps not till a century or two ago—perceived even by the educated classes; and it is pretty certain that it is not now recognized by the uneducated ones. The same may be said of mountain scenery, and indeed of picturesque

scenery generally. The delight in ruins and in Alps would appear to be not only an exclusive, but a modern acquisition. To an agricultural boor and to most farmers certainly—to our ancestors also as a rule probably—the richest and most fertile lands were beautiful; not the granite peak, or the wild headland, or the barren moor, nor the primeval and impenetrable forest. Is it that both orders of minds are governed in their estimate of beauty by association, but that the associations which govern them are different?—or that one waits the rapid decision of the intellect before the eye consents to admit gratification, and that the other accepts the instinctive impression?—or that generations of culture in one direction have rendered the retina or the sensorium susceptible to different impressions?

Another point to be noticed is that the objects which decay thus beautifies are exclusively vegetable or inorganic, *never animal*. Living beings sometimes—men often—grow more beautiful with *age*—never by decrepitude or lesion, or ostensibly incipient ruin. Trees and buildings do not attain their maximum of picturesqueness till age has passed over into decadence—often not till decay has been busy with them long.

It has been suggested that perhaps the reason why the “Slated Cottages,” described in page 239, useful as they are, are so utterly destitute of any element of beauty, is that they are on every principle of art entirely out of harmony with the surrounding scenery. No doubt this may explain the *vividness* of the impression of their ugliness, but scarcely the ugliness

itself. For place in the same district, even within sight of each other, two peasants' cottages of the same generic character, built originally of the same materials, and designed by artist taste, with picturesque gables, thatched alike, adorned with creepers, surrounded by similar accessories—the only difference being that the first was tidy, well kept and fresh—the second just at that stage of neglect and ruin at which decay becomes picturesque without being disgusting ; on which would the poet's eye rest with the most instinctive pleasure, and which would the artist's pencil select unhesitatingly to reproduce ? If, as has been objected, in the case of the wretched Irish hovel I have pictured, it is the *dramatic* interest involved in the accessories to the scene—the life, and the sort of life, and the ramifying suggestions connected with that life—that gives the impression of picturesque attractiveness to the scene, and that *we mistake interest for a sense of beauty*, I can only reply that the same dramatic incidents might just as easily cling round the well-built and comfortable cottage as round the miserable cabin, since both are equally the shelter of domestic life ; only they don't, or where they do, they fail to produce that sense of the beautiful, that gratifying picturesqueness, the source of which we are pursuing.

Association will explain much ; but why, as in this case, where the associations are almost exclusively regrettable and *painful*, should the sense of *pleasure* which flows from beauty be instantaneously called up, while the slated house, some of the associations of which

at least should be agreeable, produces annoyance rather than gratification? In the cases of ancient castles, abbeys, and temples, the idea of antiquity and historical recollections (often I admit inseparable and instantaneously called up) enter largely into our sense of beauty and æsthetic enjoyment; but the age and the associations may be there; yet *if decay is not*, if decadence has not set in, if ruin has been sedulously guarded against by timely vigilance and the most artistically designed repairs, the special beauty we speak of is looked for in vain, the indefinable charm is absent, though we know not why, the enchantment fails, because the subtle essence of the spell, whatever it may be, is not there.

Probably the explanation must be sought in three distinct directions. In some cases decay altogether *changes* the object, or introduces entirely new features, as to the source of whose beauty there can be no controversy. Thus the ordinary fresh and perfect green of the chesnut, the sumach, or the beech has its own appropriate charm, which scarcely its commonness can make less appreciated. But when the softer portion of its substance has rotted away, and nothing is left except the marvellously fine reticulated skeleton, we do not feel that a new beauty has been conferred upon it by the process, but that quite another and more exquisite one is presented to the eye. What was before patent has died off, and the concealed and obscured has come to light. Or take the same leaf when it is not skeletonised but merely faded, and,

either by insect, disease, or from the season, has received its autumn colouring, and from a dull green has been transformed into a brilliant red—here it is the tint and not the leaf that is so fascinating, and the tint was not there before. Wherever, indeed, decay brings colour, the case seems clear; for colour has a loveliness of its own, and the gratification of the eye on which it strikes would seem to be an ultimate fact of physiology.

Perhaps, too, it will be found that in many cases—notably in buildings and structures such as bridges—the explanation also is a physical one. Probably *straight lines and sharp, clear, harsh outlines* are painful to the retina, just as screams are to the ear, or stench to the nose: they produce on the nerve or the sensorium a sensation which is distinctly irritating—an impression which may, no doubt, be controlled, modified, overcome, or in certain instances even reversed, by culture or by mental effort, but which is the first and the instinctive one. Now, new buildings, uninjured ones, have these harshly-defined outlines; they are not broken by accident or time, not mellowed or softened by accretions or defects, not concealed or mitigated by weeds or moss; they present no fragments or interruptions to relieve the eye. The effect of age and injury here would appear to be analogous to that of haze or atmospheric distance in making beautiful, by a softening and dimming of the outline, both natural and artificial objects—mountains as well as buildings—which, seen near, or in exceptionally clear

conditions of the atmosphere, are felt as distressingly harsh.

Lastly, ruins and decayed objects, apart from painful and pleasurable associations, are much more *suggestive* than perfect structures; richer and more various in the ideas and emotions they call up; more provocative therefore of that mental activity which is of itself enjoyment.

WHY SKILLED WORKMEN DON'T GO TO CHURCH.

A CURIOUS and interesting discussion on this question, which excited considerable attention a year or two ago, may perhaps still be remembered by our readers. It was initiated by one of the most sensible and practical steps ever taken, in this country at least, by the religious teachers of any denomination. Some clergymen and dissenting ministers had been so unusually observant of what goes on around them, as to have become conscious of the fact that, as a rule, the more intelligent of the working classes do not go to church or chapel, do not like going there, and profess to get little or no good when they do go; and being at the same time unusually candid and inquiring, they frankly admitted the fact they had noticed, and were anxious to ascertain its cause; and finally, being men of an abnormally direct and sagacious turn of mind, as well as observant, candid, and curious, they determined to go to head-quarters for information, and ask the peccant parties themselves, what was the real explanation of the strange phenomenon. They did not state the point precisely as we have done, but they did use nearly as explicit terms. They wished to know, "why the skilled artisans habitually held aloof from the religious institutions of the country?" and they invited

a number of the skilled artisans to meet them, in amicable conference, at the London Tavern, and tell them "the reason why." Beneficed clergymen, dignitaries of the Church, eminent Nonconformist ministers of various sects, were in attendance; and a number of genuine working men from different trades and occupations—engineers, carpenters, hawkers, gilders, porters, ex-scavengers, plasterers, and railway-men—accepted the invitation, and spoke their mind on the question at issue with a plain and concise directness (quite free from incivility) which was the most respectful compliment they could pay to the inquirers, and which must have not a little startled, and we hope enlightened, their reverend hearers. The working men assumed that the teaching and preaching men really and soothfastly wished to learn why their teaching and preaching were so ineffectual and so unwelcome; and being naïvely honest as well as intelligent, supposed that the most direct and unreserved reply would be the politest and the best. "We have piped unto you and ye have not danced; we have mourned unto you and ye have not wept," said the priests and pastors; "how is this?" And the artisans and skilled labourers and handicraftsmen in turn gave each the answer which their individual experience and reflection suggested as the solution of the perplexing problem. And having read the report of the conference with much interest and some amusement, and having at different periods in our career heard the *vivâ voce* sentiments of shrewd mechanics and hard-headed operatives on the question

in other parts of the country, we think we may do a welcome service to our readers by endeavouring to classify and condense the reasons assigned (no doubt the true reasons) why the more skilful and intellectual of our artisans so commonly abstain from patronising either church or chapel, and hold themselves so markedly aloof from both religious ministers and religious ministrations.

