PEASANT PROPERTIES

AND OTHER

SELECTED ESSAYS

LADY VERNEY

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BY

LADY VERNEY

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OF

THE SECOND VOLUME.

ANCIENT BRITISH SAINTS.

WALES according to her own account has been of old pre-eminently a land of saints. In the early ages of 'faith' they must indeed have been as plentiful as the rocks on her steep mountain sides. Bardsey Island alone ('home of the Holy Grail') is said, with the love of exaggeration habitual to such records, to be the grave of 20,000 confessors and martyrs. Churches dedicated to three saints, 'Llantrisant,' are not uncommon. One at least has taken five protectors —Llanpumpsant.

The requirements which were necessary to the profession were clearly laxer than at present. Many thick books, published by the Welsh Society, are full of their histories. Their names alone fill many pages of indexes, unknown most of them to the general Catholic world, but evidently held very sacred in their own rough and secluded land.

Their stories, scattered up and down among much irrelevant matter, are curious and interesting for the numerous valuable hints they contain as to the standards of morality, the habits of thought, and life, and feeling, of that far-off time. One strange feature in them is very marked, which Maury, in his 'Légendes pieuses du moyen-âge,' [1] describes as belonging with singular persistency to the lives of saints in all countries during the middle ages, and as he gives no instances from Welsh sources it is interesting to trace in them the truth of his theory.

[1] The book is scarce and out of print.

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With more or less of detail, more or less closeness of resemblance, they are all modelled on an imitation (a caricature we should call it) of the events of the Old, and still oftener of the New, Testament. The travesty is not an agreeable one, and the repetition of the same incidents again and again in the wonderful tales is strange to observe when once this clue has been given. The monkish historian, says M. Maury, who was almost always the person to chronicle the life of a saint, had few materials to work upon, and those few often far away both in place and in time. He was credulous and enthusiastic; how was he likely to criticise the enthusiastic and credulous testimony which was all he could even hope to obtain? His one idea seems to have been to represent his hero as a copy of his Divine Master in deeds as in spirit, and equivalents were sought for his least as well as his greatest actions in the saint's career.

Every saint comes into the world by some unnatural or supernatural process, and is heralded by dreams. He performs a certain set of miracles, always the same—the phrase, indeed, in the ceremony of canonisation mentions, apparently as a matter of course, that he gave sight to the blind, cleansed lepers, cast out devils, raised the dead (which last prodigy is so common that it seems strange the custom of death was not altogether abolished [1]), 'walked upon the water, filled empty vessels with wine, or changed an inferior into a better liquid, was fed by eagles,' &c., &c.

But the incidents appear as if seen through the distorting medium of a crooked glass, purposeless, grotesque, exaggerated, the beautiful idea of the imitation of our Saviour degraded into the most absurd and literal caricature of his actions. Even the most peculiar miracles in both Old and New Testament are reproduced, when the parallel becomes

[1] In the life of St. David, 'a child who had lately been restored to life by him' is mentioned incidentally as too common an incident to deserve more notice.

even more striking. Elisha makes the axe's head which had fallen to the bottom of Jordan rise to the surface of the water—so did St. Luifroi and St. Benedict in the Golden Legend. The rod of St. Luphard devoured serpents like that of Aaron, four saints bring water from the rock like Moses, St. Copras arrests the sun like Joshua. Sta. Christina of Tuscany with two companions remain unhurt in the fire like the 'Three Children,' so does the daughter of King Papiau, mother of St. Dubricius, Archbishop of Caerleon. The cursing of the barren fig-tree, the healing of the withered hand, each is repeated.

Abstract and metaphysical ideas were often presented in the middle ages under figures and allegories, particularly in the figurative style of the East. The sense of the emblematic image was often forgotten altogether by the people, and the meaning distorted into absurd and even revolting fables. For instance, in the 'Legend' of St. Nicholas, Bishop of Myra, it is told that he brought to life three children whose flesh had been served up to him to eat, an incident often represented on painted glass in England and Wales. They appear naked, in a bucket, with their hands joined. This was simply an emblem of the pagan nations whom he had converted and baptized. The figures are small in contrast to the saint, because size was supposed to represent his moral greatness and importance, and his catechumens are naked because 'baptism was at first practised by immersion.' Sometimes a symbol was taken as the literal basis of an incident. The artist of a fresco or a group in stone, in order to show how a martyr had died, placed his head in his hands. Maury mentions a number of cases where this was translated into a miracle besides the celebrated one of St. Denys, where the saint walked after his decapitation. 'Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte,' as is well known, was first applied to his case. Here too the Welsh martyrs are not wanting to their country and vocation; it is told of St. Stinan that—

three of the holy man's servants having been reproved by him for their idleness, and misguided by the devil, rushed on him inflamed with fury, and most cruelly cut off his head, when a fountain of pure water came forth where it fell. The body of the Blessed Martyr presently arose, and, taking the head between the two arms, went down to the sea shore, and walking[1] thence on the sea, passed over to a port call'd by his name, and being arrived at the place where now a church stands to his memory, it fell down and was there buried by St. David with spiritual hymns and canticles.

There is, however, a still more remarkable feat chronicled by Carlyle of a Welsh saint who swam over to Ireland (of which country one might suppose from his doings that he was a native), 'carrying his head in his mouth,' a feat, adds Carlyle, which has not been repeated.

St. Winifred flying from the love of Prince Caradoc was overtaken by him, when he cut off her head with a sword; the virgin's head rolled lightly to the bottom, where a spring gushed forth. St. Beuno, her uncle, joined on her head to her body, when the virgin presently arose, and a thin white circle round her neck was all that was after seen. The stones in the well still retain the colour of the blood.

Sometimes a metaphor was taken as the basis of an incident, *e.g.* the hart panting after the water brooks was the emblem of the soul thirsting after our Lord, therefore the stag became a holy animal, appearing miraculously to supply the needs of the saints on all possible occasions. It is told of St. Teilo, Bishop of Llandaff, a perfectly historical personage, in the 'Liber Llandavensis,' how

as a young monk he was sent into the forest to fetch wood for the monastery, a work which he felt to be most vexatious, as taking him away from his prayers; wherefore, when he and his companion had finished their task, two stags presented them-

[1] Walking on the water or crossing a river on their cloaks was a favourite mode of progression for the saints, practised by St. Blaise and St. Peter Telma among others.

selves, offered their services, drew back the required load, and afterwards the same wild animals, by the direction of God brought wood or whatever things were necessary for the use of the holy men.

A score of other legends are given by Maury, introducing the stag labouring, warning, giving milk, as in those of St. Hubert, St. Geneviève, &c. &c., but there is one still more picturesque than any related by him concerning Llanymondwy on the Dovey:—

the sacred church of many waters, surrounded by its very ancient yews, and dedicated to St. Tydecho (an abbot in Armorica who came over in the time of King Arthur), one of our most capital saints. . . . When that hero died and the Saxons overran most of the country, the saint took refuge in this place, and led a most austere life, wearing a hair-shirt, and lying on the bare stones.

His rocky bed is still to be seen on the steep sides of the great coomb in the mountain of Arran. He was, like many of the hermits,

a tiller of the ground and kept hospitality. Prince Maelgwyn Gwynedd, then a youth, took offence at the saint, and seized his oxen, but the next day a pair of wild stags were seen performing their office, and a grey wolf came harrowing after them. The prince, enraged that his malice had been in vain, brought his milk-white dogs to chase the deer, while he sat on the blue stones to enjoy the sport, but when he tried to rise he found himself fixed immovably to the rock, and was not relieved by the saint till he had repented and made reparation.

And here we come on a bit of the earlier mythology so often found mixed up with the Christian legends of Wales. The grand round amphitheatre scooped out of the majestic mountain sides of Arran is the ball-room, the chief place of dancing for the 'Tylwyth Teg,' the family of beauty, *i.e.* the fairies, who dance there in the moonlight, clad in blue and green. And now, though both fairies and saints have vanished, we are still told that 'the ghost of a grey wolf

haunts the spot,' with the curious vitality of popular superstitions.

The lion, the boar, the wolf, the bear, and the serpent were all symbols of the devil, and of the contest with sin and misery. This was translated into literal contests with beasts, such as that of St. Keyna, who was cast by the prince of the country near the Severn into a place infested by poisonous serpents, which she changed into stone (ammonites), repeating the miracle of St. Kilda at Whitby.

Again, the lion was used as a figure of the demon, the 'adversary who goes about as a roaring lion,' and the conquest of evil was worked up into a literal fact in the stories of lions tamed by St. Jerome, John the Silent, and Peter the Hermit. Sometimes the monsters are reduced to beasts of burden or guides, as with St. Kentigern, first Bishop of St. Asaph, who was led to select the site of his cathedral by a milk-white boar, who led him to a place between two rivers, where he then 'stood still, stamped his foot, dug up a turf, shook his head tremendously, and gave an awful grunt.' After which the position thus miraculously decided upon was given by the king of North Wales, Maelgwyn Gwynedd, to the Church.

The record of the austerities of the saint and his compeers is dismal to read—how 'he ate only once in three or four days [query, was this possible?], and then only bread and milk or cheese and butter.' He wore a rough hair-shirt next his body, and one garment of goat's skin; he slept in a stone coffin strewn with ashes, over which was spread a hair-cloth with a stone for his pillow; he rose in the night, went into cold water, wherein 'he sang all the 150 (?) psalms to the praise of his Maker!' While admiring this rare and very unsaintly fondness for cold water, one cannot but grudge the amount of self-sacrifice and misspent energy involved in the sufferings of so many such good men.

The stories relating to a saint grew in completeness and

detail as the years went on, by the law which Freeman declares causes a legend to increase in minuteness in proportion to its distance from the event. Every time the life of a saint was re-edited or translated into another tongue, it was augmented with fresh 'facts' in all good faith. There was no notion that such inventions were in any way blamable; edification was the object, and the events inserted might, should, or ought to have been true. Until the art of printing had fixed the thought of an author in the form which he himself intended for it, nothing could be easier than these changes. So orthodox a writer as Joseph de Maistre mentions how easily interpolations were made on parchment, where a word could be scratched out or altered with great facility.

The multiplication or changes of nature in food is one of the more favourite miracles in the pious legends—thirteen saints multiply bread alone, six operate on wine, and here again the Welsh saints shine.

When St. Teilo was visiting certain of his disciples who were nourished by aquatic fishes [what other kind of fish were there A.D. 510?] seven of which were sent them daily by miracle, an eighth of larger size was found with them, sent on account of their patron and Master,—the Creator of all things having increased the number of the fishes.

St. Samson, afterwards bishop, being appointed butler of the monastery, administered to the brethren with great diligence and care. A former butler accused him of waste and of improperly emptying the vessels filled with mead, and Bishop Dubricius, coming to the convent, went to the cellar to verify the charge, of which Samson being informed by the Holy Spirit, marked the empty casks with signing the cross and the Bishop found them full.

Nothing can exceed the puerility of many of the stories related, even in the rich repertory of the seventy volumes of the Bollandists. The saint, however small the occasion, is always assisted as a matter of course by the Divinity to

obtain whatever he desires. The ancient rule held that the gods ought not to be summoned except when the knot to be loosed was one worthy of their interposition, but in the saintly kingdom the upper powers come down to supply the most trivial needs of their votaries. The same 'St. Samson, born when his mother was well stricken in years like Elizabeth, was given into the care of St. Iltyd when he was five years old. St. Iltyd, labouring that he might obtain rest, had a corn field, and sent his scholars there in turn to keep the sparrows from devouring the barley. When it came to the duty of Samson, he collected together like a flock of sheep all the white sparrows flying about, and shut them up in the barn. He then slept for some time. His companions, seized with envy, informed against the idleness of the favourite boy, but when awakened by his master he said deliberately, without any heat, "By the help of God I keep the plunderers in prison for the benefit of all; we shall not have any occasion now to keep watch," and thus was it done.'

Some of the stories read like rather clumsy fairy tales. St. Samson being on his travels with a companion, a deacon, 'heard a dreadful voice as they passed through a great desert. The young man left his horse and fled, when a hairy and horned witch flying through the woods slew him with a two-pronged lance.' After a long conversation with the saint, the witch informs him that she had eight sisters and a mother all witches, and ends by declaring that she 'cannot become any better!' whereupon Samson commanded her no longer to injure mankind, but very quickly to depart this life. She immediately gave a precipitous leap, fell down and expired. St. Samson returned to his brother the Deacon, and, after the manner of Elisha, applied his mouth and limbs to him and thus restored him to life.

Again, St. Cadoc, Abbot of Llancarvon, 'who was a contemporary of King Arthur's and gave him much good

advice' (which appears from the legends to have been much needed), had two wooden horses 'so very swift that no man could equal them in speed of travelling, on which his servants performed the journey to Neath to bring him necessaries, and it was a day's journey going and returning'—about forty miles in all, not very quick for a magic horse. A boy, we are told by Giraldus Cambrensis, stole pigeons from St. David's Church, when his hand was fastened to the stone for three days and nights, his relatives praying round him all the time 'with the utmost fervour,' till at length the saint was mollified and let him go.

A saint was always in those early times 'one of the great of the earth—what was noble and powerful was also holy in the eyes of the middle ages.' Ampère says that most of the legends begin with the phrase 'He was of noble extraction, but still more illustrious by his piety.' The people were not yet interesting to themselves. St. David was the grandson of a prince; St. Teilo was 'nobly born;' St. Dubricius, 'the grandson of King Pebiau;' St. Asaph 'was of very noble parentage on both sides;' St. Chad, who founded the Cathedral of Lichfield, was nobly born, The most poetic of the legends shows how the place being besieged by Wulphere, King of the Mercians, he was converted by 'seeing the saint hang his cloak on a sunbeam.' An even more striking legend tells how St. Teilo, Bishop of Llandaff, stopped 'the yellow pestilence, which appeared as a column of a watery cloud, one end trailing on the ground.' One solitary bit of fun is to be found—*i.e.* in the story of the Ogofawr caves, where five circular holes are to be seen in an enormous rock, and the recital shows how five saints on their road to St. David's shrine, being quite overcome with weariness, went to sleep without saying their prayers. A tremendous storm arose, which fixed their heads into the stone; they themselves, however, were carried off by the sorcerer, who lives inside the hill, where they will remain bound 'until the diocese shall be blessed with a pious

bishop.' Query, has the event even yet not taken place, as the five saints have certainly not, it seems, reappeared?

The climax of pious exaggeration and hyperbole, however, seems to have been reached, not in the so-called dark ages, but in the comparatively civilised times of St. Francis of Assisi, founder of the mendicant orders. His birth was announced by prophetic visions, he was tempted by the devil, he was transfigured, he was fed by a raven like Elijah, there were twelve conformities to the career of our Saviour in the first part of his life, sixteen in the second, twelve in the third. His biographer, the Père Barthélemy, caps the whole by saying:—

> Christ was only transfigured once, but St. Francis was transfigured twenty times; Christ only suffered his wounds for a short time, but St. Francis bore his for two whole years. Christ changed water into wine but once, St. Francis three times over. As to the miracles of curing the blind, making the lame to walk, driving out devils from the possessed, raising the dead, the Saviour did nothing in comparison to what was done by St. Francis and his brethren, who gave sight to more than a thousand blind persons, cured more than a thousand lame, both men and beasts, raised from the dead more than a thousand men and women, &c., &c.

There was, however, a better and more useful side to the work of the saints than that so industriously recorded in the legends. The best of the monks and the hermits improved agriculture—St. Iltyd, for instance, is called in Wales the inventor of the plough, 'only the mattock and the over-treading plough existed before his time'—they introduced fruit-trees, apples and vines, garden flowers and vegetables, beehives, some sort of rude mining, and, best of all, water-mills for grinding corn. This last was in all early times done with a pestle and mortar, or in querns, *i.e.*, with two stones one upon the other rubbed to and fro, worked generally by the women as described in Scripture: 'Two women grinding at a mill,' &c. In the monasteries

this laborious work, which was evidently considered extremely irksome, fell to the lot of the younger monks. The saints, too, were the first to emancipate their serfs and teach them, to establish dispensaries, and almshouses for the infirm, and nurseries of learning for the ignorant. Livingstone, pleading for the employment of missionaries in teaching useful secular arts as well as religious truths, declares these men to have been types of the true missionary.

Whatever control could be exercised, whatever resistance to oppression was possible, was carried on by 'the Saints.' The whole land was full of violence, the 'pagan Saxons' coming down and murdering all before them, 'the Danes plundering on the coasts.' What the normal state of the petty chiefs and their subjects must have been is shown by the heroes immortalised by their own bards in the different Triads, 'the three bloodstained chiefs of the Isle of Britain,' 'the three discolourers of the Severn,' 'the three Viragoes,' 'the three great Arrogances,' 'the three Drunkards,' one of whom, as before said, in a fit of intoxication let in the sea through the dams which secured the Cantref of Gwaelod, now the Bay of Cardigan, whereby the whole country was inundated and sixteen cities destroyed.

The massacres and the bloody battles are dwelt upon and exaggerated with evident pleasure. 'The ranks fell as the corn in harvest beneath the hand of the reaper, ten thousand men were slain,' chaunts one of the bards. The saints must indeed have been invaluable as representing milder manners and a higher ideal when oppression, rapine, and murder were thus rampant in the world.

It is true that the Church took care to profit by the penalties she exacted, as may be read in the recital of the many 'uncias'[1] of land given by repentant sinners, which are recorded in the book of Llandaff, *i.e.* the Gospels of Matthew, Mark, and part of Luke which is supposed to have been written about the year 720, and was much in use

[1] About 108 acres.

for administering oaths. There are Anglo-Saxon words and names in the margin showing how 'Gethi bought this Gospel of Cengal, and gave to him for it a very good horse, and he gave for his soul that Gospel to God and St. Teilo upon the altar.' Then follow accounts of many misdeeds of different sinners and the penalties enforced on them, the Church standing up valiantly against the petty chiefs and kinglets which abounded in Wales, though she was well paid for it:—

For marrying his stepmother Gwegan gave fifty-four acres. Bishop Oudocious excommunicated King Meurig and cursed him: 'May his days be few, his children orphans, his wife a widow,' &c. when, seeing the perdition of his soul, the King gave four villages with 216 acres by the Church. How the same Meurig, King of Glamorgan [evidently a very useful sinner], having sworn peace with Cynfedu by the relics of the saints, afterwards by deceit killed him, and was excommunicated for two years in full synod. Then, seeking pardon with shedding of tears and bowing of his head before the three abbots, he did penance and gave four villages with their lands and all commonage.

How King Morgan in the sixth century (he who founded Margam Abbey),

to get the soul of his uncle Ffrioc out of purgatory, whom he had treacherously killed, and for the redemption of his own soul, gave such and such lands, seeking pardon for murder and perjury.

How King Meredydd,

excited by excessive rage and cruelty, killed one of the men of St. Teilo whilst he was before his altar, wherefore he gave the manor of Brunno, with its church and fish and woods, and complete commonage in fields and in woods, in water and in pasture, for ever.

How little valuable was the rough land is shown by the vagueness of the boundaries mentioned—'from the ford to the top of the bank, downwards to the honeysuckle bush to the breast of the hill;' or 'from the ash across the road

direct to the hawthorn;' or again, 'from the brake to the long stone.'

The gifts are clenched by an anathema, 'Whosoever will keep this, God keep him; whosoever breaks it, let him be accursed.' 'The pigs of a person of Penaly got into the corn of a rich man, who sought the swineherd, desirous to smite him with a lance. A certain infant coming in the way, the cruel man pierced him with his lance and he died.' The 'person' gave 'himself with all his progeny' (evidently as slaves) 'and two villages to the service of the church of Llandaff for ever.' 'Yestyn, having carried off a virgin who had fled under the protection of the church, from between the yew-tree and the church, sacrificed the village of Melac.' 'Gwod in a very great rage having thrown stones against the church door, in a grievous quarrel between his family and the Bishop, to drive away an excommunication gave the village of Pennon and 127 acres.'

