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Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur.

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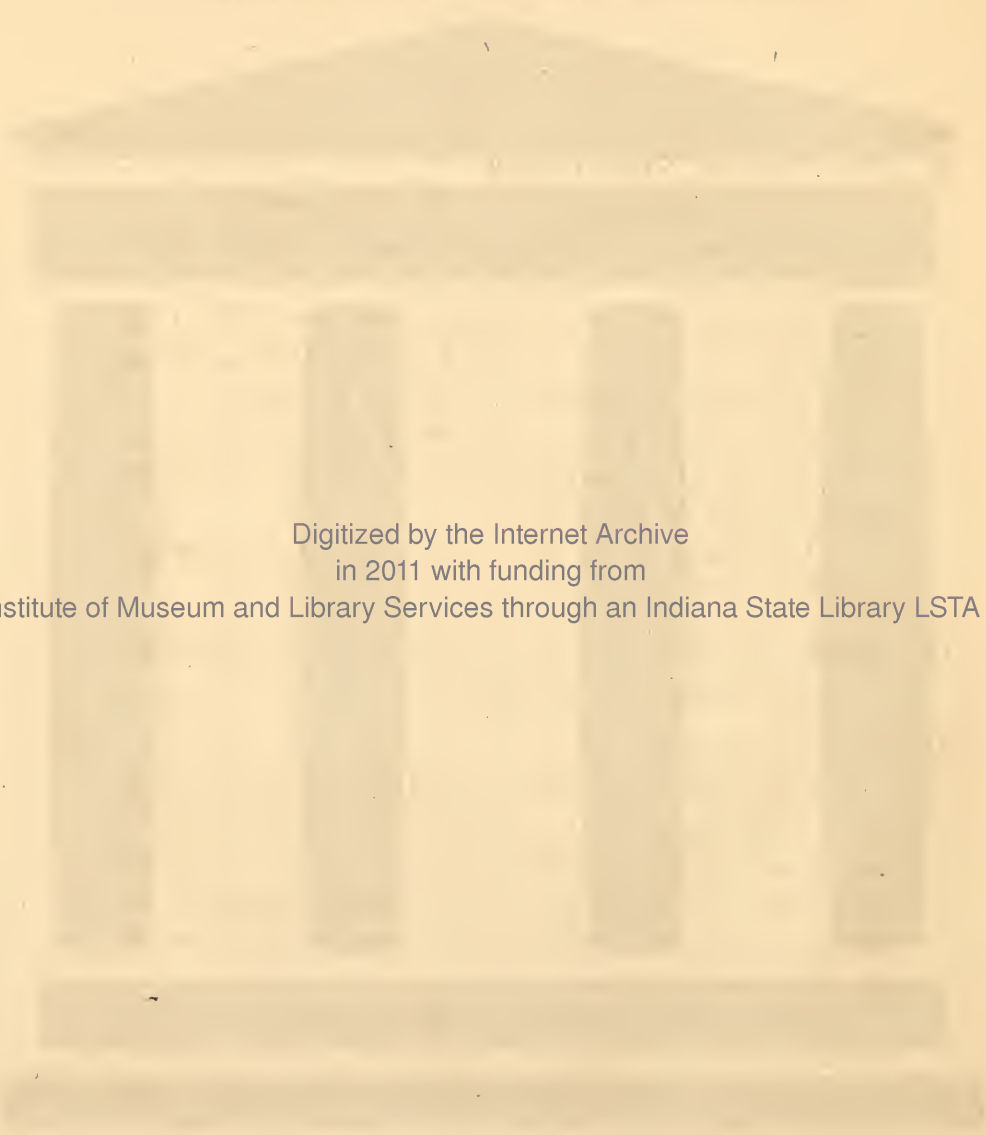

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4. *La Nouvelle France.* Par M. PREVOST-PARADOL, de l'Académie Française. Onzième édition. Paris. 1871.

5. *Vues sur la Gouvernement de la France. Ouvrage inédit du Duc de Broglie.* Publié par son Fils. Deuxième édition. Paris. 1872.

6. *L'Hêritage de la Révolution. Questions Constitutionelles.* Par J. G. COURCELLE-SENEUIL. Paris. 1872.

THE most difficult political problems that a nation has to grapple with, are generally those which arise at the close of its civil wars; and the questions then demanding solution are likely to be especially perplexing if the party which threw itself into rebellion has succeeded in winning its cause. A revolution is the result of real or imagined oppression; and oppression, whether real or imaginary, never fits a people or a party for the better exercise of political functions. Whenever a class of people, therefore, which has been long oppressed finds itself by reason of the fortunes of war suddenly raised to a political ascendency, it always finds itself at the same

time confronted with difficulties which neither its training nor its experience has qualified it to surmount. To find the enemy and to overwhelm him requires a far less comprehensive talent than that needed to mould the new elements, hostile as well as friendly, into such a government as shall embody the political theories of the victorious party. It is for this reason that many a time a political party under the lead of a skilful general has succeeded in completely vanquishing its enemies in the field, only to fall a speedy prey to surprising and overwhelming difficulties in the cabinet. There is nothing plainer than that revolutions, begun in the interests of the common people, have often, even when apparently successful, ended in a more complete centralization and oppression.

Perhaps the most remarkable example of this abandonment of the fruits of victory, in modern history, is afforded by France at the close of the great Revolution. It has long been a fond notion with a certain class of writers, especially of French writers, that the government built up by Napoleon I. was but the substantial embodiment and establishment of those principles which impelled the nation into the civil war.

Of late, however, the scales have fallen from a great many eyes, and even French historians are coming to estimate in their true character the labors and the permanent influence of the first French Emperor. The work of Lanfrey alone has been enough to dispel a multitude of illusions. We imagine it would be difficult for any one to follow his volumes honestly through without being profoundly impressed with the fact of the transformation to which we have alluded. At the time when the Revolution was at its fiercest heat, for example, the all-absorbing theory of the revolutionists was that France should not be controlled by any one man, but by the masses of the people at large ; in the reign of Napoleon, however, the people were as destitute of power and influence as they had been in the days of Louis XIV. The revolutionists stoutly maintained that the executive branch of the government, no less than the legislative, should be under the control of *the people;* but Napoleon raised himself to power without consulting the will of the people, and then crowned his work of usurpation by re-establishing the principle of hereditary succession. The Rev-

olution designed to give the largest possible power into the hands of a representative legislature: the Emperor reduced the power of the legislature practically to nothing. In short, during the Revolution we find the people daring everything and suffering everything for the sake of a democratic republic; while in the time of the Empire we find the same people equally enthusiastic in support of an imperial and hereditary monarchy.

But the question at once arises as to how far this change of form was the result of a change of political doctrines. Had the French people abandoned their republican principles as unsound or as impracticable, or had they rather been deceived into the belief that, while they were having an empire in form, they were in reality enjoying the benefits of a republic?

The latter was undoubtedly the fact. Though under Napoleon I., just as under Napoleon III., the intelligence of the nation saw clearly enough through the thin veil of republicanism, and understood perfectly the imperial character of the government, yet the common people never seem to have suspected the incompatibility of a republic and an hereditary emperor. Now it may be said, both of the Napoleons maintained their hold upon the nation through two classes of people, — the first embracing a small but intelligent minority who believed in an absolute government as the best which the nation could have; the second, made up of the vast but ignorant majority who were easily deluded into the belief that because they were allowed the right of suffrage, and were occasionally consulted, they were exercising a real influence on the character of the government.

With the firm support of the former class in the cabinet, and with the overwhelming numbers of the latter as a kind of ultimate court of appeal, Napoleonism was for a long time able to sustain itself, even in opposition to the great mass of the intelligence of the nation. When at last it gave way, crumbling into very dust at the mere touch of the enemy, the world expressed its surprise and fell to studying the causes of the disaster. What had long been understood by the most intelligent observers came now, on closer observation, to be generally admitted, namely, that Napoleonism has proved a

lamentable failure, and that it may be well characterized as a system of appearances without substance, and of pretence without reality. The rise of this fraudulent system out of the ruins of the Revolution can hardly fail to be a study of interest as well as of profit.

At the moment when the first Bonaparte appeared upon the political stage, the Revolution was in the most chaotic condition. The atrocious excesses of the Reign of Terror had deprived the country of the services of the best talent, and the powers of the government had fallen into the hands of men equally remarkable for their brutality and their incapacity. The original purpose of the Revolution seemed to have been entirely forgotten. The *coup d'état* of the mountain had been a successful attempt of the minority to get control of the majority; it was indeed a virtual abandonment of the principles for which the first blows of the Revolution had been struck. The disorders which arose as a pure result of this action were innumerable, and, from that time on, the nation presents the sad picture of half a score of factions grappling in a death-struggle with each other, not for the sake of principle, but solely for the sake of power.

No party had become so completely triumphant as to be sure of permanent rule; no faction had obtained so exclusive an influence as to discourage the ambition of the aspiring and the violent. And this was not all, nor was it the worst. For reasons which it would be easy to explain, there was prevailing in the nation such a notable want of moral tone, as well as such a morbid craving for the sensational, that the people were in no condition to be repelled by the most audacious scrupulousness, or to be shocked by the most atrocious crimes. It would not be easy to imagine a field presenting larger possibilities to a great, bad genius like Napoleon, than that which opened before him during the latter days of the Revolution.

Moreover, the education of Napoleon was in closest harmony with the spirit of his country. What Mr. Emerson happily calls "the bias of character" was fixed with him at the time of his birth. The island where the Bonaparte family had their home had scarcely emerged from the Middle Ages. Corsica, in its struggle for independence, had fought with an unscrupu-

lous desperation worthy of the most ferocious Italian republic. The Bonapartes were high in rank and influential in society. They threw everything into the contest. But at last the end came; for no amount of heroism and devotion could resist the overwhelming power of France. The last standard of Corsica went down in 1769, and two months later Napoleon was born.

But even when France had taken possession of Corsica, the island was by no means subdued. With that tenacious persistency of opposition which had so successfully defied the Romans, the Corsican chiefs threw themselves into the mountain fastnesses and had to be hunted out one by one. Their struggle was in many respects similar to the contest of the Saxons against the Normans. The contest threatened to be perpetual, and it was in the infancy of Napoleon that this slow work of conquest was going on. Stories of these bloody deeds were the first intellectual food with which the mother, burning with patriotic hatred, fed the precocious imagination of her child. In 1789 Bonaparte wrote to the Corsican chief Paoli: "I was born when my country was sinking; the cries of the dying, the groans of the oppressed, and the tears of despair, surrounded my cradle from my birth."

Perhaps these facts were enough to explain Bonaparte's early transformation from childhood into manhood. If it be true, as he himself once affirmed, that men mature fast on the field of battle, it is no less the fact that the turmoils of civil war are destructive of all the best characteristics of boyhood. But whether these surroundings were sufficient in themselves to account for his remarkable development or not, the fact remains that in his growth the period of childhood was practically omitted. All testimony agrees that, with his first intelligence he manifested an intensity of political feeling such as ordinarily comes only with maturity. It was of an importance which can hardly be overestimated, that his intensity of character was so early developed, and that his first notions of government were associated with relentless power, rather than with the principles of justice.

This exceptional character of the parentage and infancy of Bonaparte made the first ten years of his life a kind of anachronism. The circumstances and training which influenced his

early years were characteristic of the twelfth century rather than of the eighteenth. It is not altogether strange, therefore, that, as his temperament began to unfold itself, it displayed the peculiar characteristics of an imperious leader who had been born and reared in the Middle Ages. Had his lot been cast among the mediæval chieftains of Spain, he would have found congenial spirits among the Laras and the Castroes; had he lived in Italy, he would have secured an appropriate immortality by the side of Azzolino da Romano in the *Inferno* of Dante.*

At the age of eleven the boy went over to France, and soon after began his military studies at Brienne. His father had died, leaving a large family in absolute poverty, and therefore both at Brienne and afterward at Paris, where he went in 1785, he was obliged to remain completely isolated from society. He soon gained a reputation for being a good scholar in the mathematics, and for being thoroughly unsocial. He was morose, and had no companions. A fair proportion of his working time was spent in the routine of his studies, while his recreation consisted in making himself familiar with the few authors who were to exert an influence on his subsequent life and character.

If one were to select from the whole range of historical literature two books fitted to satisfy the intellectual hunger of such a restless, craving, ambitious, military student as Napoleon, what would they be, if not Plutarch and the Commentaries of Cæsar? Over these books the young dreamer of military glory spent his days and his nights, until they became woven into the very tissues of his character. Before he left Brienne his ideals were fixed, and those ideals were the military heroes of antiquity. Thus up to the time when he

* Could anything describe more exquisitely one of the most striking traits of Napoleon's character than the following anecdote of Azzolino? "Being one day with the Emperor on horseback, with all their people, they laid a wager as to which of them had the most beautiful sword. The Emperor drew from its sheath his own, which was wonderfully garnished with gold and precious stones. Then said Messer Azzolino, 'It is very beautiful, but mine, without any great ornament, is far more beautiful'; and he drew it forth. Then six hundred knights, who were with him, all drew theirs. When the Emperor beheld this cloud of swords, he said, 'Yours is the most beautiful.'" — *Cento Novelle Antiche*, No. 83.

became an officer in the French Army, the influences which unite to make up character had been in his case something entirely foreign to his age and country. Without figure of speech, they might be called barbaric. When Napoleon first began to belong to history, he not only seemed to be, as he pretended to be, but he really was a barbarian.

And in cultivated society does not genuine barbarism always carry with it a kind of fascination? Culture and morality have so many hesitations, so many misgivings, so many second thoughts, that they often lose the main chance and appear weak, while the simple and intense passions of barbarism strike suddenly and achieve brilliantly. Hence it is that the man of highest culture is often not the man for the direst emergency; hence it is sometimes that, in the most desperate situation, he who feels simply and wills strongly carries off the palm. And it is to such a victor that vulgar society is wont to shout its loudest pæans of praise. Now Napoleon was just such a man of feeling and will, plus an enormous intellect.

There is one other feature of Napoleon's character which should not be overlooked, for without doubt it was one of the most important elements of his peculiar success. I refer to his freedom from all restraints of morality and good faith. Freedom from all restraint of morality and good faith? Yes, precisely that.

It would doubtless be unreasonable to expect a man trained as Napoleon had been to play the part of a Washington, or perhaps even to understand his true mission. Professor Seeley has somewhere justly remarked, that military government and civil government are such very different things, that a man who has a decided genius for either of them is not likely to excel at the same time in the other.

It might have been predicted with great certainty from the first that Napoleon would turn out something of a tyrant; but it was not too much to hope that he would be a tyrant having some fixed belief, devoted to some cause more noble than that of self. He was sure to be narrow-minded and hard, but narrow-mindedness and hardness are not incompatible with fidelity and even generosity. And yet, when we look for these and other moral qualities in Napoleon, they elude our

inspection. We properly judge of Marat and Robespierre by a moral code, simply because they give evidence of some understanding of virtue and duty. But to apply a code of either to the life of Napoleon is simply absurd ; as absurd as to apply it to the deeds of children who have not yet any discrimination of right and wrong, or of truth and falsehood. His despatches and correspondence, recently for the first time published, display the fact that he did not hesitate to resort to the most elaborate falsehood whenever falsehood would best serve his purpose. His ingenuity in misrepresentation amounted to real genius. We soon cease to be astonished at the frequency of his falsehoods, only to be amazed at their audacity and their currency. In his military campaigns he inaugurated a system of pillage unknown in the history of the world since the famous taking of Corinth by the Romans. He robbed the nations not only of their power, but of their works of genius ; at once despoiling them of their history and their glory. In the name of expediency he did not hesitate to put to the sword in cold blood a disarmed garrison to whom he had just promised protection in case of surrender ; and in the same campaign he sought to rid himself by poison of his own wounded soldiers whom it was convenient to leave behind.* We referred to Napoleon as being free from all restraints of morality and good faith, and we think the facts fully warrant the phrase. And yet how many there are who profess for Napoleon a profound admiration! Where is there a spirited boy who has not wished that the Emperor had conquered at Waterloo, and who has not felt the blood to tingle in his veins with indignation that such a paragon power should be sent to languish at St. Helena? But the fact is not difficult to explain. There is a quality in human nature which refuses to be shocked even at the worst crimes, when those crimes attend upon great success. There is something captivating even in lying, when lying becomes a fine art. Crimes which in the vulgar are rewarded with ignominy, awaken a kind of admiration when they are so colossal as to become sublime.

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* The response of Surgeon Desgenettes to the proposition of Bonaparte is historical : "Sire, my art teaches me to cure men, not to kill them." On the whole subject the reasoning of Lanfrey (Vol. I. p. 292 *et seq.*) is conclusive.

When Napoleon first began to figure in history, his character was fully established. Moreover, to the end he was one of the most consistent of men. In proof of this there still exists an essay written in early life, in which his ideas of statesmanship are developed. It might have been one of the ~~finest~~ essays of Machiavelli. His philosophy was already the philosophy of success. He professes to have been in active sympathy with the Girondists until their fall, when his sympathy was transferred to their victorious enemies. He argues that it was an act of good citizenship to join the party of the mountain, because the mountain had proved itself the strongest; and if he does not convince his reader of the truth of his proposition, he at least shows with what force the idea had taken possession of his own mind.

We see, then, the character of Bonaparte when he began to be a power among the turbulent elements of France. Calculating self-interest had completely overwhelmed every other motive. He was free from every scruple and proof against every impetuosity. On the best of terms with the party in power, he was ready to be reconciled with the conquered in case of any sudden reverse of the wheel of fortune. With the chaotic elements of a revolutionary government before him, and waiting for a master to mould them, this predestined favorite of fortune entered upon his work with no guide but his own vast genius, and no rule of action but his own ideal greatness.

The Constitution of the year III., all things considered, was by far the best which the Revolution produced. The convention which framed it had become weary of the frenzy and delirium of the multitude. It was a reaction toward a healthful public sentiment, but it was a violent reaction. It closed the Jacobin clubs; it disarmed the faubourgs; it repealed the work of the terrorists; in short, it was a vigorous effort to return to ways of order and good government.

But that effort, from its very violence, contained in itself immense possibilities of harm. It was able to accomplish its ends only by subduing and muzzling the populace, and by this very act it cut off its own principal support. Thus the convention, though it left some of the most liberal laws that France has ever possessed, lost its hold upon the multitude.

Moreover, the distrust of the convention on the part of the populace, and of the populace on the part of the convention, was completely reciprocal. All power was for the time being in the hands of the convention, and consequently the Constitution which it bequeathed to the nation was framed so as to give to the executive the largest independence of the legislative or representative branch of the government. This was the great defect of the Constitution, and it was fatal. There was sure to spring up as a result of this action an inevitable antagonism between the two branches of the government, and there was no provision for a mediatorial power, to prevent an open rupture or complete submission.

Then, as if for the purpose of hastening the very evils which they had thus provided for, the convention decreed that two thirds of its own number should hold seats in the legislature about to assemble, while one third only should be newly elected by the people. This was justly regarded as an insult to the nation. The hostility to the decrees was most intense. When they were submitted to the popular vote, however, the people of the country districts, with that blind custom which no tyranny provokes them to break through, not only ratified the action of the convention, but ratified it by a large majority.

In explanation of this action Mr. Lanfrey has remarked that, in the choice between known and unknown evils, the masses of the people will infallibly embrace the former as the safer of the two. But however this may be, Paris did not acquiesce. Her tribunes resounded with most vehement declamations. At length, finding that their appeals to the nation were in vain, the people of the capital determined to resort to arms.

It was easy for the insurgents to get control of the National Guard, which numbered forty thousand men. The army of the convention numbered only eight thousand. As it became certain that an attack would be made, it was manifestly of the highest importance that the troops of the convention should be ably commanded. After a long discussion, Barras was chosen commander-in-chief. He had seen the flash of Bonaparte's genius at Toulon, and requested that the young artil-

leryman might be made his second in command. Napoleon in his memoirs declares that he hesitated long whether to accept the command; not, indeed, because he had any thought as to which side was in the right, but because he was in some doubt which party could be made to succeed.

But he accepted the sword of the convention. He spent the night in posting his eight thousand troops for the defence of the Tuileries. On the next day, when the National Guard appeared, they found every avenue of approach bristling with cannon. After some hesitation they advanced to the attack, but the artillery of the convention ploughed their ranks through and through. In an hour after Bonaparte had mounted the saddle, the battle was over and the National Guard dispersed. Barras made haste to send in his resignation, and Bonaparte was appointed General of the Interior. Such was the 13th Vendémiaire.

In this struggle the convention would seem to have been technically in the right, and yet it may be doubted whether the day was not a fatal one for the nation. The country had confirmed by its vote, not only the Constitution, but the decrees. And yet the opposition which had just shown itself willing to resort to arms was made up of a class which it was by no means safe to alienate.

Indeed it was the very party with which the convention had just acted, in opposition to the extreme democrats. It included the most enlightened populace of Paris. It embraced the National Guard, nearly the whole of the electoral body of the city, the brilliant middle class, in short the whole of that third estate which had done so much for the nation, and which during the past years had been trodden under foot by the populace of the faubourgs. On this party suspicion had been thrown by the decrees at the very moment when they were striving to blot out the remembrance of so many humiliations. They were endeavoring to recover an influence which was justly theirs, when all at once they were overwhelmed by a measure of distrust, and deprived of the fruits of what they regarded as their rightful conquest.

The convention was in much the same relation to the country at large as was later the government of Napoleon III.

In a vote taken by a people exercising universal franchise, it could boast of a majority; and yet it had arrayed against it the great mass of the intelligence of the nation, for the reason that it had deprived intelligent men of their legitimate hope of influencing the government. The victory of the 13th Vendémiaire had confirmed this alienation. It was easy to foresee that henceforth a spirit of hostility to the convention would pervade all the ranks of intelligence in the nation. Driven from the legislative body by the decrees and their confirmation, the spirit of hostility betook itself to the executive as its stronghold. At the first election the third of the deputies to be added to the members of the convention to form the legislature were chosen from the hostile party. The convention replied by calling into the Directory five regicides of a radical type. As neither the legislative nor the executive body had any control over the other, and as they were now in open antagonism, it followed that there was no way of settling the difficulties but by a resort to force. It might have all been avoided if the convention had remembered and acted on the principle enunciated by Aristotle and more fully elaborated by Cicero, that every government, to be efficient and worthy of confidence, must conserve at once the wealth and intelligence of the land. A nation is in the greatest peril when those in power cease to regard these interests, and rely solely upon the rabble for support; and this was just the condition of France when Napoleon took command of the army.

However, the 13th Vendémiaire had revealed to the different parties the weight of the sword. On the one hand it taught authority how, at all hazards, it must rely on the army; on the other it taught the army how it could dispose of authority. It thus opened wide the doors to a military government.

The foreign policy of France during the Revolution, up to the time of which we are speaking, had been purely a defensive one. Since the outbreak in 1789 the country had entrenched itself firmly in the doctrine that every nation should be allowed to control its own internal affairs, and that no foreign power should be allowed, under any circumstances, the right of interference. But immediately after the appointment of Bonaparte, all was changed. The doctrine which had hith-

erto been such an element of moral power in the conduct of its foreign relations was cast aside, or, rather, it was reversed. An aggressive policy was adopted, and Italy was destined to feel the first blow.

Nothing is now plainer than that the invasion of Italy by Napoleon, in 1796, was in most positive antagonism with the habit as well as the spirit of the Revolution. It was in no sense a war for principles or for right, but a war for aggrandizement. It was the beginning of a policy for offensive warfare, of which it was impossible to foresee the end. Moreover, Italy was regarded, not as an oppressed nation to be delivered, but as a rich country to be seized.*

The relations of Bonaparte with the Directory during this war afford us admirable material for the study of his character. It is the opinion of Lanfrey that the Directory had already begun to fear the power of the General, while at the same time they knew that he was necessary to the support of themselves. Above all things, therefore, it was essential that he should not be alienated. As Bonaparte knew well how indispensable his services were to the Directory, and as it became more and more apparent that they too regarded these services as indispensable, his imperious will was held under no restraint whatever. We see, in consequence, the spectacle of a general who, though acting nominally under the orders of the Directory, followed their instructions only so far as these instructions would best subserve his purpose. In so important a matter even as the framing of treaties, he scarcely hesitated to act in most flagrant violation of his orders. And yet during all this high-handed work of erasing state boundaries, of overthrowing time-honored governments, and of setting up pseudo-republics, the Directory had no word of rebuke to utter. When he carried out their directions, they applauded; when he violated them, they ratified.

* The proclamation of Napoleon on taking the field shows how completely the campaign was a war of conquest and not a war of liberty: "Soldiers, you are hungry and nearly naked. The government owes you much; it can do nothing for you. Your courage and patience do you honor, but cannot procure you either profit or glory. I come to lead you into the most fertile plains of the world. There you will find rich provisions and great towns. There you will find glory, honor, and riches. Soldiers of Italy, can your courage fail you?" Is this less barbarous than the speech which Livy puts into the mouth of Hannibal?

The process by which Napoleon acquired his strange mastery of the army is not difficult to understand. He lost no opportunity of availing himself of the riches of which he had spoken in his first proclamation. His profound knowledge of human nature led him to take nothing for himself, while he gave unbounded opportunities to his subordinates. He knew well that it was of far more consequence to him that, on his return to Paris, he should be able to boast that he remained poor while others became rich, than that he should become possessor of millions. The scandalous fortunes which most of his generals acquired only gave him the more absolute empire over them, while they in no way weakened his popularity at home. His favorite method was to give them a mission in which large sums of money passed through their hands without any supervision; and then, if they took no advantage of these, he laughed at their scruples. When he wanted reinforcements from the army of the Alps, he wrote to Kellermann, the general in command: "Help us as promptly as possible, if you wish us to send you any more seven hundred thousand francs." Once he was offered a present of four million francs by the Duke of Modena. He replied, coldly, "No, I thank you; for such a sum I am not going to put myself in your power." He preferred to confiscate the whole, as he afterwards did; not for himself, but for those from whose hands he awaited still greater power.

If the Directory raised a complaining voice, he knew of an effectual solace. On one such occasion he sent a hundred of the finest horses in Lombardy to the Directory as a present, "to replace," as he wrote, "the middling horses now harnessed to your carriages." The government, too, was in the direst need of money; but Bonaparte kept a steady stream of it flowing toward Paris. Every city which the army approached was laid under heavy contribution. Milan, for example, perhaps in despair of making a successful resistance, ventured to put to the test the commander's magnanimity by spontaneously making the first advances toward submission. What was its reward? It had the privilege of being governed by the French for the price of twenty millions of francs. In Bonaparte's letter to the Directory on the affair are to be found

these words: "The country is one of the richest in the world, but entirely exhausted by five years of war." The Directory accepted the twenty millions complacently, and bestowed upon the giver their smile of approbation.

At about the same time, Turguet, appealing to Bonaparte for contributions to the navy, said: "Let us make Italy proud of contributing to the splendor of our marine." It was much as if, when Germany, at the close of the recent war, was in the act of determining the amount of the French indemnity, Von Roon had written to Bismarck, "Let us make France proud of contributing to the splendor of our navy." It was impudence fairly sublime.

But that which better than all else reveals Bonaparte's method was his dealing with the Republic of Venice.

In the early part of the struggle which had been going on, Venice had succeeded in maintaining a strict neutrality. But at length a quarrel arose which afforded a pretext for war. A French captain ventured to push his vessel up into the vicinity of the Venetian powder-magazine, in violation of a general law which had always been respected by foreign powers. The Venetian commander remonstrated, but received so insulting a reply, that he fired upon the French man-of-war. The affair could have been easily settled, but under existing circumstances it was as sure to produce an explosion as though Captain Laugier had dropped a shell into the middle of the Venetian powder-house. It afforded just the pretext that Bonaparte wanted; and therefore he would listen to no overtures for a settlement. No terms they could offer would satisfy him. At length he dismissed the envoys who had sought a settlement with these words: —

"I have eighty thousand men and some gunboats. I will have in Venice no inquisition and no senate. I will prove an Attila to Venice. I will have no alliance with you. I want none of your proposals. I mean to dictate the law to you. It is of no use to deceive me to gain time. The nobles of your provinces who have hitherto been your slaves are to have a share in the government like the others, but your government is already antiquated and must tumble to pieces."

The violence of this barbarous language may be fully accounted for. The protocols known as the Preliminaries of

Leoben had already been signed, by which Bonaparte, in direct violation of the orders of his government, had entered into contract to give up to Austria all the Venetian provinces between the Oglio, the Po, and the Adriatic, together with Istria and Dalmatia, while, in consideration thereof, Belgium and Lombardy were to be given up to France. The General was certain of securing a ratification of this infamous contract only by previously involving Venice in war, and consequently no opportunity was to be lost. Such a precious occasion as that just afforded could not but be eagerly seized upon. Two days after the harangue just given, Bonaparte published his manifesto, declaring war.

Of course Venice could do nothing before the French armies. Indeed, the conquest was accomplished too soon; for the Preliminaries of Leoben were not yet known, and France was consequently not yet ready to turn Venice over to the Emperor. A treaty was therefore signed at Milan, the most important article of which was that the French occupation should continue until the new government was established and should declare that it had no further need of assistance.

In explaining this treaty to the Directory, Bonaparte laid bare his motives in terms which it seems to us impossible to stigmatize with too great severity. He wrote as follows: —

"I had several motives for concluding the treaty. 1. To enter the town without difficulties; to have the arsenal and all else in our possession in order to take from it whatever we need under pretence of the secret articles. 2. To give us the advantage of all the strength of the Venetian territory in case the treaty with the Emperor should not be executed. 3. To avoid drawing upon ourselves the odium that may attach to the execution of the preliminaries, and at the same time to furnish pretexts for them and to facilitate their execution."

For the complete execution of these purposes, Bonaparte at once despatched General Gentili to take possession of the Venetian fleet and the Venetian provinces in the Levant. The commission was executed with Napoleonic despatch. At Corfu, Gentili took possession of the Venetian navy, together with five hundred guns and an immense magazine.

We now approach the climax of duplicity and hypocrisy. It is important to notice the dates of the letters and despatches.

That sent to the Directory bears the date of May 19, 1797. On the 26th of the same month he wrote to the municipality, entreating them to have full confidence in his movements. He concluded his letter with an appeal which could not fail to touch noble sentiments in those who were proud of their thousand years of mediæval glory.

"Under any circumstances," wrote he, "I shall do all in my power to give you proofs of the great desire I have to guarantee your liberty, and to see this unhappy Italy free from all foreign intervention, and triumphantly placed in that rank among the great nations of the world to which by her nature, position, and destiny she is so justly entitled."

These words were received in good faith and with acclamations of joy. It was on the strength of them that a reception of extraordinary magnificence was given to Josephine, whom Bonaparte had sent as a pledge of friendship. But what followed? These words, as we have stated, were written to the Venetian municipality on the 26th of May. It was only a few hours later, at one o'clock in the morning of May 27th, that the General wrote to the Directory: —

"To-day we have had our first interview on the subject of the treaty of peace, and *we have agreed to present the following propositions:* 1. The boundary of the Rhine for France. 2. Salzburg and Passau for the Emperor. 3. Cleves or its equivalent for Prussia. 4. The maintenance of the Germanic Confederation. 5. The reciprocal guaranties of these articles, and VENICE FOR THE EMPEROR."

Finally, on the same day, that is, on the very day after he had sent the mellifluous message to Venice, as if for the purpose of crowning the infamy of the affair, he wrote to his government: —

"Venice, which has been gradually decaying ever since the discovery of Good Hope and the rise of Trieste and Ancona, can scarcely survive the blows we have just struck. With a cowardly and helpless population, in no way fit for liberty, without territory and without rivers, it is but natural that she should go to those to whom we give the Continent. We will seize the vessels, despoil the arsenal, and carry off the guns; we will destroy the bank and keep Corfu and Ancona for ourselves."

That these accusations against the Venetians were made merely for the purpose of justifying his monstrous conduct, is

shown by the fact that only a short time before the occurrence of these events, in writing to the Directory, the General had referred to the Venetians as "the only people among all the Italians who were worthy of liberty."

The last act of this drama was soon played. The treaty of Campo-Formio completed the work, already so far advanced, by ceding Venice to the Emperor, in accordance with the conditions which Bonaparte had proposed.

When the imperial envoy appeared in the Ducal palace to receive the oath of allegiance of the Venetians, a death-like silence and despair was everywhere manifest. The Ex-Doge Manin was forced to take the oath in the name of his countrymen. As he rose to pronounce the fatal words, he suddenly tottered and fell senseless to the floor, struck down by anguish of heart.

Thus vanished, after a long and glorious career, the foremost of the Italian republics. In the name of liberty another crime had been committed. The military agent of the French Republic had annexed to imperial Austria the state whose inhabitants he himself had characterized as the only people among all the Italians who were worthy of liberty.

While these painful events were transpiring in Italy, an act of no less importance was performed at Paris. The blind acquiescence with which the Directory submitted to the decisions of Bonaparte was not shared by the legislature. The Council of Five Hundred still contained many who had a genuine regard for the spirit of liberty; and these could not be entirely blind to the fact that the fall of Genoa and Venice, the two most prominent republics of Italy, presaged no good to the Republic of France.

On the 23d of June, Dumolard ascended the tribune of the Five Hundred for the purpose of interrogating the Directory in regard to the affairs of Italy. His speech was entirely moderate in tone. He had no personal dislike of Bonaparte; on the other hand, he had often spoken of him with genuine admiration. He neither accused nor blamed the General; he addressed the Directory, and asked above all for accurate information. "How is it," he asked, "that France is at war with Venice before the Directory has consulted the legislative

body, as the Constitution requires? By what authority have they dispensed with the formality of submitting to the Assembly the declaration of war?" Then coming to the acts that followed Bonaparte's entrance into Venice, he exclaimed: "Are we then no longer the same people who proclaimed in principle and sustained by force of arms, that under no pretence whatever ought foreign powers to interfere with the form of government of another state? I will not ask what fate is reserved for Venice; I will not ask whether their invasion, meditated, perhaps, before the commission of the offences which are assigned as motives, will not figure in history as a fit pendant to the partition of Poland." Dumolard closed his speech by declaring that the result of the policy adopted would be endless wars, while France wanted peace. "Every one," said he, "who reflects on the nature of our government, is indignant when he thinks of the blind and silent confidence required of us in everything connected with peace or war. In England, where the Constitution only gives the two houses an indirect participation in foreign affairs, we see them demand and obtain information on all events of importance, while we, republicans, to whom has been delegated the sovereign right of making war and peace, allow our rulers to draw the veil more and more closely over a dark and obscure policy."

These noble words of warning and of reproach stirred the Five Hundred. The motion was carried; but the Directory paid no heed to it whatever. It was evident that the executive was determined to ask no counsel and to receive no advice from the legislature.

When Bonaparte received news of this motion and speech of Dumolard, he was thrown into a genuine rage. What! an obscure representative, one of those lawyers of whom he was always speaking with contempt, had dared to discuss him, the chief of an army of eighty thousand men, the distributer of states, the arbiter of princes. It was too much. He wrote immediately to the Directory a letter which at once revealed the petty nature of his imperious will, and showed plainly what might be expected. He covered Dumolard with abusive epithets, and then expressed his "surprise that this manifesto, got up by an emigrant in the pay of England, should have

obtained more credit in the Council of Five Hundred than his own testimony and that of eighty thousand soldiers." Together with this letter he sent a stiletto, designed, of course, to work with melodramatic effect on the excitable Parisians. He concluded by expressing a purpose to resign and to live in tranquillity, "if, indeed," said he, "the poniards of Clichy will allow me to live at all." In another letter of the same general purpose he apostrophized his enemies thus: "But I give you notice, and I speak in the name of eighty thousand soldiers, that the time when cowardly lawyers and miserable babblers guillotined soldiers is past; and if you compel them, the soldiers of Italy will come to the barrier of Clichy with their general at their head, but woe betide you if they do come."

These words, so much more characteristic of a barbarian chief than of a military officer in civilized society, seem nevertheless to have had a genuine meaning; for a few days later he addressed a proclamation to his army as follows: —

"Soldiers, I know you are deeply stirred by the dangers which threaten the country; but the country can have no real dangers to face. The same men that made France triumph over united Europe still live. Mountains separate us from France; you would cross them with the speed of an eagle, if it were necessary to uphold the Constitution, to defend liberty, to protect the government and the republicans. Soldiers, the government watches over the laws as a sacred deposit committed to them. The royalists, the moment they show themselves, will perish. Banish disquiet. Let us swear by the shades of the heroes who have died by our sides for liberty, — let us swear by our new standards, 'War implacable against the enemies of the Republic and of the Constitution of the year III.'"

Thus, with the public and with the army, Bonaparte prepared the way for what was to follow. His labors in private, moreover, were scarcely less energetic or significant. The new election which had just occurred had strengthened his enemies in the Five Hundred, so that he became more and more convinced that a blow must be struck. Accordingly he sent two agents to Paris, to feel the pulse of the public. To Lavalette he said: "See every one, keep clear of party spirit, give me the truth and give it free of all passion."

A mind so just and enlightened as Lavalette's had no diffi-

culty in comprehending the situation. He seems to have seen the mischief involved in the plot of the Directory, and he warned Bonaparte against it : —

"You will tarnish your reputation if you give your support to measures of such unjust violence, which the position of the government in no way justifies. You will not be forgiven for uniting with the Directory in an effort to overthrow the Constitution and liberty. The proscriptions proposed are directed against the national representation, and against citizens of tried virtue, who are to be punished without trial. The odium of such tyranny would fall, not only on the Directory, but on the whole system of republican government."

This letter of Lavalette's appears to have had a marked influence on the conduct of his chief; for that moment the latter ceased to be conspicuous in the agitations which were going on.

But what was to be done ? A *coup d'état* seemed necessary to save the Directory, and yet there might be a reaction which would ingulf all its prominent supporters. Bonaparte did not hesitate. He told Lavalette to offer to Barras, the chief of the Directory, three million francs in case the movement should succeed. At the same time he sent Augereau to Barras, as the fittest officer to execute a *coup de main ;* writing to Lavalette meanwhile, "Don't trust Augereau, he is a seditious man." Thus he encouraged Barras to make the attempt, while he furnished him the means by which he was least likely to be permanently successful. It is in the highest degree probable that Bonaparte was willing the affair should miscarry; for in case of an attempt and a failure, who but himself and his army could decide the question in dispute between the two branches of government ?

But there was to be no failure. At one o'clock on the morning of September 4th (the 18th Fructidor), Augereau with twelve thousand troops surrounded the Tuileries where the legislative body held its sessions. No resistance was made, and therefore the palace was taken possession of without the firing of a single shot. Vigorous protests were made, but they were useless. The proscribed members were placed under arrest; the others were convoked in another part of the city to ratify the will of the Directors. And this remnant of the

legislature was not slow to confirm with the mockery of a legislative indorsement all that had been done. They voted for the transportation of a great number of their colleagues, including some of the most irreproachable citizens of their time. With these were also included the editors, writers, proprietors, managers, and conductors of forty-two public journals. They annulled the elections in the forty-eight departments which had dared to name deputies opposed to the Directory; they renewed the laws against priests and emigrants; they destroyed all liberty of the press by giving to the Directory the right to suppress journals at pleasure; they abolished all judicial power in the forty-eight departments declared to be seditious, and assigned the appointment of new judges to the Directory; finally they gave to the Directors two new colleagues, and conferred upon the executive power thus arranged the right to reform or dissolve all political societies at pleasure, as well as the right to proclaim a state of siege and to delay to an indefinite period the organization of the National Guard. It should be added as a fit close to the record of this infamous work, that the men condemned to banishment were thrown into iron cages and sent to Rochefort, whence they were embarked for the pestilential shores of Cayenne. Half of them died speedily, thus paying with their lives for the offence of having opposed the schemes of Bonaparte and Barras.

The *coup d'état* of the 18th Fructidor opened the way completely for a military dictatorship. Was the nation ready to accept Bonaparte as a master, or was further preparation necessary? That the General himself inclined to the latter opinion we have the declaration of his own words. In his *Mémoires* he declares: "In order that I might be master of France, it was necessary for the Directory to experience reverses during my absence, and for my return to restore victory to the French flag."

This sentence, though written years after the event, probably reveals one of the two great motives of the General in undertaking the expedition into Egypt.

But whether such was actually one of his motives or not, it is certain that he could not have planned in a manner more

likely to involve the Directory in difficulties that were inextricable. The moment the government ceased to receive money from the Italian army, the finances fell into the old confusion. In order to raise money for the Egyptian campaign, Bonaparte, as his correspondence reveals, advised and urged that the Directory seize upon Switzerland and Rome. On the very eve of the departure of his expedition, therefore, this act was done, and with a consequence which it would have been easy to anticipate. The outrage was felt in every corner of Europe. War was instantly declared by the coalition against France, and the nation at once began to suffer from a double disadvantage. In the first place, Bonaparte had with him all the best officers of the army as well as his old veterans; in the second, the French frontier, by the annexations, had been so lengthened that it now extended from Amsterdam to Naples. In consequence of these two circumstances, the French armies all along the frontier were crushed, and Italy together with several of the provinces was lost. Surely the reverses which Bonaparte had deemed it necessary that the Directory during his absence should experience must have been to him in the highest degree satisfactory.

Moreover affairs in Paris were in hopeless confusion. The government was fast sinking into contempt; the people saw their armies defeated and the provinces slipping away; they remembered the glorious days of the Italian campaign, and sighed for a sight of the Little Corporal.

The same favoring fortune, however, did not follow Bonaparte in the affairs of the East. Not content with an effort to reduce Egypt to the condition of a French colony, — a project which had been more or less familiar to France ever since it was proposed by Leibnitz to Louis XIV., — Bonaparte was ambitious to revolutionize the whole of the Eastern world. He talked of ruining the English settlements in India; of chasing the Turks from Constantinople and driving them into Asia by means of a rising of the Greek and Christian populations, and then of returning to Europe, *la prenant à revers.*

The "moderate preliminary" of the occupation of Egypt was no very difficult task. In Syria, however, the obstacles were insurmountable, and the aggressive force of the expedi-

tion was completely broken. After a long siege of Saint Jean d'Acre, and after as many as fourteen assaults upon the city had been made in vain, Bonaparte learned that the Turks were about to embark for an attack upon Lower Egypt. Nothing but a prompt withdrawal of his army could save him from the greatest peril. Reluctantly but promptly he gave the order to retreat. At Saint Helena, he was accustomed to say that a grain of sand had thwarted all his projects. He often repeated the assertion, that if Saint Jean d'Acre had fallen he should have changed the face of the world, and been Emperor of the East.

The disasters of the retreating march were, however, exceeded by the mendacity of the commander. The bulletins reported every movement as a success, and transformed every reverse into an astounding victory. But concerning the true nature of that retreat from Palestine to Egypt, there can no longer be any doubt. The roads were strewn with the sick and the wounded who were left under the scorching sun to die. At one time the troops, exasperated by the distress of their companions who reproached them with outstretched arms for their desertion, rose in mutiny. Bonaparte ordered all the cavalry to dismount that the horses might be devoted to the conveyance of the sick and the wounded. When his equerry came to ask which horse he would have reserved for his own use, he replied with a cut of his riding-whip, "Every one on foot! did you not hear the order?" Did an army of disheartened Frenchmen need any other inspiration than such a reply?

When Bonaparte, by means of the bundle of papers which Sidney Smith caused to find their way through the French lines, learned of the condition of affairs in Europe, there was but one course consistent with his character for him to pursue. There was nothing more to be done in Egypt; there was everything to be done in France. If he were to lead his army back, even in case he should, by some miracle, elude the eager eyes of Lord Nelson, the act would be generally regarded as a confession of disaster. If he were to remain with the army, he could, at best, do nothing but pursue a purely defensive policy; and if the army were to be overwhelmed, it was no part of Napoleonism to be involved in the disaster. It would be

far shrewder to throw the responsibility of the future of Egypt on another, and to transfer himself to the field that was fast ripening for the coveted harvest. Of course Bonaparte, under such circumstances, did not hesitate as to which course to pursue. Robbing the army of such good officers as survived, he left it in command of the only one who had dared to raise his voice in opposition to the work of the 18th Fructidor. Taking with him Lannes, Murat, Berthier, Marmont, Andréossi, Duroc, Bessières, Lavalette, Monge, Berthollet, Denon, he committed the diminished and prostrated army to the heroic but indignant Kléber. Was there ever a more exquisite revenge? And we might ask, was fortune ever more capricious than when she bestowed her rewards on these two men? For the one she had the poniard of a fanatic, for the other the most powerful throne in the world.

On the arrival of Bonaparte in Paris everything seemed ready to his hand. The very events which he had probably anticipated and desired, certainly those which he afterwards declared to have been necessary to his elevation, had taken place. The policy which, in the seizure of Switzerland and the Papal States, he had taken pains to inaugurate before his departure for Egypt had borne its natural fruit. As never before in the history of Europe, England, Holland, Russia, Austria, Naples, and even Turkey had joined hands in a common cause, and as a natural consequence the Directory had been defeated at every point. Nor was it unnatural for the people to attribute all these disasters to the inefficiency of the government. The Directory had really fallen into general contempt, and at the new election on the 30th Prairial it had been practically overthrown. Rewbell, who by his influence had stood at the head of affairs, had been obliged to give way; and, what was quite as important, his place had been filled by one who was known not only to be hostile to the old government, but also to have in his pocket a new constitution which, if adopted, would establish quite another order of things. By the side of this fantastic statesman, Sieyès, Barras had been retained probably for no other reason than that he was sure to be found with the majority, while the other members, Gohier, Moulins, and Roger-Ducos, were men from whose supposed mediocrity no very de-

cided opposition could be anticipated. Thus the popular party was not only revenged for the outrages of Fructidor, but it had also made up the new Directory of men who seemed likely to be nothing but clay in the hands of Bonaparte.

The full importance of this action in a political point of view can only be correctly estimated when it is remembered that the fatal weakness of the Constitution of the year III. was of a nature to make a repetition of such a *coup d'état* as that of the 18th Fructidor perpetually possible. That weakness we have already pointed out to have been a want of all proper means of reconciling the differences that might arise between the legislative and the executive. Differences had at once arisen, and as there was no provision for a mediation, an outbreak was likely to follow. The executive had been the first to begin the contest, and the events of Fructidor had secured for the executive the first victory. But now the tables were turned. The Directory had committed egregious blunders, and the people had in consequence demanded a change of policy. But there was no way of inaugurating a change, except by violently overthrowing the Directory. In other words, the Constitution provided no means by which the legislature could lawfully enforce the will of the people; there was, therefore, nothing for the legislature to do but either to submit tamely, or to resort to the very means previously resorted to by the Directory. In adopting this latter course, the legislature fairly accepted the challenge. The gauntlet thrown down by the Directory on the 18th Fructidor was taken up by the Councils on the 30th Prairial, and henceforth it was to be a war *vi et armis*, in which neither party had a right to ask favor.

The changes which had been enforced by the Councils in the composition of the Directory gave a temporary advantage to the legislature; it was, however, but a trifling victory, to be followed, as we shall see, by an overwhelming defeat.

As was to be anticipated, the victory of the Councils was followed by a somewhat emphatic expression of popular enthusiasm. The people for a considerable time had had no voice either directly or indirectly in the policy of the nation; but now, it was hoped, a real change had taken place. The masses,

therefore, responded heartily to the calls of the new government. The armies were filled, and Bernadotte, now Minister of War, found no difficulty in arousing the slumbering enthusiasm of the nation. "Young men," said he, "there will surely be found some great captains among you"; and once more a French army was seen to be made up of heroes. Holland and Belgium were regained; in a fortnight Masséna completely routed and scattered the Austrians and Russians in Switzerland; Brune defeated the Duke of York and forced him to capitulate; Championnet established a formidable barrier along the southern frontier.

It was while the nation was rejoicing over these victories that the first bulletin was received announcing the success of the French at Aboukir. In the midst of a profound silence the President read to the Assembly of Five Hundred a despatch which painted in brief but glowing terms the extent of the victory. There were reasons why the bulletin was received with unusual enthusiasm. Nothing had been known of the situation of the army in Egypt, and the mystery which hung over the expedition had created an inexpressible anxiety. All this was at once relieved. Then, too, in the heat of political partisanship, it had come to be generally believed by the populace that Bonaparte and the army had been deported to Egypt by the Directory for no other reason than jealousy of their glory. The petitions which poured into the Council of Five Hundred abounded in expressions deploring the *exile of Bonaparte.* Absurd as all this impression was, it had a vast effect upon the nation at large. To Bonaparte's absence they had attributed all their disasters, and in their belief nothing but his return would reinstate their ancient military glory.