Curiously enough, no one appeared to doubt the fact. It was, indeed, the basis of the conference, the *raison d'être* of the assembly. The clergymen stated the phenomenon as one notorious and undeniable. The working-men owned the soft impeachment. Both parties accepted the preamble without demur, and proceeded at once, like men of business and men in earnest, to the discussion of the question. The best portion, or at least the cleverest and most sagacious portion, of the class, were "by habit and repute" Sabbath-breakers, or at least not Sabbath observers—not church-goers. Why was this, since they all professed themselves, or were assumed to be, believing or intending Christians, or, at all events, religiously inclined? None of the questioners hinted at their being infidels, and none of the respondents took up that position. If they had done so, they would have been out of place in such a meeting.

Yet the statement as to this matter, we think, needs to be accepted with some modification, or, at least, with some explanation. The labouring classes, in reference to their attendance on public worship, must be placed

in several distinct categories. The agricultural poor go to church or chapel, or stay away, pretty much according to the influence of their superiors. If the squire or the farmer expects them to go, and notices their absence, or if the rector or curate looks sharp after them, and has won their respect and regard, they go regularly. If no such influences are brought to bear upon them, their attendance is apt to become as lax as it too often is unprofitable. In the metropolis; and in all large towns, there are vast numbers of the poor who never dream of going to a place of worship; who are too ignorant, too restless, too dissolute, or too lazy and self-indulgent, to care for religion in any shape. More shame for us all that it should be so. But in the great centres of industry, in the manufacturing cities and villages of the North, and we fancy in London also, a very considerable and most respectable proportion of the mechanics and operatives consists of habitual worshippers, who *belong* either to the Church or to one or other sect of Dissenters—sometimes Baptists, oftener Wesleyans—and are, at least, as regular in their attendance as any in the ranks above them, and far more sedulous in Sunday-schools, both as pupils and as teachers. These people are usually sober, industrious, domestic, thriving, and in every way estimable. But they do not constitute the *intellectual* portion of the skilled artisan class, the eager politicians, the lecture-goers, the supporters of mechanics' institutes, and the like. Those latter—the men who think, the men who aspire, the men who investigate—do not as

a rule attend church or chapel, and are seldom "members" of any "communion." While the class last-mentioned, the respectable, seek to save their souls, these, the intelligent, strive to improve their minds; and naturally, therefore, they do not go to church. These, then, are the people with whom we are now concerned; and *why* it is "natural" that they should not go to church, is the question the conference desired to solve.

When Christ Himself appeared in Galilee, it was the lower rather than the upper classes that "clave unto him;" the distinctive feature of the day, as He pointed out to the disciples of John, was that "the poor had the gospel preached to them;" and Mark tells us that, whatever was the feeling among the rich and great, among Scribes and Pharisees, "the common people heard him gladly." *Now*, congregations really everywhere consist chiefly of the well-to-do; even where the Gospel is preached to the poor, the poor do not as of old flock to listen to it; the common people do not hear it gladly, and hundreds of thousands among them never hear it at all. Probably the explanation may be given in two sentences—at least the intelligent artisan believes it may:—Christ is not preached, and Christ is not the preacher; neither the doctrine nor the doctors of our time bear much resemblance to those that changed the face of the world eighteen centuries ago. The dogmas of our pulpit now are not *recognised* as "glad tidings of great joy."

Many reasons were alleged by the working men who

attended the conference for not frequenting public worship, which, though reasons, were not *the* reason. They were not pretexts, but neither were they the true explanation. They were at most makeweights and auxiliary influences. Some said the artisan was tired, and wanted repose on his only day of leisure; he needed to go out into the fields and not to be shut up between walls for his one day in seven; he was weary and listless and wanted not instruction nor edification, but amusement,—and sermons and worship were not amusing. No doubt these pleas are true, and have their wide sphere of operation; but many of those on whose behalf they are advanced are not too tired to attend mechanics' institutions and evening classes after their ten or twelve hours' labour; they have intellectual elasticity and vigour to go to any lecturer either on politics or science who can interest them; they are often weary and want amusement, but they are not half as eager for or dependent upon it as those of their betters who go regularly to church. They often spend their Sundays as well as their week-day evenings in cracking harder nuts and grappling with knottier problems than any sermon ever put before them; and, what is still more conclusive, the intellectual and skilled artisan who stays away from public worship is not one whit harder worked or more fatigued on Sunday than the respectable and sober artisan who attends habitually. That, therefore, is not the real explanation. Other speakers alleged that the artisan class stayed away because there were no comfortable or

satisfactory seats provided for them ; because they did not choose to be "labelled as paupers," by sitting in the free seats, which were sometimes ticketed as "free seats for the poor." This complaint, though it may influence some ill-disciplined minds, is obviously idle as well as unworthy. The class with whom we are concerned are well able to pay for pews of their own if they wish, and those who go to chapel, though often poorer than those who stay away from church, habitually do pay ; and, moreover, the system of uniformly open seats is becoming more and more generally adopted. If public worship were in any way attractive to the skilled labourer and the intelligent mechanic, they would attend it and pay for it as they attend to and pay for every other object of attraction. No one ever heard of their objecting to go to theatres because they had to sit in the pit or the gallery instead of in the stalls and boxes. Nor was there much more reality or judgment in the allegation of one working man who laid much of the fault upon the Ritualists, whose propensity towards millinery and furniture was supposed to have disgusted the more intelligent and serious-minded of the artisans and driven them away from the house of God. No doubt the special form or forms of worship which have become the fashion among our extreme Anglicans, are peculiarly uncongenial to the hard and shrewd artisan mind, which has far more logic than poetry in its composition, which cannot understand "vestments," incense, and the like, and may be right in despising them ; but Ritualism is not usually

rampant or even perceptible in the places of worship which lie most in the path and among the homes of the working men; and, as a phase of Christianity which has its meaning and attraction for many natures, it has a right to exist and be respected as well as any other; and the logical mechanic has no more title to complain of the æsthetic trifler and the symbol-loving lady being fed with the food convenient for them, than the latter have to be supercilious and intolerant towards the hard bare benches and the plastered walls of a Calvinistic conventicle, or the harder, barer, drier doctrine which is preached there.

The principal and real reasons of that "aloofness" from church-going, which is our theme, are three. First of all, the skilled operative in England, unlike his Scottish brother, is eminently practical and not at all given to metaphysics or to dogma. In religion especially he is *ethical*, rather than either doctrinal or æsthetic. It is the noble morality, the generous sentiment, the abounding love; of Christianity that attracts him, much more than its divine claims or its special creed. It is the human, rather than the spiritual, element in it which comes home to him, and rouses all that is good and aspiring and enduring in his nature. Feed him on the first three gospels and the less dogmatic portion of the fourth; signalise to him the peculiar distinction of the Lord's Prayer; dwell upon the Sermon on the Mount, the parable of the prodigal son, the rich hoarder whose soul was required of him, and the man who fell among thieves; tell him of

the blessings pronounced upon the peacemaker and the meek, of the joy over sinners that repent, of the gentle treatment of the woman taken in adultery, of the praise and comfort and redeeming love lavished on the weeping Magdalene; speak of the Jesus whose course on earth was one long act of mercy and of human sympathy, who suffered on the cross for the good he had done, and who was the Son of God because God is love, and because He was His image upon earth,—and you have “gained your brother;” for all these things he can understand and appreciate, and can feel to be good and true, and to have come down, like all true and good and perfect gifts, from above. They approve themselves to his strong, straightforward, unperverted understanding, and he needs neither to be argued into accepting them nor excited into feeling them.