The price of everything, even gold, is given in cows,[1] the ordinary unit of value, as the most valuable of possessions, serving as beasts of burden and of draught, and supplying milk, meat, and skins. 'Three villages with three uncias of land, about 324 acres,' are bought 'for seven horses, value twenty-eight cows, the whole apparel of a man value fourteen cows, a sword twelve cows, a hawk six cows, four dogs fourteen cows, and given to the Bishop of Llandaff.' A Saxon woman, evidently a slave, is mentioned as part payment for an uncia and a half of land. A trumpet is worth twenty-five cows—luxuries are dearer than necessaries, as is usually the case.

Pilgrimages were another great source of power and profit to the Church, and that to Bardsey was the most difficult and dangerous, and therefore the most holy in Britain. Three journeys thither counted like one to Rome.

[1] This is the case in some parts of Africa at the present day. Captain Cameron speaks of the inconvenience of this method of carrying your cash, *i.e.* driving your herds before you.

The arm of Carnarvonshire stretches far out into the Atlantic, with the sea often in view on both sides; the point feels like the end of the world, and as if one would tumble over its edge but a very little further on. The whole district has remained nearly unchanged during the last thousand years and more that have passed since the earlier pilgrimages began, for the stone walls and earth banks enclosing rough bits of cultivation seam, but do not disguise the lay of the land. The rocky backbone pierces through the scanty soil, clad at intervals with the red-brown of the heather and fern, intermixed with the golden gorse, the boggy ground gorgeous in madder and crimson, green and black mosses, the orange of the asphodel and goldilocks,[1] and white cotton grass, where the colour in autumn is rich beyond description. A grey heron here and there may be seen fishing in the streams through which the pilgrims must have waded. Herds of little cattle, as in the Welsh fairy-tale, black and brindled, white and mouse-colour, feed on the rough slopes.

To the south the pilgrims looked across Cardigan Bay, beyond which stretch the pale blue line of mountains from Snowdon to Cader Idris, and onwards to St. David's Head. In the foreground lie the two little islands, or rather sharp pointed rocks, of St. Tudwal, who must have been a most self-denying and useless hermit, often half-starved, from the difficulty of getting food where nothing would grow; potatoes did not, of course, exist for centuries after, and he must have lived upon little but fish and sea-birds.

On the northern side, seen across the sea lies the Island of Anglesey, ending in Holyhead mountain, 'the shaggy top of Mona high,' off which Lycidas was shipwrecked. In the bend of the bay is the secluded valley where Vortigern the Dishonoured took refuge, on whom the Triads heap all manner of opprobrious epithets. Until lately it could only be approached by sea, and a heap of stones is still shown

[1] 'A moss much seen in marish places,' says old Gerarde.

where he and his house are said to have been burned. A grand bluff of rock, 'the Rock of the Leap,' shuts it in, at the foot of which the seals disport themselves in the clear green waves, the sea-birds cluster and build on its ledges, and the peregrine falcon is still found. At the extreme point of the land from whence the pilgrims embarked, the coast is beyond measure jagged and fierce, worn and torn into caverns and sharp-pointed, cruel-looking crags. Here the sunken rocks, the meeting currents, whirlpools, and races are so dangerous and difficult that within a comparatively recent date a steamer disappeared from view, sucked in by the whirlpool and wrecked against the 'Wall of Hell,' a precipitous rock at the end of the promontory. How terrible must have been the associations (and expectations) 'of this wild and stormy steep' is shown by the local names of points and headlands: 'Hell's Wall,' 'Hell's Mouth,' 'The Murderer's Bay,' the 'Rock of Lightning,' the 'Bay of the Bearers.' Not a tree or even a bush is to be seen, all is desolate and solitary, while nothing but tiny grasses and the hardiest plants can grow there—the pink sea-thrift, and the little blue dwarf squills, the samphire, and the yellow pansy.

Here the sacred Island of the Holy Grail, about four miles away, first comes in sight over the brow of the promontory as it trends away to the sea.[1] The remains on this Holy of the Holiest when it is reached are sadly small. The monastery, the church, and part of an oratory which existed even seventy years ago have been pulled down, and the traces of the place where the legends declare Archbishop Dubricius, St. Deiniol, first Bishop of Bangor, and

[1] Even when this point was reached, as it must have been impossible for the pilgrims to embark on such a sea except in calm weather, they must often have waited here for many days. The present owner of the island was detained there not long ago for some days, unable from stress of weather to get away, lodged in the lighthouse, entertained on a diet of whisky and potatoes, with an occasional woodcock or wild duck which had dashed against the lantern at night.

numberless other saints, came over to spend their latter years, or at least to be buried, have been ruthlessly cut up. The earlier 'ghostly fathers' probably lived in huts of 'wattle and dab,' but even of later constructions and of the graveyard scarce anything remains.

This was no 'Canterbury pilgrimage,' no holiday task for the companies of wayworn men and women who toiled over those rocky, windy paths, and embarked on one of the most stormy, difficult seas in Britain—chosen, indeed, for that very reason as the goal—and in the frail boats which alone could be had in those days, probably often coracles (*i.e.* skins stretched over a framework of wood), for one of St. Cadoc's miracles is the putting to sea in a coracle without the skins. Weary days and painful nights were theirs, for little shelter was possible in that bleak, houseless wilderness. Cold and hunger and hardships were the lot of those who undertook the journey, and reached the worn steps, still existing, which lead to the place of embarkation from off the sheer rock, for shore there is none; the boat must be caught as the wave brings it to the right level, and jumped into before it again sinks down. Here a well of pure water rises, in a shelf of the precipice, below high-water mark, but always sweet between the salt tides, known as the Ffynon Fair—Mary's Well—of which the pilgrims drank before their departure. The remains of a little chapel are still traceable on the slopes above, where they were shrived before starting on their perilous voyage, showing its dangers only too clearly.

It is somewhat sad to think of the utter waste of so much good effort, religious feeling and intention. Yet in spite of the aimlessness of the suffering and the toil, one cannot but feel a deep sympathy for the spirit of self-sacrifice, the strong belief in the unseen, which prompted the effort, even if we discount the part of 'other worldliness,' the selfishness in pursuit of a good place for oneself in Heaven, which of course formed a great part of the

prospect. It is surely nobler, even then, than compassing sea and land as we do now in pursuit of riches, and position, and power, or from mere love of adventure.

It is well for us that we have a Gordon only just dead to show that the two may be combined, the adventurous spirit and the 'enthusiasm of Humanity,' that we have had still amongst us one man at least who could suffer and endure, fight nobly and endure bravely to the end, for no personal aim in this world or the next, but for the service of God and of his fellow-men. With an almost romantic devotion to his Saviour, such as St. Francis himself could not have surpassed, he united a real genius for war (strange combination), and a power of organisation and wise adaptation of means to the end such as few of the most practical of men have equalled. The power of his personal presence was said, like that of Napoleon, 'to be better than tens of thousands of additional men in battle,' while in peace his influence over tribes and nations who could not understand his speech but believed in him with the perfect faith which his character inspired, was like that over their converts of the early Christian missionaries. The world, at home and abroad, has felt the beauty of the character with a tender and even passionate admiration, in a way indeed that has surprised some of the wise and good amongst us, showing how truly of one blood are all the nations of the earth, drawing together the ties that unite us to our fellow-children, of whatever race or colour, and in whatever lands—all objects which Gordon would willingly have died to further; but triumphs, the hero of which the world can ill afford to lose at such a time as the present.

SONGS AND LEGENDS OF MODERN GREECE.[1]

THERE is a certain fresh earth-scent in early spring, and in the first flowers and opening leaves of the year, not unlike the 'savour' of the people's songs in all countries. A childlike enjoyment in expressing their joys and griefs, an entire want of self-consciousness, or of looking at their own emotions from without, an utter abandonment of themselves to the feeling of the moment, is the distinctive feature of all 'folk-lore.' 'Ils ne font rien parce qu'on les regarde, et ils ne s'abstiennent de rien parce qu'on les regarde,' as Madame de Staël said of the Italians. The result is sometimes very touching, sometimes very painful and hideous, but always interesting, as a true picture of the mind of the time—there is no posing, no talking for effect, no disguise for good or evil—all is outspoken.

The Greek songs have preserved the characteristics of these early compositions down to our own days in a remarkable degree. Cut off from the rest of Europe and the general advance of civilisation by their subjection to the Turks, the national struggle against the oppressor was carried on in the most primitive fashion both in the mountains and at sea; a series of isolated hand-to-hand fights taking place in every village. A 'cattle-lifter' combined his thieving with a patriotic resistance to his cruel tyrants: a 'Klepht' (or robber) became a hero and a martyr in the eyes of his countrymen. Piracy was no more considered

[1] *Contemporary Review*, December, 1875.

wrong than in the days of Ulysses: it was a praiseworthy spoiling of the Egyptians.

The Klepht songs were the refuge of the patriotic spirit of the people, and served to keep alive the feeling of nationality, even among those Greeks whom commerce and trade had scattered all over the world. There were songs for every event of life and for every season of the year; they may be rudely divided into three classes—'Poems of the imagination' (as Wordsworth has called a series of his own); 'Domestic songs,' comprising those on the festivals of the Church, and upon all social occasions such as deaths, births, and marriages; lastly, 'Historical songs.' Neither quantity nor rhyme is considered in these poems—accent alone is regarded; the 'heroic verse' is, however, generally speaking, of fifteen syllables, divided into two parts, the first of eight, the second of seven; with an accent so placed as to end the first part with a dactyl, the second with an iambic. But nothing can be ruder than the structure of many lines; words are cut short to fit them into their places, grammar is disregarded, the sense often breaks off short, and must have been supplied by a gesture, or a word of explanation from the narrator; changes from the first to the third person, and back again, are made without any notice, according as it is supposed a more dramatic effect can be produced.

It must never, however, be forgotten that such stories are not made to be read, but to be sung or told by itinerant minstrels, often blind, who made their way from door to door, after the fashion of the harpers in Scotland and Wales, or their far more illustrious prototype, Homer. They accompanied themselves on a sort of lyre of the ancient form, with five strings, sometimes degenerating to two, which were played on with a bow. Some of these rhapsodists only repeated the works of others, but the most renowned among them composed both the poem and the air to which it is sung, so that each new song was

ushered into the world with an air invented especially for its own use. A celebrated old minstrel, John the Blind, who lived at the foot of Mont Ossa, at the end of the last century, was much sought after for the improvisations both in words and music which he was in the habit of producing on any subject which was given him.

The first collection of these songs was made by Fauriel in 1824; indeed, he may be almost said to have discovered their existence, certainly their poetic value; and publishing them, as he did, before the Declaration of Independence, his testimony is all the more valuable to the consideration in which the Klephts were held, and the patriotic feeling of Greece under their Ottoman oppressors.

The dates of the poems he thought it impossible to fix, though he discovered one in the Royal Library at Paris, which could not be later than 1640. A very large part of them have probably been sung for centuries, and altered again and again according to the taste of each succeeding age, as is the fate of all early ballads.

Since M. Fauriel's time, several popular collections have been published at Athens, and two volumes of them have been edited by Germans, accompanied by literal translations of not much merit, but full of curious and useful notes. Many of the songs are still extremely popular, but a great number are gradually dying out, even in the villages and hill districts.

One copy was found at a solitary monastery in the Morea far up in the mountains, only to be reached by a narrow hill-path. A fine old ilex grew in the courtyard, on which hung the church bell; and the prior came forth in white, with a heavy hood, to do the honours of his house to a lady visitor, who could not be admitted into the cloister; to feed her with oranges and cream-cheese, and to show, for her instruction and amusement, that he had studied the songs of his country as well as his psalter.

The romantic or ideal division of the songs comes first.

As of old in Greece, every river and fountain, every mountain, rock, and cavern, even every house, has its own particular genius, which watches over it with anxious care. The enduring remains of Paganism show through the thin disguise of that very dead form of Christianity, the Greek faith. The nymphs, naiads, lars, and lemurs appear in the shape of nixies and elves, and still inhabit their old haunts; the Moira, or Fate, still arranges the issues of life: the three Parcæ are still believed to pass through the awed city, though their office is now restricted to bringing the plague. One holds a great sheet of paper, the second a pair of scissors, the third a broom, for 'writing down the names of the victims, cutting them off with the scissors, and sweeping them away.' The small-pox is personified under the figure of a terrible woman, who is addressed, like the Furies, by a title of respect, to propitiate her, equivalent to the 'Eumenides,'—the 'Eulogia,' she who must be well named. Charon, on the other hand, has preserved his name, but has changed his office: he escorts the dead to Hades, in the place of Mercury, or he is the porter, and keeps the gate, where, like Cerberus, he must be put to sleep by any mortal who would enter in. Still more often he has become the personification of Death itself—'His look is like the lightning, his face is like the fire, his shoulders like two hills, and his head a rock fortress; he makes the fields dark as he passes along.' Sometimes he appears as a huge rider, on a black horse, accompanied with black dogs, sometimes as a black bird. His tent is described as either green or red, 'but inside it is black, and the stoutest heart trembles at entering, for the tent-pegs are the arms of the Pallicari' (the 'braves' among the 'braves'), 'the ropes are the tresses of beautiful maidens, and the stools are the heads of children.'

One of the most touching of the shorter poems describes his passage with the souls in charge, flying only just above the earth, which can be seen in all its details evidently close below them:—

'Why are the mountains black? why are they charged with tears?
Is it that the wind does battle with them? Is it that the rain beats on them?'
It is not the wind that fights with them, nor the rain that beats upon them;
It is only that Charon is passing with the dead.
He sends the young ones on in front, the old men behind,
And the tender little children are ranged in files upon his saddle.
The old men implore him, the young ones beseech him—
'My Charon, halt by the village, pause by some cool spring,
That the old men may drink the water, and the young may play with the disk,
And the tiny little children may gather the flowerets.'
'I will not pause at the village, nor by the cool spring,
For the mothers coming there for water would know their children again,
And the husbands and wives would recognise each other, and it would not be possible to separate them again.'

In more than one poem man attempts to strive with the supernatural, and will not yield up his life except after a tremendous struggle. But even the Digenes, the typical strong man, the Hercules of the modern Greek pantheon, the Roland of mediæval songs, is worsted:—

On Tuesday Digenes was born, on Tuesday he must die;
And he sent to fetch his friends, and all of them were giants:
He sent for Menas, Mauvailis, and also for the son of the Dragon.
They come, and they find him smitten down on the field;
He groans, and the mountains tremble; he groans, and the fields shake.
'What has come to you, Digenes? and what have you to do with death?'
Eighty years long have I lived on this upper earth,
No one have I ever feared among all the giants;
But now have I seen a barefooted one, with shining garments;
His hair shone in the sun; his eyes were like the stars;
He called me out to fight with him on the marble threshing-floor,
Whichever of us two should conquer, the soul of the other would belong to him.'
They went, they fought on the marble threshing-floor;
Where Digenes struck, the blood trickled in streams, as from a furrow;
But where Charon struck, the blood flowed forth in rivers as from a trench.

And with this glimpse at the weird struggle between the mightiest of men and irresistible Death, the poem closes, leaving the audience to imagine the end.

Another very striking song, in the dialect of Scio, shows the power of the passionate love of the mother, and the sacredness of a promise made to her, powerful in death as in life. It is without the weird horror in Bürger's ballad of the night-ride of Lenore with the body of her lover arisen from the tomb, 'Tramp, tramp, across the land they ride, splash, splash, across the sea'—the 'eery' details of Constantine's journey are far more beautiful, with the cloud as his horse, the stars as his bridle, and the moon as his guide. The picture of the desolate mother in the closed house, where the spiders have spun their webs over the windows, crying, 'Pass on, Charon, I have no children left for you to take,' and the end, bringing with it the only possible comfort for the audience in the thought that the whole family is united in death, (since the poor little Arete has already 'broken her heart') is full of a pathetic tenderness which is extremely touching:—

Mother, with thy nine sons and with thine only daughter—
Thy one prized daughter—the much loved one;
She was twelve years old, and the sun had never seen her,
She washed her in the darkness, and combed her hair without light;
By starlight and at the dawn of morning she laced her jacket.
And they sent an embassage from the Babylonian Bagdad,
That she should be given in marriage, far away—very far in the strange land.
The eight brothers did not will it; but Constantine he willed it.
'Give her away, mother, give Arete to the strange land,
That when I go into the foreign country, when I pass along the strange land,
I may have a comforter, and may have an abiding place.'
'You used to be wise, my Constantine, but now thou speakest horribly;
For if death falls to my share, my son, or if sickness comes to me;
If joy or sorrow happen, who shall bring her to me?'
He called God as a surety, and the Saints as witnesses,
That if death should come to her, or sickness should befall her,
If joy or sorrow happened to her, he would go and fetch her child.

And when they had married Arete into the strange land
There came a time of misery and months of scarcity.
Death laid them low, and the nine brothers died.
The mother was left solitary, like a rush in the field.
Over eight memorial stones she beats herself, over eight she sings the myriologia,
But from the grave of Constantine she raises the flat stone.
'Rise up, Constantinakis; I want my Arete—
You took God as a surety and the Holy Ones as witnesses,
That if evil or joy should happen, you would go and bring her home.'
The Anathema raised him up—up from out of the tomb—
He took the cloud as his horse, and the stars as his bridle,
And the moon was his guide, that he might go and fetch her.
He left the mountains below him, and the hills behind him.
He came to where she was combing her hair by the light of the moon.
From afar he greeted her, from a long way off he spoke to her:
'Come with me, my Aretula, the mother desires thee.'
'Alas, my brother, that you should come at such an hour!
If there is any joy, I would put on my golden garments;
If there is any evil, tell me, and I will come as I am.'
'Come, my Aretula, come down as you are.'
On the road, as they passed along, on the road as they went,
They heard the birds that sang, they heard the birds that said:
'Who ever saw a beautiful girl going thus along with the dead?'
'Listen, my Constantinakis, what the little birds are singing—
"Who ever saw a beautiful maid going along with a corpse?"'
'They are silly birds that are singing, they are silly birds that speak.'
Still, further on, as they travelled, other birds said again among themselves:
'Did you ever see anything so sad and lamentable—
That the living should walk thus with the dead?'
'Listen, my Constantinakis, what is it the birds are saying:
That the living are walking with the dead?'
'They are but birds, let them sing; they are but birds, let them say.'
'I am afraid of you, my brother dear, you are fragrant with incense.'[1]
'Yesterday, we went to the church of St. John,
And the priest sprinkled us with too much incense.'
And still, as they went further, the other birds went on calling:
'Oh, God Almighty, a great wonder is this indeed,
That such a sweet darling should be walking with the dead!'
And as Arete heard them again, her heart broke within her.

[1] The dead are always anointed and shaved.

'Listen, my Constantine, what is it that the birds say?
Tell me, where are thy locks, where is thy glossy beard?'
'I had a great sickness, and I came very nigh to death,
And they cut from me my fair locks, and my glossy beard.'
They reached the shut-up house—closed was it and bolted—
And the windows of the house were covered with spiders' webs.
'Open to me, my mother; open to me, and to thy Arete.'
'If you are Charon, pass on, I have no more children for you.
As for my dear Aretula, she is far away in the foreign land.'
'Open to me, my mother; open to me, for I am your own Constantine;
I made God my surety, and I called the Holy Ones to witness
That if joy or sorrow happened, I would go and fetch her to you.'
And as she came forth from the door her soul went out from her.

The 'parallelism' of the verses is much the same as in old Hebrew poetry, the second half of each line or couplet repeating the same idea in other words, as is often to be found in the Psalms and the poetical parts of the prophecies:—

I poured out my complaints before Him—and showed Him of my trouble.

Cast forth thy lightning and tear them—shoot out thine arrows and consume them.

Why art thou so vexed, O my soul—and why art thou so disquieted within me?