With such sentiments as these rife in the nation, it is not difficult to understand the enthusiasm with which the bulletins from Egypt were received. The despatches were contrived with all that clever artifice of theatrical representation of which Bonaparte was so consummate a master. The campaign in Syria, the battle of Mt. Tabor, the pretended destruction of Acre, — these and like inglorious exploits were the pabulum on which the popular enthusiasm fed and increased.

It was while Berthier was thus attempting to throw over that deplorable campaign the halo of his fine words, that the *Moniteur* published an item of intelligence before which all else appeared insignificant. It was announced that Bonaparte had actually returned to France, and that he was at that moment on his way to Paris, everywhere saluted by an unbounded enthusiasm of the people.

The manner in which the General was received can have left no possible doubt remaining in his mind as to the strength of his hold on the hearts of the people. It must have been apparent to all that he needed but to declare himself, in order to secure the wellnigh unanimous support and following of the masses. But with the political leaders the case, for obvious reasons, was far different. From the moment when the news of his landing at Fréjus reached Paris, there were symptoms of uneasiness in the ranks of the old politicians; for it is evident that they already saw in the popular favorite a dangerous enemy. The different political parties were so evenly balanced, that the leaders of each were not without hopes of gaining an ultimate ascendency, but to all such hopes the presence of Bonaparte was sure to be fatal. His popularity was so overwhelming, that in his enmity the leaders could anticipate nothing but annihilation, in his friendship nothing but insignificance.

These considerations, however, could have little weight with any except those who regarded their position and influence as entitling them to hope for the primacy. To the politicians of the second and third rank the new ascendency brought better prospects. Bonaparte, therefore, had no difficulty in surrounding himself with men of more than respectable talent and influence, who were eager to secure his highest favor. His long absence had kept him from all party strife; therefore he was able to secure for himself a following of men who to each other were mutually irreconcilable. The Rue de la Victoire extended hospitality to guests of every political shade. Talleyrand, whose diplomatic ability had already attracted attention; Réal, the able commissioner of the Department of the Seine; Cabanis, the old friend and coadjutor of Mirabeau; Volney, the illustrious and notorious savant; Bruix, the shrewd ex-Minister of the Navy; Cambacérès, the Minister of Justice;

Dubois de Crancé, the Minister of War, — these and others of similar political incompatibility were greeted at Bonaparte's residence with a most friendly welcome. For once the friends of Sieyès sat quietly by the side of those of Bernadotte, and the men of the *Manége* chatted peaceably with the adherents of Barras. Most important of all, three of the five Directors, Gohier, Roger-Ducas, and Moulins, were among the most frequent visitors and among the foremost in their assurances of devotion.

The method in which Bonaparte set about forming a working party out of this heterogeneous material forms a good illustration of his character. The member of the government who at the time wielded most influence was Sieyès, a man for whom personally the General had such an unconquerable aversion, that Josephine was accustomed to refer to him as her husband's *bête noire*. It was evident that Sieyès was the most formidable obstacle to the General's advance. Either the *bête noire* would have to be destroyed or else pacified, or some other pathway of advancement would have to be found. The fact that Bonaparte resorted to each of these methods in quick succession shows at once how completely devoid of principle he was, and how readily he could subordinate all personal antipathies to the interests of his ambition. He first proposed to get himself made a member of the Directory in the place of Sieyès by finding some pretext or other for disputing the legality of his opponent's election. This course he broached to Gohier and Moulins, but they scouted the idea, declaring that, in the first place, no decent pretext for overthrowing Sieyès could be found, and, in the second, that Bonaparte was not yet fifty years old, the age required by the Constitution for all the members of the Directory. It is strange that this proposition, though it was urged with significant persistence, awakened no more alarm. That some suspicion was aroused, however, may be inferred from the fact that an effort was made to get rid of his presence by offering him once more a military command. But Sieyès and Barras were openly of the opinion that he had already made a sufficient fortune out of his military appointments, and accordingly they expressed a decided preference that he should remain at home. These objections afforded

a convenient excuse, and Bonaparte refused the appointment.

The attempt to oust Sieyès having failed, a strenuous effort was made to get control of the party in favor of a republican dictatorship. At the head of this party stood, as a kind of military triumvirate, Bernadotte, Augereau, and Jourdan. This party, without doubt, better than any other, represented the ideas of Bonaparte; for it had gathered together the scattered remains of Jacobinism, and had a strong hold on the lower orders of the people. But Bernadotte remained inflexible, though appealed to by all the ties of friendship and even relationship. It is impossible to believe that he had any objections to a military dictatorship; we are left, therefore, to the inference that he recognized the overwhelming powers of his brother-in-law, and consequently feared that in case of an alliance his own influence would be overshadowed or overwhelmed.

As a third move, Bonaparte attempted a reconciliation with Barras. There were at least apparent reasons why they should be friends. Their careers had begun together at Toulon; and it was to Barras that Bonaparte owed his command on the 13th Vendémiaire. It was known that Fouché was somewhat uneasy from the fact that his patron had fallen into disrepute with the man whose star was evidently rising, and he therefore was employed to effect a reconciliation between the two former friends. He succeeded in getting Barras to take the first step by inviting Bonaparte to dine with him at the Luxembourg. But there was no heartiness in the meeting. Each treated the other with caution and reserve. Barras at length touched upon political matters in a vague and indirect manner, as if to force his rival to commit himself first. "The Republic," said he, "is falling to pieces; it cannot long continue in this state. We must make a great change and name Hédouville President. You will join the army. For my part, I am ill, unpopular, and worn out. I am only fit for private life."

Though this little speech was probably intended simply to draw out Bonaparte, it had the opposite effect. It was evident to the General that there was nothing to hope for from a man who talked of making Hédouville President; and therefore,

instead of replying to his interlocutor, he simply fixed his eyes upon him and remained silent. Barras was utterly disconcerted; a few moments later his guest withdrew.

Thus Bonaparte had attempted to place himself at the head of affairs, first by an effort to remove Sieyès, and then by trying to get control in turn of the two parties which were strong enough to afford him efficient support. In all these attempts he had failed, and there was now nothing left for him but to abandon the effort or to seek an alliance with his worst enemy, Sieyès. After having failed to remove this *bête noire* from his path, and after having been equally unsuccessful in attempting to pass around him, first on the right and then on the left, was there anything more natural than that he should attempt to tame or pacify him, and then, if possible, to use him?

This work of reconciliation, however, was beset with even greater difficulties than would at first appear. It was universally known that, only a few days before the time of which we are speaking, Sieyès had talked of having Bonaparte shot for deserting his military command, and that Bonaparte had reciprocated the ill-will by proposing to have Sieyès removed from the dictatorship because he was sold to Prussia. Talleyrand, however, with a shrewdness for which he afterwards became more famous, saw the great advantage which such an alliance would afford to Bonaparte, and accordingly, notwithstanding the difficulties in the way, did not hesitate to set himself assiduously at work to bring it about. The difficulty of course was to overcome the antipathy of Sieyès; a difficulty which appeared, however, absolutely insurmountable, especially as the Director clearly foresaw the obscurity with which such a reconciliation threatened him. That Sieyès fully understood the danger, we have the amplest evidence. Joseph Bonaparte in his *Mémoires* declares that when he and Cabanis were striving with the Director to arrange for a meeting, the latter declared emphatically, "I know the fate that awaits me in case of a union. After he has succeeded he will separate himself from his colleagues and stand in front of them as I stand in front of you now." And suiting his movement to the word, he stepped forward, pushing his interlocutors behind him.

With Bonaparte, on the other hand, every interest called for

a speedy consummation of the alliance. He had already learned that a conspiracy was formed which embraced a considerable number of powerful adherents, and he rightly conjectured that nothing was wanting to the organization but a man of prompt action like himself. This consideration, perhaps sufficiently powerful in itself, was fortified by the recollection of his repeated failures with other parties, and also by the evident fact that the moment the *coup d'état* had taken place the lion's share would fall to the most popular man. Thus the advocates of Bonaparte had every motive for putting forth their most strenuous efforts.

That Sieyès finally consented to a meeting, when he clearly foresaw the usurpation that was to follow, removes every claim that he might otherwise have had upon our respect and sympathy. Unaccountable as it may seem, he finally threw off his reserve so completely, that when Bonaparte at last called upon him to make proposals, he accepted the first overtures of the General, and that in consequence, on that very night, it was agreed between them that in eight or ten days the decisive blow should be struck. By this action Sieyès fully earned for himself the contempt and oblivion into which he soon after fell.

Such were the preliminary negotiations which led to that dark day in French history known as the 18th Brumaire. It remained only to get absolute control of the military forces, a task in no way difficult. The officers who had returned with Bonaparte from Egypt were impatient to follow wherever their master might lead. Moreau, who, since the death of Hoche, was regarded as standing next to Bonaparte in military ability, was not reluctant to cast in his lot with the others, and Macdonald as well as Sérrurier soon followed his example. Bernadotte alone would yield to neither flattery nor intimidation.

The last to give in his adhesion was Lefebvre. This officer had been regarded by Bonaparte as one of his relentless opponents, and therefore he was not let into the secret until the last moment. On the morning of the 18th, when a crowd of officers of every grade thronged the dwelling of Bonaparte, Lefebvre was among the others. He had been summoned at midnight merely to meet his fellow-officers for a review at six o'clock in

the morning. Meeting a colonel, he asked for an explanation, and was referred to Bonaparte. The latter on being approached exclaimed, "Well, you are one of the supporters of the Republic, and will you leave it to perish at the hands of these lawyers? Here is the sword I wore at the Pyramids. I give it to you as a pledge of my esteem and confidence." Was any of Napoleon's officers likely to resist such an appeal? "Let us throw the lawyers into the river," responded Lefebvre.

It needs only to be added that Bernadotte, Jourdan, and Augereau were the only officers of note whose absence from the *review* attracted attention. Bernadotte was known to be strongly opposed to the movement, while the others had not been admitted to the secret, and had not been invited to be present. On the following day Augereau, meeting Bonaparte, showed his uneasiness by remarking, "So then you have no use for *ton petit Augereau?*" The chief's only response was informing him that in future the quieter he kept the better it would be for him.

While Bonaparte was thus marshalling his forces in the Rue de la Victoire, the way was opening in the Councils. A commission of the Ancients, made up of leading conspirators, worked all night drawing up the proposed articles, in order that in the morning the Council might have nothing to do but to vote them. The meeting was called for seven o'clock, and care was taken not to notify those members whose opposition there was reason to fear. The moment there was an opportunity, Cornet, one of the most active conspirators, mounted the tribune and denounced in most plaintive terms the dangers which threatened the government. He declared that the conspirators were "waiting only for a signal to draw their poniards on the representatives of the nation." "You have but a moment," exclaimed he, "in which to save France. If you let it pass, the Republic will be lost, and its carcass will be the prey of vultures who will quarrel over its torn members."

Now, in all this no names of conspirators were given, no persons were even hinted at. The object of Cornet and his associates was to convince the ignorant of the existence of a conspiracy, and then, after blinding the Council as to the source

of the danger, to call into supreme power the chief conspirator in order to put the conspiracy down. What was this but casting out devils by Beelzebub the prince of devils ?

When Cornet sat down, Régnier, another of the conspirators, arose and proposed to the Assembly, for the saving of the government, the adoption of the decrees which had been already prepared. As the opposition, and, indeed, the independent members of the Council, were generally absent, the articles were adopted without discussion. They voted first to remove the sessions of the Councils from Paris to Saint Cloud (a privilege which the Constitution conferred upon the Ancients alone), thus putting them at once beyond the power of influencing the populace and of standing in the way of Bonaparte. They then passed a decree giving to Bonaparte the command of the military forces, at the same time inviting him to come to the Assembly for the purpose of taking the oath of allegiance to the Constitution.

These decrees were at once taken to the expectant Dictator, whom they reached at about ten o'clock in the morning, and were read by him to the throng of officers and soldiers who, as we have just seen, had been for some hours in waiting. After he had concluded the reading of the decrees, he asked the crowd if he could count on their support in this hour of danger; to which they responded with a general flourish of swords. The General then mounted his horse and rode off at the head of the troop.

When Bonaparte arrived at the Hall of the Council, he acted the part of swearing allegiance to the Constitution in a manner that had been hardly anticipated.

"Citizen representatives," said he, "the Republic was in danger; you were informed of it, and your decree has saved it. Woe to those who seek to bring trouble and disorder into it. General Lefebvre, General Berthier, and all my comrades in arms will aid me to stop them. Do not look to the past for a clew to guide your onward march; nothing in history ever resembled the eighteenth century; nothing in the eighteenth century ever resembled the present moment. We want a Republic founded on true liberty and national representation. We will have it, I swear; I swear it in my own name and that of my companions in arms."

Thus, instead of an oath of allegiance to the Constitution, the Councils had merely received an oath that the nation should have a Republic founded on true liberty and national representation. The words have a captivating jingle, but in the mouth of Bonaparte what was the meaning of the phrases "true liberty" and "national representation"? A mere bait with which to catch the popular support.

But this fraud did not pass undetected. As soon as Bonaparte had closed, Garat arose to point out the fact that the citizen-general had forgotten the nature of the oath required, which was, as he supposed, to swear to support the Constitution. Poor innocent Garat, he little knew the resources of Bonaparte's friends. The President instantly interfered, declaring that after the action of the morning no discussion could take place, except at Saint Cloud. Thus the mockery of the oath-taking in the Council of Ancients was accomplished; the General had now a more difficult part to perform in the Council of Five Hundred.

As the meeting of the Assembly was not to occur until twelve o'clock of the following day, Bonaparte made use of the intervening time in posting his forces and in disposing of the Directory. Lannes he placed in command of the Tuileries; Marmont, in that of the École Militaire; Sérurier, at Point du Jour; Macdonald, at Versailles; and Murat, at Saint Cloud. At all of these points it was likely that nothing more than a purely defensive policy would be demanded. But there was one locality in the city where it was probable aggressive force would be required. The Luxembourg was the seat of the Directory, and the Directory must at all hazards be crushed. In case the individual Directors should refuse to yield, it would be absolutely necessary, in order to insure the success of the enterprise in hand, to take possession of the palace by force. But this would involve the arrest of the executive, — an ignominious work which any officer would shrink from performing, since it would require a positive and unmistakable array of the military against the civil authorities. But Bonaparte knew well how to turn all such ignominious service to account. He gave the Luxembourg in charge of the only man in the nation who could now be regarded as his rival for popular favor.

Moreau fell into the snare, and by so doing lost a popularity which he was never afterward able to regain.

Having thus placed his military forces, Bonaparte turned his attention to the Directors. The resignation of Sieyès and of Roger-Ducos he already had upon his table. It remained only to procure the others. Without warning, Barras was confronted with Talleyrand and Bruix, who asked him without circumlocution to resign his office, at the same time presenting him with the paper of resignation already drawn up at the instigation of Bonaparte, and demanding his signature. Barras rubbed his eyes, and, finding that the agents of the General were determined, wrote his name, thus crowning the work of a life equally remarkable for its treachery and its cowardice. The infamy of the act is made all the more conspicuous by the fact that, only a half-hour before, Barras had promised to meet at once his colleagues Gohier and Moulins at the Luxembourg, for the purpose of uniting in a fitting protest, and, if need be, in an energetic resistance.

Three of the Directors thus disposed of, it was left to make away with the remaining two. Bonaparte met them in person and tried every device of flattery and intimidation, but in vain. When he finished his interview by demanding of both their resignation, they flatly refused; but when they returned to the Luxembourg it was only to be made prisoners by Moreau. It might be said that in the course which they pursued Gohier and Moulins simply did their duty; but in view of the acts by which Bonaparte ever after his return from Egypt had been endeavoring to win them over to his purposes, their firm conduct on that fatal day fully justifies the French in claiming that the Republic did not fall without honor. For their conduct on that occasion they are entitled to a permanent tribute of respect. It is only to be regretted that their firmness and their integrity were not equalled by their foresight and their wisdom.

The night of the 18th passed in comparative tranquillity. The fact that there was no organized resistance is accounted for by Lanfrey with a single sad statement, that "nothing of the kind could be expected of a nation that had been decapitated. All the men of rank in France for the previous ten years,

either by character or genius or virtue, had been mown down, first by scaffolds and proscriptions, next by war." These are indeed melancholy words to utter of any nation, but who that has studied the French Revolution is ready to declare that they are not essentially true? The only escape had seemed to be through mediocrity or silence Sieyès, when once urging his claims to notice, was asked what he had done. His reply was a flash of wit which lights up the whole period, "*J'ai vécu.*"

But notwithstanding the force of the reason urged by Lanfrey, it seems to us that the national apathy on this occasion had another and a far more deplorable cause, — a cause which even at the present time entails more woes upon France than almost all others combined. We refer to that condition of political demoralization which comes from repeated acts of revolutionary violence. It requires but a glance at the successive *coups de force* which had taken place within the previous ten years to enable one to perceive ample grounds for that demoralization. On the 14th of July, 1789, absolute royalty succumbed and gave place to a constitutional monarchy. On the 10th of August, 1792, this was overthrown, and in its place was established the Republic. On the 30th of May, 1793, the lawful Republic was displaced by the revolutionary government. On the 9th of Thermidor, 1794, this was in turn overthrown by the legal authority, which held its place until the 18th Fructidor, in 1797, when the first military *coup d'état* substituted the revolutionary in the place of the legal Directory. And now at last this in turn was compelled to give way to the establishment of a military government on the 18th Brumaire. What was all this but the experience painted by the greatest of the Latin poets? —

> .... Et semper victus tristisque recedit;
> Nam petere imperium, quod inane est, nec datur unquam,
> Atque in eo semper durum sufferre laborem,
> Hoc est adverso nixantem trudere monte
> Saxum, quod tamen e summo jam vertice rursum
> Volvitur, et plani raptim petit æquora cam.

Within ten years there had been eight different *coups de force*, the violent establishment of eight different governments, not a single one of which had been the spontaneous expression of the national will. These repeated acts of violence had

resulted in creating a popular insensibility, as well as that confusion of law and force which is fatal to all healthful political feeling and action, and which, it is to be feared, is still the worst malady that France has to overcome.*

But notwithstanding this demoralization of the people, it is not to be asserted that no effort was made to resist the work of usurpation. The feebleness of the movement, however, clearly demonstrates that apathy of the people to which we have referred. A few deputies met in the night at Salicetti's for the purpose of organizing the opposition. As the best preliminary measure they decided that in the morning they would repair to Saint Cloud and would pass a decree to give the command of the guard of the Five Hundred to Bernadotte. But no sooner had the meeting dissolved, than Salicetti himself betrayed the news to Bonaparte and received his reward. Measures were at once taken by the General to prevent the deputies from reaching their destination.

On the following day, before the Council of Ancients was fairly organized, the General was announced. During that morning everything had gone contrary to his expectation, and he bore an anxious and irritated look. It was evident that the sudden *éclat* of his first movement had given way to a general anxiety and a desire to put to the test of examination the pretences in regard to a Jacobin plot. Bonaparte evidently felt himself oppressed by the change of atmosphere, and accordingly he determined to bring the whole matter to a

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* On this question of the fatal continuance of a revolutionary spirit in France, the following remarks by M. Paul Janet are so excellent that we cannot abstain from quoting them: —

un droit

"On ne peut donc contester à la France que l'on reconnaît aux autres nations; cependant, pour qu'une insurrection soit légitime, il faut qu'elle ne soit qu'une date de délivrance, non le signal de la révolte à perpétuité, — il faut qu'elle ait pour conséquence la paix et l'ordre, et ne soit pas le déchainement illimité du droit de la force. Le jour où la France aura définitivement conquis des destinées paisibles et acceptera sans réserve le règne de la loi, elle pourra revenir sans danger aux souvenirs de son affranchissement, elle fêtera avec joie le jour de sa délivrance; mais tant que le droit de la force n'aura pas abdiqué, — et peut-on dire qu'il ait abdiqué? — tant qu'il y aura lieu de craindre que les partis ne tiennent en réserve cette arme fatale, elle verra toujours avec inquiétude cette invocation persistante d'un droit périlleux qui peut aussi bien tuer que délivrer, et qui retourne si souvent contre ceux qui l'emploient." — *L'Esprit Révolutionaire et la Souveraineté Nationale, Revue des Deux Mondes, Tome Centième*, p. 721.

speedy issue. He drew up a regiment in order of battle in the court, and, referring to the Council, announced to his officers "that he was going to make an end of it." Then, followed by his *aides-de-camp*, he pressed into the presence of the Assembly.

The address by which he attempted to justify his action is remarkable only for its violence and its incoherence. He affirmed the existence of a Jacobin plot to destroy the government; but when pressed for an explanation, he could only declare that Barras and Moulins had proposed to him to be the leader of a party to overthrow all men having liberal opinions. When he was adjuring the Council to save liberty and equality, one of the members added interrogatively, "And the Constitution?" "The Constitution," exclaimed Bonaparte, "you violated it on the 22d Floréal, and you violated it on the 30th Prairial. The Constitution! The Constitution is invoked by all factions, and has been violated by all; it is despised by all; the country cannot be saved by the Constitution, because no one any longer respects it."

This harangue, however eloquent it may have seemed and however truthful the assertions it contained, in the mouth of Bonaparte was simply outrageous; for no one had done so much to violate the Constitution of the year III as Bonaparte himself. But this was not all. When he was pressed for further explanation of the plot of which he was constantly speaking, he tried to extricate himself by changing his former accusations into a violent attack on the Council of Five Hundred. After accusing the members of wishing to re-establish the scaffolds and revolutionary committees, and of having despatched emissaries to Paris to organize a rising, he completed the consternation of his friends by resorting to open threats.

"If any orator in foreign pay talks of outlawry, let him beware of levelling such a decree against himself. At the first sign I should appeal to you, my brave companions in arms; to you, grenadiers, whose caps I perceive yonder; to you, brave soldiers, whose bayonets are in sight. Remember that I go forward accompanied by the God of fortune and the God of war!"

Thus having shifted his attack, first to one quarter and then to another, he ended by making it understood that he was not there to give even plausible reasons, but simply to enforce the commands of his imperious will.

From the Council of Ancients, Bonaparte repaired at once to the Council of Five Hundred. Here his friends were less numerous and less influential. The discussion took the same turn, but was carried on with considerably more warmth and urgency. In their impatience to fathom the plot which had caused their removal to Saint Cloud, they had decided on sending an address to the Council of Ancients, asking for information. The letter of resignation which had been forced upon Barras had just been received, and the Assembly was considering the question whether it was best for them then and there to name his successor, when the door was opened and Bonaparte, surrounded by his grenadiers, entered the hall. A burst of indignation at once arose. Every member sprang to his feet. "What is this," they cried, "swords here! armed men! Away, we will have no dictator here." Then some of the deputies, bolder than the others, surrounded Bonaparte and overwhelmed him with invectives. "You are violating the sanctity of the laws; what are you doing, rash man?" exclaimed Bigonnet. "Is it for this that you have conquered?" demanded Destrem, advancing towards him. Others seized him by the collar of his coat, and, shaking him violently, reproached him with treason.

This reception, though the General had come with the purpose of intimidating the Assembly, fairly overwhelmed him. Eye-witnesses declare that he turned pale, and fell fainting into the arms of his soldiers, who drew him out of the hall.*

The confusion that ensued in the Assembly was indescribable. One member moved that Bonaparte be deprived of his command. Another proposed that the six thousand soldiers then surrounding the hall be declared a part of the guard of the legislative body. Then was raised that terrible cry of *hors la loi!* the cry which had overwhelmed Robespierre himself. It would

* It has been often asserted that at this time daggers were drawn upon the General; but Lanfrey has shown that the story is contradicted by all trustworthy evidence. It would have been easy for his enemies to have assassinated him in a scuffle from which he escaped with his clothes torn. Moreover, the detailed account, which on the next day was published in the *Moniteur*, though written by one of the partisans of Bonaparte, says nothing of an attempt at assassination. The story was doubtless invented by Lucien the second day after the act, for the purpose of justifying his brother's action.

have passed, with but the faintest opposition, had it not been for the action of Lucien, who, as President of the Assembly, steadfastly refused to put the question to vote. He reminded the Assembly of his brother's services, and entreated them not to pass a hasty judgment; after which he surprised the Assembly by resigning his office of President. This action, at first thought, would seem to have been a blunder; but its effect, as was probably designed, only increased the confusion, for no action could now be taken until a President was chosen, and the Council was in no condition whatever to proceed with an election.

But, though this action tied the hands of the Assembly at the moment when it seemed upon the point of outlawing Bonaparte, and thus drawing upon him the dagger of a Brutus or the fate of a Robespierre, it at the same time imposed upon the conspirators themselves an additional necessity of immediate action. Bonaparte saw the importance of bringing the affair to an end before the Council should have time to recover, and he resorted, therefore, at once to the means for which he had made such ample preparation.

When the troops, however, were commanded to advance upon the Council and to break it up by armed force, there was a degree of hesitation which gave a momentary promise of failure. The cause of the delay was the fact that the soldiers to whom the command had been given formed a part of the guard of the legislative body. It seemed for a moment probable that they would remain steadfast in defence of their charge; but Lucien, who was still supposed to be President of the Assembly, showed himself master of the emergency. Since his resignation he had fallen into the hands of his brother, and he now raised his voice in a harangue to the troops in regard to their duty. He assured them that the Council had been crushed by brigands in the pay of England, and that the question was now how it should be rescued from so great a danger. Then drawing his sword in a theatrical manner, he turned to the General and exclaimed, "For my own part I swear to run this through my own brother if ever he should strike a blow at the liberties of the French."

This oratorical flourish saved the conspiracy. The majority

of the guard, still supposing that they were listening to the President of the Assembly, regarded the speech as sufficiently assuring, and instantly responded by shouting "*Vive Bonaparte!*"

In the midst of the excitement Murat placed himself at their head and commanded the drums to beat. When they reached the doors of the Council, the members made an earnest appeal for the legislative inviolability, but it was in vain. When they refused to retire, the drums were again beaten, and the grenadiers poured into the hall. A last cry of *Vive la République* was raised, and, a moment later, the hall was empty. Thus the crime of the conspirators was consummated, and the first French Republic was at an end.

After this action it remained only to put into the hands of Bonaparte the semblance of regular authority. The tragedy which had just ended with the death of a republic was immediately followed by a farce. A phantom of the Council of Five Hundred — Cornet, one of them, says thirty members — met in the evening and voted the measures which had been previously agreed upon by the conspirators. Bonaparte, Sieyès, and Roger-Ducos were appointed provisional consuls; fifty-seven members of the Council who had been most prominent in their opposition were excluded from their seats; a list of proscriptions was prepared; two commissioners chosen from the assemblies were appointed to assist the consuls in their work of organization; and, finally, as if to remove the last possibility of interference with the usurpers, the legislative body was adjourned until the 20th of February.

Here we must pause. It needs, perhaps, hardly to be said in addition that with this victory the triumph of Napoleonism was complete. At the close of the first meeting of the consuls, Sieyès said to the chief supporters of the *coup d'état*, "Gentlemen, you have a master. Bonaparte means to do everything, knows how to do everything, and has the power to do everything." In this extravagant homage time revealed that there was far too much of truth. From this moment there were certain forms to go through with, but, for the most part, they were forms only. In due time, Sieyès drew from his pocket that fantastic roll known as his Constitution, but to

use the happy expression of Madame de Staël, it was only to destroy, *très artistement*, the few remaining chances of liberty. It requires but a glance to see that the complicated provisions of the Constitution of the year VIII simply furnished water for Bonaparte's mill. Sieyès had imagined that all legislative action should be conducted in the form of a judicial trial, and accordingly he had organized his legislature into a species of court of equity. The Council of State as plaintiff was entrusted with the work of proposing and supporting new laws, while the mission of the Tribunate was to oppose the arguments of the Council of State. The legislative body, "silent as a tribunal of judges," was to decide, and finally the decision was to go to the Senate as a grand court of appeal. When Bonaparte came into power as First Consul, France presented the spectacle of a legislative body divided into four parts, each part having a separate function to perform. The first proposed laws, without discussing them; the second discussed, without passing upon them; the third passed upon them, without either proposing or discussing; and the fourth had simply the power of veto. Of these four parts, Bonaparte suppressed the second and retained the remaining three, thus, at a blow, getting rid ostensibly of what he called "*the infinite babbling of the lawyers*"; in reality, of what was the only means in the nation of raising even a faint opposition. Henceforth the legislature was worse than the play of "Hamlet" with Hamlet left out; it was Hamlet abolished, and the rest of the players struck dumb.

Thus it came about that during all those fiery years of the Consulate and the Empire, France had no legislature that possessed even the semblance of independence. There were at times certain formalities that to the eye had a legislstive appearance, but they were mere shadows which only served to conceal the real substance of the government. There were moreover certain changes in the constitution of the legislature, but they were only varying expressions of the same nullity.

Nor had Bonaparte any greater difficulty in brushing his colleagues out of his way. When Sieyès, upon whose face Bourrienne once said was always written, "Give me money,"

saw that the First Consul was absorbing all power, and raised his voice in protest, Bonaparte threw at his feet the estates of Crosne, worth a million, and thus consigned his last rival to silence and to infamy. Henceforth until the Restoration there was but one power in the state; all else were mere words and shadows. If the proudest of the Bourbons, as is commonly believed, characterized happily by his famous aphorism, *L'état, c'est moi*, both the nature of his government and the identity of the state with himself, there was vastly more both of truth and of egotism in the paraphrase of the *parvenu* Emperor Napoleon, when he declared, "*La France, c'est un homme, et cet homme, c'est moi.*"

CHARLES KENDALL ADAMS.

ART. II. — HENRY FLOOD, AND THE CONDITION OF IRELAND FROM SWIFT TO O'CONNELL.*

SWIFT did a great work for Ireland by waking up the nation to thought and political action. He found the people dead, and quickened them into life. Before he wrote his books and pamphlets, there was no public opinion in that country. He created it, and as long as he lived he sustained it by his immense vitality. To love liberty, to live and die for it, was the doctrine which he taught. He wanted a parliament that would represent the people, not the old College Green House of Cards and Corruption, which he despised and satirized. But as a leader he was alone in his patriotic desires and hopes, and it seemed for some time after his death as if such liberty as he dreamed of had died with him. But in due time Henry Flood arose, and took the lead of the scattered armies of freedom. He was a man regularly indentured to learning both in Dublin and Oxford, and qualified himself by his studies to be an orator and tribune of the people. He was a true patriot, and one of the most fascinating and charming of men; a great conversationalist, exceedingly good-tempered, and delighting in social

* Leaders of Public Opinion in Ireland. By W. E. H. LECKY. New York: D. Appleton & Son. 1872.

company and debate. He was friendly with everybody, high and low, and was a universal favorite. In 1759 he began his Parliamentary career as member for Kilkenny, at the age of twenty-seven years, and was an opposition man. It was no credit to enter that Parliament unless one went there for the purpose of helping to reform its abuses and intrigues. It was full of corruption and dead men's bones. Mr. Lecky, in his recent book, "The Leaders of Public Opinion in Ireland," says that the Stuarts began the borough system in Ireland, and that James I. created forty of these subserviences in the interest of the crown. Out of three hundred members who constituted the Parliament, two hundred were elected by one hundred individuals, and nearly fifty by ten, whilst two hundred and sixteen were returned for boroughs or manors. In 1784 four noblemen returned forty-six members, and an immense pension list was spent in corrupting the constituencies.

These examples are but a fragment of the abuses of the time; and even when the Parliament began to show a small spirit of independence, it was elicited by "selfish interests." The notorious *Poynings' Law*, in Henry VII.'s reign, forbade Ireland to originate or amend any bill of rights, privileges, or civil protection to anybody. Its function was to pass acts which had been approved under the Great Seal of England; and, to increase the bitterness of the insult, the Irish Parliament could not be summoned until that of England had cut and dried the work which it required it to do. "Its sole power," says Mr. Lecky, "was that of respecting the measures thus submitted to it. . . . The ultimate form, therefore, which every Irish measure assumed was determined by the authorities in England, who had the power either of altering or rejecting the bills of the Irish Parliament; and this latter body, though it might reject the bill which was returned to it from England in an amended form, had no power to alter it."

All this was degrading enough. The trade and commerce of the country had been so hampered in Swift's time by restrictions, that in 1729 an Irish author wrote: "The despondency with respect to trade is universal. Men of all degrees give up the thought of improving our commerce. The restrictions are insurmountable, and any attempt on that head would be vain

and fruitless." Ireland had been building up a good woollen trade as well as a first-class linen manufacture. But England, in her short-sighted policy, choked out the former because her own people wanted that branch of industry all to themselves, and William pledged himself to a company of English merchants in 1698 to ruin that trade in Ireland, although he was willing that the Irish should retain their linen trade. But the woollen manufacture was, according to Mr. Lecky, "the chief form of Irish industry"; for that of linen, owing to restrictive laws, even so late as 1700, amounted in exports to not more than fourteen thousand pounds sterling per annum. It was not until the woollen business was utterly destroyed in Ireland, that this struggling, persistent people were permitted to export white and brown linens to the English colonies, although they could not exchange them for colonial produce! The linen trade originated with French Protestant refugees, and the concession to export was a boon to Protestants and not to Catholics, and the very bill for the relief of the linen trade sets forth in the opening clause that "the Protestant interest in Ireland ought to be supported by encouraging the linen manufactures of the kingdom, with a due regard to the interest of their dear brother Protestants, of course, her Majesty's good subjects of her said kingdom"!

Now Swift had created a public opinion against all this, and all the oppressions which choked the life out of the Irish people. Flood in his turn came, and with a learning and eloquence such as the ears of men were not much familiar with in those days, he denounced them, and sought to make Ireland a free country. As an opposition leader he was the terror of the Tories, and his raillery and wit and withering sarcasms made the whole House tremble at times, for no one knew upon whom he might next descend in his wrath. Hely Hutchinson, provost of Trinity College, and a political and commercial writer of great ability, was the one sole man who feared him not, but delighted rather in breaking lances and battle-axes with him. Flood's Parliamentary efforts told with great effect outside, and his armies of opposition were both within and without the walls of the House. He made himself popular by advocating short Parliaments, and the cutting down of the monstrous pen-

sion lists which were merely used to corrupt voters and make placemen. His most popular measure was the formation of a constitutional militia, and his ceaseless iteration of the right of Ireland to govern herself, maintaining, as Molyneux had done before him, that the Irish Parliament had anciently all the rights and supreme powers of legislation which belonged to that of England, and that no act passed by England for the government of Ireland was, or could be, valid, unless it originated with the Irish Parliament, and was passed into a law by that body. Flood was assisted in his powerful agitation by Charles Lucas, an eminent Irish politician, who was as brave and heroic a patriot as he was eloquent and learned. Irish independence was his aim throughout life, and he attacked the oppressive acts of England so mercilessly, that his speeches were ordered to be publicly burned, and in 1794 he was proclaimed a traitor to the Parliament, and fled to England to save his life. During his residence in that country he lost the use of his limbs, and on his return to Ireland he was obliged to deliver his speeches sitting. Flood was one of the writers of the Barataria papers, modelled after the style of Junius, and which created a sensation little short of that which the famous Letters of Junius had produced. Flood's performances were signed *Syndercombe*, and Mr. Lecky says "that they are powerful and well reasoned," but too labored and smelling of the oil. The Letters of Junius were attributed to him at one time, but without any satisfactory proof. He was one of the few publicists in Ireland whose life was not attended by any suspicion of treachery or duplicity. And yet he failed of his ambition, and though the greatest orator Ireland had yet produced, he sank down into comparative obscurity faster than he had risen to eminence. When Lord Harcourt succeeded Lord Townsend in the government of the country, Flood took his stand as an independent member and supported him. But when he accepted the office of Vice-Treasurer under that administration, he seems all in a moment to have lost caste, influence, and the confidence of the people. He vindicated himself in 1783 in reply to Grattan, who had mercilessly pricked him to political death with sharp pins of wit. Mr. Lecky discusses his motives to this act, and on the whole inclines to his defence. "The American war,"

he says, " and the arms of the volunteers, gave an impulse to the national cause which no man then alive could have predicted." Flood's aim was to make the Irish Parliament as independent as that of England; and when Lord Townsend was superseded by a new viceroy, and the popular irritation caused by his rule was allayed, Flood's party declined, according to Mr. Lecky, and was henceforth powerless in all directions save that of modifying the course of events. It was then that Flood advised the patriot party to join issue with the government, and direct as far as possible all its acts to the public good. But this advice, although Townsend's successor (Lord Harcourt) was a most just and honorable man, was sure to beget suspicion of its integrity and singleness of purpose, because it involved the postponement of Irish Parliamentary independence. And so Flood's misfortunes and the final failure of his life began, although he did all that a true patriot could do to prove that " national principles were compatible with perfect attachment to the crown."

He was identified with all the great measures for Irish reform in his time. He was ambitious, but neither place nor money nor rank had any power over him. He liked to be esteemed as the foremost man among the patriots; and indeed he was so, to the end of his career, in spite of his final misfortunes. But his office gagged him for the seven years during which he held it; and as he had changed his policy and to some extent his opinions, the popular party fell away from him, and he was left on his rock with the vulture of discontent gnawing at his vitals. Singularly enough, this man of the people and of liberty was opposed to the American patriots, and believed that their success would ruin England. He called the four thousand Irish troops sent to fight against them " armed negotiators "; and Mr. Lecky says that it was this unfortunate expression to which Grattan alluded when he said of him in his celebrated invective, " that he stood with a metaphor in his mouth, and a bribe in his pocket, a champion against the rights of America, — the only hope of Ireland and the only refuge of the liberty of mankind." By this emigration of troops Ireland was left unprotected, with the French threatening the capital.

It was at this crisis that Ireland, stung with the disgrace which her rulers had brought upon her, roused herself from one end of the island to the other, and, merging all distinctions of race and creed and political parties, called every man to arms for its defence. In an incredibly short time sixty thousand Protestants and Catholics responded to the summons, "disciplined," says Mr. Lecky, "and appointed as a regular army, fired by the strongest enthusiasm, and moving as a single man." Flood was among them, an officer of this sudden army of freedom, — as grand as ever in his intellect, as pure as ever in his character. There, too, was Henry Grattan, "the orator," as Mr. Lecky says, "whose burning sentences became the very proverbs of freedom." And these men and this army were assembled to repel foreign aggression, and to crush an alien and corrupt parliament. "They knew their duty to their sovereign, they were loyal; they knew their duty to themselves, and they were resolved to be free." This was one of their own resolutions, and against such a devoted and enthusiastic body of men, what power could avail?

Another "opportunity for Ireland" had come, and they made the most of it, threatening the empire. England was absorbed with all her populations in war; what could she do against them? They remembered the long centuries of wrong through which they had passed, and by which they had been scathed, robbed, and degraded; their religion a mockery and by-word; their commerce destroyed, that English traders might supersede them. They were maddened by these oppressions, and they planted two cannons before the doors of their convention with these words inscribed upon them, "Free-trade or this!" Can we blame them? Every branch of Irish industry, except the linen trade, had been ruined by cool and deliberate laws. A few trifling reliefs had been granted to Ireland in her commerce, but all the great leading disabilities were unrepealed. Perhaps Lord North would have yielded large reforms to them but for the opposition of the industrial districts of the North of England and of Scotland, — Manchester and Glasgow. The Irish were in earnest, and pledged themselves at great meetings never to consume nor import any articles of English manufacture until they had got free-trade. In 1779 Burgh

moved as an amendment to the address from the throne a petition for the "extension of trade"; when Flood, who was still a minister, proposed to add the words "free-trade" instead, and eloquently defended the amendment, which was carried only because sixty thousand men were in arms out of doors, and a nation had demanded it at the hands of their terrified oppressors. The chief restrictions which crushed the Irish energy and enterprise were subsequently renewed by the action of Lord North; the Irish could now export their woollens and glass, and the markets of the colonies were open to them.

Flood felt all the burdens of his position, and soon after threw up his office as minister and returned to his old compatriots. But his overwhelming influence was gone, and his place in the House knew him no more forever as a great leader. Grattan was the rising star in Parliament. Flood felt the change bitterly. In 1779 Yelverton moved for the repeal of Poynings' infamous law; and with the petulance of a child Flood rose and complained that his twenty years of popular service and special study of this very question were forgotten, and that another had reaped the harvest he had sown. Yelverton with Irish aptness and impromptu replied, "I will call to the mind of the honorable gentleman that if a man desert his wife for seven years, she is no longer bound to him according to the civil law, but may leave him, and another man may take her and give her his protection." It was a passage of deep humiliation, which must have told fearfully upon Flood's sensitive nature.

It was a great fact the achievement of the independence of Parliament in 1782, but it was coerced from the English by the Irish patriots, and was sure, eventually, to have all manner of obstacles thrown in its way to impede its free action. The English Parliament, nevertheless, repealed soon after its Declaratory Act, by which the dependence of the Irish Parliament was enacted. What is called the simple repeal controversy involved Poynings' law, which the English maintained made the Irish Parliament subservient to them and their rulers, whilst the Irish patriots denied the premises and the conclusion. They insisted that an express renunciation should be

made by England ; but this, it was argued, would be equivalent to a confession of England's superiority, when the object was to get an equal recognition for both Parliaments. Grattan, however, was opposed to any further demands of concession from the English, and maintained that the repeal of the act was a resignation of the pretended right. Flood represented the party that was not satisfied with this repeal, and his adhesion to it gave it weight and importance, and prolonged a useless and irritating discussion. That he was in earnest, his last great speech upon the subject sufficiently proves, in which he calls upon God to bear him testimony that if he were then using his last breath he would go on and make his exit by a loud demand for the people's liberties. It was in the fury of this battle about a bubble that Flood and Grattan's long alienation came to a crisis which separated them forever. Thus the only two great men of sterling integrity on the popular side, whose united efforts hitherto had done so much for Ireland, were lost to the national cause, so far as concerted action was concerned. Flood was jealous of Grattan. He was older than his rival, quite as eloquent, learned, and brilliant as he, with a vaster amount of experience to guide him. He had made this question his own, and had raised the war-cry of Parliamentary independence when Grattan was in his leading-strings. He could not brook the thought of playing second to a stripling, however talented and influential ; for hitherto for twenty years he had been the leading personage in Irish politics, and sat in Parliament sixteen years before Grattan entered it. Grattan on this occasion threw down the gauntlet by some ungenerous remarks on Flood's recent sickness ; whereupon the latter arose, and delivered a most fierce, angry, and independent speech, in which he charged Grattan with taking a bribe from the Parliament, stigmatizing him as a "mendicant patriot who was bought by his country, and sold that country for prompt payment." He alluded to a grant of £100,000 made to him by Parliament in recognition of his services, — a large sum in those days, only half of which Grattan could be induced to take. This was as ungenerous in Flood as Grattan's allusion to Flood's sickness was mean and unpardonable. Grattan's reply had evidently been long pre-

pared, to be ready for just such an emergency, and his invective was, as Mr. Lecky says, for concentrated and crushing power almost or altogether unrivalled in modern oratory. These two great men, although they subsequently did justice each to the other's character and abilities, were never friendly again; nor did they ever again pull together at the oars that urged the ship of state through deep waters.

Flood was always influential with the volunteers, and his voice was powerful in the convention, many of whose members were for an open war with England. Some of the patriots were for the dissolution of the convention. Flood was desirous of introducing a reform bill, and of securing the support of the convention to its measures. He could not therefore agree to its dissolution; for this would be like lopping off the chief stay of his strength and power. He had secured the renunciation of all England's claims of supremacy, and had therefore achieved, as he believed, the absolute independence of the Irish Parliament. He now sought to reform the Parliament, so that no traitor could sit there and sell it to the "alien" government by selling himself. He designed to base the Parliament upon the people's will, and make corruption impossible. But even Flood proved himself to be a narrow and limited statesman. In his Reform Bill he added nothing to the political power of the Catholics, although to Protestants the franchise was largely extended. On the other hand, it anticipated the later English county vote of freeholders owning property of the value of forty shillings, by giving votes to such property-holders for boroughs, with a view to throwing all these close-pocket constituencies wide open. Votes were also to be given to leaseholders of thirty-one years, where fifteen of the years had yet to run out. In cases of rotten boroughs he proposed to extend the franchise to the adjoining parishes, and to exclude all pensioners from Parliament who held these gratuities during pleasure, and to cause all who accepted office or a pension for life to vacate their seats. Moreover, this bill made it imperative that every member should swear he had neither bribed anybody to vote for him, nor caused any agent to bribe for him. It further enacted that Parliament should be triennial.

This is Mr. Lecky's analysis of the bill, and had it passed he says it would have effectually cured the corruptions of the Irish Parliament, although he stigmatizes it for its cruel, unjust, and oppressive treatment of the Catholics. The Attorney-General, Yelverton, and most of the members who spoke, opposed the bill, and Yelverton denounced it as an insult because it came from an armed body who threatened to rule the country by a military council. The votes were 158 to 49, and the majority were state paupers. The volunteers were censured by the House, and Lord Charlemont, the President, adjourned it *sine die*. To their honor be it stated that the members made no opposition, but returned to their homes and avocations as if they were leaving a political gathering in some hall of the capital, — a cheering fact, which their enemies never expected to see realized in action. So ended the agitation for the greatest reform bill ever proposed in Britain; for that of Lord John Russell, the demand for which on New Hall Hill in Birmingham, by Atwood with his two hundred thousand men, who there assembled, had made even Wellington tremble in his white waistcoat in the House of Lords, although he laughed at the thunders of Waterloo, — Lord John Russell's bill, we say, was not nearly so comprehensive as this of Flood. The organized armies of Ireland at that time amounted to one hundred thousand men; and if the mad dandy Bishop of Derry had been their leader, he would assuredly have precipitated a war with England; and, what is more, England would have stood less chance at that time, according to Mr. Lecky, to have put down such a large and well-disciplined army as these volunteers had become, than at any previous or subsequent period of her history. Her wars had exhausted her, and both men and money were scarce.

The penal laws were nearly all repealed by this time, and the Catholics were slowly and peaceably advancing towards their final emancipation. Ireland had revived and sprung into new life through the teachings of that mighty Dean Swift, as will be evident to all who may compare the intellectual and political condition of the people when he first appeared upon the scene, with that which made itself so deeply felt at the close of Flood's career. One is sorry, however, to find that a

man like Flood should have been so uniformly intolerant in all matters affecting the emancipation of the Catholics. It was a great and damaging blot upon his character, and at a time when there could be no fear of Catholic ascendency, and so many of the first Protestant patriots of the land were in favor of their equality with them before the law in all things. His standing out against their freedom goes far to bankrupt his claims to unselfish patriotism and greatness. The personal enmity which now existed between him and Grattan very largely influenced his later politics. He was for the continued existence of the convention, although the French war was over, and Grattan was resolutely and firmly against it as a standing menace to the Parliament and the government. After its adjournment *sine die*, as we have said and seen, a portion of the volunteers, through some secret and some open influence, were banded into a powerless organization from whose final dissolution, Mr. Lecky tells us, the United Irishmen's Society sprang into existence.

Flood never ceased to agitate a reform of the Parliament, but without any chance of success. He subsequently entered the English Parliament, and his career there was a lamentable failure, which poisoned the rest of his days. His first speech on the India Bill killed him, and an Irishman named Courtenay apotheosized his death in a speech which, as he told Lord Byron, was steeped to its extreme ultimate in the bitterest personal animosity. He made one more attempt to redeem his reputation by bringing forward a new reform bill in 1790, and he proved in his introductory speech that he could still bend the old bow of Ulysses. The main feature of it was the election of one hundred new Parliament men chosen by county household suffrage; and Burke very highly extolled his speech upon the occasion as well as the new measure he proposed.

During the remainder of his life he lived a recluse, and fell into gloomy moods and petulant and angry speech. He died in 1791, alone in his chamber, and no human eye saw him breathe his last; for he sent his people out of the room and gave up the ghost like a Roman. He bequeathed a large property to the Dublin University, for the special encouragement of the study of the old Erse tongue and the purchase of ancient Irish manuscripts.