But insist upon dwelling by preference upon the more difficult and subtle niceties and abysses of the faith; expatiate on the incomprehensible mysteries of the Godhead; explain the most inexplicable as if they were the most essential elements of our religion; sink Christ the Teacher in Christ the Sacrifice; declare to the perplexed artisan that “true religion and undefiled before God even the Father” consists—not, as he in his simplicity had fancied, “in visiting the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and keeping himself unspotted from the world,”—but in believing certain articles of a recondite and unintelligible creed—in “thinking thus of the Trinity;”—assure him that he

is to be saved, not by obeying Christ's exhortations, or imbibing something of His pure and loving spirit, and following Him, though at a distance, and with humble, trembling, feeble steps, but by accepting an elaborate and intricate code of doctrine of which he can find nothing or next to nothing in the Gospels, and by no means the whole in the Epistles, and which at all events is rather Paul than Jesus;—wind up the whole by demanding his assent to a confession of faith of which the substance is crude metaphysics and the sanction insolent anathema,—and what wonder that he should turn away disgusted and disheartened, and say, as many better educated men have said before him, that as long as the Athanasian formula is read in church, church is not a place for Christians—least of all for Christians of the working class. Few ministers of the Gospel have a conception of the effect produced by these things on the artisan mind: and when the hard-headed mechanic hears a string of astounding propositions, followed by a string of awful denunciations, proceeding from a shallow and narrow preacher whose intellect it is often impossible for him to respect, and difficult for him not to scorn, his faith in the religion which has such *enfants terribles* as its pillars and expounders gets shaken to its foundations.

In the next place, the skilled workman is, to an unusual degree, a lover of clearness, sincerity, and fair play; and he does not fail to perceive that in meeting religious difficulties the clergy seldom display any one of these qualities. The difficulties undeniably *are*

many and great, and they seem to be growing and multiplying round us every day. They press with especial severity on the artisan mind, which is strong and simple, and utterly averse from, and intolerant of, subtleties. Yet not one clergyman or Nonconformist minister in a thousand ever grapples with them honestly and boldly. Few can; few of those who could, dare to do so. The working men are quick to perceive this. Numbers of them are greatly interested in theological questions,—especially in those that relate to Scriptural authority and Biblical criticism,—read sceptical and scientific works, and are of very inquiring tempers. They are bold, too, in their inquiries, and despise those who are not. They are close and thorough-going in their logic, and mistrust those who try to throw them off the scent, or to divert their attention to irrelevant considerations. They perceive that the accredited teachers of Christianity teach things as to the consistency and infallibility of all parts of Scripture which seem to them an affront to the cultured understanding to teach, and which it is a stretch of charity to suppose that a sincere understanding can believe. They perceive that, with regard to the Old Testament at least, this doctrine involves its expounders in the strangest and most ignominious positions both as to history and morals. But, above all things, they find that when they go to their pastor with their doubts and difficulties, they never can get a distinct answer, or a satisfactory solution. Either he talks nonsense, or he talks irrelevancies, or he de-

nounces their question, or he shirks it. The questioner sees there is a screw loose somewhere;—probably he begins to mistrust the title-deeds of his entire spiritual inheritance. Then he reads scientific books, and these at least he can understand, and he feels it impossible to disbelieve their facts and conclusions. He sees how utterly at variance many of these are with what the clergyman reads to him out of the Bible;—he makes himself acquainted with some of the ordinary stereotyped replies which Orthodoxy has made to Science on these subjects,—and his plain sense recognises easily how feeble and shuffling they are;—he compares, too, the intellectual calibre of the antagonists, of the geologist and the preacher, of the naturalist and the bishop,—and the business is effectually done. Why should he any longer go to church or chapel, to hear exploded error taught as divine truth, and so taught by a man who intellectually or morally is disqualified from separating truth from error? He becomes a Secularist; for the Secularists at least are bold and sincere, if often half instructed, shallow and intolerant.

Lastly—and this point was dwelt upon a good deal at the conference—it is impossible for the working class not to feel that the clergy (of all denominations) have neglected some of the most obvious of their duties, or have performed them inefficiently and perfunctorily. Some of the speakers were disposed to denounce ministers of religion because they declined to take a part—and the poor man's part—in the disputed political questions of the day; but this is

unjust, or rather it is a just charge clumsily and unfairly put, and was not what the speakers meant, or what those whose sentiments they were there to interpret really feel. Ministers of religion are quite right to stand aloof, as a rule, from party controversies on great public questions. Where wise and good men differ, and differ fiercely, those who are especially friends of peace and friends of all classes and conditions of men cannot be blamed for taking neither side, perhaps ought even to be applauded for keeping out of the turbulent arena altogether. But there are other subjects and other aims which lie out of the domain of politics, on which Conservatives and Liberals may take an equal interest and entertain precisely the same views, and of which both equally acknowledge the importance; great social questions which are questions of life and death to the poor, and which it would seem to be the especial province of clergymen and Christian ministers to force unceasingly on public attention; and it is these which the thoughtful working men are so resentful against both church and chapel for neglecting. Take two illustrations, which are as good as any and may be disposed of in a sentence or two. Ministers of the gospel, whose functions are supposed to bring them into the most constant and the closest relations with the great masses of the people, and who must know, or ought to know, better than others the influences that affect them for good or evil, for wretchedness or welfare—or, in professional phraseology, for salvation or damnation

—cannot have failed to recognise that the two epidemic maladies of the lower classes are drinking and bad dwellings. Now can any one admit—can the working men be expected to believe—that, if the twenty or thirty thousand clergymen who minister in our places of worship and have access to the minds and hearts of all men, whether high or low, had been adequately impressed with the awful consequences of sin and suffering which flow from these two causes, and had bent their energies, as the greatness of the issues involved demand, to the task of impressing these consequences upon others, some remedy, or at least some vast mitigation, would not years ago have been devised? Would it have been possible for legislators and administrators to resist, even by passiveness, the pressure that would have been brought to bear upon them by the consentaneous, eager, unremitting action of all their spiritual guides, calling on them to grapple with the mischief? Is it not too true that the greatest philanthropic movements, the real agencies which have set the work of social amendment and redemption going, have usually originated with laymen; that they have been quicker to discern, more pertinacious to urge, more earnest to pursue, practical schemes of mercy and reform, than clergymen? And is it then so wonderful, or so fair a matter for reproach, if plain sensible labouring men, who read what Christ did, and remember what he taught, fail to recognise in many of those who call themselves his ministers either fit expounders of his doctrines or fit examples of his deeds?