With regard to the multitude of the repetitions, these are not more in number than those used by Homer. It must never be forgotten that the poems were intended to be declaimed, if not sung; and no one has ever heard a story recited to children or uneducated people, without seeing how much it gains by repetition of the words, and recapitulation of the incidents. Everyone knows what is coming, and is prepared to laugh or cry at the proper moment in common: it is an immense advantage to the narrator, bringing up all the slower-moving imaginations of the audience to the right point before starting again: while it gives a feeling of confidence to the hearers—they

feel that they, too, can for the moment recite in chorus with the poet.

The spirits who haunt the woods, the mountains, and the sea, are generally malevolent, and require to be propitiated by all possible means. Honey cakes are by no means to be neglected to this end. The Stoicheia is a sort of guardian spirit, sometimes belonging to an individual, sometimes to a house, often appearing in the form of a harmless snake: it is then held to be holy, the luck of the house is connected with it, and woe to him who should kill it. When the war of independence first broke out, many families were driven into exile by the successes of the Turks; one of these, from the mountains near Patras, to the west of Corinth, after wandering for twelve or fifteen years, returned to their deserted home, and wept with delight at finding the house-snake still in possession. It is the genius of the hearth, like the cricket.

The spirits of the sea, like the ancient Nereids, are cold-hearted dangerous damsels. They are often allured by the sound of a flute, and will dance round the shepherd who thus plays in the mountains. Then let him beware: if he dance with them, he will die within two days. The end of the following poem is, however, less tragic. 'The Shepherd and the Lamia' opens shortly and sharply, and the measure is different from the last.

Five thousand sheep—ten thousand goats.
Three brothers guarded them; and the three elements of the world.
[Query, what are these?]
One went off for a kiss,
Another went off to his love,
And Jannes, the young one, remained alone
That he should keep the sheep, that he should guard the goats.
And his mother had commanded him, his mother had spoken—
'My Jannes, if you desire the blessing of me and of thy father,
Stand not under a single tree, rest not at noon beneath the silver poplar.
And down there on the sea-shore, discourse not with thy flute,
Lest the Lamia of the shore come—the Lamia of the sea.'

But Jannes heeded not the speech of his mother.
Under the single tree stood he; under the shadow of the poplar he rested at noon.
And on the shore he spoke with his shepherd's flute.
Then the Lamia of the shore arose—the Lamia of the sea.
'Blow, Jannes, blow upon thy flute,
And if I am tired out with dancing, you shall have me to wife;
But if you are tired out with blowing, I will take your flock.'
For three whole days he blew, for three days and nights.
And Jannes was tired out, blowing upon his flute;
And so she took his flocks, and she took all his goats.
And that one went and hired himself out with his property down there.

By which we must suppose that he followed his herds to the bottom of the sea; and the hard-hearted Lamia obtained both herds and herdsman by her unconscionable bargain. In another poem the mermaid falls in love with a man, entices him into the sea, and drowns him, after which she fruitlessly mourns and laments over him, her cries being heard in the winds and tempests.

'The Bridge of the Arta' commemorates the most fearful of all superstitions—one which is to be found in all early faiths—that no great undertaking can succeed without a human sacrifice to the gods. A victim—the nearest and dearest to the builder, the warrior, or the chief—must be given up to death. Iphigenia, Jephthah's daughter, are the poetic versions of the idea, which in mediæval times gradually degenerated into the strange struggles of man with the devil, where the evil spirit is almost always worsted and defrauded of his promised reward of a soul as at the Bridge on the St. Gothard. In the Greek version the spirit gains the day:—

For three years they had been building the bridge of the Arta;
All day they built, and at evening it fell to pieces,
So that the builders lamented and the 'prentices wept.
'In vain is all our work, and useless is our labour.
All day we build, and in the evening it falls to pieces.'
And the spirit of the bridge answered them from the right bank:

'Unless you offer a soul to the spirit, your work shall never stand.
You shall not offer an orphan, nor a stranger, or a passer-by,
But the beautiful wife of the chief builder,
Who comes so gently every day, comes gently to the mid-day dinner.'
The chief builder heard it, and was heart-stricken to the death.
He went and wrote, and despatched it by the bird—the nightingale:
'Dress yourself slowly, change your dress slowly,
Slowly come to the mid-day dinner, walk slowly to the bridge of the Arta.'
But the bird heard it wrongly, and she says quite another thing:
'Dress yourself quickly, quickly change your dress;
Lo, come at mid-day, quickly walk to the bridge of the Arta.'
She appears once more upon the white road,
The master builder saw her, and his heart within him broke;
From afar she greeted them, from afar she called to them,
'Health be to you, joy be to you, builders, and your apprentices.
What ails the chief builder that he looks so sorrowful?'
'His signet ring has fallen off, there, under the first arch,
And who will go, and who will dare, to bring him up the ring?'
'Master, do not grieve yourself, for I will go and fetch it.
For I will go, for I will dare, the finger ring to bring.'
But it was ill for her that she went down, it was ill for her that she went in.
'Draw up the chain, my love, draw up the chain,
For I have searched the ground about and nothing can I find.'
And one came with the earth, and another came with the lime,
The master builder takes and throws down a great flat stone.
'Oh, wretched is our destiny, oh, bitter is the fate of our race,
We were once three sisters, three ill-fated ones,
The first built up the Danube, and the next the Avlona,
And I the last, the bridge of the Arta.
As my poor little heart trembles, so may the bridge tremble
And as my locks fall off, so may the wayfarers fall off.'
'Lady, change thy words, and lay on it another spell,
For you have an only loved brother, and it may chance that he pass over.'
'Let my poor heart be iron, and of iron the bridge,
Of iron my locks and the wayfarers of iron,
For I have a brother in the foreign land, and he may happen to pass over.'

The master-stroke of policy is thus warding off the curse of the miserable victim who is being walled up to

die, by appealing to her enduring love for her brother, is very striking.

Room must be found for a favourite modern song sung at the present moment in the streets of Athens to a merry tune:—

A little shepherd loved a maiden, he loved her very much;
She called him her little bird—
He was but twelve years old.
One day they were sitting on the flowery grass:
'A word I will say to you,
(A word he said to her), I love you,
I have gone mad for love of you!'
She took me by the waist,
And she kissed me on the mouth,
And she said, 'For sighing
And for the pangs of a lover
You are quite too small, my dear.'
But I ask her further, I ask her for her whole heart!
She has forgotten me, the forsaken one;
But I cannot forget her kiss!

Some of the love-songs are full of grace—'The Boast' shows the precocious womanhood of the southern race:—

A maiden of twelve years old boasted herself and said,
'O my Sun, wherein are you more beautiful than I am?
You wither up the grass, and you dry up the tender herbs,
But I wither the hearts of the Greeks, of the Romaic Pallikari!'

'The Coming to Light of Love' is evidently a poem born among the islands or the sailors of the coast:—

Maiden, when we kissed each other, it was night, who could have seen us?
The night saw us and the dawn, the morning star and the moon,
The star came down and told it to the sea,
The sea told it to the oar, and the oar to the sailor,
And the sailor sang of it at the door of his love.

There are two versions of 'The Bird's Lament.' Each contains lines and images which are omitted in the other:—

I would have a garden, and I spent all my substance on it,
I laid me out a garden, such a beautiful garden!
And all the fruits that there were I had them in my garden,
And water-brooks without number flowed through the channels,
And all the singing birds that exist came into my garden;
And there came a nightingale among the other birds.
She came and made her nest there on the edge of the well;
The maidens came for water and destroyed her nest,
And she poured forth her lamentation, both bitter and great.
Then went she down and made her nest on the shore of the sea,
And the sailors came for water and destroyed her nest,
And she poured forth her lamentations both bitter and long.
Then she went and made her nest in the hinder part of a ship,
And the strong north wind blew, and destroyed her nest.
Then went she out and sat on a solitary tree,
And then she complained, and she told how love is born—
How it begins in the eyes,[1] and slips down to the lips,
Then from the lips into the heart, and in the heart it abides.
The king's daughter listened from her beautiful window—
'O bird, would that I had thy grace, oh that I had thy beautiful voice!'
'O envious king's daughter, what can you see to envy in me?
For you eat sweet pastry bread, and I only have crumbs;
You drink sweet wine, and I only the water out of the furrows;
You lie on soft beds under silk-embroidered quilts;[2]
I lie down woefully in the solitary fields;
You escape from your lover, for fear that he should sweetly kiss you;
I escape from the hunter lest he should take me prisoner.'

Or as the other version puts it:—

That he may not roast me by the fire, then sit down and devour me.
I would willingly be in thy place, lady—you must not envy me,
For what another suffers no one else can feel.'

[1] Tell me where is fancy bred,
In the heart or in the head
How begot, how nourished?
It is engendered in the eyes,
With gazing fed; and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies.

Merchant of Venice.

[2] Part of the trousseau which the women begin working at from their childhood, embroidered with gold and with knotted silk fringe.

The 'domestic songs,' are perhaps the least generally interesting in the different collections. First come those for the feasts of the Church. Then there are songs for every step of the marriage and funeral ceremonies, extremely numerous, varying a little in the different provinces, and some of them touching.

A young man generally chooses his bride at one of the public feasts and dances. After this, he may make his mute declaration by throwing an apple or a flower when he meets his love, but he must go to her parents to declare his choice. From that time the two are not to meet till the day of betrothal. The night before the marriage, the friends collect at both houses to prepare the bride and bridegroom. She expresses her grief at leaving home, makes her adieux with tears, and is consoled, but all in song. 'Leave her, since she weeps,' says her chief friend to those who are come to fetch her away. 'Take me away, and let me weep,' replies the bride, who is carried off closely veiled. Then come the songs of the procession accompanying the pair to church, the songs for the wedding feast, the bride remaining standing and veiled till a particular moment, when the 'best man' tears off her veil, and she is seen for the first time by the assembled company, done still to the sound of music.

There are songs and dances for the day after the marriage, and again for the third day, when the bride is conducted to the fountain, where she fills a new jar with water, as a sign that she enters upon her household duties. Solemn dances round the fountain close the ceremony, and not till then are the unfortunate bride and bridegroom left to themselves.

The funeral lamentations resemble those in Corsica, and at an Irish wake. The myriologia, or funeral songs, are always sung and composed by women—the men's share in the expression of their sorrow is much simpler: they address a few words of adieu to the dead, and kiss the lips

at the last moment before the body leaves the house, but they are silent during the lamentations of the women, uttered first immediately after the death takes place, next, when the body is laid on a bier, dressed in its best clothes, the face uncovered, turned to the east, the arms clasped over the breast, the nearest relation begins her lamentation, and is followed by the more distant in blood; then come the friends and neighbours. Often, messages are sent to those who have died previously; flowers and small presents for them are thrown on the body, which is entreated to carry them to the next world. 'Why have you left us?' they cry, 'were you not happy here? were you not loved and valued? Why have you left us desolate?' Hired mourners are often brought in to sing to the honour of the dead, as in the funeral of Hector, when Achilles has given up the body of the hero to his old father.

'Indeed,' says M. Fauriel, 'the scene described in the "Iliad" at the palace of Priam, is exactly the same as takes place in a Greek hut; the family of Hector, his wife, his mother, and the next in relationship—Andromache, Hecuba, and Helen—lament his loss in much the same words, and precisely the same spirit, as is done at the present day, when a loved one has died. Some of the finest lines of Sophocles, the speech of Electra weeping over the urn which she believes to contain the ashes of Orestes, may be called a true ancient myriologia.'

The songs only cease while the priests are chanting the offices of the dead, and begin again when the body is being buried. They are often continued at intervals by the wife or mother during a whole year: especially, when they attend a church service, they are always supposed to visit the grave and renew their adieux. Indeed it would be contrary to custom for a woman to sing any other music for at least a year after the death of a near relation.

The poor mother is always expected to utter the chant

of mourning over a little child—this is often pathetic and full of tender grace; all the most beautiful emblems she can devise are gathered together; a bird which has flown away, a flower which has faded; a delicate plant which could not withstand the hot sun and the cold wind of life: but the ordeal of a public performance must be a terrible one for a mother to endure at such a moment.

Family ties are very strong in Greece, and the departure to a foreign land is treated by them as one of the greatest misfortunes—it is to them the dread 'erema,' or desert, a land of misery and sadness. The Greeks are a wandering race, yet they always turn to home as the hope of their old age; and to die abroad was regarded with horror. During the dominion of the Turks, the fear that their patrimony, and the honour and lives of those whom they loved, might not be spared by their oppressors, added a poignant element to their grief. Here is a short outburst:—

THE EXILE.

O Lord, I beseech Thee—I entreat Thee on my knees—O my God,
Grant to the stranger in a foreign land that he may not fall sick.
He who is sick requires his bedclothes, and his head-cushions.
He wants his little mother at his side and his wife at his head.
He wants his man-child to fetch cold water at his need.
I saw it with my own eyes! There was one who had died,
And they took him and buried him like a dog in a ditch,
Without incense, without a torch, without a priest or a psalm!

Morality, on the one point generally understood by the word, is extremely high in Greece, particularly in the country districts. A girl who has gone wrong is considered a disgrace by all her family and connections, who never quite recover themselves in public estimation. Even at Athens the feeling is so strong that no minister could be chosen unless his private character on this point was good. It is remarkable how the value in which this particular virtue is held bears no sort of proportion to the general

standard of a nation—the political and social morality of Greece ranking, perhaps, in many matters lower than that of any other Christian people.

The position of a mother is one of great power and importance in all the songs. She, and not the father, is the ruler of the house,—it is his 'little mother' whom the son regrets from afar, and it is she who disposes of the fate of her daughters. There is much jealousy between her and her daughter-in law, who often seems to have a bad time o it. She is treated like a Cinderella, and is described as 'the beautiful girl who is set among poisonous serpents, and to eat in the swine-trough and the hen-house.' The mother-in-law in Greece generally takes the place of the cruel step-mother of more northern regions. She, again, is the successor to the chief wife, who, in polygamous countries, is always considered as the oppressor of the younger and fairer wife. Indeed, many Eastern stories, written on this fertile and common source of woe, have been changed in their transmission West, as depicting a relation impossible in Christian countries, and are transmogrified into step-mothers and daughters—a cruel slur on that much-slandered connection.

Here is the story of 'The Bad Mother-in-Law':—

Oh, little Constantine, the lately married!
In the month of May he came into his estate; in May he took himself a wife.
The campaign was far away, and the pay was small.
His maiden whom he had crowned came and stood by him.
'Art thou going, my Constantinakis? and me, to whom wilt thou confide me?'
'First I confide you to God, and secondly to the Holy Ones,
And thirdly to my little mother and my two sweet sisters.'
Not one mile had the son ridden, neither one mile nor twain,
When they began to show contempt of her, and they cut off her hair
They cut off her blond locks, the beautiful tresses.
[Fair hair is greatly admired in Greece.]
They gave her a mixed flock, and they were all scabby.
[Sheep and goats are much more difficult to drive together.]

They gave her one dog, and he was mad.
They gave her also three loaves, and they were all mouldy.
And they took her by the hand, and said to the ill-fated one:
'Look at that mountain—that one covered with snow.
You must get there before you are benighted; there you must take up your dwelling
Until you have a thousand sheep, until you have ten thousand goats,
You must never come down into the meadows that they may feed therein.
You may never come down to the river in order to give them drink.'
The orphan went on her way, the lonely one passed along the road;
And as her Fate[1] had willed it, it happened by her good luck
That each lamb gave birth to a lamb, and every sheep to five;
The sheep became a thousand and the goats ten thousand.[2]
And by the time the lambs became a thousand, and the goats ten thousand,
Years and years had passed, and months and weeks.
And she came down to the meadows that she might feed them,
And to the waters of the river that they might drink.
(Now, this is for you, [addressed to the audience] Constantine is coming down into the meadows.)
'Health be to you, O shepherdess.'
'Good be with you, O Pallicare.'
'Whose are these, thy sheep? Whose are these, thy goats?'
'The sheep are of the thunder, and the goats are of the lightning.'
'And who is the dear little shepherdess with the nightingale's voice?'
'The shepherdess that minds the flock is the wife of Constantine.'
'Well did my heart speak it, well did my heart tell it to me.'
He switches his black horse; he goes off to his own home.
'Health be to you, joy to you, my mother.'
'Good luck to thee, my child.'
'Mother, where is my wife; where shall I find my love?'
'My child, that one died ever so many years ago.'
'Show me, then, her grave-stone, that I may go and weep there.
That I may throw incense there, and put a torch for a memorial.'
'My son, it is grown over with grass so that it cannot be known.'
'And, if she is still alive, what do you think I should do to you?'
'If she is still alive, then cut off my head.'
'Mother, thou hast judged rightly, may God do so to thee.'

[1] The 'Moira' is the spirit guiding the steps of every person.

[2] 'As in the history of Jacob, the oppressed shepherd, whom God protected,' says another account.

He switches his black horse, and goes down again to the meadow; the
black horse knelt[1] so that the maiden might mount on him.
Again he switches heavily, and he reaches his home again.
'Mother, here is my wife; mother, here is my love.'
'Kostamini, as you have found her, cut off my head!'

With which rather jaunty manner of settling the difficulty on the part of the lady the poem concludes—and we much fear that Constantine's household, since he probably was not able to cut off his mother's head much as she deserved it, was hardly a very happy one in the future.

The third division may be called the historical, and of these the most important relate to the Klephts—the mountain bandits who maintained the national spirit of independence throughout the whole of the period of the Ottoman rule. 'It was no more considered a disgrace to be a Klepht under the Turkish *régime* than to be an outlaw in the days of Robin Hood, or a "gentleman catheran" in the Highlands during the last century, or a smuggler further south.' Seven hundred years ago the English peasant sympathised entirely with the men who escaped from Norman tyranny to the depth of the forests, where they 'found no enemy but winter and rough weather.' The Klephts in the same way were looked upon with admiration by their countrymen as their avengers against the Mahometan oppressors, and the record of their exploits became the patriotic literature of the nation. They never gave up the contest for a moment, and when one band was destroyed another sprang into existence. As they were fed and sheltered by the peasants, with whom in return they shared their spoils, there was little hope of extirpating them by famine, any more than by force. Accordingly, when the Turks found that they could not subdue them, they treated with them, and in many districts organised them into a kind of local police or militia, like the Black Watch in

[1] During the war, the horses belonging to the soldiers and Klephts were taught to kneel that they might mount again if wounded.

Scotland. These Armatoli became afterwards the nucleus of the national army in the war of independence, and did very good service against their former masters. The Klephts were trained to bear all the extremes of heat and cold, of hunger, pain, thirst, sleepless nights, and hardships of every description—their extraordinary agility in running and leaping is celebrated in many of the songs. 'Captain Nikas Zsaras could jump seven horses set side by side;' another Pallikare could jump over three carts laden with thorns, eight or ten feet high. The chiefs of a band (and no one became a chief except for excellence of gifts) could run as fast, with all their accoutrements on, as an ordinary horse at a gallop. It was said of Captain Zacharias, of the Morea, that 'his heels struck his ears as he ran.' Combats are described as sometimes lasting three days and nights with scarcely any intermission. When taken prisoners by the Turks, they were put to death with tortures too terrible to repeat, which they bore with the stoical courage of a Red Indian. But the request to his friends from a dying hero is to cut off his head, that his dead body may not be recognised and thus endure the indignity of being insulted by his enemies. To die in battle, moreover, was glory and honour; to die in one's bed, worn out with pain, and disfigured by disease, was a misery and an indignity.[1]

Combined with this spirit, however, was the old Greek love of life, the feeling of delight in the sunshine and the

[1] It was indeed the case among our own ancestors. 'Siward, the powerful Earl of Northumberland, was like a giant in his stature, and his strong mind was equal to his strong body,' says the Chronicle of Henry of Huntingdon, A.D. 1053. 'But he was seized with dysentery in his old age. When the stout Earl perceived that his end was approaching, he said, "Shame on me that I did not die in one of the many battles I have fought, but am reserved to die with disgrace the death of a sick cow! At least put on my armour of proof, gird the sword by my side, place the helmet on my head, let me have my shield in my left hand, and my gold inlaid battle-axe in my right, that the bravest of soldiers may die in a soldier's garb." Thus he spoke, and when armed according to his desire he gave up the ghost.'

fresh air. Like Ajax, it was dreadful to him to lose the light.