We cannot but be sorrowful over the fate of this brave, high-minded, and heroic man. His country was his idol, and her freedom and independence of England were the summit of his life's ambition. Few public men ever passed scathless through such a baptism of fire as Flood had to encounter every day of his life. Swift found Ireland in a very similar condition to that which Lord Bacon, Sir Walter Raleigh, and the great secret society of progress found England in Elizabeth's and James's time. And as the members of the society created a dramatic literature, which, enacted upon the stage, — and thereby appealing to the EYE in *living diagrams*, as Bacon expresses it, as well as to the intellect and the conscience, through the ear, — familiarized the people with the noblest sentiments of liberty, culminating in later times in the Cromwell Commonwealth, so did Swift by his stories, allegories, pamphlets, and speeches create a public opinion in Ireland when all the outside world thought that it was a dead country, with no possibilities of resurrection abiding in it. And this " opinion " was sustained nobly by the patriotic efforts of Flood throughout his career, bringing about the independence of Parliament, and the removal of commercial restrictions, and the abrogation of the penal laws. He thus prepared the way for the fiery and impassioned energies of Grattan in the same direction of national progress; and through Grattan the mighty tides rolled on to the days of the great O'Connell and the repeal agitation.

GEORGE L. PHILLIPS.

ART. III. — 1. *Labor and other Capital: the Rights of each secured, and the Wrongs of both eradicated. Or an Exposition of the Cause why few are Wealthy and many Poor, and the Delineation of a System which, without infringing the Rights of Property, will give to Labor its just Reward.* By EDWARD KELLOGG, Author of "Currency the Evil and the Remedy." New York. 1849.

2. *A New Monetary System: the only Means of securing the respective Rights of Labor and Property and of protecting the Public from Financial Revulsions.* By EDWARD KELLOGG. Revised from his Work on "Labor and other Capital," with numerous Additions from his Manuscripts. Edited by his daughter, MARY KELLOGG PUTNAM. New York: Kiggins, Tooker, & Co. 1868.

3. *La Question Ouvrière au XIX^e Siècle.* Par M. PAUL LEROY BEAULIEU. Paris: Charpentier et C^ie. 1872.

THE workingmen of Europe and America — a term limited in its popular acceptation to manual laborers — are in a state of great excitement in respect to questions, the proper solution of which concerns other classes of society scarcely less than themselves. Their grievances are generally admitted by the intelligent and thoughtful; who, however, do not agree with the workingmen as to the special cause of those grievances, nor as to its baleful effects being restricted almost exclusively to the laboring classes. The principal grievance of which they complain is, that of the gross annual product of the world, capital gets far too large a share, and labor correspondingly too little; and this grievance, thus broadly stated, will, for the purpose of this paper, be regarded as including in its scope all minor subjects of complaint. The classes referred to assume to understand fully and beyond all possibility of error the reasons why the joint products of capital and labor are thus wrongfully distributed. They also very generally assume a like infallibility of judgment in respect to the rightfulness and efficiency of remedies for the evils of which they complain. My object is to inquire whether, notwithstanding their confidence in the correctness of their opinions, they may not be at fault both as to causes and remedies.

Whether we apply the proposition to the whole world or restrict it to a particular country, it is clear that every person is entitled in the first division to an annual share of the aggregate product exactly proportioned to the relative aid which his labor or capital or both may have contributed to its production. Considered abstractly, that share is certain and definite; but it is not possible for man to determine precisely what such share is in the concrete, and the best that he can do is to observe as nearly as may be the theory of distribution here indicated. The workingmen possess a decided advantage in their agitation, in the fact that *their* wrongs accruing from an inequitable distribution of wealth are conceded. The International Society is perhaps the most obnoxious and revolutionary in purpose of the various organizations which the workingmen have formed and linked together to promote their common objects. Yet of this society, a member of the British Parliament and an Under Secretary of State, Mr. Grant Duff, says: "In so far as this International Society represents anything except anarchy, it represents a vast amount of perfectly reasonable dissatisfaction at the present unreasonable state of things in Europe, where every nation is standing with the sword in one hand and a protective tariff like a target in the other." He supplements this frank admission of the wrongs of the workingmen, however, by the statement of a great truth, which will doubtless pass unheeded by those whom it primarily concerns. "The schemes of the so-called International Society for regenerating the world," says Mr. Duff, "are based on absolute ignorance or disregard of the economic laws by which the world is governed. That being so, WE KNOW that the end of them must be to perish and come to naught, after no doubt causing more or less of bloodshed and destruction of property in this or that place."

STRIKES.

It is enough for the workingmen that they suffer from wrongs; and they adopt measures of redress, either ignorant or reckless of the fact that if obtained in pursuance of such measures, it must be at the expense of further injustice to other classes who are already suffering in varying degrees from the same causes as themselves. One of the measures

most frequently resorted to is the "strike," having for its object higher wages for the same hours of labor; or its equivalent, fewer hours for the rate of wages then current. A common auxiliary to this "remedy" is a system of terrorism, organized to prevent all dissentients from accepting any other terms of employment than such as the majority of the "union" or "league" see fit to prescribe. These organizations also assert the "right" to dictate the proportion of apprentices to journeymen in the several trades; and it would seem that they exercise the "right," which they do not openly assert, of schooling their adherents to do just as little work as possible in a given time and still keep up the *appearance* of working.* Such are some of the expedients to which the workingmen have recourse for the avowed purpose of correcting abuses in the distribution of wealth and securing "justice" to themselves, by awarding to Labor a share of its own legitimate fruits, of which the "tyrant Capital" would otherwise despoil it! But, strange as it may seem, they recognize no tyranny in their own action.

That no business involving the employment of labor can be carried on successfully, if the employés regulate their own wages without regard to the consent of their employer, dictate how many hours shall constitute "a day," and graduate their working down to the lowest possible standard short of absolute idleness, is a proposition which needs only to be stated to secure the assent of every candid and intelligent man. Were strikes limited in their scope to workers who voluntarily join them, there would be less cause to censure their originators. The right of a man or body of men to refrain from labor until terms are offered that are satisfactory to them will not be questioned; but when they interpose by force or threats to prevent others from working except upon terms dictated by themselves, they invade one of the clearest rights of man and make war upon society itself by attacking one of its fundamental bases.

When these men say, "We have the same right to fix the price of our labor as the trader has to fix the price of his

* M. Leroy Beaulieu's official data would warrant a much stronger affirmation. See p. 96.

wares, and to refuse to take less than our price," they stand on solid ground. But when they say to other workingmen, "You shall not sell your labor at less than the prices we have fixed," and to employers, "You shall hire no labor unless you pay the wages and submit to the rules which we in our councils have prescribed," and proceed to organize a force to give effect to their plans, they repudiate the principles, the language, and the customs of social and business life, and adopt those which properly pertain only to spoliation and war. An indefinite expansion of this "system" would substitute universal spoliation for the present custom of buying, selling, and exchanging all commodities, the parties to every transaction being free to consult their own interests and tastes exclusively; and brute force would take the place of mutual consent in all transfers of property. The universal prevalence of such a system would destroy all sense of security for property and inevitably stop all efforts to accumulate it, beyond the barest and commonest necessaries of life; and as a certain consequence, society as now organized would rapidly give way to lawlessness and savagism. It is perfectly safe to assume that a system of which these are some of the logical and necessary results will not for a very long period receive the support of a number of people sufficiently large to render it an object of dread.

But while the right of man voluntarily to agree not to work, except upon certain conditions, and even to combine for the purpose of securing the terms they "strike" for, will not here be impugned, it may be worth while to show in this connection that all such measures necessarily involve a loss, not only to the participants therein, but to society at large. Two forces, and only two, are indispensable to the production of wealth,— human labor, and the forces (including the raw materials) of nature. The use of capital increases almost immeasurably the efficiency of these two forces or factors; but it is not, like them, absolutely indispensable to production, since there was a time when no capital existed, and the beginning of production must have been made without its assistance. In case of the suspension of human labor, whether voluntary or enforced, the action of the natural forces, which are always awaiting its co-

operation, is necessarily, and to the same extent, suspended also. If man will not plough and sow, if he voluntarily or by compulsion refrains from cultivating the soil, he will get no harvest. But should he plough and sow, and the forces of nature inherent in the soil be suspended, the result would be precisely the same, — he could get no harvest. The suspension of one of these forces is equivalent to the suspension of both. In either event (the suspension of natural forces being impossible, of course, though not unimaginable) the work of production absolutely ceases to the extent of the suspension; the striker loses what he might have gained by his normal activity; and society possesses a proportionately smaller stock of products for distribution among all classes who compose it.

THE NEW MONETARY SYSTEM.

There is, however, a large class of the workingmen of this country — comprising their official leaders and their principal writers — who regard strikes as a temporary expedient, perfectly proper and justifiable indeed, when necessary to enforce the demands of the workers, but destined to be superseded by a grand and comprehensive policy that will secure to labor and capital, with unerring certainty, the exact proportions of gross annual gains to which in strict justice they respectively are entitled. The same policy, in the opinion of its advocates, will also work out the liquidation of the national debt without burdening capital or labor, enable manufactures to flourish in localities where they never could succeed under any degree of tariff protection, provide abundant capital for the industrious and enterprising who cannot now command it, and, in short, reorganize the whole commercial and industrial machinery of the country on a basis as sound and enduring as natural laws. To inaugurate this policy, it is necessary to adopt but a single measure, the issue of an irredeemable paper money, in accordance with Edward Kellogg's so-called "New Monetary System," or with that system as modified by his disciples to adapt it to the altered financial condition of the country.

This system, in my opinion, should be candidly considered and fully and fairly discussed; for, however fallacious and even absurd it may be regarded, circumstances have invested

it with so much importance that it would be impolitic if not unsafe to ignore it. Several millions of our population look to the various organizations of the workingmen for relief from what they sincerely believe to be the unjust exactions of the "capitalist class." The leaders of these organizations have very generally become converts to the doctrines of the "New Monetary System"; and they have the most implicit faith that its adoption by the government would redress all the wrongs of labor, and satisfy every reasonable demand of every class of society. They speak of Kellogg's book as their "Bible"; and his teachings are accepted with as little question as if he were known to be divinely inspired. The most extravagant and indefensible features of this system have found indorsers in the Congress of the United States, one of whose most influential members has reported and zealously advocated a bill avowedly designed to demonetize the precious metals, to prevent a return to a convertible paper currency, and to establish the "New Monetary System" as a part of the permanent financial policy of the country.

There are two modes of dealing with this question and this state of facts, between which we must necessarily choose: first, to treat their pet system and its adherents with contempt; and, second, to appeal to the intelligence of the men who sincerely believe it would prove a panacea for all their ills, and endeavor to convince them that its adoption would inevitably disappoint their expectations and add to their present grievances. To choose the first mode would be equivalent to saying to some millions of our population, "Your wrongs, your remedies, and yourselves are unworthy of our serious consideration"; at least, such would be the interpretation which the workingmen would put upon that kind of treatment. And they would not very unnaturally conclude that the only way to gain the ear of their "oppressors" is, to fill up their own ranks, perfect their organization, confederate their "unions," and school them all to obedience to one central authority, in order that, all milder measures failing, they may be prepared to enforce their demands. The second mode implies the belief that workingmen are essentially like the rest of mankind, pursuing the same objects, moved by the same impulses,

governed by the same motives; and that if you can *convince* them that any line of policy is right or wrong, beneficial or injurious to their own permanent interests and to society at large, you can thereby control their action. Hence it is my purpose to subject some of the salient features of their favorite "New Monetary System" to a somewhat thorough examination.

That system was invented prior to the creation of our large national debt. Its leading features may be briefly stated: "A national safety fund" institution is to be established by the government, which shall issue two kinds of paper: first, "safety-fund *notes*," bearing one per cent per annum interest; and, second, a legal-tender paper-*money*, bearing no interest, but redeemable on demand in the interest-bearing notes. Branches, possessing like powers, to be established in the several States. These institutions or banks to be required to issue their paper "money" at all times, on demand of the owners of productive real estate in exchange for mortgages bearing one and one tenth per cent interest per annum, not exceeding in amount one half the value thereof. A low uniform rate of interest to be established by the Federal government for the whole United States.

Such is a brief outline of Kellogg's "New Monetary System." After the war, his disciples and successors substituted the bonds of the government for real-estate mortgages as the basis of the system. But in order to avoid material changes in Mr. Kellogg's plan, and to secure to labor all its beneficent results, they require the government to make a new issue of bonds bearing a rate of interest not varying largely from that proposed by him for his real-estate mortgages, which bonds shall be convertible at the will of the holder into treasury certificates bearing no interest. These treasury certificates are to be convertible, on demand, into the interest-bearing bonds, and also to be a legal tender for all private debts, as also for all duties and other charges imposed or created by the government of the United States. Moreover, in order to facilitate the placing of the new bonds bearing a low rate of interest, the Secretary of the Treasury is to be "*required* to pay all the outstanding bonds or other obligations of the United States

. . . . when the same shall become due and payable or due and redeemable at the pleasure of the government, *in the treasury certificates* hereby authorized to be issued," excepting from this provision only such obligations of the United States as have been "by law expressly made payable in coin." The "money" provided for by this system is in no event to be redeemable in, nor bear any definite relation to, gold and silver; nor is any other money, either paper or metallic, to be recognized, after this system shall have been fully established.

The reason of this deadly hostility to gold and silver is, that the author of the new system and his followers do not conceive it possible that labor can secure its rights until those metals shall cease to be used as money. Kellogg says, "The law making gold and silver the only tender in payment of debts is well adapted to build up and sustain monarchical governments, because it must infallibly accumulate property in the hands of a few, constituting aristocracies, which are essential to this form of government; but the same reason that qualifies it so admirably for this purpose renders it incompatible with a government having for its sole object the welfare and happiness of the people." And A. Campbell, a disciple of Kellogg, and the highest living financial authority of the workingmen, declares that "the institution of money on the principle of the value inhering in its material, and making it of a substance limited in quantity, in order that the sovereign or a few nobles may have the power to control its value, is indispensable to the maintenance of the autocratic or aristocratic principles of government. Gold is, therefore, the representative of the autocratic principle of government, and is antagonistic to and incompatible with the democratic principle. We cannot maintain the democratic principle unless we institute money upon such a wise and just basis that the sovereign people shall have the power to regulate the volume and control its value. A democracy is but a co-operative association on a grand scale. . . . . Its money should, therefore, be a certificate of service rendered or value given to the government or people in their corporate capacity, and which the government should receive in exchange for its bonds bearing a just rate of interest, and it should likewise be made a legal tender in the

payment of all debts public and private, that it may be fitted for the performance of all the functions of money. This is *democratizing money*."

Vague and crude ideas, somewhat analogous to these, have for centuries been held by " reformers " who have inadequately studied the subject of which they treat; and there seems to be no good reason for questioning the sincerity of the opinions which they express. But it is strange, if not unaccountable, that a member of Congress, as astute and well read on financial subjects as B. F. Butler, should indulge in like utterances. " We have divested our government," says General Butler, " of every trait of the despotisms, every attribute of the monarchies, and every vestige of the slaveries of the Old World, save one, and that is the all-controlling and all-absorbing power by which the masses of the people of all nations of the earth *have ever been enslaved*, — COINED MONEY. More than three thousand years ago, the despots of the world, as the most potent method to enrich themselves and their favorites, and perpetuate their tyranny, hit upon the device of impressing their image and superscription or other peculiar stamp upon pieces of two of the metals. . . . . *Because* of their capabilities of being so converted into *equivalents of power*, the so-called precious metals were eagerly sought after by all men in such degree that they came *falsely* to be deemed to have a special intrinsic value in themselves *equal to the effigy* stamped upon them ! " " Coined gold and silver has ever been the handmaid of despotism ; the prop of monarchical power ; the supporter of thrones ; the upholder of nobilities and priesthoods ; the engine by which the privileges and pretensions of aristocrats have always been sustained in trampling down the rights, devouring the substance, and absorbing the unrequited labors of the masses."

It cannot be necessary to quote further from the writings of the labor leaders, to show what is the foundation of their hostility to " coined gold and silver " ! In their opinion it does not answer a single purpose of " money properly instituted." Their own system, being a perfect one, would leave nothing to be desired by humanity which " money properly instituted " can possibly secure. Some of their fundamental maxims and economical dogmas are worthy of perusal. The following are

selections from the writings of Messrs. Kellogg, Campbell, and Butler: There are two kinds of value, — *actual* value and *legal* value. Actual value, or inherent value, belongs to *anything* that can be employed for any useful purpose without being *exchanged* for any other thing, such as food, clothing, etc. *Legal* value belongs to anything which represents or can be exchanged for things of *real* value. Money has no inherent value; but it must be constituted a *legal* representative of *actual* va'ue. It should be uniform, sound, *cheap*, stable, and elastic. Its value should be as uniform as the length of the yard-stick or the capacity of the bushel; and it should be so instituted that it could be about as easily procured to facilitate all desirable production, trade, and improvements, as *yard-sticks* to measure any quantity of cloth! The right to fix the value of money is as much reserved by the government as the right to fix the length of the yard. Congress has definitely fixed the length of the yard and the size of the bushel, — but it has not fixed the value of money. The value of money is no more fixed or regulated by the laws ordering each piece of money to be coined of a certain *weight and kind of metal*, than the *length* of the yard would be fixed by ordering it to be made of a certain *weight* and kind of wood, without regard to its *length!* The rate or amount of interest that the dollar commands *determines its value.* To keep the *value* of money uniform, the *rate of interest* must be kept uniform. Then it *will* distribute products *equitably*, according to the labor or service performed in their production; and without violating any principle of equity, restore to the industrial classes their natural rights of which they are now deprived by the present iniquitous system.

The main features of the "new monetary system" and of its allied economical philosophy are now before us. They abound in errors of definition, in false analogies, and in other fallacies, some of which are worthy of special notice.

The Kellogg system, as modified by the labor leaders, Sylvis, Campbell, and Casey, and advocated by General Butler in Congress, would almost necessarily prove but a temporary expedient; and for that reason it is entitled to only a brief consideration. Mr. Campbell, writing at a time when our national debt was $2,500,000,000, said: "I have shown that under the

true American system, the debt would be liquidated in twenty years, without the imposition of one farthing of taxes on the people." Mr. Sylvis used the word "absorbed," instead of "liquidated"; but he agreed, as to time, with Mr. Campbell,— the debt would be absorbed in twenty years, without the imposition of taxes, etc. The liquidation or absorption, according to their theory, is to be effected in this manner: A given amount of money is necessary to transact the business of the country at the present time. The required amount will increase in about the same proportion as the population of the country. This is to be the only money recognized or tolerated by the government and people. They prove from known data, to their own satisfaction, that in twenty years the entire $ 2,500,000,000 would be converted into "money" under their system, and that that amount of money would not be in excess of the legitimate wants of the people. Hence the conclusion, "the public debt would be liquidated in twenty years, without the imposition of one farthing of taxes on the people!"

It is obvious, according to their own showing, that another "new monetary system" would become necessary at the end of twenty years. The public debt would be all "absorbed," or "liquidated," and the amount of "money" issuable thereon could not be increased. But the legitimate wants of the people for money would increase at the same rate as the population. What then could be done to supply the demand? Shall more debt be created? If so, for what purpose? Surely labor reformers will not advocate a war of the magnitude of that through which we have recently passed, at intervals of fifteen or twenty years, solely for the purpose of creating a public debt and furnishing the people who should escape death on the battle-field with the only means by which they could supply themselves with "money rightly instituted." This hypothesis may, therefore, be safely dismissed.

There remains one other: public debt could be created by selling bonds and distributing the proceeds thereof among the people as a gratuity, to be used by them for public or private purposes, as Congress might be pleased to direct. But a monetary system requiring the creation of a public debt in this manner, in order to perpetuate itself, would be a fitter subject

of ridicule than of argument. It would seem to be necessary, then, to limit the operation of the modified system to the public debt now existing. And, as already shown, the advocates of the debt basis demonstrate that the debt would be entirely absorbed in twenty years, and an increase in the amount of money would thereafter be impossible, while the legitimate demand for money would keep pace with our rapidly growing population. We are therefore placed in this dilemma as regards the adoption of the modified scheme: We must adhere, more or less rigidly, to the "old ways" and to the old ideas of money; or we must utterly discard the money, the materials and the ideas of money, which, with exceptions scarcely worth noting, have prevailed among all nations from the dawn of civilization, and take up a new and untried system, with full knowledge that it cannot last longer than twenty years. Considering the subject in this aspect, it is quite impossible to suppose that any philosopher or statesman would seriously recommend the adoption of a monetary policy necessarily so ephemeral in its character, and limited in its scope by the amount of a national debt. The original system, whatever may be its defects, possesses at least these dubious merits: it is susceptible of indefinite expansion, and its chosen basis is indestructible by man. Let us return to its consideration.

Kellogg evidently felt greatly embarrassed when he came to lay the foundation of his system, especially in defining "value." It is clear that he had already reasoned himself into the conviction that "money" does not and cannot possibly possess value. This conclusion, from whatever premises, or independent of all premises, was to him an indispensable necessity. "Money *is* the legal representative of property, the *real* value is in the property," he affirms in the outset. Any other conclusion would have been fatal to his "system," which assumes to provide a "money" equally as good as coin in every respect, and better than coin when all the uses of money are included in the comparison. His definition of value must then of necessity be so worded as to place his paper dollar and the metallic dollar in this respect on a par, — divesting both of all pretensions to "real value," and making each the "legal

representative of property." Hence the definition: "Value consists in those properties that render *anything useful.* There are two kinds of value, actual value and legal value. Actual or inherent value belongs to *anything* that can be employed for any useful purpose without being *exchanged* for any other thing. Legal value belongs to anything which represents or which can be exchanged for things of real value."

The author justly observes, that it is very "important in the discussion of this subject clearly to understand the definition of this term." If his definition is correct, it follows that air, water, the heat and the light of the sun, electricity and all other natural forces, possess great "actual or inherent value" in an economic sense; since not only can they all "be employed for useful purposes without being exchanged for any other thing," but unless some of them are "employed," no "things of real value" can be produced by human agencies. Yet no man who understands economic science ever did or ever will so define value as to include light, air, etc., in the list of objects which possess it. Value is simply a relation or proportion between two or more objects of desire produced by labor and other agencies, or between services rendered or to be rendered, indicating the comparative estimation in which such objects or services are held by those who seek to possess them. It follows almost necessarily from this definition, that to "fix the value" of money so as to make it as "definite and uniform" as "the length of the yard-stick or the size of the bushel" is an impossibility; inasmuch as the relations or proportion between money and the products of industry are almost constantly changing. It also follows that the argument based on the alleged reservation of the right by government to fix the value of money, possesses no force whatever. The power to "fix the value of money" has not been given to man nor to human government; and all attempts to exercise it have proved scarcely less futile than the attempt to stay the tide by royal prerogative. Our Constitution assumes to empower Congress to "*regulate* the value" of money and to "*fix* the standard of weights and measures"; but whether the word "regulate" instead of "fix" was used by its framers when treating of the "value of money," because they were conscious

that no government can be invested with power to fix it, is a question not pertinent to this discussion.*

The fiction, "legal value," as distinguished from "actual value," remains to be considered. Money, according to Kellogg and his followers, "possesses only a representative value" or a "legal value"; it is a "legal *medium* by which value is represented and exchanged"; they liken it to a mortgage; as a mortgage is a lien on a specific piece of land, so "money is a public mortgage on all the property for sale in the whole nation!" Governments have "stamped value" on the cheaper metals, such as iron, etc., and by parity of reason our government can "stamp value" on paper "certificates." These "certificates of value," as proposed by General Butler's bill, are not redeemable in anything; nor are they promises to pay, but simply bits of paper on which the government is to "stamp value," and which both government and people are to be compelled to accept at their face value for all debts and dues, public and private. Kellogg's "money" it will be remembered, is redeemable in safety-fund notes; and it is issuable in exchange for mortgages on land worth double the value of the money received. If then the money "represents value," the "real value" must be in the land covered by the mortgage upon which it is issued; and it merely carries with it the ultimate right to claim a portion of the value of the land corresponding to the amount of money in the hands of the respective holders. If a single holder wishes to "realize" on his money, he can get a safety-fund note of $500 for that amount of money. But the safety-fund note is payable not less than one year from the time it is issued; and when it does finally

* It is very convenient to speak of "value," and even of "intrinsic value," as if value, like weight, were simply a property of the material object spoken of. Even Bastiat admits of this use of the word "value," — it being understood that it is used in a figurative sense. But a British writer, Macleod, ridicules the phrase "intrinsic value," and affirms that "to exterminate it is the first step in the improvement of the science," etc. On a subsequent page, however, of the same volume in which he proposes to "exterminate the phrase," he himself employs it. "The Bank of England," says he, "warned by experience, weighs rigidly every single sovereign paid in by its customers, and does not credit them with more than its *intrinsic value* as bullion!" It is not necessary to suppose that the author had forgotten his affirmation that "value resides *exclusively* in the mind," and cannot therefore attach to any material object; but that he found the phrase convenient!

mature it is payable in the same money that was given for it, redeemable only in safety-fund notes! It would seem that this brief recital is sufficient to convince any man of intelligence that the "legal value" of this kind of money would not avail to make these "paper mortgages as valuable as coin"; nor to vest it with "power to measure value equally with coin"; nor to render it of "unvariable value throughout the Union," so that it "cannot be made to fluctuate more in the measure of property than the yard-stick in the measure of cloth."

But, suppose the holder of $500 of this money owes a debt of £100 payable in London, how can he pay it with the funds he has on hand? There is no "legal" way by which he can get $500 in gold for his $500 in "money." His only resource is to sell his money to a gold broker — whose vocation this "system" promises to do away with forever — for whatever he can get. The moment the sale is made it is reported in the money column of the press; and the authors of the "system" are shocked to learn that their "better than gold" money is away down far below par, when compared with the money of the world!

These financial reformers impose upon their followers by asserting, that, whereas all international payments (excepting mere balances) are made in products or in bills of exchange drawn against products, there will be no occasion for the use of money in international trade except as above noted, and our money will be as independent of the money of other nations as our people are of foreign governments. A very simple illustration ought to suffice to remove this delusion. Suppose the person who had $500 of this money and who owed £100 payable in London, instead of selling his money for gold had gone into the market to buy cotton sufficient to pay his London debt. If his money would sell to the broker for only seventy-five cents on the dollar, it is perfectly clear that he would be obliged to pay one hundred cents in paper for the same amount of cotton that seventy-five cents in gold would buy. And hence the depreciation of our money would be as palpable in one case as in the other. Indeed there is no possible way to prevent the money of one commercial country

from being compared to, and its value quoted in, the money of all other countries with which it has commercial relations. Thus our irredeemable paper-money is now daily quoted in Canada and California as worth so much per dollar in gold; and in every city of the United States the premium on gold is also quoted daily; and that is but another mode of stating the extent to which our legal-tender currency is depreciated. Were the money of the new system substituted for our present circulating medium, it, too, would be daily and hourly quoted; or, in other words, the premium on gold would be thus quoted, and hence the ever-fluctuating "value" of that money, measured by a gold standard, would be constantly known. Doubtless the advocates of the new kind of legal tender would insist that the paper dollar would continue to be as unvarying in value as the yard-stick is in length, and that gold alone would fluctuate! But the supply of gold is known to be tolerably steady and uniform; while the new system proposes to authorize every owner of land in the United States to "coin money" at will, to the amount of one half the value thereof. Under such circumstances it would seem to be an insult to the understanding to argue that it is the paper dollar which is constant and unvarying in value, and that the gold dollar alone is changing its value every hour.

Briefly, on another aspect of the proposition that the holder of legal-tender paper-money virtually holds a mortgage on all property for sale in the nation: Kellogg asserts in the outset that "each man should be at liberty to make his own contracts," which is certainly very sound doctrine. The holder of $10,000 of legal tender, worth say fifty per cent in gold, could "foreclose" on and buy no more of "the property for sale in the nation" with his legal tender than he could with $5,000 in gold; since the owners of "property for sale" would be "at liberty" to exact an equivalent value for it in money, and their asking price would vary just one half, accordingly as they stipulated that payment should be made in gold or in legal tender. Should the law sternly forbid the making of prices in anything but legal tender, the holders of that money would be no better off, inasmuch as the owners of property would still be "at liberty" to graduate prices to corre-

spond to the depreciation of the legal currency, or to decline to sell at all. As to paying in a "cheap" legal-tender currency, debts contracted in a dearer currency, or, say in gold, it is obvious that the law which compels the creditor to accept it at par simply empowers the debtor to rob or defraud his creditor out of a sum equal to the difference between the "stamped value" of the legal tender and the current value of money at the time the debt was contracted. Thus the fiction of "legal value" becomes the synonym of legal spoliation.

A UNIFORM RATE OF INTEREST.

The law can and should establish a fair and uniform rate of interest for the whole United States; and that would secure a just and equitable distribution of wealth between capital and labor, and among all classes of the people. So say the advocates of the new system. But history teaches that no laws limiting or making uniform the rate of interest on money have ever been effectual; and science teaches that they neither should nor can be rendered effectual by any human power.

If A earns and receives $1,000 a year, he thereby makes no man poorer; for he has in fact created $1,000 which but for his industry would not have existed. If he saves $500 of his earnings instead of spending them all during the year, he injures nobody by his economy and gives no just occasion for complaint from any quarter. At the close of the year he has $500 to let for the ensuing year; and he also has his labor and skill to let for the same term. B wants to hire his money; and C wants to hire A, who owns the $500. "Each man," says the author of the new monetary system, — "each man should be at liberty to make his own contracts." That is simply the dictate of common-sense and the assertion and application to business of a universal right. C and A accordingly make their "own contract," A agreeing to serve C faithfully for one year, and C agreeing to pay A $1,000 for his services. Nobody sees anything wrong in this bargain. Each party has agreed to give the other nothing but what is his own, nothing of which his right of control is not exclusively and justly his own, as against all other men; and both consider themselves benefited by the exchange of services which they have agreed to make.

But now comes B, who wants to hire A's $500. "Each man should be at liberty to make his own contracts"; A feels quite as competent to hire out his money for a year as to hire out himself. And B is as able to decide whether he can afford to pay $30 or $40 or $50 for one year's use of A's $500 as C is to decide whether he can afford to pay A $1,000 for a year's services. The same principles and rights under natural laws apply to both transactions; and if human laws should interpose to "regulate" or "fix" the annual hire of A's money, it should also fix the hire of himself. If the laws should be invoked in the one case to deprive A of the "liberty" which Kellogg affirms "each man" enjoys by natural law, no man can give a valid reason why it should not be invoked in the other also. It is very true that if left to his own judgment B may promise to pay so high a rate of interest as to involve him in loss. But it is equally true that C, left to his own judgment, may agree to pay such high wages as to involve him also in loss. How can these possible errors of judgment be prevented? By a law of Congress fixing the rate of interest and of wages, or of either? But is it possible or even conceivable that the Congressmen of to-day are better able to determine what rate of interest B can afford to pay one, two, or five years hence than B himself will be at that time? They have no data on which to base their judgment, and no inducement to make it accurate or just; while B will have the powerful incentive of self-interest and a full knowledge of local circumstances and business prospects to restrain and to guide him. Moreover, it is a fact which few will be inclined to question, that intelligence and conscientiousness do not pertain exclusively to our law makers.

The use of money is actually worth more in Great Britain than in Holland, in America than in Europe, in the Southern than in the Northern States, in California than in Massachusetts; and no law framed by man can make it of equal value in these several sections of country. Were it possible absolutely to prohibit the lending of money in California at a higher rate than six per cent a year, little or none would be lent at all. Nature there furnishes such liberal terms of cooperation to the man of enterprise and capital, that he can pay

from ten to fifteen per cent for the use of money and still make large profits; and this state of things accordingly regulates the rate of interest in that State. If capitalists were prohibited from lending money, except at about one half the actual market rates, it is quite certain they would not lend it. They would be more likely to embark in mining, wool-growing, farming, etc., themselves, than to lend their money at six per cent to parties who had hitherto paid twelve or fifteen and yet realized, if not ample fortunes, at least satisfactory profits.

INTEREST AND THE VALUE OF MONEY.

"The rate of interest determines the value of money; its value is no more fixed by the quantity or quality of its material than the length of the yard or the size of the bushel is fixed by the quantity or quality of their wood." "A dollar that can be loaned for twelve per cent is more valuable than one that can be loaned for six per cent." "To keep the value of money uniform, the rate of interest must be kept uniform." So say the advocates of the new system.

But they recognize money as the medium for exchanging equal values. Now the dollar (or any given weight in gold) will exchange in England, Belgium or Holland for a much larger quantity of iron, or cloth, or almost any other of the great staples in universal demand, than it will in California. Yet in the first-named countries money will command about three per cent interest, while in California it readily commands fifteen per cent. Tried by the interest standard of value, money in California possesses about five times the value it does in the other countries named. But tried by the labor standard, money in California is not one half as valuable as it is in England, Belgium, and Holland. Suppose the advocates of making the value of money uniform, through the instrumentality of a uniform rate of interest, possessed and should exercise the power of applying it to these several countries, what would be the result? It must be obvious to every man of common-sense, that in California nobody would lend money, and that in England, Belgium, and Holland, nobody would borrow it, — certainly not for legitimate business uses. "Uniform" stagnation would necessarily ensue, producing wide-spread if not

"uniform" human suffering, until power should cease to interfere for the purpose of destroying the "liberty of each individual to make his own contracts." Prices and the rate of profits are controlled in all countries by natural laws, subject to more or less of the disturbing and always pernicious influence of the state. If the civil power will in all cases leave its citizens free to choose their own vocation and to make their own contracts, neither granting favors to one form of industry nor imposing special burdens on another, prices and profits will constantly tend towards uniformity, not only in any given country but throughout the world, for the simple reason that every man constantly strives to get the largest return for his capital and his labor; and he will instinctively abandon less for more profitable pursuits, whenever the difference will in his judgment warrant a change. And the tendency to uniformity or equilibrium can in no degree be accelerated by the state's assuming to "fix" a scale of prices for labor, money, or other commodities; since if the legal scale conforms to rates which would obtain under natural laws, it will be nugatory and inoperative; while if the legal differs from the natural rates, one party will not give or the other will not take them, and in that event the law will inevitably obstruct the tendency to equilibrium instead of promoting it.

CHEAP MONEY.

"Reformers" of society, especially those of socialistic proclivities, almost universally advocate "cheap money" as a cure for nearly all the evils by which man, as a social being and a subject of human government, is afflicted. Our labor reformers regard it as a grand panacea. Like Proudhon, they affirm that money should be furnished to the people at a trifle above the cost of making it. Its faculty of measuring and exchanging values, they hold, is due to law alone; and that gold is no better than paper-money for these purposes, since money, as such, does not, and cannot be made to, possess "actual value."

Now, one would suppose that inasmuch as a line or "stick" of known length is required to measure distance or length, and a vessel of known capacity, as a quart or bushel measure, is

required to measure a certain class of quantities, so some object of a known "actual value" would be required to measure value. The practice of all nations has in all ages conformed to this idea; and all writers whom the world accepts as authority have taught to the same effect. For instance, Aristotle, more than two thousand years ago, defined "money as a kind of merchandise designed to facilitate exchanges between other kinds of merchandise." It should be made of a "material useful of itself," such "for example as iron or silver, or similar substance, which in the first instance is measured and weighed, but finally, for the sake of convenience, it receives a *particular impression* to indicate its *value.*" So Turgot says to the same general effect: "All merchandise has two of the essential properties of money, — to measure and to represent value, — and in this sense all merchandise is money. Reciprocally all money is essentially merchandise. A common measure of values must be something which has a value, which is received in commerce in exchange for other values; there is no token or thing which universally represents a value, except another equal value. Hence a money of pure convention is an impossible thing. Gold and silver are constituted by the nature of things money, and a universal money, altogether independently of convention and law. . . . . They are not, as many have supposed, merely *signs* of value; but they themselves possess value."

Our "reformers," however, are just as sanguine that their paper-money would prove better than gold or convertible paper currency; and they dogmatize just as confidently as if philosophy and experience both sustained their system instead of condemning it. Can they explain how it would work in such a case as this: Suppose all contracts made under present monetary systems are liquidated to-day to the satisfaction of all parties, and the precious metals are demonetized at the same time. Suppose, further, that the "new system" is ready to take the place of the present monetary systems of all commercial nations *to-morrow;* and that it provides an entirely new nomenclature of its own, in order to render its emancipation from the traditions and prejudices of old systems complete and unqualified. The "money" it supplies to the sev-

eral nations respectively is to be their only money; and it is to be a legal tender for all debts, public as well as private. As the unit of value must receive a new name in every country, the "sovereign" may be changed to the "monarch," the "franc" to the "gaul," the "thaler" to the "William," the "dollar" to the "Washington," and so on through the whole list. The new system is now in working order. Let it be assumed that one of its leading advocates, anxious to set it agoing, undertakes the initiative by proposing to buy a valuable estate in New York. He approaches the owner and asks, "What will you take for your property in cash?" "Well, now — I don't know; it is worth fifty thousand dollars of the old money; but I can't tell what it is worth in your new legal tender, for I don't know anything about it. What is the value of a Washington?" "O, the legal value of a Washington is the same as that of a dollar, the place of which it takes in all future business transactions. It is a dollar under a new name; it is a legal tender, the same as the greenback was; and as to names, — why names are nothing. I will take your property at your price." "Yes; but wait a little; I must see what I *can buy* with your money before I agree to take it; for I owe no debts to citizen or government, and its being a legal tender for debt is of no consequence to *me*. I will inquire about it and see you again." All efforts to conclude the bargain on the spot were unavailing; and the real-estate man took a circuit among the merchants, grocers, bakers, and butchers of his neighborhood, with whom he was accustomed to trade, and inquired of them about the new money, — what it is worth as compared with the old, — what is their scale of prices in legal tender, etc. But he could get no satisfaction; nobody knew what the money was worth; everybody was waiting like himself for something to turn up to determine its value; and there was no such thing as a scale of prices in legal tender. So he returns home, and while waiting for a call from the financier, he reads the law organizing the new system. On a renewal of the negotiation he says to the gentleman, "I can't find anybody who knows what the new money is worth; nobody will make a price for anything he has to sell, and I could n't make a price for my property to be paid in money of

unknown value; indeed, I don't know that it has any value." "O, you don't understand it; it has a legal value, just as greenbacks had a legal value, and just as gold and silver coin had a legal value! The law made greenbacks, and coined gold and silver money, and they were money accordingly, and possessed a legal value. But the law has been changed. The money of yesterday is money no longer. To-day the new legal tender is money, and there is no other money. It alone possesses legal value; and moreover, while in other respects it is as good as gold and greenbacks, it has an advantage over both in that it is secured by mortgage on real estate." "But I do understand it; and what is the legal-tender feature, or the legal value, or the real-estate security worth to me, when I owe no debts, if I can't *buy* anything I want with the money? And why should I *sell* my real estate for fifty thousand Washingtons, so long as under the law I can get twenty-five thousand Washingtons of the government by mortgaging the same property, and yet own it myself? The twenty-five thousand would cost me one and one tenth per cent a year; and I could keep the money as long as I live, should I not fail to pay the interest promptly. So if I sell you my property, worth yesterday $50,000, I shall have a sum of money which at best will bring me five hundred and fifty Washingtons a year. Whether a Washington shall finally exchange for a dime or a dollar I can't possibly tell; but in either event, I should have made a very poor bargain. For if the business public ever receive it as money, possessing anything like a definite 'value,' its circulation must in the nature of things increase with great rapidity. Every man owning real estate can draw at will upon the government agency for money to the amount of half the value thereof, at a nominal rate of interest. Prices of all commodities, including land, will go up in a ratio approximating somewhat nearly the increase in the currency; the land on which to-day the owner can draw but ten thousand Washingtons will next year be a good legal basis or security for five or ten thousand more; and so on to infinity, or until the money becomes so 'cheap' that nobody but luckless creditors will take it at all. Holding these old-fashioned notions, I will keep my property for a while yet."

In the case assumed, that a government should make a "money" of the kind indicated, and absolutely proscribe all other kinds, it might possibly be used temporarily from sheer necessity. But it would be received only at its exchangeable or commercial "value"; and that could be ascertained in no other way than by comparing it either directly or indirectly with other "known values," and they in turn are "known" merely because they are measured by the precious metals. Substantially the same processes would be adopted by the people of every nation where the new system had become the law, to ascertain the value of their respective units of value; for until the nominal value of the new money of the several countries should be settled, by comparing each with a commodity of known and tolerably uniform value, international trade would be impossible. A necessity, therefore, stronger than any human law would compel the people of every nation and of all nations to recognize — informally and indirectly possibly, but none the less really to recognize — a given weight of gold or silver as their practical standard of value.

HOW WOULD THE CHEAP MONEY HELP THE POOR?

Let us once more assume the impossible, — that the new system would furnish a cheap money, of uniform value, which would be generally used in all home business transactions. How would the change from dear to cheap money benefit the poor and the working classes? — that portion of our population who possess skill, ability, and disposition to work, a fair share of intelligence, but no capital. It has been shown that a given amount of capital and labor judiciously employed will yield a larger return in California, for instance, than in Holland or Massachusetts; that it would not be just, even were it possible, to compel labor or capital to accept the same *specific* compensation in California as in Massachusetts, instead of the same *proportion* of the joint product; and, finally, should the law so decree, its enforcement would be absolutely impossible. Hence it necessarily follows that the idea of limiting the share of capital in the joint annual product, at a fixed rate per cent under all circumstances and in all parts of the Union, by means of a law prescribing "a uniform rate of interest," can never

be realized. The question recurs, how then can cheap money benefit labor? This money, according to its advocates, is to possess a steady specific "legal value," and also the faculty of being at all times exchangeable for equal "actual values." They regard money as simply a medium (itself always devoid of real value) by which equal "actual values" are exchanged. It follows of necessity that in order to get a certain amount of "legal value" in this cheap money, the laborer must give an exact equivalent of "actual value," either in his own labor or the proceeds of his labor. Having obtained a given sum of money possessing "legal value" in exchange for equal "actual values" of his own, he, according to the cheap-money theory, holds a "mortgage" of the same amount "on all the property for sale in the nation." But so far he has gained nothing on account of cheap money; he has given value for value, or rather "actual value" for equal "legal value"; and when he comes to foreclose his mortgage, or in ordinary language to buy what he wants with his money, he simply has to reverse the process by which he obtained it, that is, to exchange "legal value" for "actual value" of the same amount. In this transaction too, he gains nothing from cheap money. Had his medium for exchanging equal values been gold, or bank-notes convertible into gold on demand, instead of cheap money redeemable in nothing but paper-money of another kind, he would be just as well off at the conclusion of his purchases; and his several transactions would have been essentially the same, that is, he would have exchanged his labor or its proceeds for gold of equal value; and he would have used the gold to buy commodities of equal value, such as he required to satisfy his wants. So on the ground of the hypothesis, the man who has no interest in making or "coining" cheap money, but who simply uses it in his business affairs, neither gains nor loses in making his exchanges in the cheaper medium. This remark of course applies to a state of things after all adjustments required by a change in the currency shall have been made.

The believer in the new monetary system, in its "legal values" as distinguished from "actual or real values," not unnaturally looks upon the wealth of the world as the product

of labor alone. He sincerely believes that but for craft and cunning, Labor, the creator of all wealth, would to-day be the owner of much the larger portion. He sees that the fact is otherwise; and hence he is too readily persuaded by the precious sophistries of so-called reformers, that cheap money would rectify the great wrong complained of, and put labor in secure possession of the wealth it creates. But here is a general proposition which may be easily comprehended, and its scope fully understood, by any intelligent workingman who will duly ponder it: if without labor, by mere legislation, "*legal* values" can be created which will at all times be exchangeable for equal amounts of "*actual* values," it is clear and unquestionable that at the birth or creation of such "legal values" they will belong to the property-owning class exclusively, and will add by just so much to the preponderance of wealth in its hands, of which the labor class now complain.

Let the workingman pause a moment and think as to the practical results of this theory if they shall ever be realized. The real estate of the whole country is worth to-day something like $10,000,000,000. On this estimate, the owners of real estate would be entitled to receive from the government banks or agencies, on application, the sum of $5,000,000,000 of "money" possessing an equal amount of "legal value" which is exchangeable for the same amount of "actual values." The real-estate owners would virtually add that, or such smaller amount as they should apply for, to their present wealth, subject to the payment of one and one tenth of one per cent a year; but the workingman, owning no real estate, would not get one dollar of the whole issue, except in exchange for an equivalent "actual value" in labor or its proceeds. The same remarks will apply with equal pertinency and force to the modified scheme, of a "money" based upon, and interchangeable at the will of the holder into, government bonds. The possible amount issuable would be smaller; and it would necessarily belong in the first instance to the bondholders instead of the owners of real estate. But in either event the workingman could not get a dollar of this money or "legal value," except by paying the same amount of "actual value" for it. How then is it to benefit him? Why should *he* favor

a system which (always assuming that it is practicable) would add largely to the wealth of the wealthy, but would not add one cent to the pittance of the poor? Why should he favor any paper-money, since under all circumstances it must be based on property in some form, and give to property factitious advantages over labor? The labor reformers assert that physical and intellectual labor creates all wealth; it must necessarily follow that economy alone — the saving of a part of the values it creates — renders accumulation possible. The paper system enables the possessors of wealth to create "legal values" without labor, and thus virtually to transfer to themselves a portion of the earnings and economies of the workingman, giving no equivalent in return.

THE WORKINGMAN'S GRIEVANCES AND THEIR PROPER REMEDIES.

It has been admitted that the workingman has just cause of complaint, and that he is despoiled of his rights in many cases; but this admission is coupled with the allegation that he does not suffer alone. A few of the wrongs here indicated will be briefly and specifically referred to. 1st. The great corporations which enjoy an actual, though not necessarily a legal or technical, monopoly are accustomed to charge the public much more than a fair compensation for the services they render. They virtually possess and freely exercise the power of taxing the public for their own exclusive benefit. Millions upon millions are thus wrongfully abstracted from the pockets of the people every month. These vast sums are to a large extent paid in the form of higher prices upon all products, and the burden is borne in the end mainly by the consumer. Hence the owner of this kind of property gets more than his equitable share of the aggregate annual gains of the whole country, while the rest of the people get correspondingly less than theirs. Here then is a wrong from which the latter class all suffer in common, and not the workingmen alone. They are less able to bear it than their fellow-citizens who possess wealth or a competency, not invested in corporate property; the wrong is more sensibly felt by them, and it is not strange, considering the lack of intelligence on such subjects among all classes, that they should regard all possessors of wealth, with-

out distinction, as their wilful oppressors and natural enemies.

For this class of wrongs it is much easier to prescribe a remedy than to apply and enforce it. Competition here is substantially powerless. Take a railroad, or a confederation of railroads under one management, extending from the Atlantic to the Mississippi, or even to the Pacific, — of what avail is the right to build a road to compete with it? Suppose the managers issue stock to an amount equal to two or three times the cost of their property, and so regulate their fares and freight rates as to insure fifteen or twenty-five per cent dividends on its actual cost; then they say to the public, "If you don't like to pay what we charge, build a road of your own; you are free-traders and so are we; all we ask is what free competition will give us." You are as effectually estopped by the nature of the case from building a competing line as if the law gave the present lines a monopoly in specific terms. The only remedy for this and similar wrongs would seem to be governmental supervision, to which there are very serious objections. But whether such remedy would prove efficient, and whether it would not be fraught with evils as grave as those it should be expected to cure, are questions not proper to be considered here.

2d. The banks of issue — of which there are about two thousand in the United States — circulate some three hundred millions of their notes which pass as money, and on which the banks draw the same rate of interest as on real money. The cost of the notes is so trifling that it may well be omitted in any account between capital and labor; and the interest accruing upon them is substantially a net gain to the bank-owners. Wealth and poverty being comparative terms, it follows that all such gains aggravate existing evils by making "the rich richer and the poor poorer."

This evil might be cured, perhaps, at the expense of causing other evils of a political character, by prohibiting all paper issues not proceeding directly from the government. A free banking system would aggravate instead of curing it; since if every man owning property could convert it into a basis for paper-money on which he would realize interest, he would get a larger proportion of the annual product accruing from labor

and capital than he gets now. The aggregate annual gains of capital would be larger, both absolutely and relatively, leaving to labor relatively, if not absolutely, less than it now realizes. The best that can be said of free banking, as regards the question under consideration, is, that it offers all *owners of property* equal opportunities to increase their gains; but inasmuch as those who own no property cannot profit by it, free banking must necessarily operate prejudicially upon the interests of labor.