It is impossible, we know, to speak the plain truth, and to speak it fully, without giving dire offence. But can we point to any agency so potentially mighty as the pulpit, yet so practically inefficient—one established for so momentous and so definite an aim, yet so utterly failing of its purpose—dealing with such awful and sublime topics, yet too often dealing with them in so slipshod a fashion and in a spirit so barren of results? Thirty thousand pulpits filled by thirty thousand preachers expressly placed [there, and professedly and distinctly trained *ad hoc*, in order to make England Christian, yet reduced after centuries of toil to lament that England should still be so paganish and sinful;—consciously unsuccessful, and naïvely curious to ascertain the cause of their failure;—an army of disciplined, enlisted, often devoted soldiers of Christ, yet wholly unable (so far as the pulpit is concerned) to extend Christ's kingdom. Is it strange that a vague suspicion should be dawning on the minds of the humblest and honestest among them—a suspicion which has long been a conviction with the observing laity—that both their weapons and their strategy may be wholly wrong; that the bows and arrows, the harmless artificial thunder, and the simple evolutions, which did execution in earlier times, must be exchanged for swords of keener temper, for armour and artillery fitted for an age when no truth can be ignored or frowned down, when no question can safely be left unanswered, when no misgivings can either be silenced by authority or laid to rest by opiates, when every sham will be tested, and no lie can live?

LIFE AT HIGH PRESSURE.

I AM only too conscious that I can offer little fitted to occupy the time, or to command the interest of an audience* accustomed to be fed on the cream of experimental science, and the inexhaustible wonders of the organic world,—equally conscious that I have nothing original or remarkable to say, even on the subject I propose to treat;—still it may afford something of the refreshment of variety at least to look for a while upon a few of the more peculiar features of the life we are ourselves leading in this age of stir and change; upon some of the probable issues of that hurried and high-pressure existence, and upon the question, not less momentous than individually interesting, how far its actuality corresponds, or could be made to correspond, with the ideal we, many of us, in our higher moments are prone to picture.

It is well in all careers to get occasionally outside of ourselves, to take stock of our acquisitions and their inherent value; to pause in the race, not only to measure our progress, but carefully to scrutinize our

* The substance of this paper was delivered, as a lecture, at the Royal Institution, February 12th, 1875.

direction ; and the more breathless the race, the more essential, as assuredly the more difficult and perhaps the more unwelcome, does this scrutiny become.

I. Beyond doubt, the most salient characteristic of life in this latter portion of the 19th century is its SPEED,—what we may call its hurry, the rate at which we move, the high-pressure at which we work ;—and the question to be considered is, first, whether this rapid rate is in itself a good ; and, next, whether it is worth the price we pay for it—a price rarely reckoned up, and not very easy thoroughly to ascertain. Unquestionably, life seems fuller and longer for this speed—is it truly *richer* and more effective ? No doubt we can do more in our seventy years for the pace at which we travel ; but are the extra things we do always worth doing ? No doubt, we can *do* more ; but is “doing” everything, and “being” nothing !

The first point to notice is, that we have got into a habit of valuing speed *as* speed, with little reference to the objects sought by rapid locomotion, or the use to which we put the time so gained. We are growing feverishly impatient in *temperament*. There is nothing to wonder at in this, however much there may be to regret, when we reflect that all the improvement in the rate of travelling achieved by the human race in its orthodox 6,000 years of existence has been achieved in our own lifetime—that is, in the last 50 years.

“Nimrod and Noah travelled just in the same way, and just at the same rate, as Thomas Assheton Smith and Mr. Coke, of Norfolk.

The chariots of the Olympic games went just as fast as the chariots that conveyed our nobles to the Derby

“In our hot youth, when George the Third was King.”

When Abraham wished to send a message to Lot, he despatched a man on horseback, who galloped twelve miles an hour. When our fathers wanted to send a message to their nephews, they could do no better, and go no quicker. When we were young, if we wished to travel from London to Edinburgh, we thought ourselves lucky if we could average eight miles an hour,—just as Robert Bruce might have done. Now, in our old age, we feel ourselves aggrieved if we do not average thirty miles. Everything that has been done in this line since the world began,—everything perhaps that the capacities of matter and the conditions of the human frame will ever allow to be done—has been done since we were boys. The same at sea. Probably, when the wind was favourable, Ulysses, who was a bold and skilful navigator, sailed as fast as a Dutch merchantman of the year 1800, nearly as fast at times as an American yacht or clipper of our father's day. Now we steam fifteen miles an hour with wonderful regularity, in spite of wind and tide;—nor is it likely that we shall ever be able to go much faster. But the progress in the means of communication is the most remarkable of all. In this respect, Mr. Pitt was no better off than Pericles or Agamemnon. If Ruth had wished to write to Naomi, or David to send a word of love to Jonathan when he was a hundred miles away, they could not possibly have done it under twelve hours. Nor could we to our friends fifty years ago. In 1875, the humblest citizen of Great Britain can send such a message, not a hundred miles, but a thousand, in twelve *minutes*.*

Our love of and our pride in rapidity of movement, therefore, are under the circumstances natural enough, but they are not rational sentiments; nor are they healthy symptoms, for they grow daily with what they feed on; and national competition, especially transatlantic competition, stimulates them year by year. Mr. Arnold writes:—

* “Realisable Ideals.”—*Enigmas of Life*, pp. 38, 39.

“ Your middle-class man thinks it the highest pitch of development and civilization when his letters are carried twelve times a day from Islington to Camberwell and from Camberwell to Islington, and if railway trains run to and fro between them every quarter of an hour. He thinks it nothing that the trains only carry him from a dismal illiberal life at Islington to a dismal illiberal life at Camberwell; and that the letters only tell him that such is the life there.”

It is impossible to state more tersely (or more tartly) our indictment against the spirit of the age. But I should like to give one striking illustration of my meaning; it is Baron Hübner's account of his voyage across the Atlantic, where, in order to arrive forty-eight hours sooner, the steamers encounter dangers fitted to appal the stoutest heart:—

“ We saw a beautiful *aurora borealis*, and this morning, what was still more striking, a huge iceberg. It was sailing along about a mile ahead of us. Brilliantly white, with greenish rents here and there, and ending in two sharp peaks, this great mass of ice rolled heavily in the swell, while the waves beat furiously against its steep, shining sides. A sort of dull rumbling sound, like low thunder, is heard, in spite of all the noise of the engines. . . . By a lucky chance, the weather is quite clear. But if we had come in for a fog, which is the rule at this season, and had then struck against this floating mass of ice, which took so little trouble to get out of our way, what then? ‘Oh,’ answers the captain, ‘*in two minutes we should have gone down*’—and that is the unpleasant side of these voyages. This is the third time that I have crossed the Atlantic in the space of ten months, and almost invariably the sky has been as leaden as the fog was thick. In consequence, it is impossible to take the meridian; for there is neither sun nor horizon. . . . If, instead of going so far north, by way of shortening the voyage, they were to follow a southerly course, they would meet with far less ice and no fogs, and the danger would be ever so much lessened; there would be no risk of striking against icebergs, nor of disappearing altogether, nor of sinking the fishermen's boats, which are so numerous on those banks. In