'The wounded Klepht' sings, with no contempt for existence or for his own value—

I say to you that I cannot, when you say to me, 'Arise;'
Hold me up, that I may sit awhile; and place me sitting,
And bring me sweet water, that I may drink and die;
And bring me the tambour,[1] that I may sing aloud,
That I may compose my song, the death lamentation.
Oh, my jet-black moustachio, and my pencilled eyebrows,
My sparkling eyes, my mouth as sweet as sugar,
And my illustrious uncut locks, that flow long over my shoulders!
The black mother earth will eat you all, the desert place, the land.
Take me, and carry me out to a high ridge of rock;
Take with you your yataghans, and reach me my cup;
Take your knives with you, that you may dig me my grave;
Make it big, wide enough for one, for two, for three persons,
That I may stand up straight to fight, and lie on my side to load;
And on my right side open a window,
That the birds may come and go, and tell me of the good summer-time.

In the winter the Klephts were obliged to come down out of the mountains, and take refuge in the houses; as soon as the mild weather returned, and the leaves on the trees once more concealed their movements, they sallied out again—'When the leaves open, then the Klephts go forth,' said the proverb.

In another version, the wounded man asks to be put by the cold water under the plane-tree, and tells them to bring some of the sweet wine of the monks, probably from some monastery which he had helped to pillage, as there was perpetual war between monks and brigands. 'And if I die, my children,' he comforts himself, 'five will have gone with me. But do not abandon me in this desert place: take and lay me at the first cross-roads, that when my friends go by, and the Pallikari come, the Pallikari may

[1] A kind of guitar.

grieve, and my friends may lament.' The saddest part of death to a Greek, even from the earliest times, was a grave where no one came to sing a lamentation or to shed a tear. 'Do not say that I am dead,' says another dying Klepht, 'but say that I have married in the sorrowful strange countries, that I have taken the flat stone for a mother-in-law, the black earth for my wife, and the little pebbles for brothers-in-law.'

In spite of this love of life, they were willing to sacrifice it for friend or chieftain, in battle or in danger, in a most chivalrous fashion. At the end of the last century, the united bands of Diplas and Katzantonis, consisting of 150 men, were attacked by 1,500 Albanians. After a fearful struggle, the two chiefs were left almost alone. 'Which of you is Katzantonis?' cried the Turkish captain. 'Here am I,' replied Katzantonis, proudly; when suddenly Diplas rushed forward, calling out fiercely, 'Who is the insolent Pallikare who dares to usurp my name?' He thus turned the attention of the enemy away from his friend, who made his escape, while he himself fell dead, after having killed seven Turks with his own hand.

The precision of the aim of the Klephts, with their long guns, was wonderful; they could strike an egg, or shoot through a ring only just large enough for the ball to pass through; 'to thread the ring' was a proverbial expression. Another feat was to fire in return, in the dark, upon the light made by a musket-shot, and to hit their man—'fire on fire' was the phrase for it. Besides the gun, they carried a *σπάθι*, a much-curved sword, with a blade of Damascus steel, so finely tempered as to cut iron, sharp only on the outside edge, and very difficult to wield, as in an unskilful hand it broke off short; and the yataghan, a long sword curved only on the point, and cutting on the inner edge. They were fond of finery, when they could get it; and their jackets and knickerbockers embroidered with gold and silver, their waistcoats covered with rows of

silver buttons, which served as a sort of cuirass, and their knees defended with a silver piece of armour, fastened on by strings, the fustanella (the full white petticoat), and their long hair, must have given them a curiously foppish look. By the end of his life, a Klepht at the head of a first-rate band of friends and heroes, and who had made good use of his opportunities, could look back with triumph to the number of enemies he had disposed of, as in the following song :—

Olympus and Kissavos, the two mountains, disputed together.
Olympus turned to Kissavos, and spoke to him thus—
'Do not dispute with me, Kissavos, inhabited by Turks.
I am the aged Olympus, famous throughout the whole world.
I have two-and-forty peaks and sixty-two fountains;
Near every fountain grows a lime-tree, and every bough bears a Klepht;
And upon my highest peak an eagle came and sat,
And he held in his claws the head of a Pallikare.
He was rolling the head about, and as he rolled it he asked of it,
'O head, what hast thou done that this judgment has fallen on thee?'
'Eat, bird, eat my youth, eat up my manhood,
So that your wings may be a yard long, and your claws a span wide.
In Luros[1] and Xeromeros I played the Armatolian [a brave one],
In Chasia[2] and Olympus I was a Klepht for twelve years;
Sixty agas have I slain, and have burnt down their villages;
And as for the Turks and Albanians whom I left on the plain,
They were so many, beloved bird, that they could not be counted.
But now my turn is come for me to fall in battle.'

Gradually, as Greece achieved her freedom, the type degenerated, the Klepht ceased to be a patriot and became a brigand by no means of a superior class, without, however, losing his hold on the common people. A few years ago, a brigand held the whole country near Patras in fear, and when, at last, he was caught and imprisoned, he

[1] A vast labyrinth of mountains, valleys, and forests, between Thessaly and Macedonia.

[2] In the western part of Acarnania.

became the lion of the place; he belonged to a well-to-do family, was a handsome, agreeable man, and it was esteemed a great honour to dine with him in prison: he even piqued himself on the good wine and food that he gave, which was supplied to him by his brother, a merchant in the town. At last the judge arrived to try him, and he thought it best to escape; a rumour was spread that he had been seen in the mountains, and all the town, the judge and court, and every soldier in the place rushed out to seek for him, some from curiosity, some to aid his escape; meantime he had been hid by the demarch or magistrate in his own cellars, who, being much afraid of both the brigands and the 'justices,' then joined the hue and cry. While the coast was clear, the brigand dressed as a gendarme, went off in a 'speronare' to the mainland in Albania; there, in a little inn, he sat laughing and talking over his escape with some sailor friends, in his own patois, which he thought the innkeeper could not understand. The man, however, came forward, and gave him fair warning that he should inform the authorities, at the same time granting him some hours to escape, so that 'justice' came in panting and tired and too late. Afterwards the brigand fell in love with a girl at Zante, and was discovered and watched as he came to and fro to see her. They could not, however, succeed in catching him, when they put the poor girl and her mother in prison, where both soon after died. The man, out of heart and weary of life, was at last taken prisoner, and put into a wretched dungeon, where he also perished. His friends declared that he had been murdered by government, who retorted that he had put an end to himself. 'To such base ends do' some heroic institutions 'come at last!'

Not to end on so sad a note, a last song shall be given, which M. Fauriel says is the most ancient and the best in his collection, and commemorates an exploit like that of 'Young Lochinvar.' It is sung in Corfu and Cephalonia, and contains a number of words peculiar to the Archipelago

and the maritime districts. It begins with telling how away in a far land a Klepht hears that his love is being constrained by a Turk to marry him :—

As I was sitting at my marble table,
My black horse neighed, and my sword broke,
And I understood by my despair that they were marrying my love,
That they were betrothing her to another man, that they were crowning her with another.
I go and I fetch my black horses, the seventy and five.
'Which among my black horses, among my seventy and five,
Can with one flashing of his feet in the East arrive in the West?'
The black horses, as many as heard me, ran down with blood,
The mares who heard me dropped their foals;
But there was one old horse, very old he was, wounded forty times—
'I am old and ugly, and journeys do not longer suit me,
But for the love of my beautiful mistress, I will make a far journey,
Who fed me lovingly out of the hollow of her apron,
Who gave me drink lovingly out of the cup of her hand.'
Quickly he saddled the black horse, quickly he set forth.
'Wrap thy dear head round with a turban of nine yards;
Do not act the prancing cavalier, or use thy spurs,
For I should remember my youth and behave like a colt,
And sow thy brains upon nine acres of land.'
He gives a blow with his switch to the black horse and goes forty miles;
He gives a second and flies forty-five miles.

Simply meaning that he goes a long way. The curious habit of putting the definite number to express the indefinite, in order to create a distinct idea of size or distance, is common in all the poems.

And on the road as he goes along, he prays to God—
'My God, grant that I find my father pruning in our vineyard.'
As a Christian he had spoken, as a Saint he was answered.
'Good morning, old man, whose is this vineyard?'
'It is the vineyard of sorrow and grief, it is the vine of my son John;
They are giving to-day another husband to his love;
They are blessing her with another, with another they are crowning her.'
'Oh, tell me, old man, shall I find them at the feast?'

'If thy horse is very swift, thou shalt find them still at table;
If thou hast only a good horse, thou shalt find them at the blessing.'
He gave a blow with his switch to the black horse, and springs forty miles;
He gives a second, and springs five and forty miles.
And on the road as he went he prayed to God—
'O my God, grant that I may find my mother watering our garden.'
As a Christian he had spoken, as a Saint was he answered.
He found also his mother watering in the garden—
'Good morning, good woman, to whom does this garden belong?'
'It is the garden of sorrow and misfortune, the garden of my son John;
They are giving another husband to his love;
They are blessing her with another, with another they are crowning her.'
He gives a blow with his switch to his horse and goes forty miles;
He gives a second and flies five and forty more.
The black horse began to neigh, and the bride has recognised it—
'Who is it that speaks to thee, O my bride, who is this who discourses to thee?'
'It is my eldest brother who brings my dowry.'
'If it is thy eldest brother, go out and give him to drink;
If it is thy first lover, I will go out myself and I will kill him!'
'It is my eldest brother who is bringing my dowry.'
She takes a gold cup and goes out to give him to drink.
'Come to the right, my fair one, and give me to drink on the left.'
And the black horse knelt down, and the damsel is upon him.
He runs like the wind, and the Turks raise their muskets;
But they could not see the black horse nor even his dust—
He who had a swift horse he saw the dust—
He who had only a good horse did not even see the dust.[1]

Now that Greece is apt to be very severely judged in the world's estimation, it is only right to remember the long agony she went through under Turkish oppression,

[1] One touch to her hand, and one word to her ear,
When they reach'd the hall-door and the charger stood near.
So light to the croup the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung.
'She is won! we are gone! over bank, bush, and scaur,
They'll have fleet horses that follow,' quoth young Lochinvar.

and the many fine qualities displayed by her people in their resistance to the grinding tyranny of race and religion exercised by the Mahometans. We sometimes seem to forget that the worst part of such a rule consists in the crimes it engenders, the deceit and cringing vices which are produced in the weaker portion of those thus trampled upon, whatever may be the case with the exceptionally strong. Cruelty and wrong would not be so terrible if its victims were not rendered worse by their sufferings. It must take several generations at least before the effect of such debasing lessons is eradicated.

The Greeks showed many heroic virtues in the struggle by which they set themselves free, and Europe has herself to blame for yielding to the intrigues which imposed upon them such a king as the wretched Otho, and prevented an enlightened sovereign like Leopold from undertaking their government in 1825. He might have built up such a nation as would by this time have materially helped in solving the vexed 'Eastern Question,' and even the ever-recurring difficulty of finding trustworthy occupants for Constantinople. The Christian provinces of the Turk, whose rising seems once more about to excite the cupidity of the great neighbouring powers, and to imperil the uncertain peace of Europe, might then have found their natural inheritors. The Greeks are paying the penalty of the too sentimental interest which was excited in their favour during the war of independence. The world must not be too impatient with the mistakes of a race so clever, so vain, so ambitious and over-susceptible. The pendulum of reaction has probably swayed too far in the opposite direction, to be traced in the present feeling against them. But there must be hope of a good future for so intelligent and patriotic a people, which has risen anew to life from under the heels of the most barbarous oppressor of modern times. They have high-minded, conscientious

rulers in their present king and queen, anxious in all things to do their duty. And we must remember that, after all, as they say themselves, they 'are scarcely yet fifty years old,' and have their new edition of life, it is to be hoped, before them.

MYTHICAL AND MEDIÆVAL SWORDS.[1]

THERE is a very poetic form of Fetish-worship, which may be found in almost all ancient beliefs—beautiful, in one sense, as showing that courage and sacrifice of selfish ease, 'to scorn delights and live laborious days,' was so grand in the eyes of the old world, that even the instrument, the sword, with which a hero performed his great actions, became an independent living entity, having a name of its own, as an incarnation of his spirit.

The notion of the hero himself as 'the sword of God ruling and chastising the nations,' spoken of by Carlyle as the deification of material force, still contained within itself a higher ideal, even before the influence of Christianity had to a certain degree humanised the world. The theory, at least, of the hero's life included a certain amount of resistance to wrong, and the defence of the innocent and weak. A doubt whether 'might' always constituted 'right' grew into the belief that right did of itself bring might with it; as in the trials by wager of battle, where it was held that God himself would interpose to protect the truth.

In both the old and newer forms of thought the weapon seems alike to have been held sacred.

First in place, if not in honour, must certainly stand the arms of a divinity. The sword or scimitar of Hermes, called Harpé, was fashioned by Hephaistos, curved in form, and made of a diamond. The charm of the old Greek 'fairy tales' is undying, and will bear telling again and again.

[1] *Contemporary Review*, 1878.

Perseus was the son of Zeus and Danae, and her father, King of Argos, knowing that it was prophesied that he should die by the hands of his grandson, pitilessly set the mother and child adrift in an open boat; but, having been cast ashore on one of the islands of the Cyclades, the king thereof at first showed them kindness, but as the boy grew up, the tyrant became jealous of him, and sought the ruin of both, and the young lad, to save his mother, promised him a gift, which should render its possessor invincible in war—the head of the terrible Medusa, whose hair had been changed into serpents by Hades in despite, and whose mere look turned the gazer to stone. Then the gods had compassion on the lad, and equipped him for the enterprise, and Hermes lent him his sword Harpé and his winged sandals, and Athene gave him a buckler shining as glass. And Perseus set forth on his flight in search of the Gorgons beyond the western ocean into the Libyan desert, and there he found the three dreadful sisters, lying sound asleep on the sand, and the serpents were asleep also. And everywhere he saw men and wild beasts who had been turned to stone by the sight of Medusa. But looking only at the reflection in the shield which he bore in his left hand, he drew near and smote off the Gorgon's head and its snaky locks with one blow of Harpé, and before the remaining sisters could seize him with their iron claws, cutting the air with hissing wings, he flew away.

Carried by the fitful winds, he was borne now here, now there, like a watery cloud. What seas, what lands did he not see beneath him from on high, borne on his waving wings! 'Three times he saw the cold Bear stars, three times the arms of the Crab.' The vivid imagination of the old Greek had almost prefigured the experiences of a balloon. 'Nations innumerable being left behind and below, he beholds the people of the Ethiopians,' where the beautiful Andromeda had just been bound naked, in the midst of the sea, to a rock, there to be devoured by a

monster, that the wrath of Poseidon might be appeased against her mother, Cassiope, who had dared to compare herself to the Nereids, his daughters. 'And when Perseus saw her he was astonished and struck with her beauty, and almost forgot to move his wings in the air. Her mournful father and imprudent mother are there, but can give no help. Then said the stranger, "I, the conqueror of the Gorgon, who have dared to come on waving wings, will deliver her; but, if preserved by my valour, she shall be mine." Then spurning the earth he rose high into the clouds, and his shadow was seen on the sea, upon which the monster, who, as a ship with a beak fixed in its prow, came on swiftly, vented its fury. Then the hero, descending, thrust Harpé to the hilt into the right shoulder of the beast so that it roared aloud.' After a great deal of biting and fighting, it is at length slain. Perseus carries away his lady-love, picks up his mother, turning the wicked king and his guests to stone by the sight of the Gorgon, then, returning to Argos, he regains his patrimony, killing his grandfather by mistake incidentally. After which he presents Athene with the Medusa's head, which she wears to this day on her shield, and honestly restores Harpé to its master, which probably greatly surprised the god of theft.

The honoured swords of the heroes of the Trojan War are many: that of Ulysses was 'treasured up in the temple of the Great Mother in Sicily;' that of Achilles, made by Hephaistos and brought by Thetis, 'received divine honours at Phasides;' the sword of Memnon, King of Ethiopia, 'the beautiful son of Tithonus and Aurora,' who had begged it for him from 'the divine smith' (who was evidently very open to the entreaties of mothers!), was held one of the holy things of the Temple of Æsculapius in Nicomedia. Probably, in those days of brazen weapons, a good blade was so rare and precious a thing, that a divine origin was always attributed to it. With this, coming to the assistance of Priam towards the end of the war, he slew the son of

Nestor. When the old man challenged him to fight, however, he refused, 'because of his venerable age,' but, accepting a combat with Achilles, was slain after a long and furious struggle in sight of both armies.

Next, perhaps, should come the mythical swords of the old Norse and Scandinavian gods and heroes. There is the same confusion, amongst their great men, of the divine and human natures, as with the Greeks: the dividing line between them is indeed almost impossible to trace, as in the story of the sword of Odin, named Gram, which the god drove up to the hilt in an ash-tree, there to remain till it was won by a man strong enough to drag it out. Sigmund at last, a descendant of the gods, succeeds in drawing it forth, and with it conquers every enemy, until Odin, a little jealous, perhaps, of the reputation of the hero, came against him in disguise, and, presenting a heavenly spear against the sword, broke it in pieces. Sigmund, however, not disheartened, forged another sword out of the fragments, with which Sigurd his son, born after his father's death, killed the great dragon Fafnir.

When the great old gods have ceased to be worshipped they do not die altogether from off the earth, but linger on, transformed under the influence of the new religion into subordinate spirits, fairies, imps, trolls, and devils. In the ballad-story of Childe Horn, one of the earliest English 'romances,' believed to belong to the time of the Danish invasions, we find that his sword is made for him by Meming, a sort of semi-divine smith, in Lapland, and is wrought by the famous Velant, his 'apprentice,' who has left a curious tradition, under the name of Wayland (Smith), near the White Horse Hill, in Berkshire.

Then she lete forth bring,
A swerd hongand bi a ring,
To Horn sche it bitaught,
It is the make of Meming,
Of all swerdes it is king,
And Weland it wrought.

Bitterfer, the sword hight,
Better swerde bar never knight.
'Horn, to thee ich it thought
Is nought a knight in Inglond,
Schal sitten a dint of thine hand;
Forsake thou it nought.'

How these mighty weapons were forged is thus told in the Edda concerning the sword Mimung ('considered falsely the same as Balmung'). Mimer or Meming, greatest of the great northern smiths, was challenged by another of his craft, one Amilias, who boasted that he had made a suit of armour which no sword could dint, and was therefore himself first of the smith kind. Mimer immediately set to work to prepare a sword (the competitive contest between the engines of offence and defence was, it thus appears, even then beginning!) When it was ready, he, 'in the presence of the king,' cut asunder 'a thread of wool floating on the water.' This was good; but still the master was unsatisfied. He then sawed the blade in pieces, welded it in a red-hot fire three days, 'tempered it with milk and oatmeal,' and brought forth a sword 'that severed a ball of wool floating on the water.' But the great man was not even yet content; he returned to his smithy, and by cunning ways which he told to no one, worked for seven weeks, when Mimung was produced, 'which split asunder a whole floating pack of wool.'[1]

And now the trial began. Amilias, confident in the impenetrability of his good armour-plates, sat down 'on a bench before assembled thousands,' and arrogantly bade Meming strike at him. Meming replied by hitting his very stoutest blow, when Amilias observed that there was a strange feeling of cold iron in his inwards. 'Shake thyself,' said Meming. The luckless wight did so, and fell in two halves, being cleft through from collar to haunch,

[1] See Saladin's feat in *The Talisman*.

'never more to swing hammer in this world.' This sword was called by its author Mimung after himself, as being in a manner 'his own son.'