3d. The annual war charge is perhaps the most grievous of all the chronic wrongs from which society, and especially the working classes, suffer. Under this head are included the yearly appropriations to pay the cost of past wars, as well as the expenditures necessitated by the large armies and navies of the present day, the loss occasioned by the withdrawal of three million able-bodied men from productive industry, and the almost universal social demoralization which this state of things naturally produces. A very few statistics here may not be inappropriate. Mr. Chrisholm, a British authority, estimates the cost to Great Britain of the wars she has been engaged in since 1688 at over $6,000,000,000 in gold. Add an equal sum for the cost to her foes and the aggregate is $12,000,000,000. The New York "Evening Post" stated, prior to the Franco-Prussian war, that "2,800,000 men, the flower of the people of Europe, are kept under arms from year to year, idly awaiting the orders of their sovereigns, all of them taken from productive industry and trained as machines of destruction." An American authority, Mr. Burritt, calculates the annual war charge of Christian nations in the aggregate at $2,600,000,000. Secretary Boutwell says the public debts of the world have increased from $7,600,000,000 to $23,000,000,000 in the past few years. These figures will suffice to give some faint idea of the extent to which the earnings of labor are drawn upon every year, omitting here the loss to capital, on account of wars past and prospective. Assuming that $2,600,000,000 a year is substantially correct, that sum constitutes a first and indefeasible lien or mortgage upon the earnings of all the workingmen of the civilized world. Nearly $9,000,000 must be earned and set apart for the purposes of war every day, before labor or capital can take a dollar for its own use. The "Evening Post"

well says, that were the world relieved from this fearful burden, "there would no longer be a necessity for poverty or an apology for crime. . . . . Give to labor everywhere its own full reward, untaxed by the selfish ambitions and passions of the great, and poets will no longer look to remote traditions for the golden age."

Can this grand result possibly be attained? And if it can be, how? A way can be pointed out for the attainment of that end; and it would seem to be within the scope of possibilities. Every person now holding a portion of the $23,000,000,000, which, according to Secretary Boutwell, is the aggregate of national debts, possesses a claim against "the state" for a definite sum of money, say every six months; and all such claims constitute a legal first lien or mortgage upon all the property and all the earnings of the people, of whom "the state" is composed. Let every nation, then, determine that instead of paying the interest on this mortgage forever, or for an indefinite period, it will pay the mortgage itself within a short time, — say ten or at most twenty years. The cost of such a procedure would fall mainly on property, and hence it would be a comparative relief to labor even during the process of adjustment. The nations having paid off their debts, let them adopt and firmly adhere to the policy of paying the cost of all future wars as it shall accrue, by levying taxes upon property sufficient for that purpose.

But can the public debts be paid in so short a period? Why may they not be? Take Great Britain as a fair sample of indebted states; her national wealth is some $40,000,000,000, and her debt about $4,000,000,000. Were it possible that the whole debt could be paid to-morrow by the transfer of *property* to the holders of consols, — assuming that the levy and the apportionment be equitably made, — nobody would be poorer than he is to-day. The national wealth would be the same, — $40,000,000,000 unincumbered, instead of $44,000,000,000 incumbered by a mortgage of $4,000,000,000. Can it with truth be said that the resources of statesmanship are inadequate to make an adjustment of that debt in ten or twenty years, using money as its chief instrumentality, without doing flagrant injustice to a single class of the British people? For

the present it will be taken for granted that should the great debtor nations exhibit the same resolute and persistent determination which they have exhibited at certain crises in their respective histories, and bring it to bear on a policy of rapid liquidation of their public debts, the present generation would see the work accomplished. That point reached, workingmen, including the smaller property holders, would be entitled to say to the government, and if united in purpose could say with effect: "If war must be waged let its cost be paid by a tax on property. But do not ask us to do the fighting and then mortgage the earnings of our children and our children's children to pay for a war of your own making, which should be paid for as it progresses. Hitherto the cost of everything we consume has been enhanced by the wars of former generations. We have helped to pay a debt for which our little properties and our earnings were mortgaged without our consent. And our firm resolve is, that if we transmit to our children no other heritage than stout hearts and willing hands, it shall at least be unincumbered and free."

If such a state of things shall ever be realized, Labor as a distinctive interest or element will no longer have a serious grievance to complain of. If "the state" guarantee to all equal opportunities to acquire and hold property, granting no special favors, imposing discriminating burdens upon none, and limiting its own expenditures to legitimate objects of government, each man will find his own proper place in the social organism.

ERRORS OF THE PROPERTY OWNERS.

Excepting manufacturers and other employers of labor, very few of the property-owning classes have deigned to pay the slightest attention to the questions in respect to which the workingmen of the world are so profoundly excited. Property in all countries makes but small direct contributions to the support of national debts and costly military and naval establishments, — the most grevious, perhaps, of all the burdens that afflict modern society. The revenues which they necessitate are chiefly raised by excise and import duties, and these are paid by rich and poor, not at all in proportion to their respective abilities to pay, but in proportion to the quantities

of taxed commodities which they respectively consume. Hence it is not surprising that the very wealthy classes, whose minds are much engrossed with their own affairs, should entirely ignore or greatly underestimate the importance of the desperate struggle that is going on in the social strata below them. They are slow to perceive that it concerns them at all; and to quote one of them literally, who pretty fairly represents the moneyed class, they hold that "money has always beat labor and always will."

That proposition is unphilosophic, and the sentiment which pervades it is inhuman if not even brutal. For it implies that money has always despoiled labor, and always will despoil it, of a part of its own proper rewards. The unaccomplished part of the proposition is simply a prophecy embracing all future time. May capital or wealth safely rely on its fulfilment? It is a fact affirmed by the highest statistical authority, and disputed by no intelligent economist or statesman, that the wealth of the world is rapidly concentrating into fewer and still fewer hands. The number of persons owning little or no property must necessarily be all the while increasing. The favorite investments of the wealthy classes are, first, the bonds of different governments; and second, the stocks of great corporations. The first are exempt from taxation; the second virtually assess their taxes upon the public, by considering their public taxes, the interest upon their capital, and the cost of operating as one sum, to be provided for in their scale of charges, — which they are generally allowed to regulate in their own discretion and with reference to their own interests exclusively. The combined burden ultimately falls on the masses, who are thus "beaten" out of a portion of their rightful property. Growth, a constant tendency to increase, is a "law" of national indebtedness. The oldest national debt dates back only two centuries; and it was but a bagatelle one hundred and seventy years ago. Since that time national debts have largely increased in number, and their rate of growth has increased with much greater rapidity, — as the advance from $7,600,000,000 to $23,000,000,000 in a few years conclusively proves. The demand for this kind of "property" is almost illimitable. For a Turkish national loan

recently put upon the market of Christian Europe, the offers exceeded by one third the amount asked for. The bids for the great loans of Napoleon III. were always largely in excess of the sums required. But the most striking fact to illustrate the eagerness of capitalists for this kind of investment is furnished by President Thiers's French loan. France has lately been shorn of a large slice of territory by the victorious Germans; her capital has been ravaged by the infuriated Commune; tens of thousands of her sons have fallen in battle; her industries have been sadly deranged by the war which humiliated her, and her government has no title to permanence. In this state of affairs she asked the capitalists of Europe to lend her 3,500,000,000 francs to pay her conqueror for leaving what remains of her territory; and the offers mount up to 41,000,000,000 francs! This sum added to the national debt already existing would amount to more than one third of the aggregate wealth of the French people.*

It is evident — for it is a mathematical proposition — that this movement of property from the many to the few, if unchecked, will sooner or later make the few the possessors of all property, while the masses will necessarily be impoverished and virtually enslaved. The ratio of relative increase on the one hand, and of diminution on the other, will make the time required for this consummation proportionally longer or shorter; but it cannot change the result.

Now it would seem to be both the duty and the interest of the class in whose hands the wealth of the world is concentrating, to consider how long this movement can be allowed to go on with safety to themselves and to our social and political institutions. Would property be secure were it all owned by five per cent of the whole population? Would it be secure if ninety per cent owned none? if eighty, or seventy-five? These are questions pregnant with significance to the wealthy, into whose hands property is so rapidly passing. For it must be obvious to them that their own number may become so small — whether it be one or twenty per cent of the population — that legal title to their possessions will avail nothing. With a

* M. de Labry (see Jour. des Economistes for July, 1872, page 130) estimates the national wealth of France at 150,000,000,000 francs.

vast numerical majority holding little or no property, and regarding their own and their children's labor to the latest generation as mortgaged to secure a fixed income to the holders of the public debts and the corporate and consolidated wealth of the world; with such a majority looking upon the few as so managing the machinery of states as to secure to themselves an exemption from all vicissitudes prejudicial to their own interests, by graduating and increasing the burdens and privations of labor to provide against unforeseen contingencies, and thus compelling it to become the guarantor and indemnifier of wealth and privilege, — under such circumstances the power of numbers would certainly be felt, and the possessors of wealth would be simply tenants at will. It is strange that while admitting the rapidly growing inequality of wealth, they appear to be utterly blind to its logical and inevitable consequences. They do not understand as well as the workingmen's leaders that commerce has effected a real solidarity among all nations; that the inordinate profits of corporate or other property, and the import and excise duties imposed upon any people are finally assumed and paid in varying proportions by the whole trading world; and that the colossal debts lately incurred by America and France are slowly but surely causing a rise in the prices of all commodities in all countries, and subtracting more proportionally from the earnings of the workingmen than from the income of the capitalists. So long as this state of things shall continue, every year will add to the actual grievances of labor, as well as to social disaffection and class hostility; but, what is of even more serious import, every year will also add largely to the relative numbers of those by whom and in whose interest and discretion these grievances seem destined ultimately to be avenged.

Isaac Butts.

Art. IV. — Causes of the Commune.

The remote and indirect causes of the insurrection of March 18th, 1871, are well known. Students of French history may differ in matters of detail, but all agree that two conspiracies against order have long existed in France, — a political conspiracy, whose members, though sufficiently divided in opinion to keep the fires of the Revolution of 1793 alive on all its altars, yet united to serve Fouché in 1815, and to plot with Blanqui and Delescluze against Charles X., Louis Philippe, the Republic of 1848, and the Second Empire, in succession; and a social conspiracy, springing from the loins of St. Simon, Babœuf, and Fourier, mastered by Cavaignac in 1848, and kept in subjection by Napoleon III. until the capitulation of Sedan. For more than half a century, conspirators, whether political or social, dreamed of possessing Paris, but awoke in dungeons or in exile.

In 1871, Paris was theirs, and France might be. The city was not only in their possession, it was their accomplice. This is the fact that requires explanation. "People judge wrongly," says Jules Favre, "who think that there is in Socialism, in the action of the International [and the same can be said of Jacobinism], a very powerful force, capable of producing events like that of the 18th of March. Socialist ideas and the action of the International were, as regards that event, like a pinch of powder thrown into a conflagration. The fire was already lighted; its physiognomy alone was changed by the powder, which by itself would have had no effect."

What, then, did cause the conflagration?

The answer to this question is to be found in the volume of testimony (from which the above is quoted) taken before a committee of the National Assembly appointed to investigate the "causes of the 18th of March." The book contains much extraneous matter, witnesses telling what they have heard from others, and what they have evolved from their own consciousness, and often seasoning their facts with personal malice: but though raw material, it is the material of history, being furnished by Thiers and McMahon; by the members of

the "Government of National Defence"; by officers of the line, and of the National Guard; by members of the police force during and since the Empire; by the Mayors, and their assistants, who played no small part in events; by members of the International Society, in its better days; by intelligent citizens, bankers, "able editors"; by most of those, in short, worth listening to, always excepting the Communists themselves, who are heard, when heard at all, at second-hand. Out of the mouths of so many competent witnesses the truth must sometimes escape. It is more likely to come from a Frenchman's mouth than from his pen, and is therefore more likely to be found in a volume of testimony taken down by stenographers, than in the elaborate works with which the actors in the melodramatic tragedy of 1870–71 have pursued the public. Faith can, at least, be given to witnesses where their evidence goes against themselves or against a government of which they formed part; and it is with the aid of such witnesses that I shall show upon what grounds is based my belief that — whatever might or might not have happened under other circumstances — what did happen is directly attributable to the government which succeeded the Empire, — if the thing instituted by the gentlemen who profited by Sedan can be called a government.

With the fall of Napoleon, the principle of cohesion among the opponents of the established order of things disappeared. The conspirators, whether would-be Terrorists, or would-be Socialists, were weakened in numbers, crippled in resources, and forced to echo the patriotic cry of *Lutte à outrance.* The Blanquist organ sought subscribers under the popular title of "The Country in Danger"; the International Society was for weeks without an organ, and its leading members complained * to each other that the siege had scattered their forces, that the treasury was empty, and that complete reorganization was the prerequisite to effective action.

The members of the "Government of National Defence" labored, it is true, under some disadvantages. Most of them had earned their places by criticism, in season and out of sea-

* Les séances officielles de l'Internationale à Paris pendant le siège et pendant la Commune. Lachaud, Paris, 1872.

son, of the powers that were, in respect to acts necessary to the existence of authority, as well as to those incident to the Imperial policy. Having in their several spheres condemned the Empire in all its works and ways and men, they were unable to seek support in what was left of it, and were expected to satisfy the complaints to which they had given voice, to abolish what they had criticised, to establish what they had demanded, in the name of the people. An opposition, which for twenty years had known neither the sweets nor the responsibilities of power, suddenly found itself in charge of Paris and of France, at a moment demanding genius and character of the highest order.

However defective the origin of the new "government," however unfortunate the fact that its members had so long been critics, not administrators, they were in presence of a great occasion, which marked a plain path of duty for them. "There was needed," says M. Leblord, Attorney-General during the siege, "an imposing personality, which had faith in resistance, and that faith was wanting. The population should have been inspired, put under fire, formed into a powerful army, instead of being abandoned to all the perils and dangers of a corrupted city. The city should have been kept in constant communication with its government, told of the difficulties and perils of the situation, and at the same time encouraged to confront them."

Others — M. Vacherot, a Mayor during the siege, for one — insist that Paris should have been treated as a garrisoned town; that the least useful third of the population and all the civilian members of the government should have been sent into the provinces; that martial law should have been enforced, and all newspapers and assemblages violating its rules suppressed; and that food should have been dealt out from the beginning in prevision of the end.

Whichever view be preferred, it is clear that men assuming to constitute a government were bound, by one method or another, to govern, and that men styling themselves the "Government of National Defence" were bound to make the national defence their business at the beginning and until the end, and to subordinate everything else to that, especially political

and personal animosities and aspirations. Their only excuse for taking the helm was that they knew how to steer. Had they termed themselves at the outset what General Trochu terms them in his testimony before the committee, a "government of moral force," or what Colonel Montaigu, Chief of Staff to the National Guard during the siege, terms them, a "government of opinion," or what Mayor Vacherot terms them, one of *laisser-passer*, *laisser-faire*, they would not have been accepted as pilots at such a crisis: Paris might better have at once delivered her sword and purse to King William; might better have demanded a general from the Jacobins, or a ruler from the Socialists, than have prolonged a resistance, fatally ineffectual and fatally followed by the Commune. Yet such language fitly describes the phantoms that sat in the high places of Paris for five months.

"There was a moment, in my opinion," testifies General Le Flô, Minister of War during the siege, "in which it would have been possible, if not easy, to force the enemy's lines. At any time a dangerous operation, it would on several occasions have presented chances of success. No serious attempt to do this being made, great discontent was produced in the National Guard of Paris, which believed that the hostile lines could have been forced with facility, and which was disgusted by all the military events of the siege. We were, in fact, invariably beaten. I do not know of one *sortie* in which we obtained a substantial advantage."

"Sometimes," testifies M. Cresson (Prefect of Police after October 31)," we were three weeks without news from without": while, according to the testimony of General Trochu, "During the whole siege, and particularly toward the close, hundreds of persons were in constant communication with the enemy, who knew as well as I did everything that took place in Paris. Every day and every night news and newspapers were carried, especially by women, to the Prussians; at all of whose headquarters this *odious* commerce was eagerly encouraged, and regular supplies were received. Among the companies of *franc-tireurs* and other irregular soldiers on the outskirts of Paris, some excellent and devoted, others detestable and given to pillage, how many had communication with the enemy! And

of the newspapers which the Prussians received daily, some from ignorance or folly, others systematically and in order to injure the defence, made known what we were doing! Warnings, the severest measures, appeals to patriotism, were alike ineffectual. Thus, we had constructed at Hautes Bruyères an important work, of which the principal dispositions were modern. The newspapers did not fail to publish all the details with the utmost minuteness."

A Member of the Committee. — "Why did you not order the men who made these revelations to be shot?"

Trochu. — "Ah, yes: that is the great argument, I know, but it is worthless. To shoot, one must be master. Authority must have a sanction other than moral force (the only one at my disposal), — the sanction of brute force, always present and in activity, and that I did not possess. During the whole siege but one man, a marine caught in the act of deserting with arms and baggage to the enemy, was shot. To save the lives of the ten thousand police agents of the Empire, we were obliged to send them to the outposts, where they did good service" (as soldiers, not as they might more usefully have been employed as detectives). "There was no longer a police in Paris."

The guardians of order having been thus disposed of, the guardians of disorder were invited to take their places. The first act of M. de Kératry, who took charge of the Prefecture of Police on the 4th of September, was to order the release of Cluseret; his second act, to instal in his bureau Antoine Dubost, an editor of the *Marseillaise*, and Raoul Rigault, the "delegate to the Ex-prefecture" under the Commune. The latter became chief of the political service, and introduced into the Prefecture the *élite* of the clubs, of the International, of the "Free-Thinker" newspaper. All these gentry remained until October 31st, and a goodly number until March 18th, when they took office under the Commune. After these acts it was certainly in character for Kératry to write the letter which "newspapers of all parties interpreted to mean that the Prefecture of Police was dead." *

Kératry was succeeded by M. Edmond Adam, who continued

* Deposition of M. Mouton, head of a bureau in the Prefecture.

in charge of the remains of the Prefecture from October 10th to November 3d. Guided, doubtless, by Rigault, still chief of the political service, Adam saw "Bonapartist intrigues" in every bush (but could never lay hands upon them), and saw nothing else. "There were no administrative investigations," he testifies; "they were impossible. The National Guard did police duty for itself, after a fashion, and expelled from its ranks all who were expelled"; retaining, however, "beside five or six thousand Blanquists" (or Jacobin conspirators), a large number of convicts, — four or five thousand, according to Adam; double that number in General Trochu's opinion; thirty-five thousand, if we may believe Colonel Montaigu. Knowing these facts, Adam persisted in his fruitless chase of the Imperial eagle until the 31st of October, when the vultures and harpies, who were roosting in the Prefecture, almost succeeded in capturing it and its chief.

Thus during the first two months of the "government of opinion," Paris was even worse off than General Trochu admits. Not content with having "no police," Prefects Log the First and Log the Second opened a preparatory school for Prefect Stork.

These same months witnessed the formation of the National Guard, under circumstances thus set forth in the testimony of General Trochu: "The population, naturally and legitimately excited, demanded arms. Some people believe that it would have been possible to refuse, or at least to furnish arms gradually and to picked men. I should like to have seen those who think so at work. A National Guard of forty thousand men, essentially conservative, organized under the Empire, had to be transformed, without loss of time and in the midst of immense difficulties, not to speak of perils, into a force of two hundred and fifty thousand. How was it possible to arm, clothe, and equip so many soldiers except through the intervention of the Mayors, since the staff, zealous and devoted as it was, did not suffice for the task? The Mayors you know. They had been selected by the Minister of the Interior, M. Gambetta, with the advice of the Mayor of Paris, M. Etienne Arago, and his aids, M. Floquet and others. These men were generally partisans. There were

exceptions; but, as a whole, they could offer no guaranties of order. If arms had been refused to those who demanded them, they would have been seized sooner or later. What! your country is invaded, you call the people to arms, and they respond to your appeal! — is it then that you can dream of distributing guns as in barracks, and of making inquiries as to character, and that, too, in Paris besieged?"

This is not the whole story. The worst men, as a rule, got the worst officers. Among the *chefs de bataillon* were Blanqui, Assi, Brunel, Eudes, Vallès, Varlin, Protot, and others equally notorious in the history of the Commune. Five battalions chose Gustave Flourens, who asked General Trochu to let him retain the command of them all. "Trochu," testifies Colonel Montaigu, "not seeing how to rid himself of this importunate solicitor, who knew nothing — I do not speak of his personal courage — about military affairs except through books, named him Major of the Rampart, and left him in command of the five battalions. This led me to remind General Trochu of the history of Lamartine and Blanqui, the famous lightning-rod of 1848."

The troops of Major Flourens were presented with banners on the part of the government by M. Jules Ferry, but refused to march unless furnished with *chassepots*. These the "government" gave them without a murmur, while the good citizens who formed the National Guard in the Faubourgs St. Honoré and St. Germain were provided with inferior weapons. At last the Major led his men outside of the walls; but "on their return," testifies M. Cresson, subsequently Prefect of Police, "they shouted, after taking their brandy, 'It is not for us to march out; our business is in Paris, not against the Prussians.'" And to this business they kept, until enabled by the civil war, on the first day of which Flourens bravely fell, to use their *chassepots* against their countrymen.

The treatment of Flourens was not exceptional. In the words of M. Ossude, whose duty it was to clothe, pay, and arm a number of battalions, "The passages of the Hôtel de Ville presented during the siege a strange spectacle. Chiefs were there, whose election I could never comprehend, half clothed, with shirts unbuttoned, loudly demanding arms and uniforms, which they promptly received, while deserving men went with-

out. Nothing was ever refused to those who came from Belleville, La Villette, or Montmartre. The pay-roll was fictitious, captains frequently drawing pay for fifteen hundred men when they were unable to muster eight hundred."

Good citizens, who thankfully accepted any arms they could get, returned unused cartridges; bad citizens hoarded theirs for the time that was coming. Good and bad alike, in or out of active service, were paid thirty sous each, and their wives, right-handed or left-handed, half that amount. Rations not being supplied, and spirits being cheaper and more accessible than food, alcoholization became almost as common as it was under the Commune. Many, who contracted no worse habits than those of idleness, were ready to follow any leaders who would pay them for marching about the streets.

The "government of moral force" which could, after this fashion, equip and pay the citizen soldiers, proved utterly incompetent to discipline them or to lead them to battle. So far from making an army out of material no worse than the ordinary stuff of war, it did not use the best battalions. It allowed patriotic ardor to exhale in empty bravado, and sham patriotic ardor to be used by demagogues: and it fed both the pure and the impure flame with bulletins of victories that had not been gained, of movements that had not been and were not to be executed, of alliances that there was no reasonable expectation of concluding.

"The military operations," says General Le Flô, whose testimony on these points is confirmed by numerous competent witnesses, "had left an extremely painful impression upon the Parisians, and especially upon the National Guard, which numbered 250,000 men more or less disposed to fight, and certainly manifesting a great desire to do so. I believe that the National Guard might have been employed more seriously and to better purpose, that it would have made excellent material of war, and that therefore its non-employment was a great mistake. I know that an attempt to employ it was finally made, but this was done with a bad grace and in a manner hardly serious, almost derisive. For example, in some of our *sorties*, fifty, sixty, eighty battalions were held in reserve, and never fired a shot. In a political point of view this was a blunder, in a mili-

tary point of view a still greater one. In this way was accumulated a stock of hatred in the ranks of the National Guard." The same witness affirms that Trochu would have employed the Guard but for the opposition of General Ducrot. Since, however, Ducrot was but a subaltern, while Trochu was President of the "government," the responsibility must rest upon him and his colleagues.

Up to October 31st, "the National Guard," testifies Prefect Adam, "and the population of Paris, were favorable to the Government of National Defence. On that day the news that 'Le Bourget' was a defeat, not the victory officially announced; that Metz had surrendered; and that an armistice was in contemplation, emboldened Blanqui and Flourens to attempt the *coup de main* which put them in possession of the Hotel de Ville and of the majority of the government." The fact that a single battalion would have been sufficient to prevent a catastrophe equally disgraceful and ridiculous, shows how completely these 4th of September babes in the wood relied upon "moral force" for their own protection as well as for the preservation of public order, if not also for the overthrow of the German "barbarians." This time the captured government was delivered, partly by a fraction of the National Guard, whose hostility to Blanqui and Flourens made them fly to the rescue; partly by a column of *Mobiles* from Brittany, who, not understanding French, could not be tampered with; partly by an undignified back-stairs retreat; and partly by a compromise to which the Mayor of Paris (Arago), the Minister of Justice (Dorian), and perhaps also Prefect Adam, were parties.

Had the insurgents been stronger, or had they put forth more energy, they might have thrown their captives into prison, and perhaps succeeded in keeping them there; but it is not probable that they could have hoisted their true colors even then. On this point Jules Favre is a trustworthy witness. "I observed nothing threatening," says he, "till October 31st, and then nothing indicative of a settled plan. I passed the night in listening to the insurgents. The scene was curiously picturesque, but unimportant from a social or political point of view. Nobody was preoccupied by a system or an idea. A political conspiracy may have existed at this time better organized than

I thought, but in my opinion it had no social color. I believe that the conspiracy of that day aimed at the overthrow of the 'Government of National Defence,' as being powerless, inert, and incapable of fulfilling its mission, which was to defend the country and establish a republic. . . . . *At this time, in my judgment, the general causes to which the revolution of March 18th is attributable were developed.*"

This "picturesque scene" led the "Government of the National Defence" to submit the question of its right to exist to the people of Paris, who sustained it by an overwhelming majority.

The next day Paris chose twenty Mayors for its twenty wards, and the third day sixty Assistant Mayors. The character of these Mayors is pronounced by General Trochu "much better" than that of Gambetta's appointees, — a humiliating admission in view of the fact that among the elected were Delescluze, the old Jacobin, the master spirit of the Commune in its last and most desperate days; Ranvier, who served in the Committee of Public Safety, and conducted its assassinations; and Mottu, now in prison for fraudulent bankruptcy.

"The Mayors of Paris," testifies M. Choppin (who held a confidential position in the police from this time to February 10th, and was at its head during the ensuing month), "though legally functionaries of limited powers, being only officers *de l'état civil*" (that is, concerned with the registration of births, marriages, and deaths), "and presidents of bureaus of charity, believed themselves good at everything, and issued orders right and left. M. Bonvalet, formerly keeper of an eating-house, made a body of laws, and issued many orders beginning thus: 'Having consulted our council of legislation.' M. Mottu did the same. M. Bonvalet decreed obligatory instruction, and sent his National Guards to arrest boys and girls who would not go to school. M. Mottu tore crucifixes from the ambulances, and forbade priests to visit the sick. Both were governed by their assistants, who were members of the International, and exercised great influence," as did assistant Dereure, also of the International, in Montmartre.

Other Mayors used their authority to better purpose, but "all of us," testifies M. Corbon, "finally became each in his own

ward a complete government. The action of the central power was not felt even in matters connected with the defence of the city. Obliged to provide for everything, and, above all, to hide the short-comings of the government from the eyes of the people, we necessarily became political functionaries. . . . . The Assistant Mayors were universally worse than their chiefs, because chosen on the third day of the elections, when voters were tired, and few went to the polls except those who, like the participants in the affair of October 31st, had a selfish purpose to serve." The assistants thus chosen cast three votes in the Municipal Council to the Mayor's one.

The Mayors elected on the 31st of October had the further disadvantage of inheriting from their predecessors committees of vigilance, of armament, of equipment, of science, of hygiene, of education. At a loss what to do with these self-constituted powers, Mayors Vacherot and Dubail asked advice of the *soi-disant* government. "Don't provoke them," was the answer.

The night of October 31st led to one change for the better. M. Adam was succeeded in the Prefecture of Police by a man. "My appointment," testifies M. Cresson, "is to-day [July 4, 1871] an enigma to me. Chance made me Prefect of Police." He was to have dined October 31st with M. Picard, Minister of Finance, who had just escaped from the insurgents, leaving his colleagues in their hands. Cresson's activity in carrying out Picard's orders for the protection of public buildings, and in rallying the National Guard, commended him to the "government," which had at last discovered the necessity of a police. "As soon as I learned that it was proposed to make me Prefect, I protested, insisting that the place did not suit my character, tastes, or profession (the law), that I had a wife and four children, that there would be cutting of throats sooner or later, and that the appointment was a sentence of death. I was told it was a duty not to be declined under existing circumstances. Finally I consented, on condition that I might recall to Paris twelve hundred policemen, arm them with *chassepots*, and reconstitute the force which I considered necessary to the existence of society. I called together the men in the Prefecture on whom I could depend, — MM. Ansart, Marseille, Lecour, Baube, — all relics of the Imperial administration.

I selected twenty-two commissaries of police, of whom twenty belonged to the old force, and I proceeded to make arrests."

By means of the secret service, which M. Cresson re-established, he was enabled to keep an eye on the clubs, the National Guard, meetings, public and private, and secret societies. In the latter part of November he denounced the International as the association most to be dreaded; whereupon M. Jules Ferry declared that the International "had no political power, designs, or intentions; that it was composed of honest men, whom he personally knew, and whose advocate he had been." This declaration, coupled with the refusal of the government to apply the law of 1819, repressing press offences, even to "obscene engravings masked under a political form," led M. Cresson to take his hat, with the indignant remark, "I see you have no need of a Prefect of Police, — I resign." Permission having finally been granted to execute the law of 1819, and Jules Favre uniting with General Trochu to urge him to remain, he consented.

M. Cresson's intimacy with Jules Favre and Picard, and his "real veneration," to use his own expression, for the patriotic sentiments and the energy of General Trochu, give his testimony the greater weight where it is against the government he faithfully tried to serve. During the three months he remained in office, he compassed the arrest of a large number of those who subsequently became leaders of the insurrection, but was unable to secure the trial of one until the end of the siege, when almost all were acquitted. Félix Pyat, literary assassin, and Delescluze, professional conspirator, had friends at court who begged the Prefect to pity the sorrows of these "poor old men." A plan for Pyat's release was devised, that all but succeeded; leave to arrest Delescluze was refused until the fifth application; and Rigault, who had at length been chased from the bureau of political service, could never be taken, being under the protection of "one of these gentlemen," as a cautious witness puts it. Others were let out of prison on their parole for a day or two at a time; Ranvier, for example, who went from his cell to a Belleville club, where he said, "They have not the courage to shoot us: when our time comes we shall have the courage. We will shoot them!" And he kept his word.

The necessary powers to arrest the leaders of the International were at last granted, but not until the opportunity was gone. Time after time, M. Cresson asked permission to enforce martial law, to shut the clubs, and to stop revolutionary publications. Authority was denied him until January 22d, two days before the armistice; the uniform answer to his requests being "that he had done his duty, but that the government could not give orders which it was impossible to execute." Impossible in December, because during September and October there had been no police, because Belleville had become a citadel which an agent of the law entered at the peril of his life, and because the twenty wards had at least twenty independent rulers. "The Prefecture of Police," says M. Choppin, "was an instrument of information rather than of action. Its bad organization was one of the principal causes of the insurrection." If, as happened in these latter days, a newspaper was suppressed, a worse one sprang from its ashes. If a commissary of police ordered the dissolution of a public meeting, he had no force wherewith to execute his order. Criminals were safer in the streets than officers of justice, whose melancholy duty it was to follow, step by step, day by day, and night by night, those who afterwards constituted the army of insurrection. In the performance of their duties to public order, morals, decency, cleanliness, health, so far from being aided by the courts or the "government," they were "constantly shackled by them."

Whatever advantages the "government" of September 4th may have gained after October 31st in the popular sanction, the improved character of its subordinates, and the superior energy of the police, it still failed to perform the duties of a government. Persistent feebleness was still its characteristic; persistent falsehood its policy, its substitute for victory.

Upon a people whose patriotic hopes had been poisoned for five months with falsehoods, spoken, printed, acted; which had governed itself as well as a society without governors can reasonably be expected to do, and had cheerfully made sacrifices to what it believed to be the country's cause, upon a scale and with a unanimity difficult to parallel in history; whose naturally sensitive nerves were strained, whose naturally quick pulse was kept at fever heat, by bad living,

in which adulterated wine bore a large proportion to food, by isolation from all subjects of thought but one, by constant excitement, and by an atmosphere literally filled with gunpowder; whose faith in the powers that pretended to be had borne severe tests with wonderful patience and hopefulness; upon a people, which had been armed, but not used, not allowed to show of what stuff it was made, fell, like a thunderbolt, the announcement that all was over; that the long winter had been a long deception, and that sufferings and privations had only served to make the terms imposed by the conqueror more severe, and the humiliation of France complete. Is it wonderful that the "Government of National Defence" became a National Offence?

"I should place," says Jules Ferry, "among the determining causes of the insurrection, the madness of the siege; that is, a state of mind brought about by a change to habits and a life radically different from the habits, the life, the conduct of our modern society. Five months, during which labor was intermitted and minds were turned toward the war, ended in an immense deception, the entire population falling from the height of the most prodigious illusions ever conceived into a reality which it was unfortunately impossible to disclose to it in advance, — this is what I call the madness of the siege; and I maintain that with the exception of those who possessed by virtue of their position in the government a more exact knowledge of affairs, every Parisian suffered from this mania."

Two provisions of the preliminary treaty aggravated the situation: that providing for the disarmament of the regular troops, and the non-disarmament of the National Guard; and that permitting the Prussians to enter Paris. The latter excited so powerfully the public feeling, that M. Thiers considers it "one of the principal causes of the insurrection. I do not say," he adds, "that without this circumstance the movement would not have occurred, but I maintain that the entrance of the Prussians gave it an extraordinary impulse."

Opinions differ as to whether it would have been possible after the capitulation to disarm the National Guard, with the aid of the soldiers of the line, who would in that case, under the alternative presented by the Germans, have remained under

arms. If impossible, it was rendered so by the inefficiency of the authorities. Had the National Guard been in the habit of receiving regular rations, the exchange of a musket for a day's provisions might have been managed. Such would have been Bismarck's course, had the matter been left to him.

Whatever may have been the perils of the alternative course, those of that adopted were serious. "We were authorized by the terms of the capitulation," says General Le Flô, "to preserve a division of twelve thousand men. I made it fifteen thousand strong by joining to a brigade of infantry a numerous artillery and a regiment of cavalry. General Vinoy remained at the head of these troops. The *Mobiles* and the rest of the army had been disarmed. The troops were permitted — and this was the greatest fault of the capitulation — to remain in Paris. . . . . The soldiers lodged in the houses of the inhabitants, with whom they took their soup and passed the evening. It was easy to see that the spirit of the soldier would be perverted. General Vinoy with his fifteen thousand men could not provide against necessities which he had not created."

The situation, to meet which General Vinoy had such insignificant means, grew worse every day. Discharged soldiers of the line swelled the ranks of disorder. Irregular bodies, which had waged a predatory warfare in the district between the hostile lines during the siege; red-shirted, beplumed ruffians, who had covered questionable deeds in Burgundy under the name of Garibaldi; agents of the International Association; socialists of every shade, and adapters of Utopian theories to selfish purposes; soldiers of fortune like Cluseret and La Cecilia, the off-scourings of civilization, jail-birds and revolutionists of all countries,— flocked to the city, which had been abandoned even by "moral force," and furnished contingents to the National Guard.

On the other hand, not less than 140,000 citizens belonging to the better classes left Paris within a fortnight after the armistice. Colonel Montagu testifies that until this exodus he had hoped to keep the National Guard under orders. Believing this to be thenceforward impossible, he resigned from the staff, and induced General Clément Thomas to throw up the command, — examples speedily followed by the best officers.

The natural consequences followed. "A few days after the

armistice," says Jules Favre, "I started at one A.M. from Versailles for Paris. I found no boat at Sèvres: all our posts were withdrawn. The Prussians guarded themselves till the last moment, as if the war were still raging: we, two days after the signature of the armistice, guarded ourselves no longer. On my way, I saw, at intervals of twenty minutes, almost up to the fortifications, a Prussian sentinel; but there was not a single French sentinel on the walls of Paris, — not one! Everybody had gone home. The National Guard was dissolved, and ready to serve anybody who would take possession. This ought to be a lesson to us. It is not in the nature of society not to be governed. The National Guard required chiefs, and it found them. General Aurelle de Paladines was sent too late; he did not know Paris; he had not the necessary instruments in his hands; and I would defy Catinat or Turenne to command an army which had no officers. The general could only hold discussions with the Mayors, who deceived him as much as they could."

The lesson learned by Jules Favre on that night journey, six months too late for service, was familiar to the men who took charge of the National Guard, when thus left to itself. During the interval between the departure of General Thomas and the arrival of General Paladines, the Central Committee — composed of delegates named in some districts by the Family Council existing in each battalion for social and benevolent purposes, in others by the committees of vigilance and armament already described; "composed," in the language of M. Ansart, chief of the municipal police, "of all the elements existing in the ranks" — had ample time to confirm and extend its authority. Possessing no clearly determined political physiognomy, it served as a flag, representing the federation of the National Guard, around which rallied discontented parties, however diverse their opinions and interests."

The Central Committee appeared openly on the scene before the entry of the Prussians into Paris. Its hand is visible in seizures of cannon and cartridges, insults offered to officers of the line, and mutinies fomented among the soldiers; in manifestations under the red flag at the Place de la Bastille; in isolated acts of cruelty and pillage; in the menacing tone of

newspapers and clubs, as well as in the misconduct of the National Guard. Jacobins and Socialists stood aside for a time, or guided, without seeming to guide, these obscure individuals, who were blindly obeyed, and by whose instrumentality the revolution accomplished itself.

The testimony of General Vinoy, including his journal from January 22d, when he took command of the troops, till March 18th, and that of MM. Cresson and Choppin, enable one to follow the insurrection, district by district. They show how skilfully its leaders threw the responsibility of civil war on their opponents, managing matters somewhat after the fashion adopted by the Southern leaders during the latter months of Mr. Buchanan's Presidency; how anxious, on the other hand, many of the "friends of order" were to avoid the "effusion of blood"; and how little encouragement to stand firm men of sterner stuff received from Bordeaux during these trying weeks, — facts to be taken into consideration by those who blame anybody for passively accepting the revolutionary rule.

The National Assembly, far from taking measures to improve matters at Paris, made them worse. Its monarchical tendencies alienated good republicans, who had no sympathy with the revolutionary chieftains. Its enforced haste to do the will of the enemy, by ratifying a humiliating treaty, was indignantly contrasted by the Parisians with its failure to grant municipal liberties, its refusal to sit in the metropolis, its inability to forget partisanship in patriotism.

Tenants and debtors, who were staggering under burdens thrown upon them by the war, received no assistance from the Assembly. "At the end of the siege," testifies M. Bethmont, "everybody was, so to speak, in bankruptcy; nobody could pay his rent. . . . The laws passed by the Assembly left in the condition of bankruptcy all those who, by position, habit, or instinct, are men of order, so that, when the 18th of March arrived, it was impossible to hope that the shop-keepers would take arms against disorder." "Many of the small manufacturers," says M. Choppin, "who work in their chambers alone, or with one or two men, suffered much during the siege, lived on their small savings, and were ruined, because they would not have recourse to public charity. As National Guards, they re-

ceived thirty sous a day, but that sum was not enough to support them and their families. When they found themselves in face of rents and of debts that they were unable to pay, they joined the insurgents, not thinking it worth their while to defend themselves."

Through various channels Thiers learned enough about Paris to render him uneasy, to decide him in favor of Versailles as the seat of government, and to induce the adoption of a plan which might test the feeling of both troops and population. Several attempts amicably to get possession of certain cannon held by the National Guard having miscarried, through want of tact on the one side, or want of good faith on the other, it was finally decided to seize them on the morning of the memorable 18th of March.

The causes of failure are given in the testimony of General Le Flô. "The troops possessed themselves of the heights of Montmartre at about six o'clock, and had nothing more to do but to carry away the pieces. Unhappily the horses and gun-carriages did not arrive till eight o'clock, by which hour the population were awake. Had the horses arrived at six, the troops would have been able to retire with the cannon without serious inconvenience. Other causes of failure were the lack of precision in the orders given, and the grave fault of leaving in the barracks the *sacs*" (with the food and extra clothing they contained).

"The soldiers," pursues General Le Flô, "having taken possession of the heights and the cannon, waited for the horses. During this period the population streamed out of the houses. Women, children, and old people approached the soldiers, crying, 'Long live the line! we will not fight each other, we are brothers.' Gradually the crowd closed in, and our men were surrounded. They were supplied with plenty to drink, and presently their arms were taken away, they opposing slight resistance. The trick, as Ledru Rollin said with reference to a similar occasion, was executed with great rapidity."

The failure of this expedition sealed the fate of Paris. The scene at Montmartre was reproduced at Belleville and elsewhere; and it became evident, by six o'clock in the evening, that no reliance could be placed on the troops. Hours before, Thiers

had gone to Versailles, after ordering the evacuation of Paris. This step was opposed by MM. Jules Favre, Picard, Jules Simon and others, on political grounds, but the military officers had but one opinion. "I agreed," says General Le Flô, "that from a political point of view the evacuation would have grave inconveniences, but I looked at the military question, and my fixed conviction was, that if we remained twenty-four hours longer in Paris, we should be unable to control a single regiment."

The decision to evacuate the city was probably wise, but it was carried out with undignified precipitation. Three regiments and six batteries were forgotten; all the forts were abandoned except Mont Valérien, and that narrowly escaped falling into the hands of the Commune, in which case the insurgents might have prevailed.

Henceforward the national authority was unrepresented in the national capital. The only civil authorities remaining were the Mayors, with their assistants, who were too numerous and too divided in opinion for efficient action. Thiers and Picard had given them general powers, and had, at their instance, appointed Colonel Langlois, and on his refusal, Admiral Saisset, commander of the National Guard. Idle ceremony! The Guard was under orders already; and Saisset, after issuing several contradictory proclamations, and vainly trying to stop the demonstration of the "friends of order," which resulted in the massacre of the Place Vendôme, retired to Versailles. For eight days negotiations went on between the Central Committee and the Mayors, of whom some were in secret league with the Committee, some heartily in sympathy with Versailles, and some halting between two opinions. Several agreements were made, fixing the time for municipal elections. Each agreement was broken by the Central Committee, which finally imposed what several witnesses call the "Capitulation of the Mayors," whereby those who signed it surrendered Paris to the insurgents.

Is not the statement justified, that, upon the men who formed themselves on the 4th of September into what they complacently termed a "government," presses a heavy responsibility for the insurrection of March 18th? If Jacobins and Socialists sowed the seed, it was these men who watered it, and gave it increase. It was their fault that the teeth of the dragon of

1793 started up as armed men; and it was they who put money into the purse, and rallied thousands under the banner of the International. Without faith in themselves or their cause, they could not be expected to inspire others with faith; but it was unnecessary for them to lie as they did, to save their lives at the cost of honor, or to demand sacrifices which they knew to be useless. The evil that they did lived after them, in the demoralization of the National Guard and of the regular army, in the blunders of the National Assembly, in the pusillanimity of the Mayors, whose capitulation they should have signed, since it was their work.

A. S. Hill.

Art. V. — Björnstjerne Björnson as a Dramatist.

"In the childhood of time," says the Danish poet Hauch, "the bard always came after the hero, and Mnemosyne, Memory, as the ancient Greeks have expressed it, was the mother of the Muses." In other words, the age of great political events is not the age of song; but in the calm that follows the storm, the poet will lift up his voice and will be sure to be heard. In the beginning of this century Norway's political greatness had long been a thing of the past. The lurid sun of St. Olaf's, Haken Hakenson's, and the Viking age had set in bloody splendor, and the nation slept like a bear in his winter den. And like the bear it may be said to have "sucked its paw," to have fed on the great memories of its heroic past, gloomily regardless of the dreary emptiness of the present. But it could not long remain thus. When the war-shouts of Napoleon's armies and the general rising of European nations after his downfall had roused the Norseman from his slumber, and awakened him to a keen consciousness of the unworthiness of his present condition, he felt again the old Viking blood flowing in his veins; he rubbed his drowsy eyes, stretched his athletic frame, and with one bold, well-directed blow crushed the shackles of foreign despotism. On the 17th of May, 1814, delegates from all the districts of Norway met at Eidsvald, wrought out a new constitution, declared themselves a

free and independent nation, and pledged their hands and their hearts to the preservation of the liberty which they had regained. A few months later (November 4, 1814) they entered upon a voluntary union with their brother-land, Sweden, and elected Bernadotte (Carl XIV. Johan) their king, having first received his oath to respect the laws, rights, and liberty of their country. The other European nations were fortunately too busy with their own affairs to trouble themselves about the doings of the Norwegians, and the Constitution of 1814 remains inviolate until this day.

Now, then, was the time to look for the great poet; and there was also a general expectation at that time that something truly great was soon to appear. But the general state of social culture was as yet so low, and society itself such a chaos of unassimilated and irreconcilable elements, that it must be deemed a fortunate circumstance that some twenty years elapsed before this great phenomenon did make its appearance. But even then the political questions were the all-absorbing topics of the day, and the poet, who should embody the poetical genius of the age, would necessarily have to assume the colors of the one or the other of the political factions. And both Henrik Wergeland and his great opponent, J. S. C. Welhaven (although the latter repudiated the idea), were so thoroughly imbued with the principles of political partisanship, that hardly the half of their lifetime sufficed to deliver them from the unnatural shackles which embarrassed them, and to develop the full and harmonious proportions of their naturally great geniuses. Wergeland was by nature a radical, and moreover so intoxicated with the new and world-wide idea of liberty, that instead of becoming the poet of his own age and nation, he lost himself in vague, half-symbolic visions of the future, and in a strangely erratic life came wellnigh forfeiting the splendid gifts with which Providence had endowed him. Welhaven, on the other hand, represented the very opposite extreme of social and poetical limitation. While Wergeland enthusiastically hugged to his breast (both literally and metaphorically speaking) every man who could boast a drop of the Viking blood in his veins, Welhaven fastidiously wrinkled his nose at the ill-odor and vulgar ways of the democratic plebeian. While the former,

conscious only of the vastness of his power, hurled forth with thundering magnificence his shapeless, heaven-reaching visions, the latter, like a cool-headed, clear-sighted critic, weighed, modelled, and remodelled his phrase, and carefully measured the æsthetic value of his thoughts, both as they mutually affected each other and in their relation to the grand *ensemble* of the poem. The result in both cases may be easily imagined. Wergeland's bequest to posterity, consisting of lyrics, epics, dramas, and prose sketches, is a huge and strangely chaotic mass, grand indeed, and still aglow with the fiery conception that gave it life, but withal vague, cloudy, and uncomfortable, like the world of Genesis before the hand of the Creator had separated the dry land from the sea. Welhaven's lyrics, as well as his critical writings, have long held the first rank among the classics of his nation; the very fact that he knew so well the nature of his gifts, and never for a moment overstepped the proper limits of his genius, has enabled him to achieve a high degree of perfection within his own peculiar province. He is a living proof of Goethe's famous utterance: "In der Beschränkung zeigt sich erst der Meister."

The romantic poetry won a comparatively easy victory in Germany, and with champions like Goethe, Schiller, Tieck, Lessing, and Novalis, what power could be strong enough to arrest its progress? Not so in the Scandinavian countries. There the forces were more equally divided, and the battle consequently was a far severer one. In Sweden the French classical Academists had to sustain a grievous fight against the romantic "Phosphorism" (as this movement was styled after its journal the "Phosphorus"), which at length in the person of Peter Amadeus Atterbom ascended the throne of poetical supremacy. In Denmark the fierce feud between Baggesen and Oehlenschläger also ended with the deposition of the former as well as the school he represented, and the latter for half a century reigned supreme in the literary republic of the North, and in the cathedral of Lund, June 23, 1829, even formally received the laurel crown from the hands of his great brother poet, Esaias Tegnér. In both these cases the struggle was between an established and a rising school, between clear and well-defined, but diametrically opposed, principles; in Norway, however, there was

hardly any old school to depose; and the great public, feeling its inability to pronounce upon the literary questions at issue, attached an undue importance to the political creeds of the combatants, and allowed their political sentiments to decide their preference of one or the other of the contending poets. Soon all the academical youth of the country stood armed on the two opposing sides, and with the impetuosity peculiar to their race longed to have matters arranged and settled by a real battle, not with quills, but with bare fists and honest blows. Such a battle was actually fought in 1836 at the appearance of one of Wergeland's dramas, *Campbellune*, on the stage of the Christiania Theatre, and resulted in the utter defeat of Welhaven's partisans. It was, as every one will admit, a highly original method of testing poetical merit, and can only be accounted for by the afore-mentioned fact, that the public saw in these two young men the mouthpieces of the two political parties rather than the founders of opposing schools within the national literature.

We have dwelt at some length upon the political situation in Norway previous to Björnson's appearance, that the reader may be enabled to view him in his relation to the time in which and for which he worked, and thereby gain a clearer idea of the importance of the work he has done and is still doing.