vain the alarm-whistle, that useful but aggravating little instrument, blows its hoarse and lugubrious sound minute after minute; it cannot prevent every accident; and they are far more numerous than people imagine. If they succeed in saving a man belonging to the ship, or in finding out the number of the unhappy boat which has sunk, the captain sends in his report, and the company pays an indemnity. But if the accident should happen in the dead of night, and every soul on board has gone down with the boat, it is impossible to verify the name of the owners: the great leviathan has simply passed over it, and all is said and done. Companies are bad philanthropists: besides, they have to race one another in speed. Each departure from Queenstown or New York is registered in the newspapers with the utmost exactness; and the same with the arrivals. Hence this frantic race to arrive first. In England, public opinion has more than once exclaimed against this system, and the *Times* has not disdained to give publicity to these complaints with all the weight of its authority. If they would follow a more southerly course (to the south of the 42d degree), the passage would certainly be slowed by two or three days, but the security would be doubled. The loss of time would be more than compensated by the comparative absence of danger. To effect such a change, however, all the companies must agree (which, unfortunately, they have not yet done) to give up the Northern route. . . . Last year, during the month of July, I was on board the *Scotia*, one of Cunard's finest ships. Although we were in the height of summer, we had only seen the sun once, and that for a few seconds, from Cape Clear to Sandy Hook. An impenetrable fog shrouded the banks of Newfoundland. In the middle of the day it was almost as dark as night. Even standing on the middle of the deck it was almost impossible to distinguish the four watchmen on the lookout. Every moment, as the air seemed to thicken, the thermometer pointed to a sudden increase of cold in the temperature of the sea. Evidently there were icebergs ahead. But where? That was the question. What surprised me was, that the speed was not slackened. But they told me that the ship would obey the helm only in proportion to her speed. To avoid the iceberg, it is not enough to see it, but to see it in time to tack about, which supposes a certain docility in the ship, depending on her speed. . . . One of the officers gave me a helping hand. 'Look,' he exclaimed, 'at that yellow curtain before us. If there's an iceberg behind, and those lynx-eyed fellows find it

out at half a mile off—that is, two minutes before we should run against it,—we shall just have time to tack, and THEN *all will be right.*” *

Now, the physical consequences of this needless haste and hurry—this double quick time on all the pathways of our daily life—are, I believe, serious enough; but the moral consequences are probably graver still, though both sets of effects are as yet only in their infancy, and will take a generation or two fully to develop; and when they are thus developed so as to be recognised by the mind of the nation, the mischief may be past remedy. To us they are only “rocks ahead:”—but they are rocks on which our grandchildren may make shipwreck of much that is most valuable in the cargo of existence, may spoil the voyage even if they do not shorten it. The rapidity of railway travelling, I believe observant physicians tell us, produces a kind of chronic disturbance in the nervous system of those who use it much—a disturbance often obviously mischievous in the more sensitive organizations, distinctly perceptible even in hardier frames. The anxiety to be in time, the hurrying pace—often the running to catch trains (which are punctual in starting, whatever they may be in arriving)—cause a daily wear and tear, as well

* As a marvellous contrast, and almost a refreshment, after these delineations of reckless rush and haste, read the answer of the Mussulman Governor of a Mesopotamian city to Mr Layard, who had applied to him for some statistical information relative to the province in which he had long dwelt as a man in authority. See *supra*, “British and Foreign Characteristics.”

as accelerated action of the heart, of which, in a few months or years, most of us become unpleasantly conscious, and which, as we all know, sometimes have a fatal and sudden termination (I know three such instances in my own small acquaintance). And the proportion of the population who habitually travel by rail is already large, and is increasing year by year. In a word, thousands are injured and scores are killed ; and neither of the scores nor of the thousands certainly, was the speed essential to more than a very few. Nor is the effect upon the present generation the only matter for consideration—the constitution which we thus enfeeble and impair we transmit so damaged to our children, who, in their turn, add to and pass on the sad inheritance of weakness and susceptibility. Heart disease, too common already, may be expected to be more common still.

The moral effects of this hurried pace cannot well be separated from those arising from the high-pressure style of life generally, but in combination with this are undeniable, if not easy to be specified. A life without leisure and without pause—a life of *haste*—above all a life of excitement, such as haste inevitably involves—a life filled so full, even if it be full of interest and toil, that we have no time to reflect where we have been and whither we intend to go ; what we have done and what we plan to do, still less what is the value, and the purpose, and *the price* of what we have seen, and done, and visited—can scarcely be deemed an adequate or worthy life ; and assuredly will not approve itself to us

as such in those hours of enforced quiet and inaction which age or sickness brings sooner or later to us all —when, with a light which is often sudden and startling enough, the truth and reality of things

“Flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude”—

sometimes, but more commonly its surprise, its trouble, and its torture.

We are, perhaps, most of us, conscious at some moments of our course of the need to be quiet, to be in repose, to be *alone*; but I believe few of us have ever estimated adequately the degree in which an *atmosphere of excitement*, especially when we enter it young and continue in it habitually, is fatal to the higher and deeper life: the subtle poison which it disseminates through the whole character; how it saps solidity and strength of mind; how it daily becomes more necessary and in increasing measure; with what “inexorable logic” it at once enfeebles and renders abnormally sensitive the subtle organization of the brain; and how far, by slow and sure gradations, it carries us on towards a mental and moral condition which may justly be pronounced unsound. The scenes witnessed in a neighbouring country during the distressing years of 1870-71 brought out very forcibly these considerations. I may venture to quote a few paragraphs in illustration, written at the time.*

“Among civilised European peoples, the French excitability of to-day seems peculiar in kind as well as excessive in degree. It

* *Suum cuique.* *Fraser's Magazine*, July 1871, pp. 124-126.

would appear to indicate a constitutional susceptibility of brain, distinctly morbid, and exceptionally beyond the control of the reason or the will. It shows itself in a hundred ways, and seems more or less to pervade all classes. Members of the Legislative Chamber, in moments of heat, shake their fists at each other, and scream mutual insult and defiance across the hall. . . . An oratorical spark which in England or America or Prussia falls on grass or on tinder, in France falls on gunpowder. The annals of the country since the time of Mirabeau abound in exemplifications. But in our days this excitability reaches to absolute insanity. Everybody, apologists as well as denouncers, describes it by this name; and no other is appropriate to its manifestations. Victor Hugo calls it madness; the correspondents of English newspapers constantly depict the attitude and behaviour of the people, both during the war with Germany and the last siege and struggle, as being simply that of a populace actually crazy, furiously crazy, with passion, mania, or drink. This madness, too, assumes invariably the most unamiable and destructive phases. In the earlier days it was the spy mania; then the traitor mania; now the petroleum mania. In all cases it was blind, contagious, uncontrollable.

“The explanation, I believe, must be sought in physiological considerations. The wonder would be, looking at the past, if something of the kind had not resulted. For three generations Frenchmen have been “born in bitterness, and nurtured in convulsion,” and such influences, acting on temperaments constitutionally emotional, and transmitted with inevitably accelerating increments from father to son, have produced the furies, murderers, and incendiaries of the Commune. First, the unprecedented catastrophe of 1789, the overthrow of all existing society, the removing of all old landmarks, the bursting asunder of the social crust of the earth, and the upheaving and overflow of the long-compressed volcanic elements beneath, the emancipation of millions from centuries of serfdom, the collapse or destruction of what for centuries had seemed most powerful and most stable, altogether constituted such a cataclysm of terror and of promise as the modern world had not seen. All Europe felt the shock. It had swept suddenly into a new epoch. Heads were turned elsewhere than in France; but in France, as was natural, the disturbance, mental as well as material, was far the greatest. The grandest and wildest dreams of universal felicity and regeneration seemed for a time almost on the point of realisation. The greediest desires for

possession and revenge had for a moment their gratification. The most illimitable hopes in some quarters, the most paralysing terror in others, combined to keep the whole nation in a vortex of excitement such as now we can scarcely picture to ourselves, but such as our fathers recalled to us and described with something between a shudder and a sigh—a sigh for the vanished visions, a shudder over the remembered crimes. It was impossible that children born under such stars, surrounded in infancy by such an atmosphere of stimulants, should not bear in every fibre traces of the strange era on which their eyes first opened.