In the 'Niebelungen,' indeed,—the old German Epic 'discovered after six centuries of neglect,' says Mr. Carlyle,—both sword and hero are a step lower in dignity. Here the 'sword of Niebelungen,' the 'good sword Balmung,' forms part of the great Niebelungen hoard or treasure, hidden in a cavern under the mountains of Niederland. There is a mystery about the sword; it inspires awe and fear, but it is not said to come from the gods; 'dwarfs' are the most honourable makers hinted at. The great Siegfried (the Sigurd of the Scandinavian edition of the story which is found in the old Edda) has bathed in the blood of the dragon whom he slew, and is invulnerable except where a lime leaf alighting on a spot between his shoulders left one point undefended. His wife Kriemhild, in an excess of loving care, divulges the dangerous secret to an enemy in the guise of a friend—Hagen, a great chief—liege to her king brother. She entreats him to guard her husband during a solemn hunting which is to take place, and at Hagen's wicked suggestion she sews a cross on her husband's dress over the vulnerable spot. Hagen traitorously stabs him from behind and carries off the mighty Balmung. He afterwards gets possession of the treasure which rightfully belonged to Kriemhild after the death of her husband, and it is flung by Hagen into the Rhine, hoping to regain it some day for his own use.

Kriemhild's whole soul is wrapped up in her grief and hopes of revenge, but the time had not yet come. Even after she has consented to marry Etzel (Attila), King of the Huns, she forgot neither Siegfried nor her wrongs in her new country. At length, by the invitation of her husband, who suspects no mischief, her brothers arrived on a visit with a great company of lieges, including the indomitable Hagen. He scented danger in the Queen's manner to him

from the first, and, to dare her wrath, refused to rise as she passed along, with her crown on, and surrounded by warriors, 'but sat with the splendid sword lying across on his knees. On the hilt was a bright jasper greener than grass, the pommel was of gold, and the scabbard of crimson. She recognised Balmung, and began to weep.' 'I think that Hagen had done it by design,' observes the old bard, darkly. Kriemhild then sets her husband's warriors and lieges to slay him; they are unwilling to attack so great a man and their guest, and again and again are foiled in the attempt, but one after another his chiefs and companions fall, and the few remaining take refuge in the Hall, to which she sets fire. 'Oh, how sweet it would have been to die fighting in the open air.' Lastly Hagen is overpowered and brought bound to the Queen. Before putting him to death she demands the secret of the Niebelungen hoard. 'No one knows its whereabouts now but God and myself, thou woman of hell; it shall be lost and hidden from thee for ever,' he replied. 'But I have still its sword! It was that of Siegfried, my well-beloved; he wore it when last I saw him; my heart has suffered more from his loss than from all my other woes!' cried Kriemhild—then, drawing it from its scabbard, she raised it with both hands and cut off the head of Hagen. 'Alas that the most valiant hero who ever rushed into battle should have died by the hands of a woman!' mourns the virago's husband Attila, who is looking on, but does not interfere. Vengeance, however, is again ready; the Queen herself is smitten down by the sword, and the barbarous tragedy of the poem comes to an end with the death of all concerned.

And now we come on a new order of things when saints, magicians, and devils, as the representatives of the good and evil spirits, take possession of the world.

The warrior saint of England, whose character Gibbon has blackened as 'the infamous George of Cappadocia,' an 'Arian bishop' (as the crown of his offence), survives this

evil reputation (if indeed the saint and bishop are really one), and seems likely to do so, as the patron of chivalry and defender of the faith. His 'trusty sword Ascalon,' which always 'went in to the hilt,' is a prominent feature in all his doings. He is one of the Seven Champions of Christendom, who set forth on their travels in search of adventures. St. George 'parted with the other six in a broad plain where seven several ways met, by a brazen pillar.' After many months of travel by sea and land he reached Egypt, 'which he found greatly annoyed by a most terrible and dangerous dragon raging up and down,' who, unless he has a virgin to devour every day, 'emits such a pestiferous stench as causes a plague.' The king's daughter, 'the most amiable and beautiful virgin that eyes ever beheld, arrayed in a pure white Arabian silk,' is going 'to the place of death accompanied by many sage modest matrons.' St. George is told that any knight who can save the princess shall have her in marriage, and though, as in the case of Perseus, this sort of bargain considerably detracts from the chivalry of his action, he resolves to tackle 'the fell beast,' who was fifty feet long and spit fire, 'while his brazen throat sent forth sounds more terrible than thunder.' The encounter is, of course, terrific, and the cutting and slashing, the blood and the wounds, go on for a couple of pages. St. George, at last, 'hardly beset, took refuge under an orange-tree, whose rare virtue is that no venomous beast can live beneath it.' As soon as his courage revived, he 'smote the burning dragon under his yellow burnished belly, beneath the wing, where it was tender and without scale. His good sword Ascalon, with an easy passage, went to the very hilt through the dragon's liver and heart, and his vital spirit yielded to the conquering sword.'

The 'chaotic brood of fire-drakes, giants, and malicious turbaned Turks,' as Mr. Carlyle calls them, come apparently as a matter of course into the programme of all the stories of saints in succession at this time.

Next we are in the full swing of the romances of the middle ages,—the 'Launcelot du Lac,' the 'Morte d'Arthur,' the 'Tales of the Round Table,' whereof the German poem of Percival consists of nearly 25,000 lines, and that of Tristan of 23,000; a terrible instance is mentioned of 60,000 more or less! The English editions chiefly survive in the prose form, always much later than those in verse. The early manner of recounting wonderful deeds and stories of great men is always in rhythm or rhyme, as being more easy to remember, and memory is often assisted by alliteration. These poems were chanted by the scalds, gleemen, bards, and minstrels in the north, and the jongleurs, diseurs, troubadours, and chantères, by whatever different names they were called, in the south.

In the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, as the habit of reading became more common in the world, these stories were turned into prose romances, and in many cases the original ballads and poems have been entirely lost. Two great cycles are to be traced. That of the 'Round Table' and the Carlovingian romances. In both these series the sword bears an important part, and may be said to be one of the personages of each drama. The story of Arthur has received a fresh lease of interest from the new poet laureate of the 'Round Table.' It has gained in vivid and gorgeous imagery, but the simplicity of the old 'Morte d'Arthur,' translated by Sir Thomas Malory, has a great charm.

This is 'how Arthur, by the mean of Merlin, gat Excalibur his sword of the Lady of the Lake':—'They two were riding by a fair water and broad, and in the midst of the Lake Arthur was ware of an arm, clothed in white samite, that held a fair sword in that hand, and a damsel going upon the Lake, of whom Merlin bade him ask the sword.' This the Lady of the Lake gives him, on condition that he would grant her a boon, 'what she would, to be required when and where she chose,'—a somewhat perilously wide engagement.

At the end of the story, after the final battle near Salisbury has been fought and lost, Arthur, wounded sorely unto death, commanded the last of his knights, the bold Sir Bedevire, to take Excalibur and throw it into the water. 'And behold, when he saw that noble sword, the pommel and haft all of precious stones, he could not find it in his heart, and hid it under a tree; and when he came to the king again he asked him what had he seen, and Bedevire answered, "Nothing but waves and winds." "That was untruely said," answered the king; "go and do my command, as thou art to me lief and dear; spare not, but throw it in." And Sir Bedevire went, and again he thought it sin and shame to throw away that noble sword, and he flung in the scabbard. And once more the king asked him what had he seen, and he replied again, "Nothing but the waters wap and waves wan." "Ah, traitor and untrue," said King Arthur, "thou hast betrayed me twice! Who would wend that thou that hast been to me so lief and dear, and art named a noble knight, wouldest betray me for the riches of the sword! But now go again lightly, for thy long tarrying hath set me in great jeopardy. And but thou do now as I bid thee, if ever I see thee I will slay thee with mine own hand." Then Sir Bedevire took the sword, and went to the water's side and threw it in as far as he might; and there came a hand above the water and met it and caught it, and so shook it thrice and brandished it, and vanished away. Then the king bade him carry him to the lake, and he took Arthur on his back and so went with him to that waterside: and a little barge hoved even fast by the bank, with many fair ladies in it, and all had black hoods, and there received him three queens with great mourning, and all wept and shrieked when they saw King Arthur. "Now put me in the barge," said he, and in one of their laps he laid his head. And so then they rowed from the land.

'Then Sir Bedevire cried, "Ah, my lord Arthur, what shall become of me now ye go from me and leave me here

alone among my enemies?" "Comfort thyself," said the king, "and do as well as thou mayst, for in me is no trust for to trust in, and if thou hear never more of me, pray for my soul, for I will into the Vale of Avilion, there to heal me of my grievous wound;" and so they rowed away from the land and were seen no more. Yet some say that King Arthur is not dead, and that he will come again, and that he shall win the Holy Cross.'

As for the sword we are told later that 'Richard I. carried with him to the Crusades King Arthur's sword Caliburne, which he gave to Tancred, King of Sicily, in 1191:

> And Richard gav him a faire prize,
> The sharp sword which Arthur luffed so well.'

The Carlovingian poems are considered by Fauriel, in his 'Epopée Chevaleresque du Moyen Âge,' to be much the same in date as the Arthurian cycle. How important the effect of their recitation was considered appears in the story of the minstrel Taillefer, riding before 'William, Duke of Normandy,' into the battle of Hastings, chanting the Chanson de Roland, tossing his sword in the air as he rushed on the English axes, and dying in the act.

> Taillefer, qui moult bien chantait,
> Sur un cheval qui tost allait,
> Devant le Duc allait chantant
> De Karlemagne et de Rolant,
> Et d'Olivier et des vassals,
> Qui moururent en Roncevals,

is the account given in the 'Roman du Rou.'

The Charlemagne (not of history but romance) was a very great man; 'twenty feet high, as the Latins said,' of 'strength as great, and stern aspect, with black hair and a ruddy countenance.' His sword was called 'Joyeuse,' and with it on one occasion he rushed into the midst of the Saracens, forced his way to their standard, cutting in two the long and massive spear which sustained it, and cleaving

the skull of the ferocious Ibramin, King of Seville; 8,000 Saracens were slain before night. After the death of Charles the Great, Joyeuse was buried with him; and Otho III., when he opened the grave at Aix in 1001, is declared to have found him 'sitting on a golden throne, in his imperial robes, his sword by his side, ready to come to life once more.' This was the belief concerning most of the great popular heroes of that period. They were too living in the memory of the nations for their deaths to be supposed permanently possible—they had only retired for a time, as it were, and would certainly return to redress all grievances.

The sword of Charlemagne's great champion Roland, the hero of the 'Orlando Furioso,' 'once,' we are told by Ariosto, 'belonged to Hector,' and was called Durindana. She is the object of almost as much ardent devotion, and the cause of as much desperate fighting, as any other of the heroines, and is always mentioned by name, with epithets qualifying her as 'the noble,' 'the true,' 'the brave.'[1]

Among other feats the hero, by her means, as is well known, cut his way straight through the mountains into Spain, the mighty gap in the rocks, called the 'Brèche de Roland,' still remaining to show the truth of the story. The farewell of Roland to his beloved sword, when dying after the fatal battle of Roncesvalles, is thus given by an old French chronicle in a prose passage full of pathos:—

'Twenty thousand Christians had been exterminated by the infidel; and only a hundred heroes were left. These Roland rallied to the sound of his famous ivory horn,

[1] A modern French poet puts into the mouth of a troubadour of the time of Charlemagne the idea of the living soul in the sword:—

'Durendal a conquis l'Espagne,
Joyeuse a dompté le Lombard,
Deux glaives . . . . .
Dont les lames d'un divin flot furent trempées,
Sœurs jumelles de gloire, héroïnes d'acier,
En qui vivait du fer l'âme mystérieuse.'—*La fille*

threw himself once more on the Saracens, and slew a great multitude, including the king. But one by one his companions dropped off dead, and Roland at length, left almost alone, out of breath with having fought so long, bruised by blows from stones, and wounded by four lance-thrusts, turned his horse aside, grieving over the death of so many Christians and valiant men. And he made his way through the forest to the foot of the mountains of Cezère. There he got off his horse, and threw himself under a tree by a great mass of rock, in the midst of a meadow of fair grass, above the valley of Roncesvalles. He had by his side Durendal, his good sword—marvellously fashioned, marvellously bright and sharp, was she. He drew her from her scabbard, and, looking at her, he began to weep and to say, "Oh, my good, oh, my beautiful, my beloved sword, into what hands wilt thou fall? Who will be thy master? Oh, truly may he who finds thee say he is in luck. He need not fear his enemies in battle, for the smallest of the wounds thou makest is mortal! Oh, what pity 'twere if thou shouldest come to the hands of a man not valiant, but what worse mishap if thou shouldest fall into the hands of a Saracen!" And thereupon the fear came upon him that Durendal might be found by some infidel, and he strove to break her before he died. He struck three times with her on the rock beside him, and the rock was rent from the crown to the foot, but the sword was not broken. He then blew his horn,[1] hoping that some friend might hear and come to his help, to whom he might give the sword, but there was no answer; and again he blew so loud that the horn burst.' This episode of the weakness of the strong man and the forlorn condition of the hero seems to have

[1] Oh for a blast of that dread horn,
On Fontarabian echoes borne,
That to King Charles did come!
When Rowland brave, and Olivier,
And every Paladin and Peer,
On Roncesvalles died!—*Marmion.*

been a very favourite one with the chroniclers and jongleurs; and it is repeated again and again in different forms in several of the poems of very early date, given by Fauriel.

The story goes on to tell how the blast was heard distinctly in the army of Charlemagne, who was troubled, and sought to return to assist his nephew, but the traitor Ganelon persuaded him that it was only Roland hunting in the Forest. At length, however, the sound brought up the only two Paladins still left alive, Sir Baldwin and Sir Terry, who were wandering on the mountains. Roland, parched with thirst from his wounds, entreated them for water, and they went hither and thither in vain seeking it. Meantime a Saracen, coming by chance to the spot where the hero lay, seized Durendal, and strove to carry her off; but the dying Roland, suddenly starting up, wrenched the sword from his hand, killed him with it at one blow, and fainted. He recovered sufficiently, however, on the return of his friends, to make a very long prayer in verse, after which 'his soul was immediately carried up to heaven by a troop of angels.' Charlemagne, when he heard the bad news, returned on his steps to revenge the death of his nephew and of the twelve Paladins. At his prayer the sun's course was stopped in heaven, 'as it was for Josua,' to enable him to finish the battle of Saragossa comfortably, 'and 60,000 Saracens were slain on the field,' adds the chronicler complacently. But the heroine Durendal, who by some mishap had after all fallen into the hands of the infidel, seems to have been lost for ever, which is perhaps the reason that the race of Rolands is now extinct.

The Saracen [1] continued to fulfil the part of scarecrow for very long. One of the most popular stories in England,

[1] The old Chroniclers either used the word simply as meaning Pagan, 'miscreant,' or confounded all times and places most gallantly. Geoffrey of Monmouth calls Gormund, a Danish king defeated and baptized by Alfred, 'King of the Africans;' and in the spurious laws of Edward the Confessor it is mentioned that 'King Arthur defeated the Saracens.' 'Two African Saracen kings invaded Ireland,' says another authority.

which still exists in the folk-lore of the New Forest, was that of Bevis of Hampton, elsewhere called Earl of Southampton, who is perpetually engaged with them. He has for his love Josyan, daughter of a Saracen king, to whose court he had been carried as a slave at seven years old, when he was already strong enough to knock down two men with cudgels.

Josyan 'is the fairest thing on live,' 'so bright of view.

> Then gave him this fair may (maid),
> A good sword that hight Morglay,
> There was no better under the sun,
> Many a land therewith was won.
> She gave him sithence such a steed,
> The best ever on ground yede,
> Full well I can his name tell,
> Men called him Arundel.

Mounted on this horse and armed with this sword, he killed the inevitable 'drake,' or dragon, which crops up in every hero's career, after a terrific encounter, wherein Morglay cuts off five feet of the scaly tail, which had sorely tormented the knight during the struggle. Both in the accounts of the saints and the knights, the great sameness of the incidents seems to show a sort of ideal to which each must conform; there is always a dragon of some kind to slay, a damsel to win, with a score or two of giants to master; and 'twelve companions' are very usual. The recital of his exploits against the infidel with the help of his own private giant Ascapart is exceedingly long and rather tiresome, and when he is happily married to Josyan one is in hopes that the end is at hand, when suddenly we find him returning to England to help a friend who has been wronged by 'King Edgar.' Encamping at Putney (most prosaic of battle-grounds), he leaves his troops, and goes with only twelve knights to the king at Westminster to ask for justice. Edgar will give no answer, and Bevis, having taken up his abode 'in an inn,' hears a proclamation that

the citizens are to barricade every street and seize him alive or dead. He is then attacked by the king's steward with a great troop of men.

All two hundred he slew to ground;

but in a sad encounter in 'Goose Lane' the twelve companions are all killed. Nothing daunted, however, he fights his way alone to the Cheap or Market Place of the City of London, where he is beset by innumerable crowds, but, mounted on Arundel, and armed with the terrible Morglay, 'many he felled, many he slew.' The horse, who is at least half in the defence, kicked and bit, and kept his assailants forty feet away, while his master cut off the heads of all who were driven by the pressure of the crowd behind within reach of the dreadful sword. Having fought, however, great part of the day and the whole night, Bevis, though not wounded, was nearly worn out, and even the indomitable Arundel stood motionless, bathed to his fetlocks in blood and surrounded by dead bodies. The day dawned, and he was about to be taken prisoner by a burgher well armed and mounted, when his sons, one of them Sir Guy, 'bearing in his hand the sword that was once Lancelot's,' hearing of his danger, hurry up from Putney full speed, with four thousand knights, after which the fight is once more renewed vigorously.

The blood fell on that pavement,
Right down to Temple Bar it went,
So many men at once were never seen dead,
For the water of Thames for blood was red,
Fro St. Mary Bowe to London Stone,
(That ilke time was housen none).

Sixty thousand men were slain (a favourite number in romance fighting), when the terrified Edgar makes all right by giving his daughter in marriage to Sir Guy. Then all ends comfortably and honourably for everybody, except for the sixty thousand men, more or less, who are evidently not

worth talking about, except as testifying to the valour of the knights and great people.

'The sword of Bevis,' says Selden solemnly, 'is kept as a relique in Arundel Castle, not equally in length as it is worn now, but as that of Edward III. in Westminster Abbey.' 'In the Westminster Treasury there are two other swords' (we hear elsewhere) 'one with which King Athelstan cut through the rock at Dunbar, and the sword of Wayland Smith by which Henry V. was knighted.'

We now come down to purely historical personages, although the Cid may be said to inherit all the qualities of a true knight of romance, and his sword Tizona may almost rank with that of Roland for the manner and fame of its exploits. With her he swore to kill himself if ever she were overcome by his fault or cowardice. She was won after this fashion, as given in the Chronicle of the Cid, the original of which is believed to belong to the end of the thirteenth century; though the present form is probably a century later in date. The translation by Southey was compiled by him from such editions and MSS. as he thought most trustworthy. It is in quarto and tells how—

Having won five-and-twenty pitched battles and many cities from the Moors, among others the right noble city of Valencia, the Cid determined to dwell there, and he sent for Doña Ximena, his wife, and her two daughters from the monastery where they were. And going forth on his horse Bavieca, whom he rode for the first time, three leagues to greet them, who can tell the joy that was made at their meeting? Hear what he said who was born in happy hour: 'You dear and honoured wife, and you, my daughters, my heart and soul, enter with me into Valencia; this is the inheritance I have won for you. . . .' The winter is past, and March is coming in, when tidings came to the Cid from beyond sea that King Yusef, who dwelt in Morocco, was coming to lay siege to the town with 50,000 men. And he stored it well with food and needful things. And one day the

Cid took Ximena by the hand and her daughters, and made them go up upon the highest tower of the Alcazar, and they looked towards the sea and saw the great power of the Moors, and how they drew near, beating their tambours and with great uproar. And Ximena's heart failed her, and she asked the Cid if peradventure God would deliver him from these enemies.