Björnstjerne Björnson was born December 8, 1832, in the parish of Ovikne, a wildly picturesque region among the mountains of Dovre. If it be true that a glowing patriotism is more naturally fostered under the solemn shadow of the mountains than in the sunshine of the blooming plains, we cannot wonder that this decided "Norseism," which so early distinguished Björnson as a writer, has ever remained the most prominent characteristic of his whole public and private career. Björnson is a Norseman to the core, and even if he had never attained the high rank he now holds as a poet and dramatist, his journalistic and political character would have stamped him as a typical Norseman. While Björnson was yet a child, his father, who was a clergyman, removed to Romsdal, a valley in the northern part of Norway, which deserved its fame among tourists and artists for the picturesque contrasts between the boldness of sculpture in its mountain forms and the loveliness

of its cool transparent fjords. When twelve years of age, our poet was sent to the State Gymnasium at Molde, a small town situated on the Atlantic shore, not far from his father's parish. We cannot forbear here to relate an anecdote, which we have from one who was at that time on terms of acquaintance with him. It may seem trifling; yet as, to the best of our knowledge, it has never before appeared in print, and since accounts of that period of the poet's life are scarce, we think we need make no excuse for telling it. One day, during his school life, Björnson entered the house of a merchant whose family he was in the habit of visiting. Seeing the portrait of the poet Wergeland on the wall over the sofa, he stopped before it and stood viewing it long and earnestly. On being asked what he was thinking about, he pointed to the portrait and answered, that the time would surely come when he too should be "hung up" like him. If this incident is authentic, Björnson cannot, even at that early age, have been so destitute of ambition as most of his biographers have asserted. It cannot be doubted, however, that his progress in classic lore was anything but satisfactory. His *naïveté* and unsophisticated straightforwardness made him the common butt of the jests and witticisms of the school, and the discouraging reports of his teachers induced his parents to think seriously of breaking off his unprofitable studies and sending him to sea. But fortunately this design was thwarted, and for several years more he had to endure the monotonous life of the Gymnasium; which, however, made him appreciate the more the glorious liberty of his vacations, when he could roam at his ease through the lonely wilds of Romsdal's mountains, catch trout in the freshets, and dream away the sunny summer days on the fjord. His exuberance of animal spirits at this time manifested itself in the most extraordinary manner; he found a rare amusement in turning summersaults on everything which came in his way, and not unfrequently exercised his revolutionary spirit on the tables, chairs, and other furniture of his father's parsonage. No wonder his mother thought that the sea was his proper calling.

Having finished his preparatory studies, Björnson started for Christiania, where he passed the examination required for admission to the University. But his head was now so full of

literary projects, that he could find no time to avail himself of the privileges to which this examination entitled him. His first drama, *Valborg*, was accepted by the directors of the stage, and procured for its author a free ticket to all theatrical representations; and through the opportunity he thus gained of acquainting himself with the requirements of the drama, he was soon convinced of the immaturity of his production, and of his own accord withdrew it, without awaiting the verdict of the public. His continued visits to the theatre soon enabled him to see the unworthy condition of the national stage of the capital; and with more patriotic zeal than critical judgment, in a series of newspaper articles, he boldly attacked the Danish rule as anti-national in its origin and tendencies. This attack provoked an equally bitter reply; and little by little, as the combat progressed, the theatre-going public, which included nearly three fourths of the whole population, began to organize into two hostile camps, and some eager enthusiasts among the collegians were already preparing to *conserere manus*. But the more peaceable citizens of Christiania had probably no desire to see the shocking scenes of 1836 * renewed, and after some light skirmishing, some of which was of a pugilistic character, order was again restored. The quarrel was dropped, but not forgotten; it was destined to bear a rich literary harvest in years to come.

Then came the great University reunion of 1856. The Norwegian and Danish students and graduates, as well as undergraduates, set out on a grand expedition to meet their Swedish brethren at Upsala. Here Björnson caught the first glimpse of a greater and freer life than moved within the narrow horizon of Norway's capital. This gay and careless student life, this cheerful abandonment of all the artificial shackles which burden one's feet in their daily walks through a half-aristocratic society, the temporary freedom which allows one without offence to toast the prince and hug a count to his bosom, — all this had its influence upon Björnson's sensitive nature; it filled his soul with a happy intoxication, and with confidence in his own strength and work. And having once tasted a life like

* The fight between the partisans of Wergeland and Welhaven.

this, he could not return to what he had left behind him. The following winter he therefore betook himself to Copenhagen, where he spent about half a year of great literary activity. The beautiful tale *Synnöve Solbakken*, and the grand dramas *Mellem Slagene* (Between the Battles) and *Halte Hulda* (Limping Hulda) owe their existence to the awakening influences of the Upsala expedition and the subsequent sunny life in Copenhagen, where the good-natured Danes willingly granted him the recognition which, at this stage of his literary life, was one of the first conditions of growth.

On his return to Norway he published *Synnöve Solbakken;* first in an illustrated weekly, which he temporarily edited, and the following year in book form. The tale, short and simple as it was, attracted general attention, both as being the first successful effort to introduce the primitive life of the Norse peasantry into the world of fiction, and because it revealed a great and rich poetic soul, of a cast altogether grand and strikingly original. There was, moreover, a certain nervous strength in the narrative; which, whatever might be said of its provincialisms and occasional obscurity of expression, seemed to indicate an immense reserve power; and the artless simplicity of the style betokened the author's perfect confidence in the intelligence of his readers, — a feature which never fails to bring its own reward with a sincere and enlightened public. In Denmark, where the book was reprinted, it was received with even greater and more decided favor; and, indeed, the sterling qualities of Björnson's writings have always appealed in a forcible manner to the æsthetic sense of the Danes, and have prepared him a series of triumphs altogether unprecedented, since the days of Oehlenschläger, in the literary annals of Scandinavia.

In the following year (1858) appeared the tale *Arne*, — of all the author's work, perhaps, the one best known to the English-speaking public, — and the two dramas, *Halte Hulda* and *Mellem Slagene*, all distinguished by the same transcendent merits which had already secured Björnson so high a rank among contemporaneous men of letters. It may be worthy of notice, that he here followed Shakespeare's example in violating sacred Aristotelean unities of time and place, and he even limits the number of acts in one case to three, and in another

to two. The untraditional shape of Björnson's dramas gave little trouble to Scandinavian critics, and did not subject them to the harsh treatment which probably they would have met with at the hands of the French and German members of that powerful brotherhood.

The later events of Björnson's life may be briefly told. Immediately following the publication of his dramas came his appointment to the "artistic directorship" of the national stage in Bergen, — which position he held for about two years. Here at last he found an opportunity for carrying into effect his peculiar ideas as to the character of the national drama, and, as the future proved, gave no small impulse to the development of the histrionic art in Norway. The Bergen theatre had come into existence some ten or twelve years before Björnson assumed the leadership of its stage, through the persevering efforts and noble generosity of Ole Bull; who cordially shared our author's enthusiasm for everything that was truly "Norse." It has ever since done excellent service, especially as a recruiting school from which the Christiania theatres might constantly supply their vacancies, and thus gradually bring about the change in favor of nationalization, which never could have been accomplished through any sudden revolutionary stratagem. It is Bergen which has the honor of having first discovered the great tragic heroine Mrs. Gundersen, the inimitable Mrs. Wolf, and the famous comedian, Johannes Brun, — all of whom now adorn the stage of the capital.

From Bergen Björnson was called to the editorship of *Aftenbladet*, the second political journal of Norway; but having soon become convinced that journalism was not his *forte*, again relinquished this position, and in the spring of 1860 started for Italy. Previous to his departure, however, he published, through the famous house Gyldendal, in Copenhagen, a volume entitled *Smaastykker* (Sketches); of which, "A Happy Boy," and the masterly tale "The Father," are familiar to American readers. One of these sketches, *Ei Faarleg Friing* (A Dangerous Wooing), was written in the popular dialect of his native valley. The year of his return (1862) may be said to mark an epoch in the literary history of the Scandinavian races; for after the publication of the grand drama "King

Sverre" and the wonderful trilogy "Sigurd Slembe," the subjects of which were taken from Snorre Sturlason's "Sagas of the Kings of Norway," the national drama was no longer a mere vague ideal or an imaginary promise of the future, but a grand and powerful reality, which even the most reluctant of critics were forced to recognize. Björnson now assumed the leadership of the Christiania theatre; and, as a reward for his great services to Norwegian literature, the *Storthing*, or Parliament, granted him an annual "Poet's salary." Since then he has held an undisputed rank as the greatest poet of Scandinavia. His works have been issued in numerous editions in the capitals of Norway, Sweden, and Denmark; translations have appeared in English, German, and French; and his dramas have been the chief attraction of the theatres all over the Scandinavian kingdoms. Of late years he has been engaged in editing the political and literary paper, *Folkebladet* (The People's Journal), and has from time to time delighted the public with poetical productions bearing the stamp of his powerful genius. In the drama "Mary Stuart in Scotland" he has for the first time chosen a foreign subject for his treatment, and has perhaps "Norsified" it more than the kinship of Norsemen and Scotch Highlanders would naturally justify; the play enjoyed the rare fortune of being set to music by the Norwegian composer, Richard Norderaak (who died in the following year), — a circumstance to which undoubtedly it partly owed its success. In "The Fishermaiden" the author drew largely on the fund of experience he had gained as artistic director of the two principal theatres of the land; and rumor says that the motive of the tale was suggested by the life of a certain well-known actress, at present the favorite of the Christiania public. If the rumor be true, the reader need no more be disappointed at the abrupt ending of "The Fishermaiden"; for "the curtain rose" over a life full of triumphs, worthy of the genuineness of Petra's artistic nature. *De Nygifte* (After the Wedding) is a short dramatic sketch full of truth and pathos, dealing with social life at the present day. The last work we have seen from Björnson's pen is the epic poem *Arnljot Gelline* (published 1870), describing the life, conversion, and death of a Norse warrior of the old Viking breed. Like Tegnér's *Frithof*

Saga, and Kristofer Janson's *Sigmund Bresteson*, it is written in cantos of different form and metre, and is characterized by a certain rude and honest strength, which, we suppose, would be more readily appreciated by the original Norsemen than by those who know the spirit of the Sagas only from cursory extracts and translations. The poet is here liable to criticism for the liberties he takes with his verse, often breaking off in the middle of a stanza, and introducing his rhymes, as it seems, very much at random; moreover his fondness for compressed vigor often makes his poetic similes extremely obscure. A Danish reviewer, noticing this fault, very justly remarks that Björnson's images seem to be one step removed from the pantomime. A complete edition of his poems has lately been issued by the house Gyldendal, in Copenhagen.

We have seen that Björnson's works comprise almost all the more important branches of literary art; but as it is more especially his dramas whose influence has made itself so widely felt among his own nation, we propose in the present article to subject these to a critical examination. As a specimen, we have chosen *Halte Hulda* (Limping Hulda), which, although belonging to an early period of the author's life, is marked with all the characteristics of his style, and moreover possesses the advantage of being intelligible even to those who have never had a peep into the mysteries of the old Sagas. The action is laid in the thirteenth century, — when the political power of Norway was in steady decline; when the *Asa* faith had long been supplanted by a nominal Christianity; while the old pagan customs, and the old notions of revenge, manliness, and honor still held as powerful a sway over the minds of the Norsemen as in the days when the law of the *Althing* and the fixed rites of religion provided for the emergencies thence arising. The time, then, nearly coincides with that of *Njal's Saga;* with which, indeed, *Halte Hulda* has many traits in common, — of course with due allowance for the natural differences between a drama and an historical tale.

A dramatic as well as a tragical situation always involves a conflict; it is the individual asserting his freedom as opposed to some greater power beyond and above him. In the ancient Greek dramas, this Destiny is an external and arbitrary power,

which the hero only recognizes because he is forced to do so, while his moral nature may silently rebel against it. But how infinitely more powerful or how much more *tragic* * does not the situation become where this limiting power, this Destiny — or perhaps *Necessity* is the better word — is no longer an interference from without, but is found in man's own moral consciousness. This circumstance Björnson has fully appreciated; it is the corner-stone in this as in many of his other dramas. Aslak, the father of the murdered Gudlejk, is old, and shrinks from the duty of vengeance, which his own conscience enforces. He knows that Eyolf Finson, the slayer of his son, is the greatest warrior in the king's body-guard, and that death is certain if he attacks him. Therefore when his sister, Halgerda, throws the red cloak of the avenger about his shoulders, he says, "O Jesus Lord, methinks that there thou laid'st my shroud upon me."

But the old pagan idea, which still clings to him, declares him a villain if he flees from the terrible duty. And he struggles, strikes, and is slain.

Numerous second-rate dramatists in Germany have attempted to transplant the Greek notion of Destiny upon Christian ground, and the result has been dramatic monstrosities like Zacharius Werner's "The Twenty-fourth of February," and Dr. Müllner's "King Yngurd"; where the whole machinery turns upon some inevitable doom, attached to a certain day of a certain month, or some mysterious curse attendant upon some slight and insignificant action. The poor success of these scribblers has induced Carlyle to reject the idea of destiny as altogether inapplicable in the Christian drama; † and as understood by Æschylus and Sophocles it may no longer appeal to the æsthetic sense of the age, while in the wider signification of moral *Necessity* it is the very essence of dramatic composition.

We have said that Christianity has essentially changed the

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* Schegel observes: "We are accustomed to give to all terrible and sorrowful events the appellation of *tragic*, ... though a melancholy conclusion is by no means indispensably necessary" (in a tragedy).

† "German Playwrights," Carlyle's Critical and Miscellaneous Essays, Phillips, Sampson, & Co., Boston, 1855.

attitude of the hero; that the tragical Necessity, instead of being, as with the Greeks, an arbitrary and inexorable Fate, has taken up its abode in his own heart, as a part of his being, an all-governing law for his thoughts and actions. But the age of the old Norse Sagas, lying, as it were, midway between Christianity and paganism, has established a peculiar code of its own. The old loyalty to Odin and Thor has vanished, but Christ the White has not yet taken their place; he is looked upon as a powerful helper rather than as a stern master; not as the unrelenting judge of good and evil, but as a mild, protecting Deity, who might easily be conciliated to further the warrior's ambitious designs. The code of morality for centuries remained that of the old heathen age. If the law did not enforce vengeance, society practically outlawed the man who neglected to whet his sword at his kinsman's death. The hero's chief end and aim was glory and an honorable name among men; and a bloody death seemed to him far preferable to a life of dishonor. And, through long habit and tradition, this regard for society and "honor among men" became so deeply ingrafted in the Norseman's mind, that it became a part of himself, and amounted to nothing less than an "inward necessity," which thus with him occupied a place very similar to that of religious duty with the Christian. The reader of Njala and Trereyinga Saga will readily convince himself of this; and without a right understanding of the state of society at that time, many of the finest scenes in *Halte Hulda* will lose their tragical import. The plot is indeed in itself grand, and as such appeals alike to the savant and the unlearned; and its passionate outbursts of grief, hatred, and love are such as will find a response in every human breast. At the same time a more thorough acquaintance with the customs and moral conceptions of the age will reveal many an exquisite touch of coloring and many a delicately sculptured figure with fine tintings and half-tintings of character, which require more than a cursory reading to yield their full measure of enjoyment. Then there is a certain rich flavor of antiquity, a fleeting, luminous haze, which ever agreeably puzzles the mind, and, without obscuring its horizon, keeps the curiosity ever alert.

The *dramatis personæ* are few, and the complications of the

plot not hard to unravel. It is characteristic of the author that he never depends upon complexity of intrigue for effect; he never shrinks from great psychological problems, but scorns to resort to mere ingenious intricacies. Hulda, the heroine, is the widow of Gudlejk Aslakson, who has been slain only a few days ago by the king's warrior, Eyolf Finson. There is a mystery about her, a strange, fatal charm, which is thus described by Halgerda, the murdered man's kinswoman: —

> "When yet a child, a weird old Finnish dame,
> Who saw her sitting from the dance afar,
> Weeping full sore, because her foot was lame,
> And that she could not mingle in the dance,
> Thus spake to her: 'Weep not, that thou art lame;
> For in return thou shalt a visage have,
> Which shall be death to him who looks
> Too long upon it.' — Sooth she spoke the truth."

In Aslak's race, where she has been fostered, five valorous men have gazed too long upon this visage, and in every case the prophecy has come true; not that she slew them: no, to her the one was no better than the other; but the fatal charm of her beauty inflamed the one against the other; the rejected wooer naturally believed his rival more successful; and through jealousy and hatred the brother became the brother's death. At last she is forced to marry Gudlejk; but ere the year is past she meets Eyolf Finson of the king's body-guard. No word is exchanged, only their eyes meet, the charm works, and Gudlejk's fate is decided. But that look is no less fatal to Hulda's peace than it is to Eyolf's. All the great dormant powers of her nature are awakened to life, and she feels herself suddenly a woman, loving and beloved. And this new love, the first and only one of her joyless life, whispers its alluring tale of happiness in her ear, and, inspired with tenfold strength, she rises to crush every obstacle which obstructs her way.

At the opening of the first act the stage represents an old Norwegian *skaal*, or hall, the long smoky rafters overhead, the broad hearth of stone in the middle of the floor, and the burnished shields and weapons adorning the walls. Halgerda, Gudlejk's kinswoman, and Thordis, a young girl of seventeen summers, who, like Hulda, has been fostered in her house, occupy the foreground; both sewing on a red mantle, destined

for Gudlejk's avenger. Halgerda tries to turn the conversation on the murdered man, but Thordis shrinks from the thought of blood, and uses every device to dispel the gloom which broods over her mind. She speaks of her lover, Gunnar, — of his manliness and beauty, and of the joy she felt at being borne across the brook on his strong arm. Halgerda answers: —

. . . . Ah, if to me
A valorous swain his troth had pledged —

THORDIS.

What then?

HALGERDA.

Full well I know what prize I then should bid him.

THORDIS.

A trail of blood thy thought!

HALGERDA.

Perchance because
A bloody house it was from whence it rose.

THORDIS.

Always the vision dread!

HALGERDA.

And dost thou think
That Gudlejk seemeth fair, as there he lies?

THORDIS.

Halgerda, peace! No longer can I bear
Thy ugly talk.

HALGERDA.

Aha!

THORDIS.

Methinks I now perceive
Thy race from Iceland came.

HALGERDA.

And I perceive
That thine is not that race.

THORDIS.

May God be praised!

In the characters of Halgerda and Thordis, we note the author's fine sense of the picturesque, and his skill in truly dramatic characterization. What could more powerfully relieve the revengeful gloom of the former's mind than the

fresh, half-shrinking happiness of a young maid's new-born love? It is not a mere rude contrast, such as every mechanical scribbler could readily have invented, nor an often-repeated antithesis, which wearies more than it delights, but a vigorous and truthful delineation of two typical characters, which, although old as the world, gain a fresh charm in the peculiar coloring of the old Norse Sagas, and in their relation to that age which the Sagas depict. The Danish poet, Hauch, whom we have already quoted, observes, that the women of the Sagas, when once in sympathy with the spirit of the age, soon surpass the men in fierceness and bloodthirstiness; they spur their sense of honor, and ever urge them on to deeds of violence and vengeance. Their very seclusion and the innate reserve of their nature, if once broken, seem to foster an increased bitterness and vehemence, which know no bounds and shun no obstacle to the fulfilment of their desire. Halgerda's namesake, in Njal's Saga, and Njal's wife, Bergthora, give sufficient evidence of this. Where, on the other hand, happiness and love preserve the natural sweetness of her character, the old Norse woman takes the very opposite part, tempering the wrath of her husband, soothing his passions, and surrounding him with all those gentle influences which gradually alienate him from his native barbarism. She is sprightly, roguish, and tender like Thordis; and like Thordis scatters an enlivening ray of sunshine upon her gloomy surroundings.

In the second scene Halgerda throws the blood-red mantle around her brother Aslak's shoulders; and when he hesitates to undertake the duty it imposes upon him, she bids him sleep in the room where his son was murdered. He goes, and Halgerda and Thordis are again alone.

HALGERDA.

At midnight hour, they say,
The house is haunted.

THORDIS.

Hear us, snow-white Christ!
And be Thou with us.

HALGERDA.

Oft, methinks, I heard,
That never Aslak found the man who stood,
When once his sword began to play around him.

THORDIS (*frightened*).

Now I must go. . . . .

HALGERDA.

To Gunnar ?

THORDIS.

Yes.

HALGERDA.

Thou hast
A message for him ? *

THORDIS (*hesitates*).

HALGERDA.

Seek'st a gift as pledge ?

THORDIS.

O, be not angry . . . . though thy cause be just !
I trow . . . . nay, well I know, that such intent
Were great in sooth . . . . and of a Northland maid
Full worthy . . . . and . . . . but I . . . . although I know . . . .
I can but weep . . . . shame on the naughty tears !
Unworthy are they of my race . . . . and still
I am so frightened . . . . O, let me but go,
I am afraid !

HALGERDA (*gently*).

Be calm !

THORDIS (*on her knees*).

O, let me go !
My heart is still so faint . . . . if thou wouldst plant
So strong a purpose there, it well may sprout,
But burst the vessel ; ah, so frail it is !

HALGERDA (*as before*).

Go, Thordis.

THORDIS (*rising ; still frightened*).

Art thou angry ?

HALGERDA.

Go, I say !

THORDIS.

I thank thee ! — but . . . . art thou not angry then ?

HALGERDA.

If thou wilst go, hie thee, ere Hulda comes.

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* It may not be clear from the passage quoted, that Halgerda wishes Thordis to demand of her lover that he shall take vengeance upon Gudlejk's slayer, and that she shall make this the condition of her love.

THORDIS (*drawing nearer*).

Yes, I shall go; but thou must tell me first
If thou forgivest me and art not angry.
For scarce a fortnight old is yet our bliss, —
Too young for plans like thine, it gayly leaps
With song and sport around the birchen grove,
It gathers flowerets and snatches kisses,
It puts up snares, and hears the song of birds,
Recounteth legends, plays at hide-and-seek
Where roguish shrubs have closed the copse above us.

HALGERDA (*embracing her with warmth*).

O sunny soul, I know thee once again!
(*Earnestly.*)
O, that he might reward thee for thy faith!

THORDIS.

In every little nut I offer thee
A worm straightway thou findest.

HALGERDA.

Ah, my child!
Perchance because I found . . . . well, mind not me —
Be happy! — Go! — To-night she comes full early!

FOURTH SCENE.

HALGERDA and THORDIS. HULDA (*enters slowly as in deep thought*).

THORDIS (*to* HALGERDA).

Of late, methinks, I hardly see her limping.

HALGERDA (*to* THORDIS).

Nay, not as heretofore. She will not own it.
At every step she takes she chokes a scream
Of wildest pain; for so it hurts to keep
The infirm ankle straight, lest it should yield.

In the subsequent brief conversation between Hulda and Halgerda, the former's power becomes strangely manifest. Halgerda rebels in her heart against her commands, but is silent and obeys. She leaves, and steals into the room, where Aslak, her brother, sleeps. The following soliloquy of Hulda's, a part of which we translate, is the exulting cry of a strong and lofty nature, — a nature hitherto shackled, lone, and subdued, but now for the first time free to gaze with fearless eye upon the life that is dawning upon it. She is waiting for her

lover, Eyolf Finson; with whom, since her husband's death, she has had several interviews, although until then they had been strangers.

HULDA.

He never comes till I have quenched the candle.
(*Blows out the candle, and walks up toward the foreground.*)
Of late was all the world so small, so narrow,
That scarce one of all my silent wishes
Found room in it, — but at that time, in sooth,
It still had room for all these men and women.
Now like a vision, in a moment's time —
O miracle! — so wide and large 't is grown,
Nay, so immeasurable, that my soul
Is quenchéd in the very thought to grasp it.
And now — now can the great wide earth but hold
An only one — and all the rest, they stand
And bar his entrance .... (*Speaking low.*) Methinks, erewhile I had
A word for each of them, an ear to listen
To their whisper. (*With rising energy.*) But if now at once
The voice of each into an ocean's roar
Together flowed, I had no ear to hear it.
(*Tenderly.*) O wonderful! yon silent wood, yon mount
Which dreams within its cloud, has gained a tongue;
Yon fruit-encumbered green, whose voice is bound,
Full steeped in rapture at its own sweet bliss,
It mildly speaks to me .... and I do listen.
(*Takes a seat, slowly.*)
'T was here I sat, — and as I sat the darkness
Came with its whisper to me; full warily
It wrapped my bosom close, — (*pensively*), and people, manor-house,
And all the past with muffled, anxious cries
Did perish in it. (*With rising energy.*) Here once more I sat.
Oh! then of joy a beacon in my mind
Was lit, — a pure and radiant one, that grew
And higher rose, and leapt like wildest flame,
And earth and sky encompassed! But I clasped
Hard o'er my breast my hands, — and I was silent.
— And full and heavy with this load of joy,
Of light and shimmer weary, could my eye
No longer choke the tears. . . . I wept my fill, —
As ne'er before in four-and-twenty years.
(*Weeping; leaning backwards; tenderly.*)
Come now, my Eyolf! Come! why dost thou linger?
Already in the pine-copse coos the black grouse,
And from the tarn the mist its silvery mantle

Is slowly trailing; through the evening air
It softly glideth, — to a lair more distant.
Erelong each flower it lightly grazed will stand
With dewy cheek, and gladdened think upon
The dreamy vision fair which floated o'er it.
. . . . .
I see thee, Eyolf; see the wanton locks
Which hasten laughingly in lusty concourse
Adown thy neck; I see thy valiant arm, —
Oft writs of death it traced, — but me it bids
A loving cradle!

Eyolf now arrives, but is at first gloomy and distracted; but Hulda's devotion and caresses dispel his doubts, and he proposes to flee with her to Iceland, where there is a home for homeless love. During their interview Halgerda's voice is heard from the chamber, rousing her brother, Aslak, from his sleep. Soon Aslak appears on the stage, arrayed in the red mantle of the avenger; he challenges Eyolf to fight, and is slain. The following scene in its weird power and truthfulness reminds us not a little of an episode in Hawthorne's "Marble Faun." It is Miriam's and Donatello's walk from the Tarpeian rock after the death of the monk, when the common participation in the crime awakens a feeling of strength in both, and draws them more closely to each other. Hulda has not in words encouraged Eyolf to slay her husband and his father, but in her eye he read what prompted him to the deed. And feeling for the moment his estrangement from all the rest of mankind, he clings more closely to her who is the cause of both his happiness and his misery. In the foregoing acts an allusion has been made to Svanhildé, one of the queen's maids of honor, who will figure more prominently in the following acts.

The second act opens with an interview in the forest between Thordis and Gunnar, her lover. They have a little quarrel, because Gunnar says that he wants to be married very soon; Thordis begins to cry, and he very dexterously changes the subject. The queen and her maids of honor come wandering through the forest, and after them the brothers of the murdered Gudlejk, Thrond and Arne Aslakson, — the latter wearing the avenger's mantle.

THROND.

That cloak is heavy, Arne Aslakson.

ARNE.

Heavier the words she spoke, who gave it,
Throng, my brother.

In the sixth scene the queen proposes to play at fairies, — a game whose object it is to bring unhappy lovers together. Her maids form a long fairy chain, and with song and play they dance through the forest, weaving their charmed circles around Svanhildé, who they know is suffering, because Eyolf, her early lover, has deserted her. At last they bring Eyolf on the stage, and a third person, an unknown veiled woman, to witness their pledge of troth. The fairies again retire, and the three principal actors are left alone. The song of the fairies, with its lightly tripping metres, as well as the colloquy between Eyolf and Svanhildé, are full of lyrical passages, whose delicate petals with their fleeting fragrance will hardly bear the reverential touch of the translator. Eyolf, being thus unexpectedly confronted with his early love, first seeks to avoid her, and rises to go ; but the unknown witness bids him speak. He touches upon mere commonplace topics, but the young girl's innocence and truthfulness sting him to the quick ; the memories of his early happiness throng his mind, and half imperceptibly he glides over upon the very subject he is striving to avoid. In the fresh light of the morning, and in Svanhildé's presence, the power which binds him to Hulda, and the all-consuming fervor of her love, appear as dark as the night which has been the sole witness of their meetings.

. . . . I know a place
Where there is gloom and night ; I also know
Where day abides. The sword . . . . it loves the night ;
But gladsome song . . . . it is the gift of day . . . .
Read me that riddle ?

SVANHILDÉ.

Thou canst do it better.

EYOLF.

To choose ; O, but to choose . . . .

SVANHILDÉ.

Is not so hard.

EYOLF.

To him, whose mind was never forced to choose.
Where deepest gorge doth separate two lands,
Then he who longeth for the thither side
Must risk the leap! And that thou think'st is easy.

SVANHILDÉ.

Thy words affright me, Eyolf.

EYOLF.

Come, Svanhildé,
Look mildly on me — thus! Methinks we twain
Once played together.

SVANHILDÉ.

Yes, from our childhood up.

EYOLF.

And with the friar read.

SVANHILDÉ.

For many years.

EYOLF.

Full lustily we trod the dance.

SVANHILDÉ.

At Yule-tide.

EYOLF.

But when I swung the sword, I stood alone.

SVANHILDÉ.

Oft I stood by and watched thee.

EYOLF.

Thou stood'st afar
The day I Kollijam chased; he rated me
A stripling.

SVANHILDÉ.

Alas! then thou didst roam afar
On foreign warfare.

EYOLF (*wildly*).

Then I saw thee not.

SVANHILDÉ (*shrinking from him*).

But, Eyolf!

EYOLF.

Hush, be not afraid, but come!
The bear will seek his den, for thee he feareth, —
O swan-white bird, with spring upon thy pinions,

Swim to my shore, though steep and rough it be,
One spot it has full low, — with smooth, soft grass, —
Thou know'st the spot, — Svanhildé, thou hast found it.

SVANHILDÉ.

Hail, be our meeting in the early morrow!

EYOLF (*clasping her hand*).

Here on thy snow-white hand, where goes the blood
So fountain-clear, and pure as in the birch-grove
The song of birds, let it my Bible be,
On it I swear an oath.

SVANHILDÉ.

Thou swearest, Eyolf?

EYOLF.

An oath I swear, and little do I heed
The raven's cry, which flutters through our Eden.

The lovers then depart, having first appointed a renezdvous for the next evening on the hill near the king's dancing-hall. No one doubts, of course, that the veiled witness is none other than Hulda. At first she seems so stunned by the suddenness of the shock that she can hardly persuade herself of its reality; and the wild, confused rambling of her thoughts conveys perhaps as vivid a sense of her suffering as would a more passionate outbreak of grief and reproach. The effect of the scene, however, is, to our thinking, somewhat lessened by the fact that the poet, evidently believing that the congruity of a metrical utterance is not favorable to the exhibition of the wildest vehemence of emotion, has broken off his verse and made his heroine hurl forth her disconnected phrases (at least as far as the form is concerned) in plain prose. It may be hazardous to criticise this tendency, which we trace in many of Björnson's dramas, as similar instances abound in Shakespeare and other dramatic poets. But as far as we can judge, it is the more commonplace scenes, where no great passions are brought into play, which Shakespeare deems unworthy of the elevation of metre, while where he aims at peculiar sublimity the sympathetic throb of the rhythm is deemed only the more essential. In the stormy scene on the heath in "King Lear," it is the fool whose sentiments are fitly clothed in prose, while the king vents his frenzy in rhythmical utterances. A break in

the verse, or a sudden change of rhythm, often conveys a vivid sense of the newness of the thought or a startling suddenness of impulse, while a complete abandonment of the metrical form, as it were, puts the mind out of time and lowers it into a corresponding region of prose. We will quote a few passages of Hulda's soliloquy to give the reader a chance to judge for himself: —

HULDA.

(*Stands for a while immovable, turns and looks at the water; cries out.*) The water! (*Rushes toward it, stops, and turns again.*) No, not thus — not yet! . . . . Whither am I going? . . . . Anywhere! (*Shrieks, runs, and pauses again.*) But where is the water? Ah — on this side! But it must not be on this side! For I — must go forward — straight forward! — Alas, my foot! I must not limp — no, not limp. Thus! Thus! — It pains me not — no, not at all! (*Sings.*)

I saw a white dove tremble
On the dark expanse of thunder;
From the earth the storm-wind hurled her,
While it tore the waves asunder.
I heard no scream or wailing,
No sound I heard her utter;
For she could rise no longer,
She could but sink and flutter.

Now I must homeward go. So much I have to accomplish. — It was that cloak I needs must finish . . . . for to-night . . . . when on our journey we shall start. . . . . Ah, but in sooth, that journey . . . . it will perchance not come to pass. . . . . Methinks it is the wrong way I am treading . . . . It is not hitherward, my homeward way . . . . and . . . . I must hasten, for perchance there may be some one that 's waiting for me. . . . . Or, how fares it with me. . . . . Ah, there is none who waiteth for me. (*Shrieks.*) Eyolf!

In the next scene Arne and Trond, the brothers of her murdered husband, appear, and in a singularly weird and disconnected dialogue she plots with them the death of her lover, Eyolf Finson. At evening, if according to his promise he should come, they agree to surround the house with their men and assail him. And not a Norseman, and least of all Eyolf Finson, would break his promise.

The third act opens with another interview between Thordis and Gunnar. They find the house empty, a weird gloom seems to brood over the place, and they are filled with strange forebodings. Thordis makes her lover promise to remain at the

door till midnight, and if Eyolf Finson should enter, to speak one word in his ear; and that word is — Svanhildé. Then Hulda comes and finds Thordis alone in the hall. She asks her who the man was who just departed. Thordis answers it was Gunnar, her lover.

HULDA.

Thy — ah! (*Drawing nearer.*) Then thou
Art strong, that thou canst bear to love, Thordis, also. . . . .

THORDIS.

In sooth, I knew not that it strength required.

HULDA.

Then — but a game, a play of troth — go, Thordis!
Nay, tarry, do not leave me yet. — But speak . . . .
What was it thou didst say? Has he deceived thee?

THORDIS.

Who? Gunnar? No!

HULDA.

Nay, that I did not mean . . . .
He seems so strong and fair.

THORDIS.

O yes!

HULDA.

And didst thou
Not miss him unto death, until he came?

THORDIS.

What meanest thou?

HULDA.

I mean, that in thy dream
Thou saw'st him oft, ere thou his face hadst seen.
Since then each word, each look thy hunger filled.

THORDIS (*wondering*).

Saw him before?

HULDA.

Dost not perceive? I mean,
That ere he knew as yet that thou wast born,
Thy life was passed in hungry yearnings for him, —
Meanwhile for others thou didst ever work
With face half turned, glancing to the door,
If he should come. In every trifling thing
Thou soughtest his approval, didst adorn
Thy flowing tresses with the hidden hope
That he should deem thee fair. With him,
Who yet beheld thy thought, if not thy deed,

Thou found'st a guerdon for thy suffering.
And when at parties maids and lusty lads
The dance-croft trod, whilst thou sat'st lone, unbidden,
The butt of pity and of silent council,
Brief, sidelong glances, but of evil import;
Then thou didst dance with him, and, wild, you hurled
Aside each couple, and the dancing-floor
Grew large and larger, and the tones, they rose,—
Took fire, and, flame-like, leapt toward the roof.
. . . . . .
Go not, Thordis,—the night is drear and long. . . . .
Doth he to-night expect thee, Thordis?

THORDIS.

No.

HULDA.

Then thou canst be at ease! Sit down . . . . and tell me,—
How didst thou learn to love? . . . . Speak freely, Thordis.

THORDIS (*frightened*).

We played together,—wellnigh children both.

HULDA.

Thus early thou didst find him?

THORDIS.

To the farm
He often came and oft we saw each other.
One day at length he brought his skees,* to slide,
And asked if I would stand behind.

HULDA.

Thou didst yield?

THORDIS.

Of course. And so we slid.

HULDA.

Adown the hillside?

THORDIS.

So steep it was, and like the wind we flew!
I screamed,—and hugged him fast, and begged
For heaven's sake, that he should stay his speed.
But nay, he could not; and adown it went,

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* *Skees* are a peculiar kind of snow-shoes, worn in Norway. They are from six to eight feet long, about the width of the foot, and the front end pointed and bent upward. On the under side they are smoothly polished, so as to glide easily over the snow. On the middle of each *skee* there is a band for the foot.

Adown the hillsides all, 'mid trees and mounds,
The snow it whirled and filled our mouths and ears,
And took our breath away, — it went and went
Right down upon the sea.

HULDA.

Upon the sea?
Ye rushed into the sea?

THORDIS.

Nay, then we fell;
And thereby both were saved.

HULDA.

Well, — and then?

THORDIS.

Then up he sprang and asked me quick, if I
Durst trust myself once more to such a brave
And gallant steersman; whereto I made answer,
Yea, if he only runs not in the sea.

HULDA.

And then?

THORDIS.

Well, then there 's nothing more.

HULDA.

No more?
Ye sware not?

THORDIS.

No.

HULDA.

Have never talked about it?

THORDIS.

No.

HULDA.

Come, Thordis, come; I would but kiss thee, Thordis.

Scenes like this are, to our thinking, well worthy of a great poet. The more evanescent charm of the verses — that which depends as much upon the sound of the line as on its meaning — may be but imperfectly rendered in the translation; but enough remains for the reader to discern the finely conceived contrast between the gloomy depth of Hulda's passion and the sunny cheerfulness of a love like that of innocent Thordis. At length Eyolf comes, Gunnar's admonition proves unavailing, he enters, the doors are locked, and he is once more in Hulda's power. The avengers, knowing full well the strength of Eyolf's arm, dare not meet him face to face, but prefer to burn him in their

own mansion rather than to shirk their duty. Eyolf has evidently come to give Hulda an explanation, and to bid her a last farewell. His sense of manliness rebels against the terrible power she has gained over him, while at the same time it forbids him to flee from her like a cowardly deceiver. But no sooner is he within the reach of her eye than his purpose dies within him, his old love returns with redoubled strength, and he can but curse his own weakness, while his tongue is powerless to speak the last decisive word.

Thou hast allured me, Hulda, — thrust me away!
Ah! I could curse thee, I could weep for thee.
Two paces from thee — is like twenty miles.
Here, here at thy right side
I flutter, hoodwinked by thy morbid love.
. . . . .
Erewhile on board my ship, which rode at anchor,
I stood, and saw her heave on the deep wave,
And shake in wantonness her bounden sails.
Then thought I, 'T is the young hope of my life
Here in the darksome bay of Hustad vik.
Lo, the night wanes, and rife with wind the air, —
Come, let us dare, and it will bear us over!
Let men but wait and let them weep up yonder,
Let in his chasuble the bishop swoon,
Let them but call me villain, befoul my name
With broken pledges, — every act of mine, —
But out I 'll start!
True will I be, and free unfold my sail!
. . . . . .
Come thou black, pale, strong-bosomed Hulda,
Come, my Valkyrie, — come, board my bark;
Straight it shall lift its wing, and dart away
Where ravens soar aloft o'er hungry war-cries.
Then I shall happy be, — to naught I 'll list!
I will obey at last what speaks within me.
(*Strikes his breast.*)
This is the Saga of my heritage,
Its runes I now must read, or I shall perish.

HULDA.

O worthy thou of love, — of death still worthy.
. . . . .
If thou a hundred years hadst yet to live,
Thou couldst not comprehend the love I bore thee

For all I 've thought this day, — for all I 've suffered
A life were small reward, — and therefore, Eyolf . . . .

EYOLF (*pauses*).

Ah ! in thy silence I do read thy thought.

HULDA (*cries out*).

O, tear thee from me, if thou hast the strength!
For in thy mighty breast I something found
Which upward lifted me, — I knew not whither.
And fast I clutched it, — by the lofty heavens
None so could clutch as I. Canst thou not lift me ?
Then there is danger that I drag thee under.

Now the flames from without begin to flap about the light-holes, the fire crackles, the smoke fills the hall, and Eyolf cries out,

"It chokes me, Hulda; whence this smoke and fire?"

And Hulda answers,

"'T is but the flame of my strong love for thee."

Then the doors fly open, and there stands Arne clad in the avenger's blood-red mantle. "Now, Hulda, thou must come!" shouts he. But Hulda rushes into Eyolf's arms, the fire breaks in upon the stage, and amid the falling timbers and the wild shouts of the avengers the curtain drops.

We well remember the day when this drama was first enacted in the national theatre of Christiania, and it would be hard to forget the storm of applause which greeted its most impressive scenes, and especially its final grand catastrophe. When the curtain dropped the storm broke loose in real earnest, the greater part of the audience as with one impulse rose to their feet and with frantic shouts called for the author; and when he finally appeared on the stage, the enthusiasm knew no bounds. The collegians from the upper balconies screamed until they were hoarse, and even the grave citizens in the parquet shared in the general clamor. We therefore do not hesitate in drawing the conclusion, that *Halte Hulda*, whatever may be its faults, must have touched a sympathetic chord in the Norsemen's hearts, and this is indeed in itself no small merit. Among its many beautiful details we will but mention a few which could not but strike home to every man born and bred among the mountains of Norway. Take, for instance, the

little love-adventure of Thordis, and her naïve answer to Gunnar's doubtful declaration. It certainly recalled to many a prosaic old "Philistine" the joyful days when he himself as a happy lover darted down over the glittering surface of the snow with his fair-haired maiden standing behind him on his *skees*, clutching him fast, and with mock fright bidding him stop his headlong speed. Then Hulda's grave musings in the pine-forest, the airy play of the young maidens in the birch-grove, and the bodeful mystery of the old legends, — how could a Norseman see and listen to all this without having his heart stirred, and feeling the warm current rush more rapidly through his veins? It was like a fresh whiff of the forest, a sudden glimmering vista of mountain and glaciers amid the din and bustle of city life.

It has been remarked, and not without justice, that Eyolf, with his wavering and apparent duplicity, can hardly enlist our fullest sympathy as a hero. But it is this very wavering, this vagueness of purpose, which in the drama is made a mainspring of action, which involves him in such hopeless complications, and in the end draws the inevitable doom down upon his head. And the author has never for a moment lost sight of this; Hulda clearly expresses it, when she says, —

> "Again to meditate thou pausest, Eyolf?
> It is this meditation which hath murdered thee."

Hulda's character is indeed grand in its conception, and its development is forcibly marked in the progressive action of the drama. In its general aspect, as a nature of grand possibilities, hitherto cramped and subdued, but suddenly by the vivifying spark of love waked to a consciousness of its own power, it is not altogether a novelty to the world of fiction; but in her peculiar relation to the age and the society in which she is placed, that is, in her peculiar Norse aspect, Hulda is without a predecessor. And the same may be said of almost every character which Björnson's art has brought into being. Gunnar, Eyolf, and Thordis may be met with even to-day in every parish and fjord-valley in Norway; and although their faces seem so perfectly familiar, the fact still remains, that it is to Björnson they owe the prominent places they now hold within the national literature. And here, we think, lies the true greatness

of Björnson as a poet. For wellnigh a century Norway has been clamoring for a national literature, and every new author who appeared since the year 1814 has hastened to exhibit the *national* colors and to emblazon the beloved word upon his phylactery. Henrik Wergeland, as we have seen, spanned the earth and the sky, rose to heaven and descended to hell, all in search of his own precious nationality; and failing to find it, at last contented himself with declaiming upon the greatness of what he did but imperfectly understand, and which for want of a better phrase was called "the ancient, sea-engirdled Norway." Welhaven's voice had a truly national ring when he sang the praises of mountain, valley, and fjord; but Björnson saw in the rugged Norwegian peasant the true type of the national greatness, and pressing his ear close to the nation's heart he heard the throbs of its hidden emotions. And when he raised his voice and sang, every Norseman felt as if the voice were his own, as if the words had welled forth from his own inmost soul. Therefore in Björnstjerne Björnson has Norway found her national poet.

Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen.

Art. VI. — The Rationale of the Opposition to Capital Punishment.

In Burke's "Celebrated Trials of the Aristocracy," it is related that when the young Lord Altham was a slave near Philadelphia, and was running away from his master, he fell in with a man and woman riding upon the same horse. The young lady had been forced to marry somebody against her will, and the pair of lovers, taking with them some money which was not their own, were hurrying away from an angry father and a deserted husband. They invited Altham to partake of their meal by the roadside; and while they were eating their pursuers came upon them and they were taken to Chester. The young woman and her lover were tried for theft and hanged. A hundred and fifty years ago this happened just outside of Philadelphia, quite as a matter of course, which reads oddly

to persons who have heard of Mrs. Fair's lectures. Gilly Williams writes to George Selwyn: "I called yesterday on my Lady (Townshend), and she is going to have an execution of her own. Draper, the butler, has turned out the d—dest thief in the world. She says she finds several hundred pounds unpaid which he ought to have discharged. He has fled for the same, but Mr. Fielding and his myrmidons are after him; and, her ladyship not being very compassionate, he must go to the gallows." From this it would appear that ladies of that day might discuss over the breakfast-table the *pros* and *cons* of the hanging of an old butler who had run away with some money.

There is one thing, at least, which this age has learned to do: it can pity. The change which has come over us, by whatever adjective it may be described, is none the less a fact which it is necessary to accept, and with which it is idle to expostulate. It may be asked, now, what has the sentimental as distinguished from the experimental opposition to capital punishment to say for itself. It is plain that hanging is "impossible." We need not call it a "relic of the dark ages"; it is simply *passé*. As a means of punishment in good working order, it has been rendered impracticable. Society cannot be kept up to it; the public is generally very glad to sneak out or to cheat itself out of an execution, if it can. But every now and then, say once in two years, murders occur very rapidly, the newspapers become vehement and the governors inexorable. At such a time any man under sentence of death will be likely to suffer; but the public attention will soon be diverted, the pendulum will swing back. A permanent reform in the direction of rigor and thoroughness, however much it may be desired, is simply out of the question. We must either stop executions at once, or go on hanging in our slack, inefficient manner, until the executions stop themselves. The opponents of the death penalty, knowing it to be "impossible" and useless, and necessarily slovenly and capricious in its administration, have a right to take its horribleness into account as a reason for its immediate discontinuance. The great mass of people, the country through, I suppose, hold the question in abeyance; most men who have strong opinions upon the subject are op-

posed to executions. And yet we go on hanging people in this absent-minded, mechanical manner, because we seem to find no appropriate place to stop. We condone the few executions that take place with the reflection that these are to be the last of them. But this does not make it a bit better for the men who are hanged. On the contrary, it must be particularly trying to be executed under the present state of things. An intelligent culprit must reflect bitterly that all this altered public sentiment goes for naught. The compunctions of the sheriff and the sympathy of the newspaper reporters rather aggravate the case. No man can do more than die, nor could have done any more in the days before Sir Samuel Romilly. He is to be put to death just like any old-time malefactor who never dreamed of such luxuries as the public petitions for his reprieve, the condolence of the clergy, and the tears of the sheriff. I do not intend in this paper to consider the question of the expediency of hanging. There are half a dozen facts one may count on one's fingers which go far towards proving its retention unnecessary. A great empire like Russia does without it; commonwealths like Michigan and Wisconsin have abolished it, and do not return to it; while its abolition has succeeded in many places, I have yet to hear of a case in which it has been tried and failed; if we try it and fail, twenty-four hours' legislation will put us back where we are. These points I merely name in passing; my object is to show that hanging is a very extraordinary and terrible thing. I do not oppose it, let me here remark, because it is terrible; but I say that because it is terrible we should see to it that there is some terrible necessity for it. I wish to remind the reader how strange a thing it is to be hanged. I wish to point out a few of the accidents of capital executions, and to describe and examine some impressions that control our own thinking about them.

One is struck by the caprice and inequality seen everywhere in the administration of the capital sentence. I have referred to the fact that the public mind is not very lofty and solemn in its thinking upon this subject. I have said that it continues to hang because it has not definitely decided not to hang, and that it administers this awful punishment in an "absent-minded and mechanical" manner. It would seem

the height of levity and sacrilege to lay hands in such a frame of mind upon the mysteries of death and the future state. It would be especially dreadful for men to bring into this thing the shiftlessness, haste, and triviality they exhibit in their ordinary concerns. However they may feel towards the general question, they must at least act with circumspection and firmness. Putting aside graver matters for the present, let us see whether capital punishment is administered with that dignity and equality we should expect.

The mere fact that a man who is hanged in one part of the country should escape in another seems indecorous. In some States, Wisconsin and Michigan, for instance, there is no capital punishment. A man is hanged in New Jersey for killing his mistress's paramour; while a person in Michigan who might murder and horribly mangle a whole congregation, pastor, Sunday-school, and infant class, would get off with imprisonment for life. This is a mere accidental difference in State laws, but there are other social differences which are more radical and necessary. The farther you go west the harder it is to condemn a murderer to death. Capital punishment exists by law both in Leavenworth and in Boston. Yet in many cases where the same crime has been committed, the convicted man would suffer in Boston and escape in Leavenworth.