“Then followed another period of excitement of a different order, during which the generation born between 1789 and 1793 had its adolescence and its nurture. The delirium of triumph succeeded the delirium of revolution. Every day brought tidings of a fresh victory; every year saw the celebration of a new conquest. For twenty years the whole nation lived upon continuous stimulants of the most intoxicating sort. The Frenchmen born while society was being convulsed, and bred while Europe was being subdued, became the progenitors of the Frenchmen who witnessed or caused the revolutions of 1830 and 1848; and these in their turn gave birth to those—still punier and still more demoralised and dis-tempered by the perpetual dram-drinking which public life in France had been—who now stand before the judgment-seat of Europe as the men and women of 1871. For more than ninety years France has scarcely been sane and sober for an hour; ceaseless emotion has grown into chronic hysteria; and defects, vices, and propensities, mental and moral once, have become constitutional and physical at last.”

II. But our “life at high-pressure” is shown even more in our style of work than in our rate of movement. The world is growing more exacting in its demands from all labourers except merely manual ones; and life in one way or other is becoming severer and severer to nearly all. The great prizes of social existence—success in professional, public, and commercial life—demand more strenuous and exhausting toil, a greater strain upon both bodily and mental powers, a sterner concentration

of effort and of aim, and a more harsh and rigid sacrifice of the relaxations and amenities which time offers to the easy-going and unambitious, than was formerly the case. The eminent lawyer, the physician in full practice, the minister, and the politician who aspires to be a minister—even the literary workman, or the eager man of science—are one and all condemned to an amount and continued severity of exertion of which our grandfathers knew little, and which forces one after another of them to break off (or to break down) in mid-career, shattered, paralysed, reduced to premature inaction or senility. In every line of life we see almost daily examples; for what actual toil does for the learned professions, perpetual anxiety does for the merchant and the manufacturer. The barrister tells us that he must make hay while the sun shines, because for him it generally shines so late; and his career is so often divided into two equal portions—waiting wearily for work, and being absorbed in it—groaning or sinking under its excess. The physician cannot in middle life refuse or select among the crowding patients whom he has looked and longed for through the years of youth, even though his strength is consciously giving way under the burdensome and urgent calls; while the statesman or the member of Parliament in office has constantly to undergo a degree of prolonged pressure which it is astonishing that so many can endure, and perhaps more astonishing still that so many are found passionately struggling to reach. We all of us remember the description given of this career by one

of its most eminent votaries : "There is little reason in my opinion," said Macaulay, "to envy a pursuit in which the most its devotees can expect is that, by relinquishing liberal studies and social comfort, by passing nights without sleep, and summers without one glimpse of the beauties of nature, they may attain that laborious, that invidious, that closely-watched slavery which is mocked with the name of power."

And this reminds us to say one word upon another feature of this high-pressure existence. It is not only that health and strength often give way under the incessant strain ; it is not that the over-tasked brain not unfrequently pays the fearful penalty which, sooner or later, nature inexorably levies upon all habitual excess ; it is that men who have thus given up their entire being to this professional or business labour, so often lose all capability of a better life, all relish for recreation or contemplation, all true appreciation of leisure when it comes at last ; for the faculties of enjoyment, like all others, are apt to grow atrophied with disuse,—so that we see men in most careers go toiling on long after the culminating point of professional success is reached,—when wealth has become a superfluity and there is no motive for further accumulation,—not because their life has still a charm for them, but because every other life has by long disacquaintance lost its attraction. "Why," asked a friend once of an eminently successful advocate, "why should you go on wearing yourself out day after day in amassing gold which you can neither enjoy nor use ? You get no

good out of it; you have no one to leave it to; you cannot carry it away with you. Why don't you retire, and leave the stage to younger men?" Alas! the successful man, too often with much to retire *upon*, has nothing to retire *to*; for literature, science, domestic ties, public and philanthropic interests, nature itself, with its exhaustless loveliness and its perennial refreshment, have all been neglected and lost sight of during the mad rush and struggle of the last thirty years—and these are treasures the key to which soon grows rusty, and friends that, once slighted, cannot be whistled back at will. "*Ah! monsieur!*" said Talleyrand to a young man, who in the bustle of business and ambition had never learned, or had forgotten to keep up his whist, "*Ah! monsieur, quelle triste vieillesse vous vous preparez!*" How many of us, letting slip the habit of interests still more attractive, lay the foundation of an old age sadder and drearier by far. Thus it is that we sacrifice life to a *living*—the end to the means—

Et, propter vitam, vivendi perdere causas.

People maintain that this excess of toil is unavoidable, that you must keep the pace, or fall behind and be trampled down by competitors who are more ambitious, more concentrated, or less inclined thus critically to appraise the objects and the worth of life; and that in a civilization like ours moderation is forbidden to those who would succeed at all, or not actually fail. It may be so, though I am not quite convinced it is so; and at least, if men must work *over hard*, they need not work *over long*; they might yield

the vacant place to younger and needier aspirants. But if it be thus—that it *is* thus is precisely my indictment against the spirit of the age. Excess is enforced; moderation—that which to the wiser Greeks seemed the essence of wisdom—is forbidden, or appears to be so.

But even this is not the extreme limit of the evil to be signalised. Another point seldom enough noticed is that this high-pressure, this ceaselessness and severity of toil, leaves the work of life, and assigns its prizes, more and more to men of exceptional *physique*—the peculiarly healthy, the specially strong, the abnormally tough,—those whose rare frames and constitutions are fitted to endure the unnatural and injurious strain under which the average man succumbs. To few cases does the very harsh Scriptural text, “To him that hath shall be given,” so closely apply. Even in the more distinctly intellectual careers—except perhaps some branches of literature and science—physical strength is nearly as essential as mental superiority, and mental superiority often fails for want of it. At the bar, animal vigour, what may be termed loosely physical and cerebral toughness, is a prime requisite; so it is for the surgeon in good practice—for the successful engineer—most of all perhaps for the parliamentary official, who has to work usually half the night, and always more than half the day. In short, the race of life is so rapid, the struggle of life so stern, the work of life so hard, that *exceptional organizations* seem to be essential everywhere to great achievement or even

ordinary fruits; the moderately-endowed, the steady fair average man, the *medium* in all things—in wealth, in brains, in health and strength—is “nowhere” in the strife;—the slow-moving, the tardily developing, who fifty years ago might have attained a decent position and secured a decent competence, bid fair to be elbowed out of their careers; while the prospect before the dull and the dunces—who are seldom the minority—is growing deplorable indeed.