'Fear not, honoured woman,' said he; 'you shall see me fight, by the help of God and holy Mary Mother; my heart kindles because ye are here. The more Moors the more glory' (which words passed into a proverb). The tambours sounded now a great alarum, and the sun was shining. 'Cheer up,' said my Cid, 'this is a glorious day.' But Ximena was seized with such fear as if her heart would have broken. Then the good Cid Campeador stroked his beard and said, 'Before fifteen days are over, if it please God, the tambours shall sound only at your bidding.'

The battle begins. 'Great was the slaying and smiting in a short time.' The Moors were so great a number that they were in the hour of overcoming the Christians, but the Cid encouraged them with a loud voice, shouting, 'God and Santiago!' and the Moors were dismayed and began to fly. The Bishop Don Hieronymo, that perfect one with the shaven crown, he had his fill in that battle fighting with both hands. And the Cid made such mortality among them that the blood ran from his wrist to his elbow. 'Great pleasure had he in his horse Bavieca that day, to find himself so well mounted, and he came up with King Yusuf and smote him three times, but the king escaped from under the sword, and being on a fleet horse could not be overtaken. And my Cid won from him his good sword Tizona, which is to say the Firebrand.' 'God, how joyful was my Cid with the fleecy beard!'

After a while King Alfonso, in order to do honour to the Campeador, gave the Cid's daughters in marriage to the two Infantes of Carrion, and they changed swords with him

before the king, and did homage as his sons-in-law; by which means Tizona, and Colada his second sword, got into very unworthy hands.

'Two years after their marriage did they sojourn in Valencia in peace and pleasure, when there came to pass a misadventure, and they fell out with the Cid, in whom there was no fault. A tame lion belonging to the Cid made its escape, and the Infantes ran from it with great cowardice, and, trying to escape, fell among the wine lees; and 'you never saw such sport as was made, but my Cid forbade the laughter.' Then the princes, taking umbrage against him, determined to revenge themselves on his daughters. And firstly they declared that it was their desire to return to Carrion, (fit name for such ruffians), and to take their wives with them. 'My sons,' answered the Cid, 'I am troubled at what ye say, for when ye take away my daughters ye take my very heart-strings. Nevertheless, it is fitting that ye do as ye say.' But Ximena had great misgivings, for, said she, 'These our sons-in-law are traitorous and false at heart.' But the Cid was displeased at this, and marvelled greatly, and he would not believe it, and let them go.

With a great train of horses and mules, and much treasure given by the father to his daughters, they crossed the Douro by a ford, and, coming to a green lawn in the midst of an oak forest, encamped. The mountains were high, the trees were thick and lofty, and there were wild beasts in that place. Early in the morning they ordered the tents to be struck and the beasts laden, and sent on all their company. Then the Infantes tore the mantles and garments from off their wives, held them by the hair of their heads, and beat them with the girths of their saddles, kicking them with their spurs. And the women, the daughters of the Cid, said, 'Don Diego and Don Ferrando, you have strong swords and of sharp edge—the one is called Colada and the other Tizona—cut off our heads,

but do not do us this dishonour.' But the Infantes hearkened not. At length, leaving them half dead, to the mountain birds and the beasts of the forest, they rode away, taking away even their mantles and other garments. But their cousin Feliz Munoz, who had been sent by the Cid to watch over them, was troubled at heart and suspected mischief, and turned aside from the rest of the band and rode back secretly; and he found Doña Elvira and Doña Sol lying senseless, and with much ado, wrapping them in his cloak, he carried them on his horse wounded and bleeding to the thickest part of the forest, and after a time got them to a place of safety, while he went to tell their father of the misfortune that had befallen them.'

The Cid, enraged, appeals to King Alfonso, who summons a Cortes in Toledo. 'Only two have I held since I was king, and now this third for the love of the Cid, that he may demand justice against the Infantes, for the wrong that we know.' My Cid, accompanied by his knights, came and took his seat on an ivory chair which he had sent on before; 'he had won it in Valencia; it had belonged to the kings thereof. And he was stroking his beard, which was a way of his when he was angry.' 'A red skin with points of gold my Cid always wore, over a shirt as white as the sun, a coif of scarlet, and his long beard (which no man had ever dared to touch) was bound with a cord' for sorrow.

He is desired to tell his grievance to the Cortes, and he rose and said, 'Sir, there is no reason for making long speeches, and taking up time. I demand of the Infantes two swords which I gave into their keeping. The one is Colada and the other Tizona. I won them like a man. When they left my daughters in the oak forest, they chose to have nothing to do with me; let them give back the swords, since they are no longer my sons-in-law.'

And the Alcaldes took counsel, and judged that they should be restored. 'So they brought Colada and Tizona,

and the king drew the swords, and the whole court shone with their brightness; their hilts were of solid gold, all the good men of the Cortes marvelled at them. And the Cid rose and received them, and kissed the king's hand, and went back to his ivory seat. And he took the swords in his hand and looked at them; they could not change them, for the Cid knew them well; and his whole frame rejoiced, and he smiled from his heart. And he laid them on his lap and said, "Ah, my swords Colada and Tizona, truly may I say of you that you are the best swords in Spain, and I won you—for I did not get you either by buying or by barter. I gave you in keeping to the Infantes of Carrion, that they might do honour to my daughters with you. But ye were not for them! They kept you hungry, and did not feed you with flesh as ye are wont to be fed. Well is it for you that ye have escaped that thraldom, and are come again to my hands, and happy man am I to recover you!"'

The Infantes are in hopes that this sacrifice may put an end to the matter, but the Cid next asks for all the great treasure which he had given with his daughters; and the Court, which seems to have possessed great authority with princes and people alike, condemns them to make restitution of this also.

Then, finally, with rising wrath, the old lion, who seems all this time to have been lashing his tail, now demands vengeance on the traitors who had dishonoured him and his children, 'committing offence against God and the faith, and the truth they had vowed to their wives—dogs and traitors! If you and your Cortes will not right me, I will take it on myself, and will take them by the throat and drag them to Valencia prisoners, and feed them there with the food they deserve.' And the king was wroth at his tone, and the Infantes, craven fellows as they are, who have not yet dared to speak, begin to defend themselves, and the whole Cortes is in an uproar; swords are

drawn and blows of fists given, and threats of 'pulling beards,' the greatest of insults, go around. At length, with much difficulty, the king insists on silence, while he goes apart with the Alcaldes into a chamber. When they come forth, they give sentence that the Infantes, with their uncle and fosterer, shall do battle with three of the Cid's people on the morrow. But the Infantes require three weeks to prepare, and the king, at their entreaty, 'with the pleasure of the Cid,' granted them this delay, and they returned home.

But the king misdoubting that they would not appear, followed them to Carrion, where they and a great company had come together, having sworn to kill the champions of the Cid before the battle, if by any means they could find cause, but they stood in fear of the king. And they sent to ask him of his favour, to command that the swords Colada and Tizona should not be used in that combat. But King Alfonso declared that each side must take the best arms they could, and, fearing a rescue, he decreed that any who began a tumult should be cut in pieces on the spot.

Then the six combatants laced their helmets, and put shield on arm and lance in rest; and Don Ferrando fought with Pero, and he and the saddle went over the horse's heels at the first onset, but he rose again, and Pero drew his sword and went at him; but when he saw Tizona over him, even before he received a blow from it, he cried out that he confessed himself conquered. And Martin fought with Don Diego, and they brake their lances on each other; and then Martin drew forth Colada, the brightness of which flashed over the whole field, for it was a marvellous sword, and he dealt the Infante a back-handed blow, which sheared off the crown of his helmet and the hair of his head, and his skin also. This stroke dealt he with the precious Colada, and Diego, sorely dismayed, turned his horse and fled; and Martin went after him and dealt him another blow with the flat side of it, and the Infante began to cry aloud,

'Great God, help me and save me from that sword!' And then he rode away as fast as he could, while Martin drove him from the lists crying, 'Get out, Don Traitor!' So the fight ended, and the Infantes were declared notorious traitors, and their lineage never held up its head from that day; while the daughters of the Cid made two far more honourable marriages with the Infantes of Arragon and Navarre.

Once again Tizona makes her appearance in the last scene of this strange eventful history. When the Cid sickened unto death, in 1099, in the seventy-third year of his age, he heard that King Bucar, son of Yusef, was about to return and avenge his defeat, with seven-and-thirty kings, and a mighty power of Moors, stirring up the whole paganism of Barbary to besiege Valencia. Lying on his bed alone in his palace, the Cid was devising how he might withstand their coming, when at midnight there came a great light and a great odour, marvellously sweet, and the likeness of an old man with keys in his hand. And he said, 'I am St. Peter, the Prince of the Apostles. I come to warn thee that in thirty days thou must leave this world; . . . . but God will show favour to thee, that thy people shall discomfit King Bucar; and thou, being dead, shall win this battle for the honour of thy body, by the help of St. Iago, whom God shall send to the business.'

And the next morning the Cid called to him his chief men and his wife, Doña Ximena, and said, 'I am to depart from amongst you in thirty days, and how can you defend Valencia against so great a power? I will tell you hereafter, before my death, how ye shall do.' And, the day before he died, he commanded them, 'Let my body first be purified and anointed, and saddle my horse Bavieca, and arm him well, and fasten me securely to the saddle, and that on the horse, and fasten my sword Tizona in my hand, and let there be no lamentation made, that none may know that I am dead. And then shall ye go into Castile with all

the people;' whilst the army was meanwhile to continue fighting with the great array of Moors which would by that time have landed.

And on the third day after his death, King Bucar and his host arrived in the port of Valencia; and by the twelfth day, everything being prepared for the battle, the Cid's people got together all their goods, so that they left nothing of price in the city, but only empty houses; and at midnight they took the body of the Cid, as he had commanded, and set it on the horse Bavieca; and it was clad in a surcoat of parchment, painted cunningly so that it looked like armour, and two boards were fitted to the body and fastened to the saddle: his shield was hung round his neck, and the sword Tizona in his hand, and they raised his arm and fastened it up so subtilely, that it was a marvel how upright he held the sword, so that he seemed as if he were alive. And the Bishop Hieronymo led the horse on one side, and his squire on the other, and a hundred chosen knights, and behind them Doña Ximena and her company, and six hundred knights in the rear; and all went so silently that it seemed there were only a score.

And meantime the host, being set in order, fell upon the Moors, and the onset was so sudden that they drove great part into the sea; and King Bucar and his kings were astonished, and it seemed to them that they saw 70,000 knights of the Christians, and before them a knight of great stature on a white horse, with a bloody cross; and of the thirty kings twenty-and-two were slain, and the army discomfited for the time and kept at bay.

And thus there was a pause in the fighting, while by night the Cid's host took the way to Castile, joining those that had gone before. And the Moors of the suburbs, and of the army, after waiting a day and night, marvelling at the silence of the town, went in and found that it was empty, and they came each to his house which had been his before the Cid won the place.

Meantime the King Alfonso had come forth to meet the body of the Cid, near Cardena, and to do it honour; and seeing that it was yet comely and fresh as if it had been still alive, behold, Doña Ximena would not that it should be laid in a coffin. And King Alfonso held that what she said was good, and he sent for the ivory chair from Toledo, and it was placed on the right of the altar, and the body in it, nobly clad, and in his left hand Tizona in its scabbard, and the strings of his mantle in his right. And it remained there ten years; and when his garments waxed old, other good ones were put upon it.

And they were wont every year to make a great festival on the day of the Cid's death; and on the seventh anniversary a great multitude assembled, and many Moors and Jews came to see the strange manner of the Cid's body.

And it was the custom of the abbot to make a right noble sermon to the people, and because the multitude was so great, they went out into the open place before the monastery, and he preached to them there; and there remained a Jew in the church looking at the Cid, how nobly he was seated, his face so fair and comely, and his beard in such goodly order, and Tizona in its scabbard; and when the Jew perceived he was alone, he thought within himself, 'This is the body of that Ruy Diez the Cid whom they say no man in the world ever took by the beard while he lived. I will take him by the beard now, and see what he will do with me;' but before his hand could reach it, God would not suffer this thing to be done, and the Cid let go the strings of his mantle and laid hand on his sword Tizona, and drew it a full palm's length from the scabbard. And the Jew swooned for great fear, and cried out so that all returned and looked on the Cid, and saw his right hand on the hilt of his sword, and that he had drawn it forth a full palm's length. And because of this great miracle the Jew was baptized, and remained in the monastery doing service to the body of the Cid as long as he lived. After this the

body ceasing to be 'comely,' was placed in a vault, and upon the walls was thus written:

I, who here lie buried am the Cid Ruy Diez, who conquered King Bucar, with six-and-thirty kings of the Moors, of whom twenty-and-two died in the field. Before Valencia I conquered them, on horseback, after I was dead, being the twenty-and-second battle which I won. I am he who won the swords Colada and Tizona. God be praised. Amen.

'Colada' is said to be 'a sword of full ancient make, only a cross for its hilt, and on one side is graven "Si, Si," and on the other "No, No."' 'I am Tizona,' said the other, 'which was made in the era 1040,' that is to say in the year 1002 A.D. It was an heirloom with the Marquesses of Falces, descended from the Cid the Campeador's son-in-law. Where is it now to be found?

The history of Indian swords would be a long one in itself. The old Ameers of Scinde were learned in their science, and could tell where every sword of renown was to be found at the present day, through what hands it had passed, and all the vicissitudes it had endured.

One of the chief of these was the renowned weapon of Sivajee, not that presented to the Prince of Wales on his visit to India by the Rajah of Kolapoor, the descendant of the Mahratta chief, and now lent to the South Kensington Museum, but a much more holy weapon, given to the great man by the Goddess of War herself, Bowannee. This is still preserved in a temple of its own at Sattara, where it receives divine honours (like the sword of Achilles), with offerings of flowers and ghee (melted butter). By its aid Sivajee, the 'little mountain rat,' as he was at first contemptuously called by Aurungzebe, conquered from the Mahometan Emperor and his tributaries a strip of territory 200 miles in length, on the west coast of India, from near Bombay to below Goa. He was 'a man of genius,' an 'extraordinary man,' observes the historian of the

Mahrattas, who raised the despised Hindoo to sovereignty, withstanding the dreaded Moghul, and evidently believed himself in perfect good faith to be inspired. The old belief in the godlike origin of strength and 'cunning' continues supreme among his people, even in exploits of which the treachery as well as cruelty sound horrible in Western ears. On one occasion finding himself not strong enough to cope with the Rajah of Beejapore in the open field, he lured his General, Afzool Khan, at the head of an army, into the fastnesses of his mountains by offers of submission and peace. A friendly interview was arranged between them at the foot of his hill fortress. Sivajee came down apparently unarmed, but carrying hid in the palm of his right hand a horrible contrivance of crooked steel blades called Wagnuck, 'tiger's claws;' and when Afzool Khan raised his arms for the usual embrace, he tore him to death, and then cut off his head with the divine sword Bowannee. The Beejapore army was then surprised and cut to pieces. The whole performance, we are told, being directly inspired by the goddess.

It is depressing to hear, when one would desire to approach this last representative of mythical swords with proper awe, that when the holy weapon was shown as a great favour to a heretic and misbeliever, Sir Bartle Frere, he distinctly saw 'Genova' stamped upon it in more places than one. It is a two-edged sword, what is commonly called an Andrew Ferrara, and must have been procured by the goddess (or by more prosaic means) from some European settlement near—perhaps Goa, where the Portuguese were in the habit of bringing Genoese and Damascus blades.

Even at the present moment a strong feeling for particular weapons, which they dignify by expressive names, ascribing to them almost sentient qualities, such as the 'groan-causer,' is to be found among many savage tribes. The latest fetish-worship comes out (by what Mr. Tylor would call 'a survival'), when even Lord Dunraven is found

calling his 'favourite muzzle-loading rifle,' 'Twilight,' after the approved heroic manner.

But the great roll of mythical swords must not end with such a bathos. We will wind up with the weapon of Lancelot, the hero who of all others seems most to have taken hold of the hearts of the hearers and readers of the middle ages, sinning and sorrowing, conquering and sparing, winning all hearts and all battles—so human, with his great aspirations and his doleful shortcomings, and who 'makes a good end,' as a holy hermit, in bitter expiation of his grievous crime against his friend and king. The sword, we are told—

> . . . . . was of mickle might,
> It was y-cleped Aroundight,
> That was Lancelot's du lake,
> Therewith he slew the fire drake (dragon).
> The pomel was of charbocle (carbuncle) stone,
> A better sword was never none,
> Ne none shall till Doomesday,
> The romauns tillyth as I you say.

The possession which the story of Lancelot had of the imagination of Europe appears in the many versions of the 'romauns,' in verse and prose, in English and French, Provençal and German, while the Italian edition is enshrined in the most pathetic passage in Dante, where Francesca di Rimini and her lover are reading 'un giorno per diletto, di Lancilotto, come amor lo strinse.' When they came to the passage:—

> Il disiato riso
> Esser baciato da cotanto amante,
> Questi, che da me non fia mai diviso,
> La bocca mi baciò tutto tremante—
> . . . . . .
> Quel giorno più non leggemmo avante,

is all that is added, with that soberness of touch which is more touching and tells more than 'much speaking.'

At the end of the 'Morte d'Arthur,' Lancelot's character is thus given by his friend Sir Bohort over the dead body:—'Ther thou lyest, that wert never matched of none earthly knight's hand. And thou wert the curtiest[1] knight that ever bare shield, and thou wert the truest friende that ever bestrode horse, and thou wert the truest lover of a sinful man that ever loved woman, and thou wert the kindest man that ever strake with swerde, and thou wert the goodliest person that ever came among press of knights, and thou wert the meekest man and the gentillest that ever ate in hal among ladies, and thou wert the sternest knight to thy mortal foe that ever put spear in rest.'

In spite of his great sin, therefore, it is not to be wondered at that the 'hermit, sometime Bishop of Canterbury,' who shrived him at death, 'saw him taken up to heaven by sixty thousand and seven angels,' and that all the histories, whether in verse or prose, unite in comforting us with the certainty of his salvation and the pardon of his soul.

It may, indeed, be said for the much-despised romances of chivalry that such a picture would be no bad ideal for the 'jeunesse dorée' of our own time, and that the owners of 'mythical swords' in general hold up a better type of a hero than nineteen-twentieths of the thousand and one novels, plays, and poems in English, French, and German that are published at the present day.

[1] Most courteous.

A FRENCH FAMILY OF THE ANCIEN RÉGIME.[1]

THE French, it is well known, are a culinary nation, and like their food, as we should consider it, over-cooked. It appears to be the same with their literary appetite: the number of forged, hashed, and dressed-up memoirs and letters which have lately been concocted is becoming so serious, that it will soon be almost impossible to trust anything which comes out of the literary workshops of Paris, without an amount of verification and research which would generally be better expended upon the original documents of the period in question.

A curious piece of this vicious activity has lately appeared in a volume of memoirs concerning the Marquise de Montagu, a great lady belonging to that most interesting time, the end of the old and beginning of the new world, as it may be called, in France.

The little work had a great success, and passed through six editions in a few months, when its authorship was disputed in a way singularly little to the credit of M. de Noailles, 'duc et pair,' who allowed himself to be supposed to have written the book, whereas his only share in it appears to have been that he altered and spoilt a portion of the work of a certain Callet by throwing (for the greater honour of the family) a halo of sanctity over sundry very worthy *incrédules* of both sexes, whose lapses were lamented by the Marquise de Montagu herself in very plain terms.