Then, again, culprits are hanged at certain times who would not be hanged at others. When murder has been very general and people are angry or alarmed, the criminal will have less chance of escape than when the community is unconscious of insecurity. When two men are to suffer at the same time in the same State, the likelihood of commutation of the sentence of either by the governor is slight. Both Twitchell and Eaton, who were convicted of murder a few years since in Philadelphia, would perhaps have escaped death, had their crimes fallen at different times. Both were convicted on circumstantial evidence. Twitchell's murder was an exceptionally brutal one, but he was defended by a very able, influential, and indefatigable man. Eaton's guilt was not so great nor so clear. The governor was one of those imitators of Brutus who think it an impressive and distinguished thing to hang some-

body. He would not have dared to reprieve both, though he might not have hanged Eaton had Eaton been alone. But as he was pressed very energetically in Twitchell's behalf, it was the natural, though unconscious, concession to that gentleman's friends to hang Eaton.

Again, much would depend upon the mere accident of a governor's personal character, whether he was a clear-headed, firm man, or a soft, weak man, or an obstinate, conceited, heartless man. There is no doubt that popularity will be considered by governors in this as in other matters. Pardons are supposed to be unpopular, and governors, with that sensibility to indefinite alarm common to office-holders, are often afraid to interfere. An executive who was a candidate for re-election would be less apt to commute a sentence of death than one who had no intention of taking office again. Just before an election he would be particularly careful not to confront what was or what he would think to be an offended public sentiment. Here the reader may think me inconsistent. I say that pardons may make governors unpopular, and yet I say that most people are opposed to capital punishment. This apparent contradiction is explained by the fact that people feel very differently towards hanged and unhanged criminals. We do not clearly enough perceive that criminals must either be hanged or not hanged, — that there is no middle course. We would like some arrangement by which both things could be done. Accordingly, when a murderer is reprieved, our nerves are not shocked by the spectacle of his execution, while we may satisfy our sense of justice by blaming and ridiculing the governor who reprieves him. It is true, also, that we dislike the mere idea of any mitigation of penalty for a convicted murderer. Were there no hanging, there would be no idea of mitigation when a criminal was sent to the penitentiary for life. It would be satisfactory to know that the culprit had suffered all the punishment we had it in our power to inflict. As the case stands at present, governors are wise in thinking that too many commutations of the death penalty will make them unpopular and ridiculous. The question of personal popularity will enter into the consideration of the act, along with the questions of justice and public policy.

It will not do to say that the governor is a mere executive machine, that his function is not a judicial one, and that his only business is to see the sentence of the law properly carried out. Practically, he is the umpire who has the culprit's life hanging upon the thread of his predispositions and his policies. There are cases in which he could decide at once, but very often it would happen that much could be said on both sides; and when the mind is thus evenly balanced, we know how the slightest impulse or half-perception will turn it one way or another. I know of a case in which a governor, a half-educated man, was at a watering-place when compelled to come to a decision upon the fate of two persons under sentence of death. One was a boy of seventeen. The hotel formed itself into a kind of executive council, and the question was discussed in the walks, on the promenade, and at the dances. Some of the ladies warmly advocated reprieve; while others, strange to say, took strong grounds on the other side. The mother of the boy came to see the governor, — an old woman, who got in everybody's way and sat about red and swollen. His Excellency was in great perplexity. He finally decided upon hanging. From what an eye-witness told me of the proceedings, I think his decision would have had quite as much intrinsic value had he tossed a copper and left the result to the chance of heads and tails.

There is yet a grosser inequality than any of these. We cannot shut our eyes to the fact that social position makes a difference. A man cannot easily be hanged who has a very good position in the community. It has been done in one or two cases, but the circumstances were peculiar. The causes of this immunity of the respectable people are twofold: first, a lack of thoroughness and tenacious adherence to principle among our people; secondly, the inability of the immense comfortable middle class of the country to bring distinctly before them the sufferings of the very low. That young ladies who go to tea-parties and have accomplishments should lose a brother or father in such a way seems very dreadful. We do not so easily conceive the miseries of people who live in uncarpeted hovels. Another explanation is to be found in the *inertia* of an impression which once gets into the mind. That a man is

fortunate is a reason with us why he should continue to be so; that he is unsuccessful is also a reason why he should continue to be so.

Republicans as we are, I believe there is no country where respectability claims so many immunities, and has them so instinctively accorded, as in America. If a man of wealth and respectability is put in the penitentiary, it is very difficult to keep him there; not only because of the pressure brought to bear for his pardon, but because of the wide-spread commiseration his family receives from the public. To hang such a person would be next to impossible. If he committed some very exceptional crime, he might be hanged; but for the same offence for which many a Hans and Patrick would suffer he would go free. Yet the root of this is not so much to be found in any particular respect for "good circumstances," as in our peculiar ability to pity. And we pity the lawyers and clergymen, and the well-to-do people of middle life, more than the Wares and the Eatons, because we know more about them, and have a more vivid notion of the sufferings such a death would entail upon them and their friends.

Another inequality is in the method of administering punishment. Some people are much better hanged than others. This may seem to be a fine point, but I am not so sure there is nothing in it. Men have always laid great stress upon the manner of execution. There must be as much difference between good and bad hanging as between most entirely distinct ways of inflicting the death penalty. A man who dies at once is certainly more fortunate than one who is compelled to suffer through some minutes of strangulation. In England, not more than a year ago, a culprit who had not the good luck to be one of Calcraft's patients, had his head torn entirely off. The hanging all over England is done by Calcraft, who goes about the country from place to place, wherever his services are needed. But in America the distances are too great for such an officer to get over; and in remote localities they have to rely upon the best amateur talent the neighborhood can improvise. Hanging in our cities, I suppose, is pretty well done; in the country it is often very badly done. This seems to constitute an advantage for the urban over the rural malefactor.

But the gravest inequality, the essential radical injustice, of hanging has yet to be stated. The punishment draws a circle of infamy and terror about the sufferer which is factitious, conventional, and untrue. As men stand before God, does anybody think judge and jury, counsel, sheriff, and culprit, have their proper places? I now remember a hanging which took place years ago in an American town. A very weak young fellow was accused of a murder and, on circumstantial evidence, convicted. There was but little doubt of his guilt. The district attorney, a man of notorious character, had made up his mind to hang him (as perhaps all district attorneys should), and had carried his point. This lawyer was very generally charged with peculation and bribery, and some other sins to which society is more lenient, for the reason that in their enjoyment the sinner hurts nobody but himself. I do not know that these charges were true, nor is it important that they should be; for we all know that persons occupying good positions may very well be guilty of such things. The prosecutor who was loudly applauded by the press for his vigilant attention to the public weal, not content with securing the murderer's conviction, seemed disposed to act as undertaker, and actually went with him upon the scaffold to see him hanged. To witness the last miserable hours which his own ability and energy had brought upon this wretch, the custodian of the public morals may, for all I know, have come straight from some brothel where he had spent the night. The body of the young murderer was handed to his sisters, while the district attorney went back to dine in the bosom of his family.

It is well that the reader should remind himself of how strange a thing it is to put a man to death. If one's gardener were going to be hanged, he would discover that he had all his lifetime been very ignorant of hanging. The sufferings of the gardener and of his wife and children would put the thing in quite a new light to him. He has, of course, known that men are hanged, and has read from time to time accounts of the executions in the newspapers; but he has never with his mental or bodily eyes really seen an execution. He does not, then, know what it is to be hanged. Immemorial custom and tradition have deprived him of the sense of how strange a

thing it is to put a perfectly well man to death. Darius once asked some Athenians, who were living at his court, what they thought of the practice of sons eating their dead fathers. The Athenians said they could conceive of nothing worse than to eat their dead fathers. He then asked some Scythians, who were there also, what they thought upon this point. They said they could conceive nothing worse than not to eat their dead fathers. We can get used to anything. That which coincides with the experience we accept without looking into, no matter how terrible: things comparatively trivial which cross rather than coincide with the experience shock us much more. Men are often shot, and nobody is very much surprised at the shooting of Ferré. He was not killed at the first fire, and the *coup de grace* had to be given him with a pistol. This again does not much surprise us, as the proceeding is not at all a rare one. But no sooner had he fallen, whirling round and tumbling upon his face, than two dogs, who had been running about the ground, sprang upon his body, and had to be torn off and driven away. This does shock us, and yet reason must tell us that it is a far more terrible thing that a perfectly well man should be deliberately put to death, than that dogs should spring upon and tear his dead body. For this very reason, then, of the terribleness of what is strange and unusual, it would be impossible to change the present method of punishment to something less severe. We might put men to death by a cloth of chloroform over the face. The reader, I am sure, recoils at the suggestion. What is the reason? Surely the punishment would be infinitely milder than suffocation or neck-breaking. One man may say that for that very reason he should reject it. Another may say that it would not suit the Saxon temper, that it savors more of the feline and insidious Latins. But in point of fact we recoil from its horribleness. It is more horrible to us than hanging, because its strangeness arrests our attention and forces upon our imagination the nature and the impressive incidents of the act.

But it may be said that the argument from imagination works both ways. If we do not know what it is to be hanged, neither do we know what it is to be murdered. If we are about to punish a garroter we must bring to our minds the suf-

ferings and sensations of his victim. On a dark night when the fellow's hand is at your throat and you get a near view of his hateful countenance, you may be sure you will think the gallows too good for him. The spot looks very different the next morning when you come to visit it in broad, secure daylight, and the incurious passer-by will regard the event as quite trivial. I see in the paper that a man has been murdered. The fact makes no impression upon me, represents nothing to my mind, but it would mean a great deal more to the man's brother. He would be a better judge of what murder is than I, because he would better understand its consequences. He knows the history of the life that has been destroyed. He knows what opportunities, what felicities, have been extinguished. He appreciates better the sufferings entailed upon the dead man's family and friends. He is therefore a better judge of the crime of murder than I. But, it will be answered, society already knows the terrible results of the murder, for it hangs the murderer; let us now understand the horribleness of hanging, and see if it be not in excess of what justice may demand. If we can discover no other punishment which is, in our apprehension, severe enough, it will make no difference in the result. Our principle is that we are not to punish guilt, but to prevent crime.

It may be said, too, that if we do not understand hanging, neither do we understand imprisonment or any other kind of punishment. No doubt, if we undertook to try any of these, we should find them very different from what they seemed from the outside. But it must be a very perverse man who refuses to see that the death penalty differs from any other sort of punishment. The incarcerated sufferer can tell his own story; we can look through the bars and see him. But who knows the last agony of the death struggle? Who knows its *real* duration in the opinion of him who is the last judge? Who can conceive decapitation? Who can understand strangulation? Who knows through what a universe of misery flashes or struggles the soul of the sufferer? When we put a man to death we simply take advantage of that power which we hold in common with the beasts of the forests, with the insensible stone, with the earthquake and the hurricane and the forces of

nature itself, — the power to inflict suffering utterly beyond our ken and understanding. I have sometimes thought of a court-martial of gorillas, that in the depths of Central Africa might sit in judgment upon Dr. Livingstone, and it seems to me that such a tribunal would in some respects resemble a modern court of justice. The judge and jury, indeed, are not gorillas, neither is the culprit Dr. Livingstone. But one most essential feature the two things would have in common, — ignorance of what they are about to do. Do the gorillas know the effect of their deed in that far-away English home, the sympathy of Christendom, and the innumerable obituaries in all the newspapers? But is our ignorance and foolhardiness any the less when we presume to lay our hands upon the awful mysteries of death and immortality?

Some very superior people would no doubt think this a contemptible way of approaching the subject. "The London Spectator," a few days before Margaret Waters's execution, in a very offhand manner advised Mr. Bruce to pay no attention whatever to the petitions for her reprieve. The "Spectator" admired itself, and thought it fine that such decision of character and practical adherence to theory should exist in a journal otherwise so humane, liberal, and enlightened. On the evening of the day of the execution, a letter appeared in "The Echo" from a man who had witnessed the woman's death, and who signed himself, "One who up to this morning believed in capital punishment." This man excited the profound contempt of the "Spectator." "His opinions must have been very poorly grounded, if the realization of Margaret's sufferings caused him to change them," was the drift of its criticism. But the man was right enough, or he could have been, had he retorted that he did not believe there was anything in the present condition of society to render necessary the horrible act he had witnessed. He saw Margaret Waters, leaning upon Calcraft's arm, enter the gate of the court-yard; saw her standing upon the trap-door, her lips moving while the chaplain prayed; and then, when the moment came, saw the whole machine "fly all to pieces" and the woman suspended in the air. He thinks we had better dispense with this kind of thing, and the "Spectator" ridicules him for his weakness. Yet half a dozen reflec-

tions like the following would have made his method of thought sound, even according to the standard of the "Spectator." If murders are many, it proves that hanging does not prevent them; if murders are few, there is no need of resorting to such extreme means in dealing with them. We have no experience which shows that murders increase when hanging is abolished. We have the histories of states and empires that have done away with it, and do not return to it. Its enemies are practical; its friends, *a priori* and theoretical. The thing itself is very horrible, and the time has come to try if we cannot do without it. Moreover, we can devise some very unpleasant things for malefactors, if we but tax our ingenuity a little. Society makes it hard enough for some of us, by merely minding its own business and letting us alone. What could it not do, if it set itself to work to make things disagreeable. At the worst, if our experiment fails, we can go back to hanging or burning or anything else. Trust the Anglo-Saxon to take care of himself; he has done it heretofore, and he will continue to do it!

I have made use in this paper of what may appear to be a kind of bravado. In writing upon this subject one is impelled to tell the bare truth with a certain recklessness, — to describe the scenes and incidents of the gallows as nakedly as possible and with very few expressions of sympathy or horror. I have not repressed this impulse, because I have thought it might be the best way to quicken the imagination of the reader to the realities of hanging. I would state, however, that any man who is hanged, just at present, calls for our sincere commiseration and sympathy. Had he been born twenty years later into the world, or had his crime fallen twenty years later in life, he would not have been hanged. His especial misery consists in the fact that he came so near not being hanged. I look upon him as the unhappy victim of one of the levities of Fate, than which she has no moods more terrible.

The immediate abolition of capital punishment by the legislature of any Eastern State is hardly to be expected. I have said that some imagination is needed to possess a clear idea of what it is to be hanged; legislators have no more of that quality than most other people. The few sensitive enough to know the realities of hanging have not the self-confidence to

act upon their impressions and to proclaim their opinions in apathetic or indistinct moments. Such persons, besides, are not simultaneous in their impressions. Where one sensitive legislator reads the morning's account of yesterday's execution, and feels what an unpleasant thing it is to be hanged, he is quieted by the apathy of persons who are not sensitive, or, if sensitive, are not just then in their sensitive moods. It must be said, too, that legislators should, as a rule, follow in the wake of popular thought, and the public has not yet distinctly expressed its will that hanging is to be abolished. There are certainly some other things to be done more imperative than the abolition of the death penalty. But still, I believe, if some venturous legislator should carry through a bill to do away with it, the public would generally acquiesce, and the act would be even more popular than it would seem to be. If such a measure is passed now, instead of next year, a neck or two will be saved thereby; if now, instead of ten years hence, quite a dozen of them; which dozen necks will, I believe, if sacrificed, contribute in no respect to the welfare and stability of the Commonwealth.

E. S. Nadal.

Art. VII. — Mixed Populations of North Carolina.

It has been the fashion in this country to deplore the want of individuality in the characteristics of different parts of our land; it has been said so often, that belief has readily followed, that we are wearers of a social uniform, and our land the region of interminable monotonies. The good people over the water, who live on the ragged edge of the great Asiatic continent, have been accustomed to reiterate these opinions with a persistence which has led to their adoption in this country. There is no doubt a massiveness in the grouping of the feature lines of America, which, to the eye which has had its habit formed on the sharp contrasts of Europe, may give the impression of uniformity. Those who have not the judgment to perceive that each of these majestic individualities we call continents must be judged by separate canons of criticism, who cannot see that

they are no more to be measured together than are two different arts or the civilizations of two different times, may go on regretting that our America, with its noble symmetries, wants the picturesque surprises which characterize Europe, that land of physical accidents. But those who would fit themselves to appreciate and enjoy their own land should learn at once to look at it in the spirit which it itself arouses. The traveller who would journey through the southern part of the United States should be possessed of this independence of judgment, if he means to get all the satisfaction that can be obtained. From the Potomac to the Rio Grande his course may be laid through a region of vast plains, rarely diversified by considerable hills; but, to replace those agents of diversification, he will find noble rivers and forests more picturesque than those of any other level country without the bounds of the tropics.

Leaving Washington by the Alexandria and Manassas road, we come at once upon the most historical of our American ground. The Long Bridge across the Potomac carries us over the road down which for five long years was poured the tide of life destined to be offered up as a sacrifice to our ideal of national unity. For a little while we find our road within the line of Washington defences, and the marks of war are limited to the lines of decaying earthworks or the shabby relics of old barracks and hospitals, shorn of the neatness and whitewash which once redeemed them, and given over to the squalor of negro cabin life. However much the character of Southern life may change in its new conditions, it will be half a century or more before the outward garb of the old life disappears. The traveller who has the least perception in such matters cannot fail to see that in passing from the North to the South he leaves behind him the civilization of one type, and enters upon another having quite a different basis. The house, the chief element in the machinery of civilization, changes its character as soon as one passes the line dividing the two regions. One sees at once that the home is arranged for two different races, a superior and an inferior. A part of it is designed to provide the merest necessities of shelter for the lower, and the rest is distinctively the habitation of the superior race. However much the latter part may rise in character with the taste or

means of the owner, the cabin part remains the same. The uniformity of one part, and that often the larger portion of the home, gives to the dwellings in the South a much greater uniformity of aspect than in the northern part of the United States. Whether scattered as isolated farm-houses along the road, or grouped in the sad, decaying looking town of Alexandria, these homes show always the mark of the society of a double race, and are even more widely different from those of the North than are those of two far separated European peoples. Beyond Alexandria, we enter upon the field of the most complete desolation which the war effected. Generally, the destruction done by modern wars is quickly repaired. The visible property of a country is generally a small part of its wealth, and its destruction, while it may impoverish, does not absolutely crush its people. The fields are the richer for a year of fallow, and the husbandman comes eagerly to his work again. But here the destruction was utter. The fenceless fields have been claimed by the forests again, so long were they left to waste. Those of the people who survived the accidents of five years of war wandered away too far to return at its end. Scarcely the tenth part of the ravaged fields which lie between Alexandria and Gordonsville have come under the plough again. The natives say that the climate has changed since the war; that it is drier, and therefore the soil less fruitful. For some reason or other, the tide of Northern emigration which set this way so strongly for the first years of peace seems to have slackened. It is hard to believe that this soil will not repay culture; it has most of the characteristics of the light sandy fields of New Jersey, which were profitless while treated with contemptuous half-culture, but have proved fertile under a better system.

Soon after leaving Manassas Junction, the long, violet hills of the Blue Ridge begin to rise on the right. Though none of the mountains are more than fifteen hundred feet above the plain, their effect is very beautiful. Though we may be well enough satisfied with the scene, made up of the broad undulating plain, merging by gentle degrees into the sweeping hills beyond, we may enhance the pleasure by the reflection that here our race has done the most to prove its willingness to

die for abstract principles, — that highest proof of the true manliness of a people. It needs some such reflections to reconcile one to the desolate appearance of this region. It is indeed an American campagna. The ruins one sees at frequent intervals seem as fitting to the whole scene as do the grander works which break the monotony in the desolation about Rome. The air here is far richer in color than in the region farther to the north ; so that the skies have more of an Italian hue than those which deck most American landscapes. It wants nothing but the level life, if such it may be called, to give this plain, those mountains, and the sky the stamp of Italy.

The negroes seem to increase as one goes away from the cities. There is always a superabundance of them in the social congestions called cities ; they having a magical attraction for all those who would get the most life for the least labor. It is only when one is far enough away from the towns to be somewhat beyond the reach of their influence, that we find the laboring population of the country where it belongs. Around Gordonsville, a point where two railroads cross, there is a gathering of this people, who seem to live off of the little they can get from the charge of travel at that point ; some twenty women, picturesquely shabby, peddle luncheon of roast chicken and pancake. This traffic, which, if it is profitable in proportion to the din made by its followers must be good indeed, seems to be limited to this railway crossing. A friend of mine, who was with the Rebel army of Virginia through the war, says that after the country had been foraged over for years, the negro and chicken were still always to be found at Gordonsville.

The traveller looks in vain for any evidence of a growing ill-feeling between the white and black races. It was Christmas-time, and the negroes were gathered in large crowds about every little hamlet ; always boisterous, sometimes drunken. These assemblages would have provoked trouble, if there had been any latent irritation existing. But in a journey of some weeks I heard not one harsh word used towards the many noisy fellows who were demanding Christmas gifts, or otherwise making themselves nuisances. Nor, on the other hand,

did I see any disposition on the part of the negro to make himself disagreeable, by thrusting himself into positions where his presence would be unwelcome. The conductors on the railroad told me that they rarely took any other than their own cars on the trains, though there was no compulsion about the arrangement. The roads have been wise enough to arrange the matter by allowing a considerable reduction of fare to those who ride in the cars set apart for them.

My road led me to visit the extensive coal mines in the vicinity of Richmond, Virginia, where I had the satisfaction of learning how the negroes worked in large gangs, in an employment demanding a certain fortitude and constancy of labor. I found the only working mine, of the many which were in operation at Coalfield before the war, under the charge of an intelligent German gentleman, from the mining school of Freiberg, who had lived for about twenty years in the South, and had seen the character of the work done by the negroes during the existence of slavery. Since the war he had spent some time in the North, under circumstances which gave him an opportunity of learning something of the quality of the labor used there. His opinion seemed to be that the negro worked very nearly as well now as he had ever done, and that their work would compare favorably with that done by the average miner in other parts of this country, though he did not seem to think that they were as good as European workmen in the same position. The most difficult matter seemed to be to get them to abandon the long Christmas holiday. A few years of liberty has reconciled them so far to the loss of their saturnalia, that they had agreed to put up with a single day of "Christmasing," on condition that their wages should not be reduced, in place of the fortnight of unpaid and unprofitable riot they have generally indulged in. Any deficiency in skill and force on the part of these negroes is probably more than compensated by the absence of strikes and their accompanying disturbances. The relation between the negroes and the whites in this part of Virginia seems quite satisfactory to both races. While I was with Mr. H—— there came in two members of the school committee of the precinct, seeking to make some arrangement to have coal furnished for their schools. It came

out in their conversation that the school committee was composed of two white men and one black man, and that the school had been divided into white and black, sharing equally the educational fund. One of the members of the board was as fine a specimen of sturdy manhood as I ever had the pleasure of looking upon. About sixty years old, he had preserved in a surprising way the lines of youth. His body showed something of the marks of hard labor, and his head and beard were gray, but his step was light, and he carried his erect and giant form with all the ease of a gymnast. It was a body to make one feel confident of the future of our race in this region. His mind seemed about as young as his body; and though there was an evident want of schooling, there was no lack of native wit. Though singularly free from the usual Americanisms, his language was strongly, one might say richly, tinctured with the local color of the region. As soon as one comes in contact with the mountains in this part of the country, the man begins to improve. These big men seem to spring naturally from the soil of the Alleghany and its associated mountains. The conditions found there are, on the whole, the most favorable for the development of a powerful race. A climate of few extremes, though variable enough to produce active habits, and inviting to a life in the open air; a soil fruitful of good food, bearing beneath it a rich store of those elements of mineral wealth best suited to give the basis of a real prosperity. It wants only a good government and good social conditions to become the garden of the continent.

From these coal regions, on the outskirts of the mountains, my route took me over the long, sloping plains which lead from the low table lands of the upper part of the James River down to the swamps of the seaboard region of North Carolina. There is a great change for the worse as one passes from this upland region towards the shore. The land sinks down first to monotonous plains, then to the swamp regions, and the people go down with equal pace with the soil. There is much, however, to interest the traveller, who has an eye for local color, in the swamp region of Pamlico and Albemarle Sounds. The shores of these great sounds have had a singu-

lar physical history. It has been only a little while, geologically, since this part of the continent came out of the waters; so recently, indeed, that the land still preserves the contour given it while it lay beneath the sea. It is to be presumed, however, that the ocean is not satisfied with its work, for the land is again sinking with a rapidity which leads us to expect that on the geological morrow, say five thousand years hence, these swamps and savannas will be again beneath the waters. The great sand reefs which form the promontory of Cape Hatteras shut out the tide from the vast lagoon-like bays they enclose. The waters of the streams freshen these enclosed seas and spread far and wide along their bankless borders, giving a monotony of cypress swamps, from which project long, low islands which bear forests of the Southern pine. This tree is the sole basis of the little commercial life which has ever existed here. It has been to the inhabitants of this region what the cocoanut-palm is to the people of the Pacific islands. While standing in the forest, it is the source of the turpentine and resin, the staple products of this region; when it has survived its usefulness as source of these products, its noble trunk is used to make the most enduring of pine lumber, or is converted into tar and pitch. The tree is far handsomer than our Northern species; it stands up among the smaller common pines which surround it a real monarch of the forest. Even in its decay it is handsome; its branches have a more varied and hardy architecture than is usual in our cone-bearing trees; an isolated group lined against the sky recalls the stately stone-pines of Italy. It has the rare merit among trees of being more beautiful in its decay than in its vigor, and this capacity for making a grand ruin is of great value in this region, so monotonous and wanting in the picturesque. The old turpentine orchards, as they are called, gradually die under the sapping process of their exploitation, and their grand ruins gather an always heavier and heavier mantle of the lugubrious trailing moss, as if in mourning for their decay.

The roadside shows little to mark the approach to Newbern, the seaboard capital of North Carolina. There is none of the evidence of an overflow of wealth, shown in better kept plantations, better roads, and other signs of civilization; we

come almost at once from the forest, where the clearings are comparatively bare, to the outskirts of the town. There is not much to please the eye in the place, except here and there traces of taste in the older buildings, which have a certain un-American air about them. The number of the buildings which look over a century old shows that this was one of the points of colonization on our shore, and the difference between them and the old buildings in our Northern seaboard towns indicates that the colonists were of another race than our own. It seems that the town was founded, as one might suspect from the name, by a colony of Swiss. During the religious persecutions of the close of the seventeenth and the beginning of the eighteenth centuries, England gave harborage to many thousand Swiss and Germans. These homeless men afforded excellent material for the government and the great land companies to use in stocking the plantations in the New World. It is well worth our while to turn to the records of that time to get an idea of the conditions under which this colonization was brought about. There is very little evidence as to the character of the people who constituted the German colonists. They seem to have been under the guidance of Christopher, Baron de Graffenried, and Louis Mechell, and to have blindly obeyed the lead of these men. Their leaders were paid to transport them to America at the rate of five pounds ten shillings for each of the six hundred and fifty persons in the hundred families constituting the colony. The leaders were to give to each family two hundred and fifty acres of land, to be held by the colonists for five years without payment, and afterwards at a rental of two pence per acre. They were also bound to provide the people with food for three years, furnish them with "two cows, two calves, two sows with their several last litters or number of pigs, with male of each of the said kind of cattle," all of which was to have been repaid to the venturers. Soon after the settlement of these people, their chief man, De Graffenried, returned to Europe, leaving them without any title to their property. The colony continued to exist, if it did not flourish, for many years, and to this day some of the families of Eastern North Carolina show by their names that the stock has not quite died out. But it is evident that they could not have found favora-

ble conditions here; they have not increased with anything like the rapidity of the colonists on other points on the coast, nor have they shown any such capacity for founding a state as others of their race and faith have done. There was also a large amount of Swiss immigration on this shore. Under the same speculative De Graffenried a colony from the neighborhood of Berne founded the town of Newbern, occupying exclusively the neighboring country. Their numbers are doubtful, but there is reason to believe that the colony had about fifteen hundred people. Besides these large settlements, this country also received many hundred Huguenot colonists. It is difficult to determine the relative numbers of the different nationalities who first peopled this region, but there can be little doubt that this part of the State had a very great preponderance of Germans and French, and was essentially a colony of these races. Though these people were doubtless of the lower classes, there seems to be warrant enough in their willingness to expatriate themselves for the cause of religion to justify our believing that they were sturdy citizens, fit seed for a State. Those who came from the Palatinate had been harried by the French for many years, and the recipients of alms in England for a long time; some demoralization may have come from the shiftless life during these years, but they were from the same source as the German colonists of Pennsylvania, and had had the same history.

It is not to be doubted that the original material of the colonization here was of a character fairly to test the suitability of the conditions for the development of a State. Under favorable circumstances we should have had a numerous population and a rapid accumulation of wealth; the facts are that the increase of number has been surprisingly slow, the whites in some of the counties having hardly doubled in a century. The German, Swiss, and French colonists seem to have been to a great extent supplanted by the people of English stock, whom they at first outnumbered. There are still marks of the descent left in some of the names common in Eastern North Carolina. Many of these still show, despite the anglicizing process they have undergone, a descent from well-known French and German names. The languages have been

completely driven away. Sometimes one hears among the many local idioms of this region something which must have come from a patois like "Pennsylvania Dutch," but even these traces are not clearly marked. I could see nothing German in the faces, as one can still in Pennsylvania; the lean, fever-smitten face of the people had nothing Teutonic in it. Once or twice a face and figure characteristically French came under my observation, reminding one of the aspect of the habitans of Canada; sometimes a volubility of utterance which contrasted with the prevailing taciturnity of the people seemed to indicate the presence of Gallic blood.

There were certainly some influences at work here calculated to lower the *morale* of the early colonists. Large numbers of criminals were exported to the Carolinas during the first century after their foundation. The shallow waters of the network of inlets of this shore became thronged with pirates and maurauders. To add to this, the land was long held as the property of a company who gave bad law and worse governors to the colonists they had planted, like vegetables, in the rich swamps of Pamlico Sound. The utter want of any sustaining idealism, such as held up the Quaker or the Puritan settlements, in these North Carolina plantations, may account for much; but it is impossible to look at the physical condition of this people without the conviction that it has not been the sole sustaining influence. Were it not for some other difficulties the inexhaustible fertility of these swamp-farms must have given an immense population, if it did not create an ideal State.

While much can be attributed to the miasmatic curses of this country, which though great do not seem wholly insufferable, more can be laid to the charge of bad food and careless habits of living. It may be that these two are chargeable to the assemblage of influences which we term climate. Entering at random the home of any of the farming class of this country, we find ourselves at once in contact with conditions calculated to insure degeneration; and in a region where the commonest prudence would dictate the selection of the highest points of land, where there might be a chance of escaping miasmatic poisions, the house is almost always on the low ground, with a good lot of swamp by the door; the bedrooms are but

little elevated above the ground. The food is poor; sweet potatoes and bacon are the staples; the latter is consumed in large quantities, — it seems indeed to be preferred to more savory food. Wheaten flour is rarely used among the lower classes; the food is calculated to produce a habit of body conducive to the febrile diseases which ravage this country, but which might disappear under a more satisfactory system of life. The most unsatisfactory feature in the physical condition of the people is that acclimation does not seem to have been accomplished during the five generations of life here. The people still die in large numbers from the congestive intermittents which rage every year. That much of the bad effect of this region on the bodies of the people depends upon remediable causes is, I think, shown by the immunity from disease exhibited by many of the persons who have come to this country from the North since the war. They seem in many cases to have escaped the diseases from which most of the people suffer.

The observer who finds so little result from the two centuries of existence of man in this region, who sees so much to fear for the results of coming years upon the race if subjected to the same conditions, may well feel thankful that the fate of America did not depend upon colonies planted on this part of our shore. Among the things that might have been, let us suppose the Mayflower had been driven to the shores of Carolina, and found a place for its colonists on the ground which received the "poor Palatines" which were so passively planted by De Graffenried, nearly a century later. Would the Puritan have fared better here and reared a braver State than the Palatines and Huguenots have done? Or would these insidious influences of climate have reduced them to the intellectual and physical poverty to which they seem to have brought this people? It may be a reasonable cause for congratulation that the good ship which bore the seed of New England did not find other winds which might have swept her to those shores, lest they should have fallen on worse ground than the stony fields where they have grown so well.

No one has attempted to trace with care the history of these settlements in Eastern North Carolina, yet it is one of the richest fields which our country affords for such a work. The

original material was varied and picturesque. Germans from the valley of the Neckar, Swiss from the Alps of Berne, and Huguenots from France, gave a more varied character to the people than could have been found in any of the other colonies of America. Whoever will trace for us the history of these peoples during the century following their immigration, and who will show the reason why this good seed and good soil has given no harvest, will do much to reveal to us the future of our race over a large part of the American continent. It is to be feared that the materials for such a history have been lost. Nothing indicates more clearly the want of culture over the greater part of our country than the lack of interest in the history of the generations which did the work of pioneering. In a part of the West, New England influences have aroused a certain interest in the immediate past, but over the whole South and Southwest little effort has been made to record the history of the settlement of the country.

It is interesting to observe the perfect blending of the English, German, German Swiss, and French colonists in this region. Though no considerable advance has been made since this people came together, they have, nevertheless, mingled in the most perfect way. No such absolute obliteration of race lines has taken place in other parts of our country where people with diverse languages and customs came together. This would seem to indicate the action of some powerful conditions of environment tending to replace the original characteristics by suddenly reduced conditions. But if we turn from our own kindred people, the descendants of the German, Swiss, and French immigrants, to the Africans, who came here about the same time or a little earlier, and seek to find in them evidence of the action of these modifying influences, we seek in vain. The negro of this region is the same vigorous creature he is throughout the South. One looks in vain for any marks to separate him from his kindred in other regions. The white men about him are apparently smaller than the average men under the same isothermal; their sallow complexion and lank forms betray the influence of some adverse influences, either in the climate or habits; but the full-blooded negroes are not perceptibly different from those of Virginia or Kentucky, or other parts of the

South. This inflexibility of the African is, to the eye of any one accustomed to observe such facts, a very striking feature. Although general assertions concerning the condition of a people, based upon anything except precise statistics, are apt to be dangerous, we may venture the opinion that the negroes of the South give many evidences of being a far less elastic race than our own. The variation in size among individuals in any community seems rather less than among the whites. Gigantic negroes are rare, as are also dwarfs. If we take the negroes in different regions, the geographical variations of size are seen to be small compared with those of the dominant race. Some difference in moral and intellectual character is to be observed between those regions where the supply of imported slaves was kept up until a late stage in our history and those where the race is as many generations from the foreign source as our own; but in his physical features the negro has varied little from his African ancestors, and varies little when subjected to the diverse influences of climate on this continent. The negro has changed less in his movement from one hemisphere to another, from tropical to local conditions, from the indolence of savage life to the toil of slavery, than has the European in his migration from one side of the Atlantic to the other.

How comes it that the negro is so fixed in his physical character, and the white man so variable? There are several forcible explanations of this, though it is far from certain that any one is the true cause. As a general rule, among animals the higher members of any group seem to be more variable in character than the lower, and offer less resistance to those agents, whatever they may be, which lead towards change or destruction. It would seem, however, that the two races are scarcely far enough apart to refer this difference to this law, if it may be so called, of the animal kingdom. Again, it may be reasoned that just as the most highly developed breeds are those which are the most difficult to retain in their best shape, so those races of men which are the most civilized are those the most dependent upon the conditions of environment for their maintenance. It may also be claimed, with a good show of reason, that the variability of our own race may be an acquired capacity, caused by the frequent changes of conditions to which it has been sub-

jected during several thousand years of continued migrations, as well as the constant change of seasons in the western region where it has been developed, while the fixed traits of the African may be due to the uniform conditions of its home in the continent of least variation, where for many thousand years their lives knew little change. The intense race individuality of the negro is the source of certain advantages and detriments in his new home: on the one hand, it makes him better fitted to withstand the strain which climate puts upon him; on the other, it can hardly be denied that the resistance to change which his body shows is shared by his mind, and that his intellectual advance will necessarily be slow, even under the most favorable conditions.

There can be no doubt that the negro is succeeding better in the North than many of those who knew him best dared to suppose. The condition of the race in Eastern North Carolina is, on the whole, encouraging. They are working more and stealing less than ever before, if the testimony of competent witnesses may be believed. They keep their contracts as well as any ignorant race is likely to do, and are truer to marriage obligations than it was to have been feared they would be. There can be no doubt that they are learning the severe lessons which make the citizen. It is to be regretted that their wages are so inadequately low; fifteen dollars per month for the year, and no rations, is said to be the ordinary wage of an able-bodied man. He may eke out a miserable subsistence on this, but civilization cannot grow on such wages. Unfortunately, even at this rate, with the imperfect agriculture, the farmer can barely live himself and pay his laborers. The absolute want of variety of pursuits is the great curse of this region, as of most of the South. There are no manufactures; even the agriculture represents a single crop; the laborer has steady employment for no more than half the year, and so leads an irregular life. The possibility of any hopeful future here for either race rests upon the question of whether subsistence can have a more varied foundation.

The most cheerful feature of this community is the comparative freedom from crime against the person. My informant, a person who had been the radical sheriff for two years, an edu-

cated New-Englander and a Republican, and so fairly competent as a witness, told me that since the close of the war Crown County, with an average population of about twenty thousand, had had but six homicides. Of these none were clear cases of murder, and none traceable to class feelings or race prejudices. The negroes have not separated themselves from the whites, making negro districts, as at other points. The relations between the races is no difficult question here. There have been no Ku-Klux outrages in this county, though they have occurred in the county to the west. Travelling is as safe here as in Massachusetts, no highway robbery has ever occurred. That a large community like this, wherein live many Northern men, where the irritations leading to disturbances have manifestly been so many, should be so peaceful, shows clearly that there is no wide-spread and deep-rooted trouble in the relations of the two races and the diverse beliefs which it contains. There are some dozens of Northern men in the county, — a part of them adventurers in the better sense of the word, some men of small capital. On the whole, they are probably no better, no worse, than those who go to the new fields of the West. Where they were disposed to conform to the usages of Southern life in such unessential points as talking with everybody, and never expecting payments to be made very promptly, they seem to get along very well.

If the traveller will examine into the condition of the people here and in the coast region of South Carolina, he will find very striking contrasts. The problems which arise with the change in the condition of the negroes in passing from slavery to liberty are apparently far advanced towards a solution in this northern part of our shore. In the Sea Island region they seem utterly beyond such a result. In South Carolina the negroes have gathered on certain of the shore islands, forming aggregations wherein there is scarce a trace of white influence, and where every step is straight back to barbarism; in North Carolina, under very similar conditions, the association of the races is just what must be desired by all who wish to see the negro go forward with the dominant race.

There is but one explanation of this. It is found in the fact that in the Pamlico region the negroes and whites were left to

work out the problems in their own way, with no considerable outside influence; while in South Carolina governmental interference and private experiments by all sorts of reformers came in to complicate the matter. It seems to be a general rule in the South that the position of the negro in all important regards is in reverse proportion to the *help* which has been forced upon him. Where free rations, schools for which he has paid nothing, and volunteer leaders have abounded, his state is far worse than where he has been left to face his new conditions, with no other guide than his homely and healthy instincts. The schools have done good work; and are doing better, but those do the best work where the negro pays, at least in part, directly for the teaching his child receives.

There is one danger, however, before the race: their numbers are not increasing. The opinion is very general among physicians and other observant persons, that the death rate is not balanced by the births. The cotton seed is a ready substitute for ergot, and is used to an alarming extent. It is comparatively rare to see a negress looking as if she were preparing to add anything to the woes of the Malthusians. We have had it said recently that in some of the States, according to the census, the number of the negroes is as great as in 1860, *ergo* the negroes are not decreasing, — a very hasty conclusion. For the first five years of the decade the race was under pretty much its old conditions in the greater part of the South. This should have added largely to the total of 1860. Moreover, the fact that slaves were taxable property caused the returns to be always somewhat under the true number during the old conditions. It is a well-known fact that property returns are always beneath the truth. Before the war the rate of increase of the negroes was far more rapid than among the whites. The superior race did all that could be done to push the reproduction to the highest point, for therein more than half the South found the real profit of slaves.

It is useless to strive against such evils, as that above indicated, by moral influences alone. While the wages of the negroes are so small, any considerable increase in population is hardly to be desired. Until the South, through a more varied industry, develops capital more rapidly than at present, the in-

crease of the negro population in the rapid ratio of the years before the war would make it even more difficult for them to advance than at present. The greatest need the negro now has to meet is not more or better assured rights, but better wages. The ballot and spelling-book are potent instruments under certain circumstances, and in their time may do something for these unfortunate partners of our national fate, but to a man who, at his best, can earn only fifteen dollars per month, they mean nothing at all.

He who would do the best for this people, must seek to establish in the South real industrial schools, manufactories and savings banks. They are the levers which will lift this race, if it is ever to rise.

N. S. Shaler.

Art. VIII. — CRITICAL NOTICES.

1. — *Autobiography of* Amos Kendall. Edited by his son-in-law, William Stickney. Boston: Lee and Shepard. New York: Lee, Shepard, and Dillingham. 1872.

In 1834, Miss Harriet Martineau, then in Washington, wrote, "I was fortunate enough once to catch a glimpse of the invincible Amos Kendall, one of the most remarkable men in America. He is supposed to be the moving spring of the administration; the thinker, planner, and doer; but it is all in the dark. Documents are issued, the excellence of which prevents their being attributed to the persons who take the responsibility of them; a correspondence is kept up all over the country, for which no one seems answerable; work is done of goblin extent and with goblin speed, which makes men look about them with superstitious wonder; and the invisible Amos Kendall has the credit of it all. President Jackson's letters to his Cabinet are said to be Kendall's; the report on Sunday mails is attributed to Kendall; the letters sent from Washington to remote country newspapers, whence they are collected and published in the 'Globe,' as demonstrations of public opinion, are pronounced to be written by Kendall. Every mysterious paragraph in opposition newspapers relates to Kendall, and it is some relief that his now having the office of Postmaster-General affords opportunity for open attack upon this twilight personage, who is proved by the faults in the post-office administration not to be able to do quite

everything well. But he is undoubtedly a great genius." This is no exaggerated statement. For ten years his name was on every one's lips; a contemporary of Webster, Clay, and Calhoun, he occupied a share of public attention scarcely less than theirs; and yet to-day, though he has been dead barely three years, even among educated men, to not one in ten of those who are under fifty does his name convey any definite impression. Who he was, to what he owed his temporary prominence, and why he has left so slight a trace upon the memories of his countrymen, are questions to the first and last of which this Autobiography affords an answer.

Born about six months after the first inauguration of Washington, he passed his youth under the administration of Jefferson, and his early manhood amid the excitements preceding and attending the war of 1812; as the editor of a newspaper in Kentucky from the close of that war till he took office under General Jackson, he was of necessity conversant with the political struggles which marked that interesting period of our national development; while during the scenes of Jackson's administration, when in the contest over the removal of the government deposits from the Bank of the United States, Webster, Clay, and Calhoun were all arrayed against the President amid a political commotion such as this generation can hardly understand, he stood as the right-hand man of "Old Hickory," and shared with Benton and Woodbury the attacks of the Whigs. After he resigned the office of Postmaster-General and returned to his profession, his acquaintance with prominent men, acquired during a residence of forty years in Washington, should have made him familiar with the varying phases of the antislavery agitation, and have enabled him to enlarge our knowledge of its secret annals.

The history of such a life, if properly told, could not fail to be valuable, but if the reader turns to this Autobiography in the hope of finding such a history he will be disappointed. The editor has endeavored rather to show Mr. Kendall's character as a man, than to describe his career or his connection with the public affairs of his day. This is the more to be regretted, since the subject of his memoir was a person whose life is interesting solely for what he did and not for what he was. Mr. Stickney, however, as is not unnatural in one closely related to the man of whom he writes, overrates the interest which the public takes in the private character of Mr. Kendall, and, assuming a curiosity which does not exist, seeks to gratify it by the publication of matters so entirely private, that he seems almost guilty of a breach of confidence, and is often guilty of a breach of good taste in disclosing them.

There is in the biography an entire lack of perspective. The most

trifling incidents of Kendall's childhood are treated as if equally important with the most striking events of his public life. This perhaps arises from the effort of the editor to let Mr. Kendall give his career in his own words. Till he was twenty-eight years old he kept a journal; and as he had nothing very important to write about, his daily record dealt with trifles which concerned only himself and perhaps his personal friends. Afterwards, being fairly launched in active life, he had no time for a journal, and the editor, to supply the deficiency, resorts to his newspaper articles and to his private correspondence, which, while it exhibits his relations with his family, contains almost nothing of value to the public. Concerning the really important periods of his life, he seems to have written comparatively little; and hence, in a collection of his writings, which is in fact what Mr. Stickney has given us, they make but a small figure. His boyhood was not different from that of most country boys brought up under the Puritan dispensation; he received the usual education, and had the ordinary recreations. That Mr. Kendall hunted foxes and got very tired, that he found a nest of young mice, or that once, in a severe storm, "the snow blown among his hair under the rim of his hat melted there, and then running down from the hair froze, and formed dangling icicles over the ear," are not incidents which acquire a special interest from the fact that he was the hero of them; yet his journal and his correspondence are filled with such trivialities, and they are far too largely used in making up this biography.

His experiences as a student at Dartmouth College, where he was graduated in 1811, are narrated with great fulness, and the picture presented of college manners and college discipline sixty years ago would make the hair of a college officer nowadays stand on end. Fights with the villagers, arising from efforts on the part of the latter to free their cattle shut up in the college cellars, seem to have been no unusual pastime.

A temperance agitation in his Sophomore year led some young men into disgraceful excesses, which Mr. Kendall's journal describes with great minuteness, giving the names of the perpetrators. We cannot but think that the editor would have done wisely, if he felt it necessary to preserve the recollection of these scenes, at least to suppress the names, for their grandchildren will hardly read with pleasure accounts of their ancestors' follies from the pen of one who certainly did "nothing extenuate."

At this time, Mr. Kendall received an anonymous letter of abuse, which he suspected came from one of his classmates who left the college on account of his participation in some anti-temperance outrage. He

carefully preserved it till he heard, some years after, that the supposed writer was settled as a minister in a country town, when he sent it back with the following note: "I return to you the only memorial of your former folly and meanness in my possession. . . . . That you are reformed and that you may be useful and finally happy is the sincere hope of Amos Kendall." The editor, after telling us that the postage on this note was prepaid, in order, perhaps, to make more pointed the contrast between the sheep and the goat, continues: "It was believed that if Mr. B. had become a better man, this note would elicit an apology from him, but no reply was ever received." Mr. B.'s moderation in not replying hardly seems to justify Mr. Stickney's obvious inference, but the whole incident is thoroughly characteristic of his hero.

After his graduation he studied law; and, in 1814, concluding that his chance of speedy advancement would be better in the West, he went to Lexington, Kentucky, where he became a tutor in the family of Henry Clay. Mr. Clay was absent in Europe at the time as one of the commissioners to negotiate peace with Great Britain, and Mr. Kendall's journal tells us nothing of him. Of details as to his family and the society of Lexington, in which he seems to have moved freely, his journal is singularly barren. A lively interest in himself is conspicuous throughout. Thus we find, under the date of June 17, 1814, "arrived the news of the dethronement and abdication of Bonaparte. . . . . We are now left to contend single-handed against the whole power of Great Britain. . . . . But we must breast the shock and pray God to unite us and bring us off with honor. Young men are already talking here of going into the army, but it will be my last resort."

July 22d, "a requisition is made on this State for fifty-five hundred militia, to be held in readiness to march at a moment's warning. It is said they are destined for New Orleans. If they have enrolled me, as was their duty, I shall be liable to a draft, and I care but little if the lot should fall upon me. If I should manage well and return safe, it would give me a reputation which would be useful." We miss in such utterances the orthodox glow of patriotism.

Occasionally, however, we find some hint as to the state of Kentucky society. The law-abiding spirit of the community is illustrated by the proposal of a militia captain to remunerate a gentleman who had been fined for selling whiskey to his company without a license.

Perhaps Mr. Kendall's patriotic sentiments were simply a reflection of those entertained by his neighbors. The Kentucky militia, at least, were hardly alive to the possibilities of the war; for he tells us that, at one training, where about two thirds of the company appeared, some with useless muskets, some with none, all without bayonets, uniform, or

cartridge-boxes, the captain drew his men up in a hollow square, after calling the roll, and introduced a candidate for the legislature, who made them a stump speech; when he had finished, the company was marched to the whiskey-table, where they were dismissed for a time in order that some five or six other candidates might privately urge their respective claims. These important duties having been performed, a slight drill followed.