III. It would seem, again, that the future, in England at least, is not to be for the moderately-wealthy, any more than for the moderately industrious or the moderately clever. There is danger of this in every rapidly progressive country, and the symptoms of it in England have become very manifest of late years. Several operations have combined to produce this result. The aggregate wealth of the country has enormously increased.* The profits of *enterprise*, if not of ordinary plodding trade, have been almost unprecedentedly great. More *vast* fortunes have been heaped up, and heaped up in a shorter time, than probably at any former epoch. At the same time the wages of labour, most notably of skilled labour, have increased in many instances 15, 25, even 50 per cent.; have so increased that if the artisan and mining classes had been prudent, steady, saving, and forecasting, they might, as a rule, have been capitalists as well as

(In millions).	1858.	1872.	Increase per cent.
Property assessed to Income Tax	327	482	47
„ „ Schedule D	91	203	112

labourers now ;* might have been more at ease in their circumstances, and have had a larger *margin* in their expenditure, than numbers of the educated classes. There is no question as to these facts, and I need not trouble you with statistical details. At the same time, the value of fixed property, of houses and lands, has risen rapidly and largely as a consequence of the general prosperity : more persons are seeking property of this sort, and more purchasers are able and willing to pay a high price for it. In all this, you will say, there is much to rejoice at and nothing to regret. I am not about to controvert this proposition. But let us look for a moment at one or two of the secondary consequences of this state of things.

It is a universal complaint, the substantial truth of which cannot be denied, that life to a vast proportion of the middle classes is becoming more difficult and more costly. Without entering on any controvertible points, there are certain things which we all know, and most of us feel. Increased riches among high and low has brought increased demand for most articles, and in those articles consumption has overtaken production,† and many of these are articles of prime necessity. Some of these can be brought from abroad, and the price of them has not, therefore, risen in proportion, if at all. But meat and all farm produce has risen so as

* "Proletariat on a Wrong Scent."—(*Quarterly Review*.)

1867.

1872.

† Live Stock, *i.e.*, cattle, sheep and } 46,770,500 ... 46,721,100
pigs, in the United Kingdom }

to cause serious inconvenience in most families, and actual privation in very many. House-rent, and servants' wages, and servants' maintenance, have also risen most materially. With the general advance in the wages of labour in all trades, on which we have been congratulating the country, the cost of most articles into which labour enters largely as an element has been materially enhanced; and we have to pay more than we used to do for every job we want done. Probably, on the whole, we are within the mark if we say that, among average middle-class families, the actual cost of living is 25 per cent. higher than it was twenty-five years ago.

But this is only half the story. Owing to the increasing wealth of the wealthy, and the increasing numbers who every year step into the wealthier class, the *style of living*, as well as the cost of the necessaries and comforts of which "living" consists, has advanced in an extraordinary ratio; and however frugal, however unostentatious, however rational we may be, however resolute to live as we think we ought, and not as others do around us, it is, as we all find, simply *impossible* not to be influenced by their example and to fall into their ways, unless we are content either to live in remote districts or in an isolated fashion. The result is that we need many things that our fathers did not, and that for each of those many things we must pay more. Even where prices are lower, quantities are increased. Locomotion is cheaper; but every middle-class family travels far more than formerly. Wine

and tea cost less, but we habitually consume more of each. Most articles of clothing *may be* purchased at reduced prices, but more are wanted and of a costlier quality. But when we come to the item of education, so vital a one in every family, while it is becoming better as well as cheaper for the poor and the lower middle ranks, the cost of it is almost scandalous among the rich, and a grievous and anxious burden to households of respectable position, but of limited or scanty means. On the whole, less than a generation ago, thousands of families could live in comfort, in competence, and at their ease, with all the *essential* elegances of existence, on £500 or £600, who strive in vain to do so now. Plodding clerks, Government officials, retired officers, clergymen, and scientific or literary students—men of moderate fixed incomes in short—all find their position changed sadly for the worse. England is a paradise for the great proprietor, the successful merchant or engineer, the popular author, and sometimes for the skilful and energetic journalist; it may be made so for the skilled labourer in every branch, if he be sober and sagacious as well as energetic:—scarcely so for the quiet, unambitious, unpushing, who would fain run a peaceful and contented course; for the men of £5,000 a year and upwards: scarcely for the men of £500 a year and under. England is a country in which it is easier to make much than to live upon little; and in which, therefore, the moderate, contented, unstriving natures—those who desire to pass their life neither in making money nor

in spending it, who wish to use existence wisely and enjoy it worthily—are in danger of being crushed out of being between the upper and the nether millstones of a prosperous and well-paid labouring class and the lavish expenditure of the noble or ignoble opulent.

Now, I confess this does seem to me a matter for regret, inasmuch as these people are, or, at least, used to be, a valuable and estimable element in the national life. I should grieve to see England consist *only* of the toiling, grinding labourer, however highly paid—of the striving, pushing, racing man of enterprise, however successful—and of the plutocrat or aristocrat, however magnificent or stately in his affluence. It may be useless to repine at the menaced operation, and I see but one mode by which it can be effectually counteracted. As wealth increases, and as fortunes grow more and more colossal, as year by year successful enterprise places riches within the reach of many, and as the disposition of every class to imitate and emulate the style of living of the classes above it in the social scale remains about the most inveterate of our national characteristics, there would seem to be small hope of attaining a standard of life truly dignified and worthy, except through such a regeneration in the tastes and sentiments of the opulent and noble—the leaders of fashion, the acknowledged chiefs and stars of society—as should cause simplicity to become “good style,” and luxury beyond a certain point, and ostentation at any point, to be voted vulgar. The seeds of this moral revulsion from our actual excesses are already in exist-

ence, and a few bright and resolute examples among the well-placed, the eminent, and the universally admired, might, I am convinced, make them germinate with a rapidity that would amaze us; for there are thousands among our upper ranks to whom all the indulgences and splendour round them bring no true enjoyment, but rather the intense sadness of satiety, and not a little self-reproach, and some dim and fruitless yearning after a course of days that shall be more really happy while it lasts, and shall leave more rewarding memories behind it. There are more "Lady Claras" among those who are supposed to have drawn the prizes of life than is generally fancied.

" I know you, Clara Vere de Vere!
You pine amid your lordly towers,
The languid light of your proud eyes
Is weary of the rolling hours.
In glowing health, with boundless wealth,
Yet sickening of a vague disease. . . ."

Now, I am not given to preaching; I never knew much good come of sermons, and certainly I am not going so far to abuse your patience as to turn this desk into a pulpit. But we may philosophise for a moment, and yet steer clear of moralising. I never had the faintest respect for ASCETICISM, which, indeed, in every shape, I have always regarded as a mistake, arising out of utter misconceptions, both intellectual and moral. I have not even a word to say (now, at least,) in favour of self-denial; that noble virtue has its time and place, but it is out of our province here, where we are dealing with what is rational, not with what is right—not

with what duty would ordain, but with what sagacity and enlightened selfishness suggest. We need not ask the affluent and the high in rank to forego any one of the advantages or enjoyments which their vast possessions place within their reach: all that is required is, that they make the most of those advantages, and make those possessions yield them the maximum of real pleasure. That this is rarely done we all know; the complaints we hear in every circle testify only too loudly to the truth. People, with all the resources of society at their command, constantly avow, that if society is not actually more of a burthen and a fatigue than of a pleasure, it yet has grown so irrationally unwieldy and laborious as to give them little of the true enjoyment which ought to be got out of it; for, surely, of all the privileges and luxuries of civilized existence, intercourse with our fellows—*selected* intercourse especially—should be the most repaying; yet is not this very faculty of selection one of those most commonly foregone? Might not our entire system of social intercourse be so remodelled as to be at once twice as remunerative and only half as costly? And, again, does not the magnificent scale on which the establishments of “our governing families” are kept up admittedly involve a trouble as well as an expenditure which is an enormous drawback from the comforts and luxuries they yield? How much—rather, how little—of their outlay really contributes to oil the wheels and smooth away the cares of life for *them*! What proportion of their income is spent as they themselves

would wish, and what proportion in obedience to some fancied necessities of their position, bringing them no appreciable return whatever? If all the spending classes kept only as many servants and horses as would suffice really to serve and carry them as perfectly as they could wish, what thousands of both would be thrown upon the market to the great relief of more limited incomes. The resigned superfluities of one class would furnish forth the real wants of others, and the equilibrium between supply and demand be once again restored. And if the more influential families—*i.e.*, the most admired and *imitated*—were thus to reduce their expenditure (still not depriving themselves of one needed or conscious luxury) how suddenly would the example spread downward and around, till extravagant and ostentatious expenditure would be so notoriously *mauvais ton* as to be left to men whose riches were their sole distinction.