The case was brought before the Tribunal de la Seine,

[1] *Contemporary Review*, 1869.

and M. Callet was cast; apparently because, as he had accepted the very small sum for which he had originally agreed to put the papers into shape, the fact of his having made a larger work, which took treble the time and trouble, without any bargain, did not legally entitle him to more pay. He had allowed the work to be printed without his name 'for the benefit of the poor.' But when he found that it had been published, and was selling by thousands, and that, in the face of letters which he had received from the family treating him as its author, it was attributed by all the Reviews to the Duc de Noailles, who graciously accepted the credit of the book without taking any notice of the remonstrances addressed to him, M. Callet came forward to vindicate his rights to the honour, if not the profits, of the enterprise.

It certainly seems as if it would have been well worth a few more francs to the 'noble family' in question to avoid such an exposure as took place at the trial and after. In a pamphlet with which he consoled himself for his defeat, considerably at the expense of his enemies, M. Callet relates with most inconvenient frankness how, the materials being very meagre, he added sundry 'charming episodes' to the story, which seemed somewhat bare, not only with the full knowledge and approbation of the friends, as shown in their letters which he printed, but how they suggested the 'cooking' of different passages. He goes on to tell how 'j'ai inventé M. de Montagu qui était parfaitement nul,' and to give many other curious particulars of the condiments now used to garnish literary dishes for Parisian palates.

Still, at the moment of his greatest rage, when it is his interest and his pleasure to show with curious cynicism how many lies he has told, he reiterates again and again that the character of Madame de Montagu herself is true to the letter; and a collection of the original documents which has just been published by the family shows the

truth of most of his particulars. By the help of the composer's exceeding candour, we can disentangle what is true from what is fictitious in the narrative, and the life of one of her sisters, the wife of Lafayette, contained in another later volume, enables us to complete the picture of the De Noailles family.

The memoirs begin at a period when French social life must always have an intense interest for us—*i.e.* when the spirit of the Great Revolution was beginning to stir the minds of the people. The earnest struggle after improvement of the awakening nation, mixed with the waning frivolities and pomps and ceremonies of the old Court, the unconscious way in which the world went on marrying and giving in marriage, dancing, feasting, philosophising, and conversing, without a suspicion of what was so close at hand, has, for us who know the end, a fascination like that of watching the great river above Niagara; the stream flows on apparently as usual, but the dull roar of the cataract is in the distance, and the frightful plunge almost in sight.

We have lately heard much of the crimes and follies of the French aristocracy as the main cause of the evils of France; but, says M. Léonce de Lavergne, no prejudiced witness in favour of the nobles, in the 'Assemblées Provinciales,' 'there cannot be a greater mistake; in great social transformations it is impossible to hope that the past should yield absolutely without resistance, but it certainly never resisted less. . . . If one portion of the *noblesse* and the clergy were mistaken enough to cling to their privileges, another part, and that both the most illustrious and the most influential, abandoned them without reserve, and carried, indeed, a sort of passion into their disinterestedness. The men of our day have gained in experience, they have lost in warmth of soul.' 'The philosophy of the eighteenth century had grievous faults, but let not its merits be forgotten—it exalted generous feeling even to imprudence,

and its principal votaries belonged to the privileged classes.' The accounts of these two sisters give very remarkable evidence of this spirit; that of the Marquise de Montagu, belonging to the old Conservative party, and of the Marquise de Lafayette, a Liberal of the Liberals. They were both daughters of the Duc d'Ayen (De Noailles), a thorough *grand seigneur* of the *ancien régime*, who divided his time between the army and the court, clever, sharp-witted, belonging to the 'monde aimable, brillant, et causeur' of the eighteenth century. He was Colonel of the Noailles cavalry regiment, which had been raised by an ancestor at his own expense for the Spanish War of Succession, and had gone through the last four campaigns of the Seven Years' War at the time when war was conducted with as many formalities as a minuet; which sounds strange in our days, when wars are finished in as many months or even weeks. He afterwards became Governor of the Roussillon, was first Captain of the Household Guards, and constantly about the king's person, busy with agriculture and philosophy, and an active member of the Academy of Sciences. His five little daughters scarcely ever saw him; and it is evident that his wife, who was older than he was, and very superior to him in every respect, was a somewhat unhappy woman; his character, indeed, appears to have been one which it required 'much delicacy' to fit into the proper key of holiness required by M. de Noailles.

The duchess was a granddaughter of the great Chancellor d'Aguesseau, an earnest, serious woman, with a touch of Jansenism in her, devoted to her children's education and to good works, who led an extremely retired life in the immense Hôtel de Noailles, the great gardens of which ran down as far as the Tuileries. One of the daughters relates how, after dining with her at three o'clock, they used to follow her into a large bedroom, the walls hung with crimson silk laced with gold, with an immense bed in the corner. Here they sat for the evening, the duchess, still

quite a young woman, in a *bergère* with her snuff-box, her books, and her knitting needles, the children each trying to sit next to her; and a beautiful account is given of her character and mode of education, her anxious affection for her children, and tender desire for their highest welfare,—the chief object, indeed, of her life.

The daughters were all disposed of while they were still what we should consider children; the eldest married her cousin, the Vicomte de Noailles, of very advanced Liberal opinions, when only sixteen; and the duchess was hardly spoken to by her husband for a whole year because she refused to accept the proposals of the Marquis de Lafayette, aged fourteen, for her second daughter, aged twelve. He was an orphan, and in possession of a large fortune, and the mother was afraid of trusting her little girl to such uncertain waters. As time went on, however, and she heard much good of the lad, she ended by giving her consent, on condition that the two children, as they were in age, should live in the Hôtel de Noailles, and on these conditions Adrienne, aged fourteen, was married to the young marquis, aged sixteen. Three years after this, fired by the accounts of the War of Independence, he set out to America, accompanied by his brother-in-law, the Vicomte de Noailles, leaving his wife with one child already born, and another coming; she was passionately attached to her husband, and besides the grief of his departure, she had to fight his battles with her own family, particularly against her father, who was furious at the line in politics which his son-in-law had taken. After being wounded at the defeat of Brandywine, 1778, Lafayette returned to France to assist in organising an invasion of England, and when this was given up as impracticable, he once more joined the insurgents in America, and took an active part in the next campaign. In 1782, after five years' fighting, the success was complete, and Lafayette, 'friend of Washington, and conqueror of Cornwallis,' as the biography pompously calls

him, returned to receive great honour and glory at Paris for his deeds. The poor queen took an active part in the demonstrations of delight at this success of Republicanism, which was in so many ways driving a nail into her own coffin. The mere expenses of the French share of the war in America amounted to more than a thousand millions of francs (40,000,000*l.*) as M. de Lavergne mentions incidentally, and made an immense increase necessary in the already overwhelming burden of taxation. The disputes produced by the extreme unpopularity of such demands from the king in the Provincial Assemblies, although for an object ardently approved by the nation, broke up several of the most promising of these local parliaments. As France was in nowise called upon to interfere in the disputes of England with her colonies, and the war was undertaken, indeed, to injure her, far more than to benefit the Americans (as De Lavergne allows), the retribution on the Government was singularly rapid and complete.

It is difficult to realise how entirely the great world at Paris was going on as usual during this period, so troubled in our eyes, as shown by the accounts of the marriage of the third daughter of the family, Pauline, who was now sixteen. 'Negotiations had been opened' with a young Captain of Dragoons, the Marquis de Montagu, of orthodox principles and possessions, and ancient family—the 'preliminaries of the treaty,' for such it really was, once over, the poor child, in a gorgeous gown, blue satin over white, *à la Turque*, whatever that may be, was introduced to her *prêtendu* at a solemn interview. She was excessively frightened, did not dare to look at him, and was most thankful to him for not speaking to her. At last he was taken up to see a fine portrait of Washington which was in the room, and when his back was safely turned, the bride elect for the first time raised her eyes, and saw the man with whom she was to pass her life.

After the contract was signed there was a 'grand recep-

tion, in a different toilette for every day—*tout Paris y passa.*' All the Montagus were there in battle array, drawn up on one side, and almost all the Noailles on the other. The poor girl *tirée à quatre épingles*, bolt upright by her mother in the centre, was presented to each fresh arrival; the three reverences, with which M. Jourdain has made us so familiar, being performed by each before her. Then came the presentation of the magnificent presents of the *corbeille*, chiefly diamonds, which served afterwards a strangely different use; for the Montagus lived long on their proceeds during their exile. The wedding-day ended with a supper for sixty people; and two days after the bride was carried off, in a great blue coach covered with gilt stars, to her father-in-law's house, where she describes her intense loneliness among the utter strangers by whom she was surrounded. Splendid *fêtes* were given in her honour by her new relations —*bosquets illuminés*—garden parties at midnight. She was presented at court in 'white and blue garnished with rose colour,' which sounds like a picture of Greuze, and hung all over with jewels. She was much admired: her large dark eyes, black hair, and pale complexion had a 'success' which delighted her father-in-law, the Vicomte de Beaune. A perpetual round of balls, plays, *cercles de la reine*, *petits soupers*, succeeded, and one is not much surprised to hear a year after of the death of her baby, and that her own health was so much injured that she was obliged to go to Bagnères. She soon drew back, however, from this whirlwind of gaiety, which was not to her taste, and must have contrasted strangely with the occupations of Madame de Lafayette, who was at this time assisting her husband most efficiently in his numerous plans of reform. He had bought an estate in Cayenne in order to carry out the gradual emancipation of the negroes, and he committed the superintendence of all the details of their education and conversion to his wife. At the Assembly of Notables, in 1787, he did his utmost to obtain for the Protestants their civil

rights, and Madame de Lafayette received the *pasteurs* at Paris, and assisted him in his philanthropic objects by every means in her power. He attended very diligently to the debates in the Assembly of Auvergne, which was presided over by the Vicomte de Beaune, with whom he had much influence; and measures of the greatest importance were on the point of being carried out there, when all their efforts were cut short by the fierce debates on additional taxation, and (the parliament) was suddenly closed by the king.

The conduct of the nobles at this period was very remarkable; 'almost all the guarantees against the abuses of power which have been obtained during thirty-seven years of representative government were demanded by them before '89,' and the tone of the *salons* was even curiously liberal. 'Society,' says Madame de Staël, 'had never been so brilliant, and at the same time so serious, as during the time between 1788 to 1791. Women held almost as distinguished a place in it as men, and by their liberal tendencies, their love of the public good, and the resources of their *esprit*, urged on the progress of the new ideas.' The letters lately published of the great ladies at the head of French society—the Comtesse de la Marck, Mesdames de Brionne and De Bouffleur—show their strong and intelligent sympathy with liberal thought and opinion, their patriotism of the best kind, their interest in reform, their dislike of despotism, while all the grace and elegance of the old manners was still preserved. They prove also how deeply and widely this spirit had spread. 'The revolution,' says De Tocqueville, in the 'Ancien Régime,' 'threw down and uprooted much which never can be replaced;' and he goes on to show not only on how many questions it has obstructed and delayed the progress of reform, but that there are even points on which it has never since been resumed.

One of the greatest misfortunes of France was the complete success of the policy of Richelieu (whose apo-

theosis was characteristically celebrated about two years ago by Napoleon III.), the annihilation, namely, of all local centres of intelligence and administration which had been till that time conducted by the nobles,—the only leaders possessed by the nation in the transition from the feudal period. They had been dragged down from their true position of useful work in the provincial parliaments and magistracies, and reduced to the odious *tracasseries* of court life; to imbecile struggles as to whose wife might sit in the presence of the queen; questions of *haute politique* as to whether a marshal or a duke should sign his name first; and duels as to who should enter the Louvre in a coach. 'Le fauteuil à bras, la chaise à dos, le tabouret ont été pendant plusieurs générations d'importants objets de politique et d'illustres sujets de querelles,' says Voltaire; while 'most serious misunderstandings arose as to who was to present the king with his napkin, or help the queen on with her shift.'

It is proof of a very remarkable rise in a single class to see the changed tone of this very noblesse at the period in question. The different National Assemblies had been working diligently throughout '87 and '88.

The list of measures brought forward and discussed in the Cahiers de la Noblesse, at the time of the Etats Généraux, show that the nobles demanded all the civil and political rights which are supposed to have been conquered from them, more developed even than those we now possess, after the fearful circuit which we have made. It will be seen that they left nothing to be invented by our modern Liberals. All the great principles of representative government are there,—national representation by election, equal taxation, fixed periodic meetings of the Etats Généraux, where only laws were, with the sanction of the king, to be passed, responsibility of ministers, individual security and liberty, liberty of commerce, of labour, and manufactures, liberty of the press, abolition of *lettres de cachet*. 'The abolition of feudal rights,' says Chateaubriand, 'was brought forward by feudal deputies—the Montmorenci and the De Noailles.'

The family indeed of the Noailles and their connections bore their full share in the work. The Duc d'Ayen (De Noailles) was president of the parliament of the Limousin, well fitted to lead it, and extremely anxious for its success; M. de Beaune, assisted by Lafayette, presided over the Assembly of Auvergne; the Marquis de Grammont was an active member of the Etats de Franche-Comté; and several members of the family were engaged in the Assemblies of Picardy. Seven of them, again, belonged to the Assemblée Constituante, but the brilliant hopes with which this had been greeted were beginning already to grow dim. The chances of reform instead of revolution became every day less; the absolute power vested hitherto in the king had made the people expect all change to be worked out at once by an act of the royal will; and when the whole machine was out of gear, and he was as utterly powerless as any of his subjects to correct the errors of centuries, every misery and every injustice was laid to his door. Popular tumults took place during the sitting of the Assembly; the revolutionary spirit was rising, with no one to control it. The current in the direction of revolution had become too strong for the nobles to stem; they had been cut off from the sympathies of the people every year more and more; their privileges had remained, while their duties had been taken from them. 'They had ceased to be an aristocracy, and had become a caste,' says De Tocqueville, in a very interesting chapter of the 'Ancien Régime,' which shows the manner in which this rock was avoided in England. The divorce between theory and practice among the French nobles had become so complete, that the knowledge of the manner in which affairs could be conducted had entirely died away amongst them. He goes on to say:—

> While their imaginations were inflamed by the political and social theories of the philosophers and literary men, the almost infinite ignorance of practical life in which they lived prevented them from seeing the obstacles which existing facts offered to

the most desirable reforms, or the perils which accompany the most necessary revolutions . . . the sum total of the changes demanded by the three orders in '89 amounts to a simultaneous and systematic abolition of all the laws and all the usages in the country, and forms of itself one of the most dangerous and vast revolutions ever proposed, without its authors having the remotest notion of what they were doing.

It is curious and touching to read after the event the honest expectations entertained of the sort of sentimental millennium which their measures were to bring about—the belief that knowledge and disinterestedness were chiefly possessed by the most ignorant and most destitute of the people, and that all injustice and inequalities would be remedied, and right and law could not fail to be executed, when they should obtain the management of their own affairs.

After the taking of the Bastille, however, many of the nobles who had hitherto been on the Liberal side took fright at the course of events. M. de Montagu's father was among the first; his mother was a daughter of the Duke of Berwick, and granddaughter, therefore, of James II., which probably did not assist his love of revolutions. He quarrelled with his son for refusing to emigrate, and was so indignant at the conduct of Lafayette for accepting the post of Commandant of the National Guard, that he would not allow his daughter-in-law to have any intercourse with her sister. Madame de Montagu had just lost her second little girl; she was a tender-spirited woman, and these family dissensions distressed her so deeply that her health entirely gave way, and her husband, too glad to get away from Paris for a time, took her to Franche-Comté, where her youngest sister, Rosalie, had lately married the Marquis de Grammont, and afterwards to visit her father at Lausanne, where the Duc d'Ayen had retired for a time. Here it is related that they paid a visit 'to the historian Gibbon, "le savant le plus laid qu'on ait vu,"' which is perhaps the most curious tribute that the author of the

'Decline and Fall' has received. They afterwards retired to their château in Auvergne, built on a lofty terrace, with a magnificent view of the valley below; its great hall furnished with crimson damask, and hung with portraits of all the barons, knights, bishops, cardinals, abbesses, and *grands maîtres* belonging to the family. They were received with loud acclamations by the peasantry, and for two winters Madame de Montagu's usual pleasant intercourse with them continued; but after the king had been arrested at Varennes the country began to rise, and, walking in the fields with her little girl, she heard cries from behind the hedges of 'À la lanterne!' though the people did not dare to show themselves.

She now persuaded herself that the only chance for the king was by help from without, and did her best to induce her husband to join the army at Coblenz. After the scene in the Champ de Mars, when Lafayette himself caused the National Guard to fire on the people who were clamouring for the death of the king, M. de Montagu consented to emigrate; his wife had a stolen interview with Madame de Lafayette and a sad parting with her mother and eldest sister on her road to Paris, where they made arrangements as for an expedition into the country; but it is a proof how little even yet she realised their situation, that when M. de Grammont advised her to take her diamonds, she replied, 'Why should I? We are not going to a *fête*.' They reached England in safety, and established themselves in a cottage at Richmond, where M. de Beaune joined them, and where her remaining child, the little Noémi, soon died. And now began for them all the life of poverty, the shifts of every kind for bare existence, which the French *émigrés* of the upper class were apparently so ill prepared to meet, but which they bore with such unflinching gaiety and courage. M. de Beaune soon left them to take the command of the Auvergne Corps of the Armée de Condé, and M. de Montagu at length determined to join his father; his wife followed

him to Aix, where the army of the Coalition was assembling. The news from Paris grew worse and worse, and most of Madame de Montagu's relations were in the heart of the fray. In the attack on the Tuileries, on the 10th of August, her old uncle, the Maréchal de Mouchy, had warded off the attacks of the mob upon the king by literally standing before him; her father, who had returned from his safe asylum in Switzerland when troubles were expected, spent the night as a sentry in the palace, and narrowly escaped in the massacre of the Swiss Guards; while his fourth son-in-law, the Marquis de Grammont, was supposed to have been killed, and was sought for by his family among the dead. Faithful to the last, they both attended the king through the fearful scene in the Hall of the National Convention, which ended in his deposition, and only left him when they could do no more, saving their own lives, indeed, with the utmost difficulty.

The Marquis de Lafayette, an amiable, vain, well-intentioned man, fond of notoriety, seems continually to have been thrust, by the circumstances of the day, into a far more important position than he was fitted for either by his talents or his character. He now was attempting to stay the course of that 'fierce democracy' which he had so vainly thought to wield; he resigned the command of the National Guard, resumed it again, was violently attacked for his conduct in the Champ de Mars, resigned a second time, and finally retired to his château de Chavaniac, in Auvergne. He afterwards accepted the command of one of the three armies just raised; and after the declaration of war against the Allies, was present at several skirmishes; but when he heard that the king's life was in danger, he refused any longer to obey the orders of the Assembly, and was succeeded by Dumourier; a price was set upon his head, and he escaped across the frontier, only to be immediately seized and put in prison by Prussia, on the part of the Allies.

The war began in earnest. Austria and Prussia, with

six or seven thousand of the *émigrés*, under the Duc de Bouillon, were marching on the frontier, 'where it is evident they expected to make short work of troops whom they considered as mere raw, undisciplined levies. Nothing, however, could stand against the terrible energy of the Republic, which had now been proclaimed. Victory after victory followed on its side, the battle of Jemmappes brought things to a crisis,' and the Marquis de Montagu, who had been present at it, rejoined his wife at Aix, and escaped once more with her to England. 'La Révolution était consommée.'

The Republic, having conquered the enemies of liberty, now turned against its friends. Lafayette's wife had been imprisoned, at first only in their home in Auvergne, but she was soon brought to Paris, when she was transferred from prison to prison, expecting her sentence of death from day to day. Her brother-in-law, the Vicomte de Noailles, an ardent Liberal, who had fought under Washington, was proscribed and forced to escape to London: he had made arrangements for his wife to follow him, that they might together return to America, but she could not bear to forsake her mother, who was nursing the grandfather of the race, the old Maréchal de Noailles, and his equally aged wife. He soon died, but the maréchale's mind was weakened by age, and they could not leave her. The vicomtesse was the eldest of the five sisters, and must have been a charming woman, 'full of piety, virtue, and affectionate devotion.' She was her mother's darling, and sustained her with cheerful courage to the end. The three ladies were first detained as 'suspects' in their own home at Paris. In April 1794, however, they were taken to the prison of the Luxembourg, where they found the Maréchal de Mouchy, father of the Vicomte de Noailles, who had been there now for five months with his wife. The maréchale had been born in the palace, now a prison, and married from the room above that in which they were confined.