Again, he describes a regimental muster, where there was not a cartouch-box or bayonet in the regiment, and where the exercises consisted in marching half a mile, forming *en echelon* three times, and marching back again, — manœuvres which thoroughly exhausted the command, as they had to be learned by officers and men alike.

Yet when this warlike community received the news of the peace of Ghent, which rescued us from the most serious embarrassments, they refused to rejoice, because they feared the terms were dishonorable. An illumination was recommended by the more judicious, whereupon the violent young warriors of Lexington threatened to break every window that was lighted up. It is unnecessary to add that though a third of the houses in town were illuminated, not a window was injured. Mr. Kendall evidently understood the spirit of the people, for he says: "I have, I think, learnt the way to be popular in Kentucky, but do not as yet put it in practice. Drink whiskey and talk loud with the fullest confidence, and you will hardly fail of being called a clever fellow."

Becoming discouraged by his first experience, or rather the want of it, as a lawyer, he soon drifted into journalism, which became thenceforth his profession. His diary gives us a very accurate picture of a Kentucky editor's life, though possibly no exaggerated idea of its dignity. In spite of a friend's warning, he became interested in a newspaper which had already ruined two men, his part being to edit, read the proofs, keep the accounts, collect them when his travels brought him within reach of the debtors, and labor an hour a day in folding papers. He soon shared the fate of his predecessors; but not dismayed by this failure, he forthwith issued the prospectus of a new sheet, which was shortly afterwards established. Whatever he may have been in after life, at this period he was clearly no slave to party zeal. Anxious to lose no subscribers, since the existence of his paper depended upon the support of all parties, he hit upon the brilliant plan of inserting the writings of neither side, but of printing them as hand-bills to be folded in the paper, if desired; for he remarks, "My wish is to steer as clear as possible of censure on either side, for I wish not to give offence for another's benefit." Apparently this plan did not fulfil his fond expectations, for shortly after we find him complaining: "I have the most

difficult task as editor. There has been much grumbling by one and another, but none are decisively angry. I shall endeavor to keep them in this state of half mad and half pleased." The mad half seems to have been preserved most easily, for the journal soon records that his position on the questions in dispute has been mistaken, and some subscribers have threatened to discontinue. Later we learn, that unreasonable spirits, who insist on his taking a decided part in politics, still continue to find fault, while some have even stopped their papers. Whereupon, says Mr. Kendall, "Let them go, and every other man who will quarrel with an editor, if he be honest"; an observation instantly followed by, "I commenced an attack on the 'Western Monitor' some time ago, and Mr. Hunt has twice answered it, and now we have it regularly. But having great respect for each other, we find ourselves very much restricted." This attack he afterwards proposes to continue, "as well for amusement, as for the support of the Republican party"; and soon we find that it ended in personal invective and the termination of the friendship between the combatants which had hampered them so much. As Mr. Kendall grew more used to the editorial chair, these newspaper contests grew more common, and he became engaged in several hand-to-hand encounters, but always came off well. In one, his assailant was overpowered by numbers and roughly handled, having his shoulder broken, and his eyes "badly gouged" by Mr. Kendall's partner, which last result is full of pleasing suggestions as to the rules of war among Kentucky editors of the day.

"While Mr. Kendall was thus wielding his vigorous pen in the support of measures he deemed so essential to the prosperity of his adopted State," says his biographer, he was "evidently seeking one whom he could love, and whose love in return would satisfy the natural longing of his heart." A large space is accordingly devoted to extracts from his journal, relating to his "affairs of the heart." Mr. Stickney would perhaps say that no life of Mr. Kendall could give an adequate idea of his character, which should fail to point out his extreme susceptibility, but whose biography would not be voluminous were his private meditations on all his successive loves given to the world! They are highly entertaining, but there is a common prejudice which leads us to deem the particulars of love-affairs, including ante-nuptial correspondence, strictly private; and as there is nothing in Mr. Kendall's experience which makes it of especial interest even to the student of psychology, there seems no adequate reason for breaking the well-established canon. However, as Mr. Stickney says, his "was not an unreasoning love," and much of his correspondence, therefore, does not fall within the rule which makes love-letters sacred; at least, there can have been no

"unreasoning" passion in the offer of his hand and perhaps his heart, which elicited a response with such a beginning as this: "Mr. Kendall, I have perused the contents of your paper, and hope you will forgive me for having the boldness to write to you."

Mr. Kendall's journal ceases about the time that he was fairly launched as an editor. From 1816 to 1829 he continued to conduct the "Argus of Western America," at Frankfort, and the portion of his Autobiography which describes his career during that period is composed mainly of extracts from that paper. His articles against the decision of the Supreme Court in McCulloch *v.* The State of Maryland are given at length, but the question then decided is too well settled to make the discussion interesting at the present day. Contributions to the science of political economy, taken from the same source, and "Sunday reflections," are interspersed with bits of newspaper controversy which would indicate that the amenities of New York journalism are not without a parallel in the so-called golden age of the Republic. But by what steps he commended himself to the notice of General Jackson, or of what were his relations with the public men of his day, the reader is left in ignorance. We may infer, indeed, that he owed his promotion to zealous advocacy of Jackson, in the "Argus," but it is a great defect in Mr. Stickney's work that he tells us in fact nothing about this important part of Mr. Kendall's life.

His course in office was marked by a sincere disposition to correct the abuses which had grown up in the departments, and he discharged his duties with firmness and an honesty even in small matters which is too rare in the government service, where few are found with courage to disregard bad precedents at the risk of seeming too particular, and of disobliging friends who profit by the usage so sanctioned. *Communis error facit jus* is a fundamental principle in government offices.

His reputation as an administrative officer rests principally upon his success as Postmaster-General. He was called into the department when the mismanagement of his predecessor, Major Barry, had brought it into a very bad condition. He found it much in debt, its affairs in great confusion, its credit at the lowest ebb. In less than a year it was free from debt, and before he resigned the office the whole system was reformed, and the service raised to a high degree of efficiency. This result was not attained without encountering much opposition, and Mr Kendall's inflexible honesty in putting an end to the system by which contractors plundered the government, and in resisting dishonest claims, incurred for him the unrelenting hostility of those who suffered by it. To his credit be it said, that when he was compelled by ill health to resign his office, after eleven years in public employ, he left it poor and

in debt; nor was he relieved from the pressure of poverty till an interest which he acquired in Professor Morse's patents amassed for him, toward the close of his life, a comfortable fortune.

He has left a full account of the way in which the daily business of his offices was done; but of anything beside, — of the general policy of the administration, of contemporary history, or of personal reminiscences, — almost nothing. It is almost inconceivable (or would be to one who had not read General Scott's Autobiography), that a man should live as long as he did in the midst of politics, occupying a prominent office, in the confidence of the President, and in a position to know all that there was to be known in Washington, and yet leave behind no recollections of the eminent men with whom he was in constant contact, nothing which would help us to understand the time; but such seems to be the case. There is, to be sure, a chapter on the removal of the deposits, giving Mr. Kendall's connection with it, and the history of his negotiations with the State banks, but it adds little to our knowledge of the question, being largely made up of extracts from "Niles's Register," from the speeches in Congress and the newspapers. We, who have not grown up to regard the Bank of the United States as a part of the Constitution itself, can hardly understand why the removal of the deposits excited such a universal turmoil; but if the reader is curious enough to look at the printed official journal of the Senate of the United States, he will find volume after volume filled with nothing but names signed to petitions for or against this measure, — names, it was said, copied from gravestones in many cases, and amounting in all to nearly one hundred and seventy-five thousand. It is interesting, now that the whole matter is forgotten, to read the speeches of Clay and Webster and the dismal prophecies of the press in the light of subsequent events. As a specimen of gloomy prognostication, take this from Mr. Clay: "We behold the usual incidents of approaching tyranny. The land is filled with spies and informers; and detraction and denunciation are the order of the day. People, especially official incumbents in this place, no longer dare speak in the fearless tones of manly freemen, but in the cautious whispers of trembling slaves. The premonitory symptoms of despotism are upon us; and if Congress do not apply an instantaneous and effective remedy, the fatal collapse will soon come on, and we shall die, — ignobly die, base, mean, and abject slaves, — the scorn and contempt of mankind, unpitied, unwept, unmourned." Or this from Mr. Webster: "The present is a moment of spasm and agony. The whole social and political system is violently convulsed. This, if no relief come, must be succeeded by a lethargy which will strike dead the commerce, manufactures, and labor of the community. This, sir, I think, is the real

prospect before us." When we read these speeches and the alarming articles in the newspapers which followed them, we are forcibly reminded of the terrible consequences which were to follow the failure of impeachment. Congress did not apply the remedy demanded by Mr. Clay, just as in later times the earth refused in Mr. Boutwell's favor to forget the laws of gravitation, and by a motion which only that *savant* could imagine, project our second despot into the famous "Hole in the Sky." And yet the country seems almost as prosperous under the few fragments of the Constitution which yet survive, as it did when that instrument was fresh from the hands of its authors, before the first act of Congress was passed. The alarmists of to-day would do well to compare their prophecies with those of their predecessors, and they who despair of the Republic will perhaps find some consolation in the fact that despair has been the normal condition of some minds ever since our government was established, while thus far, certainly, there has been nothing to justify it. We may sit down contentedly, therefore, under the military despotism which our countrymen, with such surprising unanimity, have elected to suffer under for the next four years, in the confident expectation that we shall not, in our time at least, see our country less powerful and happy than it is to-day.

It is encouraging, also, to find that while civil-service reform is a comparatively new idea among us, it is not because the service never needed reforming before, but because the people never appreciated the necessity. Thus, in 1815, we find in Mr. Kendall's journal, "This day I closed a bargain with Mr. Miller, the postmaster, on the conditions which I had before offered. In consideration of his procuring me to be made his successor immediately, and the use of the small back building called the shop, back of his house, I engage to give him $ 180 for four years, or so long as I shall hold the office, and to resign in his favor if he shall want the office again for his own use within six years. These terms, I am convinced, would be regarded as degrading, and we mutually agreed that they should be kept secret. I, however, feel conscious of no moral wrong, and see a prospect of some profit and many conveniences, counterbalanced, perhaps, by the inconveniences attending it."

When these were the sentiments of a reformer, the idea that office is not a property but a trust had obviously small hold among the people. This office, so obtained, he sold for two hundred dollars, and the purchaser sold it for five hundred. These transfers were all effected through the agency of a member of Congress, Colonel R. M. Johnson, afterwards Vice-President, who secured from the President the appointment of the purchasers. In justice to Mr. Kendall, it should be said that he afterwards changed his views in reference to such bargains.

In fact, no abuse of the present day seems entirely original with our rogues. Mr. Kendall found the same system of "straw bids" in full operation when he became Postmaster-General that we are told exists to-day. It struck him as remarkable, that while the law required the letting of contracts to the lowest responsible bidder, the important contracts were always obtained by the same men. His eyes were soon opened by a contractor who called upon him and asked whether he intended to secure the contracts to the old and faithful contractors, as his predecessors had done; and on his saying that he could not see how it was to be done if they were underbid, explained that it was done by private understandings between the contractors and the department. The *modus operandi* being explained, he promptly put an end to the system.

Even the "Chorpenning claim" is but a servile imitation, and finds its precedent in the case of Stockton and Stokes, mail contractors, to whose credit Mr. Kendall's predecessor placed one hundred and twenty thousand dollars shortly before he resigned. As a committee of Congress had just pronounced them overpaid to the extent of one hundred thousand dollars, not including this last allowance, Mr. Kendall suspended it, and, after examination, made the suspension permanent. Pending the investigation, Mrs. Kendall was offered a carriage and pair by Mrs. Stockton, if she would induce her husband to allow the claim, but this argument had no weight with him. The contractors, nothing daunted, induced Congress, without calling for explanation or information from Mr. Kendall, to refer their claims to the Solicitor of the Treasury, who, also without asking for any evidence from the department, allowed, not only all the contractors claimed, but forty thousand dollars more. The original claim Mr. Kendall thereupon paid, but the additional award he refused to pay, until after failing to get a resolution through Congress, the contractors applied to the courts for a *mandamus*, which was issued, and Mr. Kendall thus forced to pay the balance. Not content with this, the contractors brought a suit against him for damages, and a judgment of about twelve thousand dollars was recovered against him. Pending an appeal to the Supreme Court, he was kept confined for a year to the jail limits of the District of Columbia, under this judgment, where he remained very much straitened by poverty. Finally Congress interfered for his relief and amended the law relating to imprisonment; and, public attention being aroused, passed a bill allowing his expenses and counsel fees. The decision of the Supreme Court in his favor finally terminated the persecution, but a lesson had been taught to honest government officers which apparently they have been slow to forget.

It is comforting to find that, in reference to such matters, public opinion has changed for the better since the days of Jackson.

We have forborne to criticise severely the literary merits of Mr. Stickney's book, for in his Preface he deprecates criticism, and speaks of it as a labor of love. It is not, however, in any proper sense, an autobiography; but, as we have said, merely a compilation of Mr. Kendall's writings, composed mainly of his editorial articles and his private correspondence. The editor has not, it seems to us, used his materials with judgment, but has erred both in selection and arrangement. He has given us, perhaps, what we did not want, an accurate idea of Kendall as a man; but he has not given us what we did want, and what we should naturally expect, such a picture of Kendall's time as would be a contribution to history; but for this failure, Mr. Kendall himself is perhaps responsible. The book is very amusing, but if much shorter would have been more valuable.

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2. — *Oriental and Linguistic Studies. The Veda; the Avesta; the Science of Language.* By William Dwight Whitney, Professor of Sanskrit and Comparative Philology in Yale College. New York: Scribner, Armstrong, & Co. 1873.

Professor Whitney's occasional pieces and reviews are always written with such care and conscientiousness that they are well worthy of republication and preservation in book form. The volume before us embraces four essays on the Vedic literature, one on the Avesta, six on the origin of language and kindred topics, and one on language in education. All, except two which were read before societies, have been published in various periodicals, most of them in these pages. The first, "The Veda," gives a clear and comprehensive description of the confused mass of literature known by that name, with a notice of some of the historical and antiquarian results of its study. The second is an account of "The Vedic Doctrine of a Future Life." The third, "Müller's History of Vedic Literature," reviews Max Müller's work and discusses the chronology of the Vedas. There are also some thoughts on the nature of the Vedic religion. The sixth, "The Avesta," gives the same kind of an account of the Persian religious monument as the first does of the Indian.

The republication of these essays is very timely. It is becoming more and more evident that the philosophy of religion is a legitimate branch of science. Even those who believe there are only two kinds of religions — good ones, divinely inspired, and bad ones, invented by

man himself in his lost condition — are beginning to see that there is a religious nature discernible in man, the development of which is worthy of being traced on the same principles as that of philosophy or civilization. A trustworthy account of the religious books of two great families is exceedingly valuable for those who have not time to read even translations of the books, to say nothing of the books themselves. And no one will deny the fitness of Professor Whitney to give such an account. Although these essays were written some years ago, and are not entirely the results of his own studies, yet his subsequent researches have apparently made no change necessary, and they are all the more valuable as being the joint work of Professor Roth and Professor Whitney. The fourth and fifth deal with the mere translation of the Veda, and are of less interest to the general reader, yet they are valuable as a guide to any who consult these books in translation. The seventh essay, "Indo-European Philology and Ethnology," really consists of two, which, it will be remembered, were originally reviews of two books of widely different aims. The books were alike in this, however, that they both attempted a feeble resistance to the science of comparative philology, and both proceeded from jealousy on the part of men whose opinions otherwise command respect. Professor Key, of University College, London, among other essays generally marked by sound sense and respectable linguistic attainments, had reprinted a querulous criticism of Sanskrit as a basis of linguistic science. Professor Oppert, of the Imperial Library at Paris, had published an opening lecture upon Sanskrit literature, in which he disparages the usefulness of Indo-European philology as a servant of ethnology, and attacks more or less directly the "ethnic coherency" of the Indo-European family. It is safe to say that, in this article, the fangs of these philologists are effectually drawn. So far as their authority would be a bugbear, or the force of their arguments an actual hinderance to linguistic science, they are rendered perfectly harmless. Professor Whitney's uniform moderation and clear-headedness make him a most excellent person to correct partisan views of this kind.

The same qualities, together with a power of sarcasm which we should hardly suspect in so clear and purely a logical mind as his, fit him peculiarly to follow Professor Müller, and pick up the loose ends which that brilliant investigator and fascinating expounder is apt to leave about his lectures on language. This, Professor Whitney does in the eighth article, which contains two reviews (one a reply to Professor Müller) of Müller's second series of lectures, done with an unsparing hand. In fact, the criticism seems, in some places, possibly too sharp and too likely to provoke animosity, rather than to correct errors.

But Professor Müller is not a man to be snuffed out by an article, nor is he such a pet of ours that we feel aggrieved at his discomfiture. The tenth article in like manner erases Dr. Bleck and the Simious theory of language. The ninth, eleventh, and twelfth, containing about one hundred pages, are the most valuable part of the whole book. There have been two views held by linguists in respect to the nature of linguistic science. Some, on the one hand, struck by the regularity of the laws of language and the advantage gained by pure inductive methods have claimed for language a place among the natural sciences. On the other hand, the psychologists, seeing the intimate connection of language with thought, have been led to identify them, and to treat linguistics as a branch of psychology. These two views, represented respectively by Schleicher and by Steinthal, ὁ σκοτεινός, Professor Whitney discusses in a masterly manner, with a view to set the study of language on a sound basis. Accordingly, in the ninth essay, with a broad and deep comprehension of the whole matter, he clears away the dead-wood and underbrush, and sets forth very clearly the present state of the question of the origin of language. He shows what has been already proved and what is the point of divergence in the differing opinions as to the relation of language and thought, and calls attention to the fundamental points to which study should be directed. One question suggested we cannot think so important as it seems to Professor Whitney, namely, whether the first impulse to expression came from without or from within, from an instinct of speech or from a want of communication which experience had caused to be felt. Why not both? Many emotions find expression in speech in the form of interjections. Thought, properly so called, would never, perhaps, have been expressed in this way apart from society and the need of communication, but this instinct or inward impulse would give material to the first attempts of the framers of speech. This idea seems to point to the settlement of the question, without implying that solitary men would ever have produced a language. The theory that language is a natural organism, having an inherent power of growth not determined by the will of man, and that its investigation should be conducted upon the principles of natural science, is refuted in the eleventh essay. Professor Whitney shows clearly that changes of meaning and changes of sound, together with the production of new words, under which processes are included all the growth of language, are determined by the will of man, and hence cannot be called the growth of an organism. The argument is sufficiently though not copiously illustrated, and is clear, and to us convincing. In like manner, the *a priori* method in the study of language is discussed in the twelfth essay, and the doctrines that the mental condi-

tion and relations of consciousness are the actual forces which produce language, and that we must acquaint ourselves with the mental culture which immediately precedes the production of language and similar conditions, if we wish to trace the origin of speech. This class of views he disposes of with the same clearness and breadth of view, with, perhaps, a little more impatience at this form of error than the other. Throughout these essays are scattered the soundest suggestions in regard to the nature of language and its relation to thought, pointing out the direction which investigation must take to find its origin with a view as far removed from the notion of miraculous origin on the one hand as from gross materialism on the other, and in full accord with the soundest views upon development. The essays cannot fail to be of service to both radical and conservative anthropologists, — and who does not anthropologize, either from a scientific or a religious point of view? The author indicates clearly his own view that the science of language is a branch of historical science, and that its methods must be historical, as with everything of which the human will is a factor. This view is undoubtedly in the main sound, and has been accepted by the best students of the subject. At the same time, there is a point of view not suggested by him which harmonizes the conflicting notions. We think the desire to classify the science with others has led to all the difficulty. To us, linguistics is not natural history, nor history, nor psychology, but the science of language; if we consider it as a whole, or if we consider it in its various phases, it is a part of each of the three. The greater part of the material and methods of the philologist is historical, no doubt. But language is a manifestation or function of man, who is an animal, and who has a right to be discussed upon the same principles as other animals. His habits and actions in general are subjects of natural history as much as those of the bee or the beaver. The constant use, too, of inductive reasoning allies language with natural history. So, also, much of the field of investigation lies outside the domain of known facts. The facts themselves are to be reconstructed. Here the process seems not like history, but like geology; although there is no palpable object of investigation, like a trap dike or a cast of a shell. On the other hand, language is indissoluble from thought. New forms of words and new meanings are the result of mental processes; changes of sound depend upon mental as well as physical habits. Hence the growth of speech is intimately connected with the growth and nature of the human mind, and so there is a psychological side to the science of language. It does not surprise us, therefore, that while Curtius with Whitney considers linguistics an historical science, Schleicher should speak of the growth of language and its laws, until, carried away by his metaphor,

he treats it as an organism and discusses the Darwinism of language, or that Steinthal should soar a little into the region of metaphysics, and say that language is thought and thought is language, and that their origin must be found by introspection, or that Müller should agree now with one and now with the other as either phase presents itself to his fertile fancy and is reflected in his lively rhetoric.

It seems to us that this view makes the erroneous views of Professor Whitney's opponents less dangerous. The closing essay is a valuable one on the use of language in education, and is one of the few that goes safely in the middle. We commend it, therefore, to extreme men of both parties, physicists and classicists.

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3. — *Keel and Saddle: A Retrospect of Forty Years of Military and Naval Service.* By Joseph W. Revere. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1872.

Very few are the people whose experience has been so varied and interesting as that of General Revere, and fewer still are those who could have so well described their adventures as he has done. It is in books of this sort that we can more clearly see the difference between the point of view of the traveller and that of the reader. Of as much importance to the wanderer in the strange land is the question of whether or not he shall get his breakfast as it is what ruins or unknown tribes of men he shall meet that day; hence it is that in his description he is tempted to lay greater stress upon what is a matter of indifference to another person, because to himself it was of the greatest moment. It is, indeed, the common and just criticism made against diaries that they are a mere enumeration of trivialities, as most persons' experience of looking over their own arid records will confirm, because the writer trusted to his memory to bear what its importance made him feel incompetent to set down, — the unnecessary data that he recorded being more especially mere mnemonic aids. Moreover, in more important matters it is by no means easy for one who is recording the events of his life to find the true mean between the limits which are set by the curiosity of the public on the one hand and by a sort of impersonal modesty on the other. It requires great tact to interest the hearer or the reader in one's self without an undignified obtrusion which every one is quick to feel and to resent. So much being said about the difficulty of his task, it is with the greater warmth that we call attention to the great skill with which General Revere has done his work, so that no one has any other regret than that he has not told us more. As it

stands, the volume is a remarkably interesting record of a very wide and eventful experience. The author entered the United States Navy when a boy of fourteen, in the year 1828. Without any disquisition on the condition of the navy at that time, the author plunges *in medias res*, — we have at once given us the account of a cave near the Cuban shore, which had been used by the pirates he had been pursuing as a receptacle for their stolen goods. Just at nightfall his men came across a keg full of Spanish dollars. "We rolled the keg down to the camp, which I desired to reach before the approaching sunset; after which, in the tropics, there is no twilight. . . . . Sentinels having been placed around the camp, we went to sleep after supper, pleased with visions of untold wealth to be secured in the morning at the cave, which we imagined must contain the fabulous treasures of Aladdin. Shortly after midnight my dreams were interrupted by a sentinel, who reported that a fire was burning brightly at the entrance of the estuary. As this was the signal agreed upon in case our presence was required, I had no alternative but to start at once; and we manned our row-galley and sped down the creek as fast as forty pairs of vigorous arms could propel us. . . . . My lookout men reported having seen a light at sea, which we soon saw, and, boarding the vessel, found her to be his Majesty's schooner Monkey, on a cruise; and her commander handed me a despatch from the commander of the United States schooner Grampus, directing me to join him at Havana as soon after I received it as possible." So off they sailed, dividing the contents of the keg among the crew, expecting to return soon to this storehouse of treasures. A few days after their arrival the country was visited by a terrific cyclone, and when, a week later, they returned to the pirates' cave, they found its entrance had disappeared; and in spite of what every one will readily believe must have been an earnest search, they could find no trace of it, so that they returned as poor as they came. This is by no means the most interesting anecdote that the book contains, but with it the author begins his narration of a series of incidents, each of which in its turn holds the reader's attention. We have the author's experience on the west coast of Africa, where he takes command of a captured slaver and returns to land the unhappy creatures, after a dearth of water on the vessel and a mutiny caused by the sufferings of the imprisoned blacks; then his experience in the Baltic, where he sees the Czar; a story of a Siberian exile; an account of a cruise in the Mediterranean, where the writer sees Lady Hester Stanhope, Letitia, the mother of Napoleon, Ibrahim Pacha, and the Sultan; a record of his travels in Spain, in Algiers, of a cruise in the Pacific, and of his experience in California at the time of the discovery of gold; of

service in the Mexican army; and of a visit to Europe during the Italian war. The record closes soon after the second year of the war of the Rebellion. How varied such a life has been the dullest eye can see from this abbreviation of the list of his wanderings, and about it all we find a delightful record, a choice of most interesting stories and most marked examples of the author's power of holding his hand and of leaving those who read his book still hungry for more. So brief an analysis as we have made gives but a meagre notion of the merits of the book. It would be fairer to let General Revere speak for himself, as he does, for instance, in the following narration. It was upon a voyage from San Francisco to different Mexican seaports that, after a skirmish with some Indians, which we have not space to quote here, that "Sandy (a friend of the writer's, a Scotchman) and myself went ashore to the counting-house of a merchant who had accepted the draft of our consignee, in Guaymas, for thirty thousand dollars; which amount was paid in golden ounces, and taken charge of by my partner, who secured it round his waist in a handkerchief. The Mexican laws are very severe against the exportation of bullion under any circumstances, and it is necessary to smuggle it out of the country at great risk, heightened by the promise to informers of one half the forfeited amount. The officials, consequently, have sharp eyes for smugglers. Sandy determined to take the chances; and together we walked leisurely down to to the quay, past the custom-house, with its lounging officials, and entered our whale-boat and shoved off. Whether my partner had put on too bold an air as we passed this group, marching with his head in the air and regarding them defiantly, or whether his gait betrayed his secret burden, I know not; but we had scarcely got a boat's length from the quay when an inspector came running down from the custom-house, shouting to us to return. The guard, loading their pieces, followed him, under command of a sergeant.

"My partner and I exchanged glances without speaking, and instantly understood that we must keep all the advantage we had, and continue our course to the vessel."

He proposed to throw the money overboard to avoid twenty years of imprisonment that threatened to be their fate, but MacGregor, his partner, refused. The captain boarded them and made a thorough search of the vessel, — in vain, he could nowhere find the treasure. He left them under the charge of an officer, declaring that if the money were not given up he should unship the rudder and unbend the sails. "Although my partner was present during our conversation, his conduct was an enigma to me, for he never lost his *sang-froid*, and did nothing but smile at the threats of the official or my own misgivings; but when dinner was served in the cabin, after the departure of the

port-captain, his composure was accounted for. Honest Job brought his capacious iron pot into the pantry, as usual, to dip up the meal, and from its depths fished out Sandy's pongee handkerchief, containing the gold which had been so diligently sought for by the myrmidons of the customs. My partner then told me that, while coming alongside in the boat, he had caught sight of Job's ebon visage, busy near his galley-fire, and, by a gleam of inspiration, conceived the idea of hiding his treasure by popping it into the cook's kettle, which he lost no time in doing, telling Job to continue his avocation with an appearance of indifference.

"Our merriment over the successful result of his *ruse*, however, was suddenly cut short by the darkening of the cabin skylight; and, looking up, we saw the head of the officer whom Captain Horn had left on board at his departure, and who could not restrain a Spanish exclamation at the sight of the treasure lying before us.

"The situation now called for prompt measures. The angry inspector was quickly bundled into a boat and transferred to a small vessel near us; our anchor was tripped and sail made; and in less than twenty minutes we were gliding towards the entrance of the harbor. We soon gained an offing; but, as usual in this latitude, the wind fell towards night, and the next morning the high peak of Creston, marking the port, was still in sight. . . . . Just after breakfast, looking toward Mazatlan, we saw with the glass two large *balandras* (large launches) and a man-of-war's boat coming out of the harbor."

There was nothing for them to do but fight, so all preparations were made. The crew, "delighted at the prospect of a row with the 'greasers,'" was collected at quarters, the carronades were shotted, while the Mexican boats approached, and Captain Horn summoned them to surrender. "To this I answered that my vessel was at sea, more than a marine league from Creston, and consequently out of the Mexican jurisdiction; that my duty compelled me to maintain my maritime rights and those of other interested parties; that he had better give up the idea of meddling with me; and finally, to cut the matter short, that if he attempted to invade my vessel, I should treat him as a pirate. . . . . The *balandras* then separated, — one pulling ahead of the vessel to board over the bows, while the other made for the starboard gangway. . . . . Hans Petersen, the second mate, stood at his gun in the starboard waist, port-fire in hand; and when the second *balandra* was within pistol-shot, a soldier fired his piece at me, standing on the poop, the ball whistling harmlessly through the mainsail. Instantly I gave the order, 'Fire!' Bang went the carronade right into the bows of the boat! The sea was freckled with grape, and in an

instant Horn and his whole crew were struggling in the water, which was tinged with blood. The other *balandra*, which was pulling toward the bows, seeing the saucy Golondrina coming toward her 'with a bone in her mouth,' — for I had filled away with the intention of running her down, — rowed across our course to avoid collision; and we passed on, tacked, and came towards the boats on the port tack again.

"They had had enough, however, for the cry of '*Misericordia*' was raised on our approach; and, leaving them to assist the sunken boat and rescue her crew, I wore ship, and bore away for San Blas."

We make this long quotation, not so much for the purpose of setting a model of international courtesies, or of what is generally the best way of dealing with obnoxious custom-house officials, nor solely as an example of the way in which what we call inferior races are often treated by English and Americans, but as example, which would show much better than the longest list of complimentary adjectives, what are the merits of this very entertaining volume. It has not a dull page in the whole account of the writer's adventures. Of less interest are the four stories added at the end of the volume, which smack of the magazine.

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4. — *The Life of Abraham Lincoln; from his Birth to his Inauguration as President.* By Ward H. Lamon. With Illustrations. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1872.

Even apart from the interest which every citizen must feel in an account of the life of one to whom the whole nation is so deeply indebted, and in addition to the feeling of respect which may possibly prompt some readers to the perusal of this volume, it should be clearly stated that no reader who takes up this biography will fail to find it much more than a very readable book. That a man should rise from the humblest origin to be the President of the United States is recognized by us all as a vaguely possible thing; the promise of such success is used half comically as a spur to indolent or down-trodden boyhood, but to read the record of a life which fulfils this career, the life of one who rose manfully through varying obstacles to this final success, is not only satisfactory to our patriotism, but is also as entertaining as a novel.

The date of Abraham Lincoln's birth is more certain than most other facts about his origin and his family. He was born on the twelfth day of February, 1809. His father was Thomas Lincoln, his mother's maiden name was Nancy Hanks. At that time, we are told, they are supposed to have been married about three years. This state-

ment has already given rise to a great deal of discussion which there is no need of reopening here; it is, at any rate, certain that Lincoln's origin was of the humblest. His father was apparently the most shiftless of men, an unskilled carpenter, a careless farmer, a wanderer over the face of the earth, but, wherever he went, taking with him his proverbial "bad luck." It was in a wretched cabin in Kentucky that Lincoln was born; his boyhood was passed in Indiana; the family living at first in a half-faced camp, "a cabin enclosed on three sides and open on the fourth. It was built, not of logs, but of poles. It was about fourteen feet square, and had no floor." After a year's residence they moved to a cabin without door, windows, or floor. "Three-legged stools served for chairs. A bedstead was made of poles stuck in the cracks of the logs in one corner of the cabin, while the other end rested in the crotch of a forked stick sunk in the earthen floor. On these were laid some boards, and on the boards a 'shake-down' of leaves covered with skins and old petticoats. The table was a huge puncheon, supported by four legs. They had a few pewter and tin dishes to eat from, but the most minute inventory of their effects makes no mention of knives or forks. Their cooking utensils were a Dutch oven and a skillet. Abraham slept in the loft, to which he ascended by means of pins driven into holes in the wall."

It was to this squalor that Thomas Lincoln brought his second wife, an early love of his, who had been left a widow, after the death of Abraham Lincoln's mother. She did all that was in her power to relieve the misery and discomfort that she saw about her, and for her Abraham Lincoln always felt a genuine love. Of his education there is but little to be said; "all his school-days added together would not make a single year." Besides the art of spelling, which formed part of the means of amusement as well as of the serious work of the school, Lincoln fell at one time to the charge of a teacher who, in addition to the ordinary rudiments, taught elegance of manners. "One of the scholars was required to retire, and re-enter as a polite gentleman is supposed to enter a drawing-room. He was received at the door by another scholar, and conducted from bench to bench, until he had been introduced to all the 'young ladies and gentlemen' in the room. Abe went through the ordeal countless times. If he took a serious view of the business, it must have put him to exquisite torture; for he was conscious that he was not a perfect type of manly beauty, with his long legs and blue shins, his small head, his great ears, and shrivelled skin." But besides these parodies of civilization, Lincoln acquired the groundwork of education, and he was moreover a huge reader, reading day and night in his spare moments, which were but few. He had to work, helping his

father and hiring himself out to his neighbors. One of them gives his testimony about Lincoln as follows. He says: "Lincoln was awful lazy. He worked for me; was always reading and thinking; used to get mad at him. He worked for me in 1829, pulling fodder. I say Abe was awful lazy; he would laugh and talk and crack jokes and tell stories all the time; did n't love work, but did dearly love his pay. . . . . Lincoln said to me one day, that his father taught him to work, but never learned him to love it."

Of the society in the neighborhood we read: "The houses were scattered far apart; but the inhabitants would travel far to a log-rolling, a house-raising, a wedding, or anything else that might be turned into a fast and furious frolic. On such occasions the young women carried their shoes in their hands, and only put them on when about to join the company. The ladies drank whiskey-toddy, while the men took it straight; and both sexes danced the livelong night, barefooted, on puncheon floors."

The fair sex wore "corn-field bonnets, scoop-shaped, flaring in front, and long though narrow behind. Shoes were the mode on entering the ball-room; but it was not at all fashionable to scuff them out by walking or dancing in them." "Four yards of linsey-woolsey, a yard in width, made a dress for any woman. The waist was short, and terminated just under the arms, whilst the skirt was long and narrow. The coats of the men were home-made; the materials jean, or linsey-woolsey. The waists were short, like the frocks of the women, and the long "claw-hammer" tail was split up to the waist. The breeches were of buckskin or jeans; the cap was of coon-skin; and the shoes of leather tanned at home." Thus Lincoln passed his youth, apparently a favorite with all for his early-formed habit of telling stories and making jokes. When about twenty he made a journey to New Orleans on a flat-boat, which was soon afterwards followed by another similar voyage.

In 1831 Lincoln went to New Salem, in the State of Illinois, a mere village, but one that by no means enjoyed rustic simplicity and quiet. The inhabitants, moreover, held out no inducements to entice strangers to their boundaries. On the contrary, they had the fashion of naturalizing new-comers, as they called it, in the following way: "They first bantered the gentleman to run a foot-race, jump, pitch the mall or wreath; and if none of these propositions seemed agreeable to him, they would request to know what he would do in case another gentleman should pull his nose, or squirt tobacco-juice in his face. If he did not seem entirely decided in his views as to what should properly be done in such a contingency, perhaps he would be nailed in a hogshead,

and rolled down New Salem Hill," or he would be ducked in the Sangamon, or kicked and cuffed by all in the village, and then turned off as unfit company. Any excuse was taken for a fight; and Lincoln, already famous for his skill and power as a wrestler, was challenged to a wrestling-match by the bully of the place, and was victorious. It is indeed curious to notice how much Lincoln was indebted to his immense physical strength for his success in life. In fact, its importance cannot well be overestimated. Not only did it give him great pre-eminence over his companions, but it also established an authority which they all felt that he would have been able to maintain, and in many cases when he saw injustice he was able to interfere for the right. He had great coolness, and his views were fair, and he was able to assume the mastery of a half-civilized mob, every man of which durst not express his opposition at the risk of a thrashing. It made him a natural leader. The same views held by a weak-bodied man would have gone for little or nothing. It was his strength of body as well as of mind that made him President. What influence the possession of this quality must have given him in so rude a society as that in which he lived can be easily seen. It was to the popularity which that helped to give him that was due his election to the command of a company in the Black Hawk war, — an honor of which he said in a brief sketch of his life, written in the year 1859, that it had given him more pleasure than any he had since received. After his return from this brief campaign, Lincoln was the defeated candidate to the House of Representatives; but ill-success only spurred him to making himself more worthy of such dignities. During his residence at New Salem, with the exception of the time that he had been off to the wars, he had been a clerk in the chief "store" of the place; now he went into business with a worthless partner, but without success, and began to read law. "He used to read law," says Henry McHenry, "in 1832 or 1833, barefooted, seated in the shade of a tree, and would grind around with the shade, just opposite Berry's grocery store, a few feet south of the door. He occasionally varied the attitude by lying flat on his back, and putting his feet up the tree."

Squire Godbey says: "The first time I ever saw Abe with a law-book in his hand, he was sitting astride Jack Baler's wood-pile, in New Salem. Says I, 'Abe, what are you studying?' 'Law,' says Abe. 'Great God Almighty!' responded I."

In 1834 he was a successful candidate for the Legislature, and here it is that his public life begins. In spite of his awkwardness, youth, and inexperience, he was successful as a speaker and in the ordinary business of legislation. In the winter of 1836–37 Lincoln took up

his abode at Springfield, and began practice as a lawyer. In 1838 began the long conflict between him and Douglas, which lasted with little leniency on either side until 1858. In 1846 he was elected to Congress from the State of Illinois. Then he took strong ground against the Mexican war. After serving his term he returned to Springfield and busied himself with the practice of his profession. We find in this life a full account of his earnest struggle with Douglas, which did so much to give him a wide reputation as an orator and as a politician. Of his nomination at the Convention in Chicago, it is unnecessary here to speak, and for the same reason we may omit here any further mention of what is still fresh in the memories of all men of over five-and-twenty.

This volume brings the account of Lincoln's life up to the time of his first inauguration, — an appropriate place for its ending, after describing his career from the squalid conditions of his boyhood to the solemn moment when he took his oath as President, when the most terrible dangers the country had ever known were threatening the nation. It is not enough to make mention merely of the interest of such a book; it is one that every American should read, as a statement of the wonderful possibilities that there are in this country. Of Lincoln's rank in the world as a statesman, the time to speak will be when the succeeding volume of his biography, which is to describe his services as President, shall have appeared; but meanwhile we recommend this volume as one that, with some revision, might be made indeed a model biography. The author has taken great pains to secure accuracy; the testimony of all sorts of persons is introduced, and often in their own words, much to the interest of the book; but there are roughnesses here and there which offend the reader, as well as gross offences against good taste. But, as we may say, it has the material of an excellent biography.

In conclusion, it may not be amiss to quote for comparison with those sordid memories of his youth, his speech on leaving Springfield for Washington in 1860.

"Friends, — No one who has never been placed in a like position can understand my feelings at this hour, nor the oppressive sadness I feel at this parting. For more than a quarter of a century I have lived among you, and during all the time I have received nothing but kindness at your hands. Here I have lived from my youth, until now I am an old man. Here the most sacred ties of earth were assumed. Here all my children were born; and here one of them lies buried. To you, dear friends, I owe all that I have, all that I am. *All the strange, checkered past seems to crowd now upon my mind.* To-day I leave you. I go to assume a task more difficult than that which devolved upon Washington. Unless the great God, who assisted him,

shall be with and aid me, I must fail; but if the same omniscient mind and almighty arm that directed and protected him shall guide and support me, I shall not fail, — I shall succeed. Let us all pray that the God of our fathers may not forsake us now. To him I commend you all. Permit me to ask that, with equal security and faith, you will invoke his wisdom and guidance for me. With these few words I must leave you: for how long I know not. Friends, one and all, I must now bid you an affectionate farewell."

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5 — *Art Education, Scholastic and Industrial.* By Walter Smith, State Director of Art Education, Massachusetts. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1872.

Mr. Walter Smith's book on Art Education contains twelve chapters and an Appendix. Six of the chapters, which, however, make hardly more than a quarter part of the whole book, contain the substance of the lectures delivered by Mr. Smith a year ago at the Institute of Technology. They were nominally addressed to persons engaged in the pursuit of industrial art, but in form and structure they have nothing to distinguish them from lectures upon similar topics intended for the general public. They treat successively of Ornamental Design, Surface Decoration, Ornament in Relief, Architectural Enrichments, and Symbolism in Art, with a concluding chapter of recapitulation entitled Prospect and Retrospect. These papers are intelligently though rather loosely written, with occasional passages of vigorous good sense, and not infrequent lapses into a free-and-easy gait, which considerably injures their tone. The views advanced are those now most generally accepted in regard both to the theory and the practice of decorative art, though the language in which they are presented betrays too plainly the controlling influence which Mr. Ruskin and even such minor prophets as Mr. Eastlake have had in giving them form. Altogether, although they are not unprofitable reading for a public but little familiar even with the commonplaces of criticism, and are tolerably free from objectionable matter, they cannot be regarded as a valuable contribution to the literature of art.

The other six chapters, composing by far the largest part of the book, have a substantive value, and constitute probably the most important treatise upon the special branch of education to which they relate that has yet appeared either in this country or in England. We doubt whether any Continental writer has given the various methods and appliances of art education so full and fair consideration, or brought

to their discussion a more thorough knowledge, an ampler experience, or a more generous and intelligent appreciation than these pages exhibit. In style and manner these chapters differ from the rest of the book as the work of a practical man who is thoroughly master of his subject, and who writes from the fulness of his own knowledge, differs from the same man's semi-literary, pseudo-philosophical attempts to develop its nature and relations. They are vigorously and simply written, with here and there great felicity of thought and expression, and with none of the dogmatism and rude assertion which in the more speculative chapters is sometimes so distasteful. The style is that of an able and practised writer, although it every now and then flounders into extraordinary confusions both of logic and of grammar. But these are trifles. Of these six chapters, one discusses the methods of teaching drawing in day schools, especially the public schools; three are devoted to schools of art proper, that is to say, evening schools of industrial art; one gives a detailed account of the processes of casting in plaster both natural objects and objects of art. The last, the first in the volume, is given to a general view of the question of public art education, both here and abroad, explaining the English system, and giving in detail the steps which in Massachusetts have led to the establishment, by authority of the General Court, not only of courses of drawing in all the public schools, but of real schools of art, free evening classes in industrial drawing in twenty-three of the principal towns of the Commonwealth.

The three chapters relating to such schools, discuss in the most minute and practical way every detail of their construction, arrangement, and management, the conduct of the instruction, and the various methods by which the study of art may be approached.

In a matter which is everywhere still very much a matter of experiment, and in regard to which we are in this country almost absolutely without experience, it would be unreasonable to express too confident an opinion as to the reasonableness of the conclusions at which Mr. Smith arrives, and as to the course of procedure which, on the whole, he conceives to be best for the day and evening schools under his charge. It is only since the Exhibition of 1851 that in England, and since that of 1862 that in France, any comprehensive scheme of art education has been undertaken. The Exhibition of 1867 may in like manner be said to have inspired the Boston gentlemen then in Paris with the conviction that similar steps must presently be taken in this country. The French manufacturers had, of course, long before that, had their schools of special design, more or less under the patronage of the municipalities, not only in Paris, but at Metz, Toulouse, Mulhouse, Lyons, and other cities; and the *Loi Guizot* as early as the year 1833

added both music and drawing to the list of studies in the public schools. But so little was the importance of drawing understood at that time, even in France, that the law was in this particular suffered to become a dead letter, and in the early days of the Republic, in a spirit strangely hostile to popular instruction, it was formally abrogated. It was not until the Exhibition of 1862, which showed at once the comparative retrogression of French industrial art, and the enormous progress made in England since the establishment of the government schools, that the petitions and remonstrances of the manufacturers and their workmen brought the Imperial government to its senses, and provoked the law of March 31, 1865, which, under the enlightened administration of M. Duruy, brought drawing, together with other special branches of *secondary instruction*, under the patronage of the state.

Already, in 1863, the city of Paris had organized a commission to inquire into the subject; in accordance with whose recommendations, the private schools already existing were taken under municipal patronage and new schools established. The regulations reported by the commission were taken almost word for word from the English rules. The system of drawing pursued in these schools is indeed quite different from that taught at South Kensington, the "modelling" of form in light and shade, by the use of charcoal or crayons, being introduced at an early period of study, while in England the student is trained a long time in drawing outlines with the pencil before "shading" is attempted, and even then a hard point is preferred to the *stump*. But this difference, as Mr. Smith points out, is sufficiently accounted for by the fact that a system of outline work, if less stimulating to the artistic sense, requiring rather precision and accuracy than delicacy of feeling, is for that very reason more within the reach of an inartistic race and more easily administered by inartistic instructors. Moreover, it is easier taught in classes than is light and shade, being capable of very satisfactory treatment by means of the blackboard. It was necessity, then, rather than choice, which, in the absence of properly trained teachers, led the English authorities into this system of procedure, — a system which, except in children's schools, they are now slowly replacing by an approach to the French methods. The same conditions now exist in the United States which controlled the English policy twenty years ago. We need a system capable of being successfully applied to large classes at the hands of instructors but a step further advanced in the arts than their pupils. It seems to us then that in organizing a system of art education for our Massachusetts schools, day and evening, not only is Mr. Smith abundantly justified in adopting the main features of the South Kensington system, already extensively imitated on the

Continent, but that in the particular point under discussion, in regard to which his policy is likely to provoke remark, he is right in giving, for the present at least, a greater prominence to "line" work than will by and by prove necessary or desirable. We should, at any rate, be disposed to await with patience the result of Mr. Smith's experiment, because, having great experience in its practical working, he is more likely to make a success with the English system than with even a better scheme with which he was less familiar. He has long been known, moreover, as being of all Englishmen the most persistent advocate of the French methods of work. It is in great part by the influence of his writings and of his example that the South Kensington rules have been relaxed, and the gradual approximation to French methods, of which we have spoken, has taken place in the English schools. If the great apostle of the continental methods of drawing still finds it best in this country to begin by following the English procedure, we may safely trust the issue to his judgment.

It is to be desired, however, that in the practice of the generous selecticism in these particulars, by which Mr. Smith hopes to find "a system elastic enough to embrace every process that experience may perfect," the range of study should extend beyond the narrow and somewhat conventional limits of European art. Every object presents itself to the eye as a spot of color, of a certain shape and size, the hue being modified in one part and another by the different exposure of the different parts to the light. In the complete representation of any object these three elements — the outline, the color, and the "modelling," or light and shade — must be present; and if this is not in contemplation, and only a partial and, so far, conventional representation is to be attempted, there would seem to be no question as to which element should be given up. The outline, of course, must be retained, but we can certainly convey a more full and just idea of the object to be represented by giving its color and letting the modelling go, than by carefully delineating all the intricacies of its surface, at the sacrifice of what is in most things their most striking and characteristic feature, — the particular hue which distinguishes them. It is indeed, as we have said, merely as a spot of color that an object first presents itself to the eye; and in most lights, in almost all in-door positions, the modelling of strongly colored surfaces — as, for instance, upon most natural flowers — is so unimportant as to be almost imperceptible. In a work avowedly imperfect, moreover, it is certainly most reasonable to dispense first with that element which involves the great outlay of labor, and it is clear that the sacrifice of the light and shade involves the greatest saving with the least loss. In spite, however, of these ob-

vious considerations, the steady current of European opinion and practice, for the last four hundred years, has been the other way. Color has been the first thing to be abandoned, and the delicate modulation of light and shade the thing most highly prized, — the mastery of those exquisite and subtle effects the skill most in repute. During all this time, along with paintings which combine all three elements, and mere outline drawings which at the extreme limit of conventional treatment exhibit only one, works in black and white, executed in pencil or chalk, with the burin or with the needle, have been the principal form of pictorial art. The alternative method, employing outline and flat color, without shade, has been almost unknown.

But elsewhere it is not so. The instinct, or tradition, or convenience of other races has led them to adopt the other alternative, — to neglect altogether the faint and, to their mind, superficial gradations of light and shade, but to retain with eager fidelity all the subtle, delicate, ever-varying, and ever-characteristic phenomena of local hue. The whole decorative and pictorial art of Japan, for instance, is constructed upon this system, as may be seen to admiration in the infinite variety of the fans which are now so common. It would seem that the Japanese no more entertain the idea of light and shade, or of shadow even, as things to be put into a drawing, and no more miss them, than we miss the color from an etching or pencil sketch.