But to arrive at this end, when simplicity of living, rather than princely expenditure, shall be the stamp and insignia of rank and taste, not only must the example be set by those whose character and position mark them out for social influence, but must be set with a sober sagacity and correct tact which will be in themselves attractive. The spasmodic and injudicious attempts of eccentric individuals, neither sound-judging enough to retrench well and gracefully, nor eminent enough to entitle them largely to influence others, provoke rather ridicule than imitation, and have more than once done injustice to the cause.

Perhaps the expressions I have used in depreciation of asceticism ought not to be left without some further explanation. By asceticism I understand *gratuitous* self-denial or self-infliction—the voluntary renunciation of enjoyment or endurance of pain where no *duty* commands either one or the other, and where no fellow-being is to be benefited thereby. That we should be ever ready to forego pleasure, or encounter suffering, at the summons of a clear principle, or for the furtherance of a good cause; that we should be able and willing, not only always to share our blessings with the less fortunate, and to take upon ourselves a portion of their burdens, but also not rarely, and in no stinted measure, to suffer and to want, in order that others may enjoy and possess—these are truisms too familiar to all disciplined natures to need a word of exposition. It may even be desirable that the young and untried, and those too, who are placed in circumstances of unusual ease, should, from time to time, *practise* endurance and privation, in order to be certain that they will be armoured for the occasion when the day of self-sacrifice arrives. But that it should be considered incumbent upon anyone, or a proceeding deserving of applause, to abstain from whatever innocent pleasure of the flesh, or the eye, or the intellect, or the fancy, circumstance (or Providence, if we prefer the phrase) may have placed within our reach—so long as our indulgence entails no burden or privation upon others—this is a doctrine which, to my mind, seems equally devoid of piety and sense. I believe the good things of this

life are given in order that life may be as bright and happy as a terminable thing can be, and that to enjoy them with thorough relish and with wise moderation is our fittest acknowledgment and the most becoming gratitude. The world is habitually full enough of pain and trouble, without its being needful to go out of our way to seek this wholesome discipline. Few pathways are so exclusively strewn with roses that we are forced to find artificial thorns to mingle with them; and to well-trained spirits the sweets and the resting-places of our course are but the moments which refresh and fortify us for its harder passages. Those self-denials by which others profit, and of which others are the object, are surely more genuine than those self-regarding ones which are merely the athletic exercises of the soul in its own gymnasium; the *career* of effort or of duty has something about it far otherwise healthy and admirable than its *treadwheel*. Moreover, I am not sure that asceticism is not the form which religion is apt to take in sensual minds; the nature that overestimates the indulgences is the most prone to overestimate, also, the mortifications of the flesh.

The philosophical misconception that lies at the root of the ascetic doctrine no doubt was originally something of this sort:—The wants, the weaknesses, the *claims* of the body are, as all thinkers well know, grievous drags and obstacles to the mind in its most strenuous efforts and its highest flights. Ample exercise is needed to keep the body in full health, yet exercise does not predispose the mind to effort. Ample

and nourishing food is demanded by the body for its own best condition, yet such food is not most conducive to intellectual achievement. The body needs a sufficiency of sleep, and the brain at least as imperiously as any portion of the body, yet that *continuity* and intensity of mental action which is essential to the realization of man's grandest gains in science or philosophy is perpetually interrupted by sleep, and as perpetually interrupts it. In short, from the earliest times Mind and Body have been at issue, and the mind has felt that the body was not only an indispensable servant, but a conflicting claimant. Its claims were felt to be inconvenient, and to be pressed in a fashion that must be peremptorily dealt with, if Mind was to maintain its rightful supremacy or to realise its noblest aspirations. Now, there are two modes of dealing with claims which, however interfering, cannot be ignored, which are at once too strong to be altogether resisted, and too righteous to be deliberately denied. You may either bully the claimants and put them on short commons, or you may satisfy all their just demands. The Ascetics took the first course, which I maintain to have been altogether an erroneous one. For what is the object in view? Is it not simply to *silence the senses*, to prevent them interfering inconveniently and unwarrantably with the operations of the intellect? Now, when were claimants (who had a fair foundation for their claims) ever effectually silenced by rough usage and unjust refusals? They may be temporarily put down, but they can never be *silenced*, and their

groans and remonstrances are just as disturbing as their open-voiced demands.

Servi siam : si—Ma servi ognor frementi.

Nay, the plan is even more unphilosophical than at first appears, for these starved and oppressed claimants are your indispensable agents, and your oppression impairs their power as well as their will to serve you. They become, instead of cheerful and vigorous *employés*, grumbling and half paralysed ones. The senses and the bodily organs need food, exercise, repose—ay, and recreation too, and all in liberal measure—if they are to do the bidding of the intellect in a first-rate style; and the surest consequence, therefore, of the ascetic system is just to interfere with the progress of the work, to damage or imperil its quality, and to shorten its period of duration.

Asceticism, therefore, as a philosophical contrivance, is a signal blunder, which can never really attain its end. The brain has a right to rest, and will not work well without rest, and ought to have as much sleep as it requires. The mind will work best when the body is so completely at peace as never to *intrude its presence*—when it is hid away in the silence of content; the poet, the philosopher, or the scientific inquirer (depend upon it) will get on fastest and have his faculties clearest, not when he is tormented by a hair shirt, but when he is sitting in a well-arranged arm-chair; when he has been refreshed and strengthened by ample sleep and wholesome air and invigorating pleasures—not while he is struggling to keep awake, like some studious unphysiological donkeys whom we

read of, with a wet bandage round his head and a cup of strong coffee at his elbow. But an arm-chair, which is so luxurious and elaborate as to *call attention* to its charms, would be nearly as fatal to high thought as a gridiron or a hard board to sit on. The mind must not be made conscious of the presence of the body, by either pleasurable or painful sensations.

Nor, I believe, need we fear that, if the just claims of the body are conceded, unjust and excessive demands will therefore be put forward. In the first place, righteous and timely concessions give the mind an unassailable vantage-ground for very prompt and imperious dealing with unwarrantable clamours; and, in the second place, these unwarrantable demands arise, in too many cases (as all who have dived into the unsavoury history of ascetic sects can tell us), from morbid action of the senses, arising out of unnatural treatment of them.—You will think, perhaps, that I have broken my promise, when I said I was not going to preach; but now I have only one word more to say, and it is worth listening to, for it is not my own:—“In this case, as in all similar ones, let us seek conciliation of conflicting claims, not by compromise, but by justice; by giving to everyone, not the half of what he asks, but the whole of what he ought to have.”

THE END.

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