It is obvious enough that each system possesses advantages which the other lacks, and it is not worth while to ask which, in the absence of the other, would in the long run be most conducive to the highest culture, so long as we are, potentially, in possession of both. The Oriental method, as it comes to us, seems exactly to meet Mr. Smith's definition of "a new process which experience has perfected," and it would seem to be full of promise as an element of our new and improved scheme — this latest and best system — of American art education. If, as seems likely to be the case, it proves impracticable here, as it has proved impracticable elsewhere, to introduce the subject of light and shade during the earlier stages of study, so that pupil and teacher are alike exposed to the danger of getting fagged and disgusted over the dry and mechanical part of their work long before they reach the more stimulating and artistic part, may it not be possible, by letting them add color to their outlines, to lift them at once to the plane of real achievement, to put within their reach results that will make them proud and happy, and send them along their road with the spring and bound that come from conspicuous and unmistakable success? However it might be in a school of fine art, it would seem at least that in a course of training for the industrial arts such a

method of study could not fail of the happiest effect. For in the decorative arts color is the main element, and practical acquaintance with its management can hardly be begun too soon. It is also, so to speak, beyond all others, an eminently artistic element, — one whose use would tend, it would seem, more than any one thing, to stimulate and develop what genius of artistic power might be at hand, — special capacities which, on the other hand, a too long continued course of black and white might in many cases stifle and destroy.

The illustrations of Mr. Smith's book are most of them pertinent and interesting, but they are so executed as not to enhance its beauty. The style of lettering on most of the architectural drawings combines with their imperfect execution to render a good part of the descriptive inscriptions quite unintelligible.

The Appendix, which covers fifty pages, is mostly taken up with statistical information elsewhere difficult to obtain, in regard to the equipment of art schools, with lists of the most approved models and casts, giving their cost and the cost of their transportation to this country. It cannot but be of the greatest practical value to all persons engaged in these undertakings.

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6. — *Memoir of Roger Brooke Taney, LL. D., Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States.* By Samuel Tyler, LL. D., of the Maryland Bar. Baltimore: Published by John Murphy & Co., 182 Baltimore Street. 1872.

It was the fortune of Chief Justice Taney on two conspicuous occasions to incur the bitter hate of a powerful political party. His course in accepting the control of the Treasury Department at the request of General Jackson, for the sole purpose of recovering the government deposits from the Bank of the United States after Mr. Duane's refusal to do so, exposed him to charges of subserviency to the President most difficult for an honorable man to bear; and his nomination to the vacancy left by the death of Marshall, coming so soon after this service, was regarded as the thirty pieces of silver which rewarded his baseness, and encountered the fiercest opposition in the Senate. Taking his seat under these circumstances, he had succeeded in living down the accusations against him, and even his opponents had learned to recognize his fitness for his place, when the Dred Scott decision came, at a time when party lines were sharply drawn on the question of slavery, to decide that question against the party of freedom, whose triumph seemed almost assured. Amid the storm of indignation which this decision aroused

among the Republicans, whose great purpose was declared unconstitutional, the circumstances of his original appointment were recalled, and the forgotten charges against him repeated by men who did not care to understand the merits of the controversy in which they originated, but were willing to believe anything that tended to shake the authority of the court which had volunteered to decide against them. As a consequence, his true character and motives have been lost under a cloud of misrepresentation, and his death was hailed by many as a deliverance from a magistrate whose obstinate longevity seemed merely an evidence of his spite. He lived, they thought, simply to keep a Republican from succeeding to his power, and they doubtless fancied that his sharpest pang in death arose from disappointment at finding his strength unequal to his malice. He has been regarded as a man who was originally appointed to his place, not from any fitness for its duties, but simply because General Jackson had found him a "pliant instrument" (to use Mr. Webster's phrase), and wished to repay his servility, and whom the Democratic party found an equally subservient ally, whenever a decision of the Supreme Court was necessary to stamp with authority their political principles, — a judge, in short, who was appointed as a politician, and who felt it his duty to serve in that capacity. It was eminently desirable, therefore, that his biography should be written, not only to exhibit his character in its true light before his countrymen, but also to increase the authority of the tribunal over which he presided, which has suffered in public esteem from the unmerited aspersions cast upon its chief.

Mr. Tyler, however, has given us a panegyric, not a biography. In his desire to relieve the memory of Chief Justice Taney from undeserved obloquy, he has fallen into the opposite error of indiscriminate eulogy. In his vocabulary are none but superlatives. Assuming as a motto for his book, "*Qui nihil in vita nisi laudardum, aut fecit, aut dixit, aut sensit,*" he has sought to prove it literally true. For example, when Mr. Taney was appointed Chief Justice, he tells us that he was called to preside over "the most august tribunal ever established among men," and proceeds: "No man ever realized more entirely the grandeur of high judicial functions and felt more profoundly its responsibilities, and never did a man bring to the discharge of duty a more sublime moral courage. As to his qualifications as a lawyer for the office, they were the most complete. He had not only mastered every branch of legal learning in every form of judicial tribunal, from the highest to the lowest, but he was extraordinarily familiar with practice in every species of court. No matter from what court, whether on the law or the equity side, a record came up on writ of error or appeal, he could

see at once its full import, and his long and diversified experience as a practising lawyer in courts of original jurisdiction had made him as familiar with rules of practice as the most experienced clerk of a court. He was marshalled to his place by a divine tactic" ("and heaven it knoweth what that may mean") "for the good of his country, if ever a public functionary was, just as his great predecessor had been." Such language reminds us of Leicester's prayer in "The Critic," and for exhaustive compliment may be recommended as a model. The same exaggeration runs through the whole book. The judges before whom Mr. Taney practised, his associates and opponents at the bar, and his political friends, are all pre-eminent for ability and virtue; and how his political opponents fare at the hands of the author may be inferred from his placing Hamilton among the disciples of Machiavelli, and making the second Adams "happy in his power of mischief," while Mr. Seward's policy of governing the country "by sectional animosities," and Max Müller's "fanatical spleen against negro slavery" alike come in for his condemnation. History has but one side for Mr. Tyler, and he states that without qualification. He is a painter who knows only black and white, and his pictures are innocent of shading.

Still this fault does not seriously impair the value of his work. It is suppression and falsification which make a biography untrustworthy. The author's exaggeration is too patent to deceive, and defeats itself. He has given us the means of forming our own opinion about Mr. Taney, and we are not obliged to accept his conclusions, though we cannot quarrel with his admiration for the late Chief Justice. The volume opens with a fragment of autobiography written in 1854, which carries us as far as Mr. Taney's twenty-fifth year, at which age he began the practice of law at Frederick, Maryland. This, with the few letters which Mr. Tyler has been able to secure, to a student of character would be the most valuable part of the work, and from them he could hardly fail to get an accurate understanding of the man. They show us the Chief Justice as he was, — a man of great simplicity and elevation of character, of perfectly honest purpose, and of unyielding firmness, who never shrank from what he considered his duty, or suffered unworthy considerations to affect his judgment; "a loyal, just, and upright gentleman," in the best sense; in many respects a great man, but, though an able lawyer and an admirable judge, lacking the intellectual breadth which is a necessary element of greatness. The absence of all pettiness in his nature is very striking; he seems singularly magnanimous and unselfish, and it is refreshing to read his life in these days of furious money-getting.

We cannot refrain from quoting the following little note, written on

the forty-sixth anniversary of his marriage, it seems so entirely characteristic: —

"WASHINGTON, January 7, 1852.

"I cannot, my dearest wife, suffer the 7th of January to pass without renewing to you the pledges of love which I made to you on the 7th of January, forty-six years ago; and although I am sensible that in that long period I have done many things that I ought not to have done, and have left undone many things that I ought to have done, yet in constant affection to you I have never wavered, — never being insensible how much I owe to you, — and now pledge to you again a love as true and sincere as that I offered you on the 7th of January, 1806, and shall ever be your affectionate husband, "R. B. TANEY.

"MRS. ANNE TANEY."

A lawyer of Frederick used to tell an anecdote which illustrates his high sense of honor. Soon after the narrator began to practise, he was employed in an ejectment cause in which Mr. Taney was opposing counsel; and when the case was called for trial and he was asked by the court if he was ready, he answered yes. Whereupon Mr. Taney told him in a whisper that his locations were all wrong; and that if he went to trial, he must lose his case, whether the right was with him or not. The young man had his case continued. Such a letter and such a story are worth pages of eulogy.

In no respect has the Chief Justice been more misrepresented than in reference to his position on the slavery question. Many suppose that in the Dred Scott case he decided that the negro had no rights which the white man was bound to respect. This sentence in his opinion, taken out of its connection, has been quoted as if those words were used to express his own view of the negro's true position in the scale of creation, rather than as a statement of an opinion once common, but which he says "it is difficult at this day to realize." His own opinion we find expressed in his argument for Mr. Gruber, and that his expressions were sincere is shown by the fact that he emancipated the slaves which he inherited from his father, and continued to aid them afterwards. Mr. Gruber was a Pennsylvania minister, who, having preached an antislavery sermon at a camp-meeting, was indicted for an attempt to incite a slave insurrection. Mr. Taney defended him, and in arguing his right to speak of slavery as he thought, said: "It is a subject of national concern, and may at all times be freely discussed. . . . . A hard necessity, indeed, compels us to endure the evil of slavery for a time. It was imposed upon us by another nation, while we were yet in a state of colonial vassalage. It cannot

be easily or suddenly removed. Yet, while it continues, it is a blot on our national character, and every real lover of freedom confidently hopes that it will be effectually, though it must be gradually, wiped away, and earnestly looks for the means by which this necessary object may be best attained." These were Mr. Taney's views in 1819, and his opinion in the Dred Scott case will be searched in vain for a word inconsistent with them. They were the views of the best men among the founders of our government, and of the most enlightened statesmen who succeeded them; they were the views of Mr. Lincoln himself when he was elected President by the Republican party. With the objects of that party the Chief Justice was in hearty though unconscious sympathy. That he did not readily accept the means by which they proposed to accomplish these objects is not surprising. A Roman Catholic in religion, a lawyer by profession, inclined from early political association as well as from the habit of his mind to construe the Constitution strictly, at a time of life when man's conservative instincts are strongest, it is not strange that he refused to abandon the views of constitutional law which he had spent his life in learning and expounding, for the purpose of adopting new interpretations which had gained currency in the heat of party strife among men who had ceased to venerate a Constitution which they had always heard invoked to protect slavery. Nor can we wonder that, with his stricter ideas, he seemed to men who were bent on its destruction like a defender of the institution, which he too wished to see destroyed, only not at the expense of the Constitution. And now that the object of both has been accomplished in a way which neither could foresee, we may hope that his countrymen will do justice to his motives, and respect the courage which enabled him, in the discharge of what he felt to be his duty, to bear the odium of seeming to side with a wrong which he hated.

Of Mr. Taney's judicial career there is little for a biographer to say. Mr. Tyler tells us that his opinions "for apposite learning, wise legal discrimination, calm judicial spirit, and perspicuity and finish of language are unsurpassed by those of any judge who has ever administered law in a court founded on the common law of England." No one but a lawyer can dispute this estimate, and a lawyer is more likely to form his own opinion of Chief Justice Taney's merits as a judge from reading his opinions himself, than to adopt Mr. Tyler's judgment. In treating this branch of his subject he has undertaken to discuss only his opinions on constitutional questions, dismissing the others with the temperate statement already quoted. He takes the cases up in succession simply to state what was decided in each, and to make them the

pegs on which to hang the praises of his hero. He forgets, however, that these opinions, where they are recognized as law, were the opinions of the court, and hardly gives the eminent men who were Taney's associates credit for their share in the court's decisions, even in cases where the opinion was written by one of them. For instance, he speaks of the decision in the case of the Genesee Chief, as if it were his exclusively. "This decision alone," he says, "is sufficient to place the Chief Justice among the greatest of judicial characters." It "illustrates in an especial manner the liberal wisdom of the Chief Justice." Yet the Supreme Court only adopted here doctrines which Judge Story had taught as law at Cambridge twenty years before. Other decisions, which to Mr. Tyler prove the "marvellous power of analysis which enabled him to discern the exact boundary in all the mutual relations of Federal and State sovereignty and jurisdiction," did not meet with equal approval from critics at least as competent. They made Chancellor Kent say, "I have lost my confidence and hopes in the constitutional guardianship and protection of the Supreme Court," and almost drove Judge Story from the bench. A few months before his death, the latter wrote in reference to them: "The doctrines of the Constitution so vital to the country, which in former times received the support of the whole court, no longer maintain their ascendency. I am the last member now living of the old court, and I cannot consent to remain where I can no longer hope to see those doctrines recognized and enforced. For the future I must be in a dead minority of the court, with the painful alternative of either expressing an open dissent from the opinions of the court, or by silence seeming to acquiesce in them." With these feelings he had determined to resign, but died before he carried his purpose into execution.

As we have said, our author's history of the Chief Justice's judicial career is made up of digested decisions, and complimentary remarks thereon of his own. He gives us only that which every one who has access to the reports may get for himself. There is not wanting, however, the most valuable testimony to Mr. Taney's greatness as a judge in the less conspicuous but by no means less important part of his duties on the bench. We refer to the speech of Mr. B. R. Curtis, made from experience as his associate, at the meeting of the Boston bar after his death. He said: "It is certainly true, and I am happy to be able to bear direct testimony to it, that the surpassing ability of the Chief Justice, and all his great qualities of character and mind, were more fully and constantly exhibited in the consultation-room, while presiding over and assisting the deliberations of his brethren, than the public knew, or can ever justly appreciate. There his dignity, his love of

order, his gentleness, his caution, his accuracy, his discrimination, were of incalculable importance. The real intrinsic character of the tribunal was greatly influenced by them, and always for the better." Alluding to the fact that he wrote comparatively but few opinions, he says: "He was as absolutely free from the slightest trace of vanity and self-conceit as any man I ever knew. He was aware that many of his associates were ambitious of doing this conspicuous part of their joint labor. The preservation of the harmony of the members of the court, and of their good-will to himself, was always in his mind. And I have not the least doubt that these considerations often influenced him to request others to prepare opinions which he could and otherwise would have written."

Such praise from such a source, while it justifies in part Mr. Tyler's panegyrics, might well have superseded them, and it is on such opinions that the reputation of Chief Justice Taney may safely rest. Our author tells us that his "book is designed not only to be a memoir of Chief Justice Taney, but also to show the working of the Federal government." The fulfilment of this design has certainly increased the size of his volume, but it may be questioned whether it has enhanced its value. He justifies himself for uniting his treatise on our constitutional history with the work announced in his title by this course of reasoning: "As Mr. Taney will be seen occupying high posts in the Federal government at important political crises, it is necessary to take a view of the nature and the working of the Federal government in order to judge of the wisdom and patriotism of his conduct in those positions." Mr. Taney's conduct, as an officer of the Federal government, must be judged by his view of the Federal Constitution, and his judgment of the tendency in the working of the government; and whether his view of the Constitution, and his judgment of the tendency in the working of the government, be true or not, can only be tested by the history of the country down to the present time. In order to judge of the nature of the Federal government, we must recur to its origin." Here certainly is a foundation broad enough to sustain a work equal to Mr. Bancroft's, and we can only admire Mr. Tyler's moderation in limiting his to one volume. His view makes Mr. Taney's life only an episode in his own biography, and obliterates the distinction between biography and history. Chief Justice Marshall on one occasion interrupted a prolix lawyer in a tedious statement of elemental principles with the remark, "Mr. A., there are some things which the judges of the Supreme Court of the United States are presumed to know." We wish that some friend had reminded Mr. Tyler of this story while he was writing his sketch of

our history; for that the Constitution was framed by a convention of delegates at Philadelphia in 1787, that it went into operation on the 4th of March, 1789, and that General Washington was the first President, are facts for a knowledge of which he might fairly have given his readers credit. Nor does it seem necessary to quote all the provisions of the Constitution which relate to the judicial power, "in order to show the services which Mr. Taney rendered to his country as Chief Justice." This quotation Mr. Tyler has given, and that not as a quotation, but as a condensed statement of his own, altering some of the original phraseology to make it harmonize with his context, leaving the rest in glaring contrast with the general construction of his page; and so carelessly that by condensing the two last clauses of the second section in article third, he has given the courts of the United States jurisdiction in cases "between citizens of the same State claiming lands under grants of different citizens." Mr. Tyler's views of history are what might be expected from a man who starts with the fundamental proposition that the Cavaliers settled the Southern States, and reaches the conclusion that the antislavery party "was not moved by any regard for the welfare of the negro race, but by hostility to the Southern States." His logic is illustrated by his attempt to argue that the question between the slaveholding and non-slaveholding States was a question of political power, rather than of hostility to slavery, from the fact that while the New England States were opposing the admission of Missouri, some of their citizens were engaged in the slave-trade, and Judge Story was charging grand juries throughout his circuit to indict them. Such opinions and such reasoning naturally lead him to conclude his review of the circumstances which led to the Rebellion with the remark that "no publicist, judging by the practices of nations, can doubt that, in the forum of political ethics, the slave States were justified in their course; and every publicist knows that it is not the party which fires the first shot that is responsible for the war, but the party which makes war necessary." When, however, he adduces as evidence of the revolutionary policy which governed the Republican party, that, "contrary to unbroken usage," they nominated both candidates, Lincoln and Hamlin, from the same side of Mason and Dixon's line, he should have remembered Jackson and Calhoun.

It is only fair to say, however, that while Mr. Tyler's opinions, both of law and history, are colored by his evident sympathy with the slavery party, they are expressed without bitterness. Indeed, he treats the prominent opponents of his views, such as Clay, Adams, and Linclon, with every disposition, apparently, to do them justice, and the reader will be glad to miss the personal misrepresentation and detraction which we

have grown to expect in the writings of those who hold his ideas. In this respect he has done what the man whose life he writes would have desired. Mr. Seward is an exception. In Mr. Tyler's view he was a bad man, who sought by encouraging sectional animosities to win the Presidency. Even Mr. Seward's admirers, if they will recall his speech on the admission of Kansas, and the indecent attack which he there made on the Supreme Court, and especially on the Chief Justice on account of the Dred Scott decision, will not wonder that any of Mr. Taney's friends should conceive a prejudice against him. Still, however, it is to be regretted that one holding such opinions should be in a position to influence others. Mr. Tyler is a professor in the Columbia Law School at Washington, and we fear that his pupils will imbibe his views without sharing his moderation, and that he and others like him throughout the South are educating the next generation in such a manner as will keep alive the embers of the civil war and defer the establishment of really cordial relations between the North and the South for many years.

The Dred Scott decision affords him opportunity for a long disquisition, devoted particularly to the assertion of Mr. Justice Curtis, that "slavery, being contrary to natural right, is created only by municipal law," which he terms "one of the most extraordinary aberrations from a great fundamental principle of public law to be found in the history of judicial administration." He proves to his own satisfaction, by quotations from Plato, Cicero, and Justinian, that it was created by the law of nations, because it was an old principle of international law that the victor in battle had a right to enslave his prisoners. As well prove that murder is justifiable by the laws of nations, because he had a right to kill them. That a man of intelligence should to-day argue from this obsolete principle that negro slavery, or the right to enslave a man because he is black, was a creation of international law, without seeing that, if it was, it was abolished, with the principle, centuries before the United States was thought of, or if not, that it is lawful in this country to-day because nothing but municipal law has abolished it, and nothing but the power which makes can unmake, is sufficiently strange, but it would be idle seriously to attack such a position. The Dred Scott decision has been overruled by the war, and the questions therein discussed have passed into history. Mr. Tyler might safely have left its defence to rest on the opinion of the Chief Justice, which he pronounces "the most comprehensive and best reasoned politico-judicial opinion ever pronounced by any tribunal." He certainly has not strengthened it. Some years ago one of the ablest judges who took part in the decision was asked by a lawyer precisely

what the court decided. He replied, "If you ask me what the Supreme Court of the United States decided in the case of Dred Scott, I answer, I don't know." Our author thinks he does, but as his opinion on the point is of interest only to the legal antiquary, we forbear to disturb his confidence.

On the whole, Mr. Tyler is to be thanked for his book. We lay it down with a feeling almost of affection for the man whose life he has written, and are glad to think that the highest judicial position in our country was filled so many years by a man whose public and private life alike afford so admirable an example to the profession of which he was the head. The story of such a life is elevating and encouraging, and we can pardon the author much bad logic and much political heresy for the pleasure and profit we have got from its perusal.

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7. — *Man in the Past, Present, and Future. A Popular Account of the Results of Recent Scientific Research as regards the Origin, Position, and Prospects of the Human Race.* From the German of Dr. L. Büchner, by W. S. Dallas, F. L. S. London, 1872.

The words "materialist" and "atheist" have been so long employed as death-dealing epithets in the hands of hard-hitting theological controversialists, that it seems hardly kind in us to begin the notice of a meritorious book by saying that it is the work of a materialist and an atheist. We are reassured, however, by the reflection that these are just the titles which the author himself delights in claiming. Dr. Büchner would regard it as a slur upon his mental fitness for philosophizing if we were to refuse him the title of atheist; and "materialism" is the name of that which is as dear to him as "liberty" was dear to the followers of Danton and Mirabeau. Accordingly, in applying these terms to Dr. Büchner, they become divested of their old opprobriousness, and are enabled to discharge the proper function of descriptive epithets by serving as abstract symbols for certain closely allied modes of thinking. Considered in this purely philosophical way, an "atheist" is one to whom the time-honored notion of Deity has become a meaningless and empty notion; and a "materialist" is one who regards the story of the universe as completely and satisfactorily told when it is wholly told in terms of matter and motion, without reference to any ultimate underlying Existence, of which matter and motion are only the phenomenal manifestations. To Dr. Büchner's mind the criticism of the various historic conceptions of godhood has not only stripped these conceptions of their

anthropomorphic vestments, but has left them destitute of any validity or solid content whatever; and in similar wise he is satisfied with describing the operations of nature, alike in the physical and psychical worlds, as merely the redistributions of matter and motion, without seeking to answer the inquiry as to what matter and motion are, or how they can be supposed to exist as such at all, save in reference to the mind by which they are cognized.

Starting, then, upon this twofold basis, — that the notion of God is a figment, and that matter in motion is the only real existence, — Dr. Büchner seeks in the present work to interpret the facts disclosed by scientific induction concerning the origin of man, his psychical nature, his history, and his destiny as a denizen of the earth. With reference to these topics Dr. Büchner is a follower of Mr. Darwin, especially of Mr. Darwin as amended by Professor Haeckel. His book, considered on its scientific merits only, and without regard to its philosophic bearings, is a popular exposition of the Darwinian theory as applied to the origin of the human race. Regarded simply as a scientific exposition, conducted on these fundamental principles, there is in the book little which calls for criticism. Dr. Büchner has studied the Darwinian theory very thoroughly, and his statements in illustration of it are for the most part very accurate, showing, so far as this portion of the work is concerned, the evidences of a truly scientific spirit. He is as lucid, moreover, as Taine or Haeckel, and nothing is wanting to one's entire enjoyment of his book, save that modesty in the presence of the limitless workings of nature which Dr. Büchner does not possess any more than Taine or Haeckel.

But from the scientific point of view it is not necessary for us to discuss Dr. Büchner's book, as it is not an original scientific treatise, but only a lucid exposition of the speculations and discoveries of other students of nature. When we have described it as in the main lucid and accurate, we have given it all the praise which as a scientific exposition it can legitimately claim to have earned. When we consider it as a contribution to philosophy, when we ask the question whether it can be of any use to us in solving the great problem of our relations to the universe in which we live and move and have our being, we must set down quite another verdict. As an exposition of Darwinism, the work, though by no means all that could be desired, is still an admirable work. But as a vindication of the atheistic and materialistic way of explaining the universe, it is an utter failure. To suppose that the establishment of the Darwinian theory of man's origin is equivalent to the vindication of materialism and atheism, is a mistake of Dr. Büchner's which would be very absurd were it not so

very serious. Mr. Darwin's theory only supposes that a certain aggregate of phenomena now existing has had for its antecedent a certain other and different aggregate of phenomena. The entire victory of this theory will only — like the previous victory of Newton's theory over the doctrine of guiding angels, espoused even by Kepler — assure us that in the entire series of phenomenal manifestations, of which the world is made up, there is no miraculous break, no conjuring, no freak of the magician. And to this conclusion all modern scientific inquiry has long been leading us. It needed no Dr. Büchner to tell us this. All this, however, cannot stir us one inch toward the philosophic doctrine of which Dr. Büchner is the advocate. Dr. Büchner shares with the theologians whom he combats the error of supposing that godhood cannot be manifested in a regular series of phenomena, but only in fortuitous miraculous surprises. When he has proved that mankind was originated through the ordinary processes of paternity from some lower form of life, he thinks he has overturned the belief in God, whereas he has really only overturned a crude and barbarous conception of the way in which God acts. And so when it is shown that all the phenomena of the world are but material phenomena, our author thinks that the ground-theorem of materialism is forever established; quite forgetting that what we call material phenomena are, after all said and done, nothing but expressions for certain changes occurring in a complicated series of psychical states.

In short, no matter how far the scientific interpretation of nature may be carried, it can reveal to us only the fact that the workings of the ultimate Existence of which Nature is the phenomenal expression are different from what they were supposed to be by uninstructed thinkers of former times. And no matter how far we may carry the interpretation of natural phenomena in terms of matter and motion, we cannot escape the conclusion that matter and motion, as phenomenal manifestations, can have no genuine existence save as the correlatives of a cognizing mind. To treat of the universe of phenomena without the noumenon God is nonsense; and likewise to treat of matter (a congeries of attributes) without reference to the mind in whose cognizance alone can attributes have any existence, is also nonsense. However praiseworthy, therefore, Dr. Büchner's book may be as an exposition of a particular set of scientific doctrines, we think it can have but small value as a contribution to philosophy. Its author is one of those men who see very distinctly what they really see, but who in reality see but a very little way before them.

8. — *Hints on Household Taste in Furniture, Upholstery, and other Details.* By Charles L. Eastlake. Edited by Charles C. Perkins. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1870.

The popularity of Mr. Eastlake's book is an indication of the prevailing interest in art, of which well-attended drawing-schools and projected art museums are the other tokens. The chief part of the book is devoted to special hints on the designing of household furniture; but the general principles which it is the main object of the book to enforce are those which underlie all good decorative design. Such with others are the following propositions: that a design of an object should indicate its use, and that its shape and mode of treatment should be that best suited to the material employed; that the evidence of human handiwork is always more valuable in decoration than mere elaboration and finish; that decoration should not attempt to imitate natural forms, but to typify them.

From such principles as his starting-point, he wages a hardy war on shaded designs in carpets or wall-papers, on wooden scroll-work and "applied" mouldings, on concealed hinges and locks, on varnish, cut glass, rococo jewelry, the rounded corners of custom-made furniture, and the construction of dining-tables, and every one will acknowledge the force of his faultfinding. It is done in an interesting fashion which all can appreciate, and the book well deserves its success.

The book has, however, its faults, and above all else it is unfortunate, that while the author's own designs fairly illustrate the excellent text, they are in themselves far from comely. Mr. Eastlake's furniture looks barbarous and uncouth, and one might expect the aspect of his hall-table and bookcase, cabinet and chest of drawers, to undo all the force of his text. Curiously enough, however (and this is no compliment to our native designers of furniture), things have taken a course that Mr. Eastlake probably little intended. These very designs have been executed over and over again, and one maker from the neighborhood of Boston stated the other day that he had repeatedly executed all the designs in the book, — a fact which indicates more zeal for improvement than knowledge of the best means of obtaining it. Any one who feels tempted to appropriate Mr. Eastlake's designs would, in our opinion, do better by consulting a volume of designs for furniture of a similar character by Mr. Talbert, lately published in London. But both gentlemen intended their books as hints only, and not as working drawings; their illustrations were mere indications of what might be done, not models for universal use.

Mr. Eastlake's designs are all Gothic or grotesque, while furniture

not only may be, but in this country *must* be, designed in many styles, and it can and ought to be reasonably framed and put together in any one of them. There are those among us, for instance, who think nothing more homely and comfortable than were the dwelling-houses of fifty or a hundred years ago, with their heavy mahogany furniture, and secretaries inlaid with brass, and tile fireplaces and four-posters, and stairways with twisted posts and balusters, and delicate wooden decoration in cornice and finish. These bear no resemblance to Mr. Eastlake's designs, yet all is refined, delicate, comfortable, and well built, and adapted to its uses. The man who admires this may never admire Mr. Eastlake's designs, but the same principles — and this is the good of the book — can guide them both.

As Mr. Eastlake very justly says, it would be undesirable and impossible to reject in manufacture the mechanical appliances of modern times, but the book is by no means written in this spirit. It is well to appreciate in art the evidence of human handiwork; that India rugs are, in point of design, better than modern carpets; that wrought metal work shows the thoughts of the artist more than does cast work, or that water-colors can never be imitated by chromo-lithography: but only a few can have "hand" work, and the rest of us may as well accept the fact. Modern houses must be made attractive, if at all, by showing how machine work and furniture made by wholesale may be tasteful; how screws and cast-iron and veneered doors and mill-planed mouldings may be properly used. These modern inventions would have been prized by mediæval workmen, and it is absurd in this age for searchers after truth to long for mortices and tenons, where a screw is cheaper, quicker, and stiffer; or for solid oak to be cracked and checked by furnace heat, when veneering will avoid it; or for hand labor in framing ordinary cheap furniture, which a factory will turn out at a quarter of the cost. The author really does explain what should guide the use of these methods, but he always speaks of them with regret and disgust, and he never shows by illustration how such work is to be done.

Foreign travel, with visits to foreign galleries, have given a large class of our people the beginning of an art education. It is to be hoped that the trustees of art museums will see that the amusement of this class is not their best object. No art interest can take a strong ground here until the mass of the people, and above all the artisans, feel it. In Munich there has lately been formed a National Museum, representing the art workmanship of the country in all ages. After South Kensington, it is the most interesting gallery of art labor in Europe; and as it represents the growth of one country, it is in that respect the more interesting of the two. These galleries ought to form the models for the early years

of our museums. Casts of statuary, copies of ancient and masterly modern pictures, are of unspeakable value as models; but more of the pupils of purely fine art go abroad, or have access to books and photographs; while the decorators, cabinet-makers, carpenters, iron-workers, designers in stuffs, stone-carvers, and the like, ought to be shown what artisans in good ages have done in just such work. If we start with teaching this class, we shall be doing the best work. The training to which this book points the way will do much for us, and we cannot close without recommending it to all who are interested in this good work, whether privately or publicly.

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9. — *Songs from the Old Dramatists.* Collected and edited by Abby Sage Richardson. New York: Published by Hurd and Houghton. Cambridge: The Riverside Press. 1873.

One must be grateful for a little volume like this of Mrs. Richardson's, which gives the public what few would be able ever to find for themselves, and fewer still would be able to put their hands on without more exertion than one cares to give when in a mood for the enjoyment of poetry. Her collection is more than tolerably complete; there is not a poem in it which does not deserve a place in an anthology of this sort, and there are few songs of the dramatists omitted which any one will miss. There is one from Thomas Nash's "Will Somer's Last Will and Testament," beginning, —

> "Adieu, farewell earth's bliss,
> This world uncertain is:
> Fond are life's lustful joys,
> Death proves them all but toys.
> None from his darts can fly:
> I am sick; I must die.
> Lord, have mercy on us!"

which we should have been glad to have seen in the volume, especially on account of the third stanza, which runs as follows: —

> "Beauty is but a flower,
> Which wrinkles will devour:
> Brightness falls from the air;
> Queens have died young and fair;
> Dust hath closed Helen's eye;
> I am sick; I must die.
> Lord, have mercy on us!"

But, of course, in a collection made from so broad a field, it is impossible that every song which every one likes should find admittance. We do not wish to find fault, but rather to congratulate the editor on the taste she has shown in her selection. The readers will be few who do not find in this volume a great many new and welcome poems. And this is natural enough; the vast region of English literature which most of us take for granted as very fine, without testing it for ourselves, contains not only so much in quantity, but also so much that offends the taste of a more refined generation, that the task of examination and choosing necessarily falls upon some few persons, whose exertions are able to show us the beauty that lies in what we have readily neglected. Novelty is so dangerous a rival to real merit, as if the proper appreciation of poetry consisted in nothing more than being able to apply to it the just word of criticism, that we can hardly overestimate the work of a book that distracts the public from an excessive curiosity about inferior work which is only new, and recalls it to poems of such real simplicity and beauty as this collection holds; as, for instance, "The Aged Courtier," on page 100, —

> "His golden locks time hath to silver turned;
> O time too swift! O swiftness never ceasing!"

which is merely one of many.

Besides these more important qualities, an effort has been made to render the book attractive to the reader by attention to the printing and by the aid of illustrations. These are four in number, and were drawn by Mr. John La Farge. His deservedly high reputation as an artist, and the evident desire on the part of the publishers to raise this volume above the very mediocre level of most American illustrated books, call for more than a brief mention of his designs. They are all noticeable for their imaginative beauty. There is the first one introductory to the pastoral songs and songs of nature, in which a shepherd is leaning over the top of a cliff, his pipe idle in his hands, while he listens to the song of a mermaid in the sea beneath; then the illustration to the songs of fairies and spirits, in which a fairy is rising from a lake covered with water-lilies. But in the first one there are faults of detail, such as the monstrous size of the youth's hand; moreover, the illustration to the songs of feeling and thought is incomplete; but the merits of the designs demand admiration, if they do not disarm criticism. Perhaps the most striking, as they stand, is that of the songs of sorrow, a fantastic picture representing with great feeling a young girl bowed with grief, with a side view of a troubled sea. The engraving, too, is deserving of great praise; it has been done with the greatest care and skill. It is only fair that the credit which is due should be given to the engraver,

Mr. Henry Marsh. As to the printing from the engraving, something very different should be said; the vagueness in the last of the illustrations, the mistiness in the face and figure of the rising fairy, and the uncertainty in the water, is due to the fact that the engravings were printed on unsuitable paper. The same cause has injured them all, with great unfairness to both artist and engraver, and much to the detriment of what would otherwise have been the best illustrated book that had ever appeared in this country. As it is, the book is still valuable and interesting; but it is only to be regretted that it should have been allowed to come so near being better and then so nearly spoiled. The printing is neatly and carefully done. The iron-work tracery of the cover strikes us as in singularly bad taste, for it is much more appropriate to the chill graveyard fence than to the Christmas gift-book; nor do we set any store by the "ornamental designs" and vignette.

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10. — *Oriental Religions and their Relation to Universal Religion. India.* By Samuel Johnson. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1872.

One of the last discovered of the sciences, that of linguistics, brings for a reward to its students a wider view of the early history of man, and of the most interesting side of man, than does any other of the sciences. Whether all geologists would agree to this statement is perhaps uncertain, but at any rate one cannot be too grateful for the opportunity the study of linguistics has given us to trace the growth of the religious nature of man from remote periods down to the present day. The students of Sanskrit find that for their very text-books they must use the theological treatises and the hymnals of the language as the storehouse of verbs and constructions which go so far towards explaining the old puzzles of Greek and Latin grammar. We find a complete collection of religious books, running back to an uncertain antiquity before the Christian era, and an almost unbroken series down to the present time. We have the very prayers of our early forefathers, the expression of the same wonder which animates their descendants, — a full record of the religious feeling of one race of men. But the reading of this record is where students differ. It is no easy task to put ourselves into the mind of our next-door neighbor, to see the world as he does, to satisfy ourselves with his solutions, and there is always danger of our reading more into the memorials of the past, — a past which it is so difficult for us to comprehend, — than was ever intended by those who composed them.

This is a fault from which Mr. Johnson cannot be said to be wholly

free. His book is written to represent the religions of India, Brahmanism and Buddhism, as well as the earlier Aryan religion, as divisions of a universal religion of which Christianity is one part as well as any other. That the proper way of discussing this question, like all others, is one of freedom from bias, of course, needs no discussion. To begin comparing any other religion with Christianity, with the assumption of the self-evidence of the inferiority of the uninspired religion to that which we claim to be inspired, is a sort of discussion that every one would readily condemn if it were done, *mutatis mutandis*, by ignorant pagans; but there is the same objection to starting with any hypothesis, especially when the facts treated are still so unsettled. Mr. Johnson seeks impartiality with rare earnestness, but it seems to us that the world stands much more in need of exact information about the true nature of these early religions, than of a comparison between them and others, with the result, more or less wide-spread, of magnifying their merits and diminishing their faults. Not that it should be thought that Mr. Johnson has sacrificed facts to the expression of his views; on the contrary, he has collected a very great number of interesting details from very many authorities. These authorities, however, are not of equal repute. Pictet, for instance, is a man whose statements should be accepted only with the utmost caution. He cared much more for an entertaining and apparently complete expression of his opinions than for rigid, irrefutable accuracy. It is much to the credit, be it said by the way, of the original workers in this field, that a scholar who, like Mr. Johnson, works at second-hand, should find so much material which he can employ, and that there should be so little that cannot be used with safety. There has been a great deal of wild writing when attempts have been made to theorize about the facts, but the collections of facts have been made with great zeal and care.

While we would warmly recommend Mr. Johnson's book as bearing evidence of generally careful compilation and of much original thought, there are certain points which we think well deserve discussion. We doubt the accuracy of Mr. Johnson's estimate of the Aryas; not that we should care to have them drawn as howling savages, but one finds it hard to believe that they were such lofty choppers of logic and masters of philosophy as the author represents them. If so, the human race has sadly degenerated. If these simple hewers of wood and drawers of water "distinguished clearly the principle of spiritual existence," there is indeed truth in the poets' dreams of a golden age. Mr. Johnson refers to the theory of "solar myths," saying that they were "more or less intimately related to natural phenomena, though proceeding primarily from moral and spiritual experiences in their

makers,"— a vague sentence, the meaning of which it is by no means easy to catch. Here it seems to us that the author puts into the early Aryan mind the experience and light of the present day in regard of physical and, perhaps, spiritual phenomena. His Aryan is a nineteenth-century Aryan, who has read the Bible, the history of the Church, his Voltaire, and his Strauss, as well as the latest scientific books, and forms a fine-drawn theology which shall not strongly offend any of his instructors. Not that we would deny the strong religious yearning of the Vedic hymns, but we would incline to deny the existence, at that early time, of a philosophy which is so nearly one of satiety. Of great value is the author's account of Brahminism; he here, as everywhere, has carefully studied his subject, has accumulated much material from very arid sources, and for his care and appreciation he deserves great praise. To many the impression will occur that he overpraises the Hindu religion, that he regards the race with too lenient eyes, that in his zeal to do it justice he is blind to many of the faults of its systems; but we are all ready to forgive much to an author who is enthusiastic in his work.

He treats well of Buddhism; we cannot, however, agree with him in supporting Bunsen's interpretation of *nirvâna* as meaning "inward peace"; it seems more likely that, if the Buddhists had intended to give it that meaning, they would have done so, there is no reason for their not doing it, it would have been perfectly simple; whereas, on the other hand, half of the trouble about defining *nirvâna* might come from its very obscurity, from a vain attempt to separate it from annihilation. To the mind of the Buddhist, believing that all was bad, annihilation would have been the only sure relief from perpetual misery. Existence was subject to pain and sorrow; to escape from existence was his only aim, and that escape annihilation could bring him. That then, as now, the physical dread of dying was mistaken for horror of annihilation is probably true; and may it not have been to get around the one, while securing the other, that the real meaning was left purposely obscure? This we would suggest with all timidity.

As we have said, we recommend this book as perhaps invaluable for all who cannot of themselves make a thorough study of the original authorities; it should be read by those who care to see how general are those feelings, how universal are the forms of their expression at all times and in all places. The Hindu mind, with its hair-splitting subtlety, its apathetic intellectual seriousness, its unpractical logic, will always be a puzzle to us of the European branch; but it will always be an interesting study, and for this Mr. Johnson's book will be found an admirable aid.

11. — *The Ancient Stone Implements, Weapons, and Ornaments of Great Britain.* By JOHN EVANS, F. R. S., F. S. A. New York: D. Appleton and Company. 1872. Large octavo, 640 pages, 476 wood-engravings, large plate.

THIS work, which has been expected with eagerness for some time, is now before us; and after having examined it, we feel entitled to characterize it as a monument of minute knowledge and careful industry. The author gives much more than he promises. He describes not only in the most comprehensive manner the ancient stone implements, weapons, and ornaments of Great Britain, but also points out their analogies to kindred objects found in all parts of the world, either in the shape of relics of antiquity, or of weapons and tools still in use among uncultivated races, whose conditions of existence resemble more or less those of the primeval inhabitants of Europe. The numerous references occupying the foot of the pages indicate a most extensive reading; indeed, the author appears to be acquainted with everything, written in any language, that has the remotest bearing upon his subject. As may be expected, the references to North America, where the stone age hardly can be said to have expired, are frequent, and render the book so much more valuable to the American reader. Although in a work of this description, which is made up of simple facts, observations, and deductions, very little room is given for a display of elegant style, the author has admirably succeeded in presenting his subject in an attractive manner, and, at the same time, in saying much in few words. There is nothing superfluous, nor is there anything omitted necessary to convey a full meaning. This course was absolutely needed; for, if the author had indulged in lengthy phraseology, he would have failed in offering such an array of facts in a volume of little more than six hundred pages. Another feature about the work worthy of particular commendation is the great cautiousness of the author in reference to the destination of the relics he describes. Some archæologists feel themselves bound to explain the use of almost every antique object mentioned by them, however weak the arguments may be upon which they base their deductions. Certain prehistoric manufactures unmistakably bear in their shape the explanation of their use, and may be classified accordingly; yet there are others — and their number is not small — to which a definite use thus far cannot be assigned with any degree of safety, and this being the case, a plain admission of wanting knowledge is far preferable to strained interpretations. Mr. Evans is perfectly free of that ultra-speculative tendency: he is positive where he has a right to be, and doubts where doubt is prudent.

Any one who has paid some attention to the progress of prehistoric

archæology in Europe is aware that the stone age is there divided into two epochs representing two great phases in the development of man, namely, the palæolithic and the neolithic periods. The first of these comprises the rude weapons and tools of flint made and used by man while he coexisted with the mammoth, the woolly-haired rhinoceros, urus, cave-bear, cave-lion, and other now extinct animals. These implements, the oldest known products of human art, are merely chipped, not ground, because man was not yet sufficiently skilled to render them more serviceable by providing them with smooth edges. The so-called "drift implements" and most of those found in the caves inhabited by prehistoric savages belong to this class. The neolithic period, as the name implies, embraces a more advanced stage of human progress, represented by well-chipped flint instruments, polished celts, axes, pottery, etc. This period preceded, and, to a certain extent, survived, the beginning of the age of bronze. We were at first somewhat surprised to find in the present work the neolithic implements described, contrary to the usual rule, *before* those of the palæolithic type. The author himself evidently expected objections to his arrangement, and therefore took pains to meet them promptly by arguments which, it must be admitted, are well calculated to reconcile the critical reader to his plan. "My reasons," he says (p. 425), "for thus reversing what might seem to be the natural arrangement of my subject, and ascending instead of descending the stream of time, I have already to some extent assigned. I need only now repeat that our sole chronology for measuring the antiquity of such objects is by a retrogressive scale from the present time, and not by a progression of years from any remote given epoch; and that though we have evidence of the vast antiquity of the class of implements which I am about to describe (cave and drift implements), and may at the present moment regard them as the earliest known works of man, yet we should gravely err were we for a moment to presume on the impossibility of still earlier relics being discovered. Had they been taken first in order, it might have been thought that some countenance was given to a belief that we had in these implements the first efforts of human skill, and were able to trace the progressive development of the industrial arts from the very cradle of our race. Such is by no means the case."

Our remarks concerning the contents of the volume necessarily must be short; for were we only to enumerate minutely, according to chapters, the various matters discussed by the author, we should far exceed the limits allotted to this notice. Having started by presenting a general view of the ages of stone, bronze, and iron, he passes over to the manufacture of flint implements (dwelling particularly on the methods employed by the aborigines of North America), and then enumerates

the different experiments made by archæologists to find out in what manner drilling in stone may have been effected. These subjects are treated with perfect completeness and precision, and cannot fail to be of the highest interest to all students of prehistoric archæology. The next five chapters are devoted to the numerous kinds of celts (rough-hewn, partly or entirely polished), picks, chisels, and gauges. Next in order are the perforated axes, grooved and perforated hammers, hammer-stones, grinding-stones and whet-stones, embracing four chapters. The author has taken unusual pains in describing the various classes of neolithic flint articles, including flakes and cores, scrapers, borers, drills, awls, trimmed flukes, knives, and, lastly, arrow and javelin heads. The last-named class, distinguished by the great variety of its types, of course, is treated with all due care. The flint implements extend over six chapters, including one in which the "fabricators," or flint tools used in working flint, are described. The remaining four chapters, treating of slingstones and balls, bracers, articles of bone and stag's horn, spindle-whorls, disks, weights, ornaments, amulets, etc., conclude that part of the work which has the manufactures of the neolithic type for its subject.

The second division of the book, entitled "Implements of the Palæolithic Type," contains only four chapters, but these represent *par excellence* the scientific portion of the work; for here the author combines the experiences of archæological and geological investigation, in order to discuss the important question of the antiquity of man. We become acquainted with the interesting facts resulting from cave-researches in England, and likewise learn many details concerning French caves. The remarkable manufactures of flint and bone, as well as the osseous remains of extinct mammalia, associated with them in the caves, are enumerated and described, and the circumstances of their discovery and their geological relations duly recorded. The English ossiferous caves thus treated are Kent's Cavern, Brixham Cave, the Wookey Hyena Den, the Gower Caves, and King Arthur's Cave; but much reference is also made, for the sake of comparison, to the caves of Dordogne, in Southern France, so well described in the "Reliquiæ Aquitanicæ," by Lartet and Christy. From the caves the author passes over to the river drifts, giving a full account of their contents, manufactures, as well as bones belonging to animals of a bygone fauna. The last chapter, relating to the "Antiquity of the River Drift," in itself is a geological essay of great merit.

Though certain types of the palæolithic epoch bear a resemblance to the manufactures of the later neolithic period, the former are generally of a different, more primitive character, giving evidence that the savage men, who made and used them, stood extremely low in the scale of

human development. When we consider that these people were surrounded by numerous animals distinguished either by tremendous size, or rapacity combined with great strength (as in the case of the cave-bear and cave-lion), it becomes almost a matter of marvel how they succeeded in holding their own against such odds, armed as they were — during the drift period at least — only with rudely worked oval or pointed flints, probably shafted to serve as hatchets and spears.

Having thus indicated, certainly in a very cursory way, the contents of the volume, we have to say something about the numerous engravings representing the described objects. They certainly compare favorably with the best efforts of this kind ever offered to the public, either in this country or abroad. The articles, in general, are drawn in natural or in half-size, and mostly in two views, to which a cross-section is often added. The drawings of the flint articles, particularly, cannot fail to satisfy the most fastidious connoisseur: they are, indeed, so well executed that every crack and fracture becomes distinctly visible, and even the chalky crust covering the unchipped portions can be plainly distinguished.

To the American reader, who is acquainted with the stone implements of our Indian predecessors, it must be a matter of great interest to notice the remarkable analogy existing between the simple manufactures of the prehistoric Europeans and those of the natives of this country. In fact, to many, if not most, of the types represented in Mr. Evans's work counterparts are found here; and not few of the drawings of flint flakes, scrapers, arrowheads, celts, chisels, hammer-stones, etc. might have been executed after American originals. Yet, this resemblance cannot be a matter of surprise. The exigencies of external circumstances have regulated the progress of human development, compelling, as it were, the populations of different parts of the world to act, independently of each other, in a similar manner, provided there was a sufficient similarity in their conditions of life. The same wants led to the same means for satisfying them, and hence the correspondence in the simple articles employed in domestic life, in war, or in hunting.

Mr. Evans's work, we are confident, will find many readers in the United States, not only among those who make archæology their special study, but also among the educated classes in general. The great popularity which the writings of Sir Charles Lyell, Sir John Lubbock, Nilsson, and others have acquired in this country demonstrates that literary productions relating to the primitive condition and the gradual development of the human race find more and more favor with our public. A like success may be anticipated for Mr. Evans's work, which, to say the least, is equal to the best of its kind published in our time.

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