Among the prisoners also was the Duchess of Orleans, their cousin, daughter of the Duc de Penthièvre, and widow of Philippe Egalité, who had been executed a few months before; she was extremely ill, but no mattress was allowed her, and the Duchesse d'Ayen gave up her own bed to her, and nursed her as long as they remained together. The beautiful young vicomtesse waited on them all, made the beds, cleaned the cooking utensils. 'Sometimes,' says an eye-witness, 'she could hardly get through the hard work of her housemaiding, for she sat up almost every night either with her grandmother or the Duchess of Orleans.' Twice a week, under pretext of getting a little air, she was allowed to go to an upper story where she could see a corner of the garden of the Luxembourg, to which her three little children were brought by their tutor. Her last letter to them is most touching:—

> God sustains me, and will do so to the end, I have the firmest conviction. . . . Good-bye, Alexis, Alfred, Euphémie; keep God in your hearts all the days of your life; cling to Him with unshaken courage. Pray for your father, work for his true happiness; remember your mother, too, and that the object of her life has been *de vous enfanter pour l'éternité*. I trust to meet you in the bosom of our God, and I give you all my last blessings.

The revolutionary tribunals were by this time in full operation, and there was a pleasure in the exercise of power for power's sake—a sort of childish absence of reason for what was done—which is very remarkable, while it is scarcely known how impartially their cruelty was exercised upon all classes alike. The lists, indeed, show that a far larger part of the victims belonged to the *bourgeoisie* and the working people than to the nobles and the clergy.

The prisons were overflowing, and as a means of clearing them the courts were instructed to move faster; the accused were no longer allowed any counsel; some forms of justice had been observed; these were suppressed; they were to be judged *en masse*, and the juries 'were no longer

to execute the law; on the contrary, they 'were to have no law but that of their own consciences, enlightened by the love of their country, towards the triumph of the Republic and the ruin of its enemies.' It now became a general massacre. Sixty prisoners, taken at hazard, were brought up every day to the Conciergerie, condemned all together between ten and two o'clock, while at four the carts came to carry them to the guillotine.

The old Maréchal de Mouchy, aged eighty, and his wife, were among the first to be taken away to death. He was accused of having been 'an agent of the tyrant in distributing sums of money for the payment of refractory priests.' He was also attacked for having in his room 'un ci-devant Christ.' The 'Histoire des Prisons' says that the aged pair were an object of respect to all the *détenus*, and were never spoken of without a sort of veneration. As they passed out to execution between a line of respectful and sorrowful spectators, one of them called out, 'Courage, M. le Maréchal!' He turned round, and replied with a firm voice, 'A dix-sept ans j'ai monté à l'assaut pour mon roi, à plus de quatre-vingts je monte à l'échafaud pour mon Dieu. Mes amis, je ne suis point à plaindre.'

One day the concierge observed that he had been to Fouquier Tinville for orders:—

> I found him stretched on the ground, pale and exhausted; his children were playing with him, and wiping the sweat from his face. I asked what was to be done to-morrow. 'Let me alone, Hély,' said he; 'I ain't up to it. What a life it is!' Then, as if by instinct, he added, 'Go to my secretary. I must have sixty; it doesn't signify which. Let him choose.'

On the 3 Thermidor, after having seen most of their companions removed, the three ladies were carried to the Conciergerie, which, at that period, was equivalent to death. Madame d'Ayen was reading the 'Imitation of Christ;' she kissed it, and begged that it might be sent to her children; the book is watered with her tears; but, afraid of

the shock which the parting might give to the sick Duchess of Orleans, she concealed the summons entirely from her.

When they reached their fresh prison, wearied by the rough carts in which they had been carried, they could get no food, as it was nine o'clock—after which time none was allowed to enter the place—and no beds, as they could not muster the forty-five francs demanded by the gaolers, all they possessed but fifty sous having been already taken from them at the Luxembourg. The citoyenne Lavet, one of the prisoners, who escaped to tell the story, gave up her bed to the poor old maréchale, and made a sort of couch with straw, where the Duchesse d'Ayen lay down, begging her daughter to do the same. 'What is the use of resting on the eve of eternity?' she answered. 'Her face was like an angel's, and showed the peace of her soul; such calmness was never seen in that horrible place.' The next morning, at six o'clock, she attended carefully to her grandmother, who was painfully troubled and confused by all that was going on around her, and dressed her mother, arranging her coiffure for her. 'Courage, maman! nous n'avons plus qu'une heure,' said she. A little food was brought them by a friend, and they were led away amidst the tears of the other prisoners, whom they had only known for twelve hours.

The group before the tribunal on that day, July 22, consisted of forty individuals, unknown to each other, who were accused of conspiring to assassinate the members of the Comité de Salut public. These conspiracies had just been invented to clear the prisons, which would no longer contain the enormous number sent there. The President addressed the Duchesse d'Ayen, who asked him to speak rather louder, as she was a little deaf. 'Eh bien, citoyenne, tu conspirais sourdement!' he shouted; which produced 'a hideous laugh' from the judges and jury. As soon as the duchess heard the accusation, she observed that Dillon, who was called the head of their conspiracy, had been dead

six weeks before they were imprisoned. 'But,' said the President, 'you knew the women Levis?' She replied no, they had only seen them once, and in prison. He interrupted her with, 'Silence! that is quite enough. Citizen jurors, you hear by her own confession that the accused was acquainted with these Levis; they were concerned in this conspiracy, and have lost their guilty heads on the scaffold, therefore' . . . the rest was understood.

A poor servant was the person sentenced before the duchess; the one after her was a miserable commissionaire who, being on his station, had carried a letter, given him by an unknown person, for fifteen *sols*; the President did not even take the trouble of reading the letter, but said that it was evidently connected with the conspiracy, and the man was condemned to death in spite of his tears and protestations.

The miserable idea of dying without absolution had been terrible to these poor women, and before their last imprisonment their confessor, the Abbé Carrichon, had promised to meet them on their road to the scaffold, and absolve them as they passed, the only way in which it could be done. He describes the scene: 'The first cart passed out of the gate of the prison *avec huit dames toutes très édifiantes*; amongst them the old Maréchale de Noailles, in mourning for her husband. In the next came six men, and the duchess, in a blue and white striped *déshabillé*,—she looked about forty; her daughter, the vicomtesse, was beside her, dressed all in white, looking much younger than she really was, 'like one of the virgin martyrs whom we see in pictures. All had their hands tied behind their backs.' Though they looked anxiously round as they came out of the court, they did not see the priest; he followed the carts at the risk of his life if he were discovered, but fruitlessly. At last, in despair, he was on the point of giving it up, for the crowd was too great to get near them, when a storm came on and scattered the people, and the furious gusts of

rain wetted *ces dames* to the skin; the poor old maréchale was beaten about by the violent wind; she tottered upon the miserable plank without a back on which she sat, her hands tied behind her; her great cap fell back and showed her grey hairs. Some wretches in the street called out, 'There she is! the great lady who used to have such fine coaches, now in the cart like the rest!' At length he was able to approach them; the ladies saw him; he raised his hand and pronounced the absolution; and the peace and calm and security which appeared in their faces were beautiful, he says, to see. The storm ceased, the crowd returned, and they reached the Barrière du Trône: the old maréchale sat down on a piece of wood, calm, but quite worn out, and her eyes fixed. Most of the spectators were laughing and amusing themselves with the horrible spectacle. She was executed third in number, then six other women were guillotined, and it was the turn of the duchess; her face was resigned, with a sort of noble, simple devotion in it, evidently occupied with the sacrifice of herself which she was making to God, and as if she were glad not to see her daughter die. The executioner, a tall man with the coolest possible manner and a rose in his mouth, tore her cap roughly off; it was fastened with a pin to her hair, and an expression of pain passed over her face. She was followed by the vicomtesse, who went on encouraging her companions to the last. As she set her foot on the bloody ladder, she heard a young man amongst them blaspheme, and turned to him with an entreating look, 'En grâce, monsieur, dites pardon.'

In five days after their execution the 'terror' was over; Robespierre was dead, and they would have been safe.

The bodies were all carried in carts, where everything was swimming in blood, to an outlying desert place called Picpus. 'A hole, thirty feet square, had been dug there, and each day the victims of the day were thrown in, pell-mell, the heads after the bodies, no winding-sheets, dressed in their

ordinary clothes, while no mark or sign was permitted to be made whereby friends could recognise the spot.'

Executions were going on in three different parts of Paris. The prisoners were shot at the Champ de Mars, and there was a guillotine on the Place Louis XV., and one at the Barrière du Trône. This last was only at work for six weeks, when the fall of Robespierre brought its labours to a sudden close; but during that period more than thirteen hundred persons were put to death in that place alone. The official list shows that 100 of these were under twenty-five years of age—boys and girls are among them—one of fourteen; a great number of old men—182 between sixty and sixty-nine, ten between eighty and eighty-five; 176 women.

They were of all ranks, but the greatest number were obscure labourers, humble artisans, poor workmen, little shopkeepers, colporteurs, unknown to each other and to the public, far from their homes, without counsel to assist them, and without witnesses, judged by a mock tribunal, taken to execution like beasts to a slaughter-house, without priests, without friends, without consolation, and then thrown into *le trou de Picpus*.

The great chemist, Lavoisier; the poet, André Chénier; Loiserelles, who answered in his son's name, and died in his place; Sombreuil, Governor of the Invalides, whose life had once been saved by his heroic daughter; Général Pernot, aged eighty: the Abbé de Fénelon, founder of the asylum for little Savoyards, of the same age; the Duc de St.-Simon, ninety; an old concierge, eighty; the Maréchal de Mouchy, seventy-nine, and his wife; the Maréchale de Noailles, eighty, her daughter and granddaughter—'trois générations en un jour ont péri.' These are a few among the list of victims in that one place.

Mesdames de Montagu and Lafayette, after their return to France, bought the spot, with the assistance of their friends, together with the ruins of an old monastery close by, where a convent of Perpetual Adoration was built, of which

there is a most vivid description in 'Les Misérables.' It is strange to compare Victor Hugo's history of its dismal austerities with the account of the comfort derived by the De Noailles family from the idea that 'ces saintes filles' are praying day and night before the 'Holy Sacrament' near the scene of these fearful atrocities. A chapel was also built there, which is more in harmony with our feeling, where the thirteen hundred names are inscribed on tablets round the choir, and a society of missionaries established near.

Madame de Lafayette escaped sharing the fate of her mother and sister by a few days only: she had been confined for above a month in the prison of Le Plessis (once a school, where her husband had been educated), which contributed its regular daily quota of twenty prisoners to the sixty required each day for execution, and where she expected her own summons almost hourly for fifty days. Even after the death of Robespierre had set her companions free, she was detained as the wife of a man who had betrayed his country. In vain the Minister of the United States interceded in her favour; she was kept in confinement through the whole of the severe winter, from '94 to '95, almost always without fire or comforts of any kind. The passionate political quarrels, the petty jealousies of the prisoners in each fresh gaol to which she was sent, were very distressing to her, but in every case she gained the hearts of those confined with her.

Her children had been left in Auvergne with an old aunt of Lafayette's, who narrowly escaped proscription. As their parents' property had all been confiscated, they were only provided for by the kindness of the people in the village, and were thus saved from being sent to a 'hospital for the poor,' with which the officers of the Republic threatened them. As soon as their mother was released, she determined, like the brave and devoted woman she was, to set forth with her two little girls in search of her husband, who had been transferred from one prison to another, and

from the hands of Prussia to those of Austria, while by a refinement of cruelty his family were not allowed to know where he was. Before starting, however, she resolved to secure the safety at least of her son, under the protection of the United States, and despatched him with his tutor to the care of his godfather, General Washington.

She then returned to Chavaniac, where her poor old aunt was now suffered to live. One comfort awaited her on the road. Her sister, the Marquise de Grammont, came out with her husband to meet her. They had no money for posting, and dangerous companions were to be found in the public carriages; they had therefore walked from their home in Franche-Comté to Paris, and finding her gone, had followed her, still on foot, back to Auvergne, where the delight of meeting is described by the children. A decree had been passed restoring the property of those who had been executed to their heirs, and part of the immense possessions of the Duchesse d'Ayen came to Madame de Lafayette. M. de Grammont assisted her with money and advice in arranging her affairs, and many were the journeys on foot to Paris which she had to undertake before these were settled, or she could obtain her passport for leaving France.

The permission was at length given her. It was only granted, however, for America, and she therefore embarked with her children at Dunkirk, in order to reach Germany through Hamburg, near which Madame de Montagu and several other branches of the family had taken refuge with an *émigré* aunt, the Comtesse de Tessé. They had begun by establishing themselves all together in Switzerland, but were soon compelled to leave this shelter, and had been driven from place to place, finding no rest for their feet, to Bruges, Brussels, and then to one town after another in Germany, as their enemies closed in upon them. At length Madame de Tessé hired a sort of farmhouse near Altona, where she collected her nieces and their children about her.

To fit this good lady to figure among the saints seems to have been difficult even for M. de Noailles; it appears from the second memoir that she 'was a philosopher, a Voltairian, *piquante*, gay, *vive*, absolutely without religion (as understood by them), but bearing her misfortunes with as much resolution as any of the party.' She is therefore called a 'figure originale.' She seems, however, to have possessed more common sense than many of her family, and had saved enough of her property to enable her to live comfortably, while she must have had a large heart to receive and provide for all the relations who required her help.

Madame de Montagu's delight at seeing her sister was almost painful in its excess; indeed, the execution and sufferings of so many of her nearest and dearest friends appear to have preyed upon her mind in her safe retreat far more than if she had been in danger herself. Madame de Lafayette could not, however, be persuaded to remain here amongst her friends. She set forth once more with her little girls to Vienna, to ask leave to shut herself up with her husband in the fortress of Olmütz, where she discovered him to be. His health had suffered severely by three years of rigorous captivity, and he was allowed neither books nor writing materials. Madame de Lafayette had been imprisoned in France as the 'wife of an abominable retrogradist;' the marquis was punished first by Prussia, and then by Austria, as 'an abominable revolutionist;' 'he was the man,' they said, 'who desired universal liberty, and his existence was incompatible with the security of the Governments of Europe.' Both extremes seemed resolved to show themselves in the worst colours. She obtained an audience of the emperor, who with some difficulty granted the gracious permission which she asked, upon condition, however, that she should share all Lafayette's privations. The account of the manner in which these high-born women, worn out by the sufferings they had undergone, were treated by the chivalrous Francis, always declaiming against the sins of

the Revolution, is almost incredible. Lafayette's crime consisted in having sought to reform the political and social abuses existing in France. The ladies were innocent even of this, but they were allowed neither decencies nor comforts; they were even deprived of knives and forks, and forced to tear their food with their fingers; and Madame de Lafayette describes the distress of her little girls when they were first introduced to these miseries of prison life, while their father tried to comfort them by telling them how he used to see the same done by the Iroquois Indians.

They were subjected to more cruel privations; the marquise was suffering from very painful abscesses in the side and legs, brought on by the rigour of her confinement in the Republican prisons, but she never was allowed an arm-chair to sit in; no servant, not even a woman to assist in cleaning the room, was permitted to them. The doctor could speak no French, she could only consult him in Latin, and always in the presence of an officer. When at length, after about a year, she applied for permission to go to Vienna for further advice, the emperor replied that she might leave Olmütz if she pleased, but that she must not return there.

Her dignified answer is given; she says that

> I owed it to my family to ask for the assistance which was necessary to my health, but the price which is put upon it cannot be accepted by me. I cannot forget that when we were apparently at the point of death, I by the tyranny of Robespierre, M. de Lafayette by the sufferings, both moral and physical, of his captivity [the antithesis was sufficiently bitter], it was not permitted to us to obtain any information concerning him, nor to inform him that we, his children and I, still existed. I will not expose myself again to the horror of another separation. Whatever, therefore, may be the state of my health, and the objections to such a residence for my daughters, we shall all three, &c.

Her state became very critical. Her sufferings were great, but not the smallest alleviation was granted her

during the following eleven months, which elapsed before they were set free. Still her patience and cheerfulness continued unabated. It considerably diminishes our sorrow for the present distress of Austria [1] to remember how she behaved in the days of her power. At length, upon the joint remonstrances of America, Germany, and England [2] (where Fox took up their cause very zealously), Lafayette was set at liberty in 1797, after five years' imprisonment. His family had been with him about two years.

Their passage through Germany was a continual triumph. The prisoners, who at first could hardly bear the open air, gradually recovered their strength, all but the poor mother, who could scarcely live through the fatigue of the journey. At length they reached the little colony at Witmold, near Altona, where the meeting with her family was almost beyond her strength. They all continued together under Madame de Tessé's wing for four or five years longer, till the return of order in France; and their cheerfulness, in spite of constant distress and anxiety, their enjoyment of whatever small pleasures their life afforded, is very remarkable. The tedium of their long suspense was relieved by the return of the young Lafayette from America, now grown to be a man, and by the marriage of his eldest sister to the brother of one of the marquis's companions in captivity; also by the conversion of some German Stolbergs from '*la bigoterie Protestante*,' which took place under the joint labours of the two sisters, and of which the memoirs are very proud. Both Adrienne and Pauline were ardent Catholics, and were always attacking 'the errors of Calvin and of heresy' wherever they went.

Madame de Montagu, saddened by the agonies of anxiety which she had endured during the previous years, seems never to have regained her spirits; her time was

[1] The battle of Sadowa had just been fought.

[2] In the second memoir the credit of the release, curiously enough, is given entirely to Bonaparte.

chiefly occupied with the '*Œuvre des Emigrés*,' as she called it—the support, namely, of about 40,000 French exiles, chiefly of the higher class, almost penniless, who were scattered all over Europe, and for whom she worked night and day. Although nearly destitute herself, she contrived by her wonderful exertions to secure employment for some, pensions for others, subscriptions and the sale of their little valuables for those whom she could not otherwise assist; and the amount of good which she accomplished is said to have been extraordinary.

In 1801 Madame de Lafayette went back to France to obtain, if possible, permission for the return of her husband. It was refused, but by his wife's advice he took advantage of the breaking out of the fresh Revolution of the 18 Brumaire, and arrived suddenly in Paris with a passport, which she had obtained for him under another name. The First Consul was extremely indignant, and threatened to send him back immediately to Holland. Madame de Lafayette, however, obtained an interview with the great man, and spoke in her husband's favour with such success that at last Bonaparte observed, 'Madame, I am charmed to have made your acquaintance. You are very clever, but you do not understand affairs.' The marquis, however, was allowed to remain at his wife's house of Lagrange till the legal end of his proscription.

Meantime, Monsieur and Madame de Montagu had been trying to obtain possession of their ancient domains; and it is curious to enter into the feelings of these unfortunate people, who had fled from France after losing half their relations on the scaffold, and returned to find everything belonging to them sold and destroyed, and contrast them with the state of mind of the peasants who had acquired the lands often in perfect good faith, as they had been sold by the Government of their country, the account of which is given so vividly in the 'Conscrit' and its sister volumes.

It is evident, however, that the feeling towards the old nobles was often of a very affectionate kind. Monsieur and Madame de Montagu were received in Auvergne with open arms, the people pressing round them and kissing the hem of Pauline's gown; while an old doctor, bent on restoring the family, went from house to house collecting the property which had been carried off, or bought in for next to nothing, and supplying the money to get it back from his own savings and the price of a vineyard belonging to his wife. On another estate the movables had been concealed and saved by the concierge and his family, and were restored on the arrival of the master. This, be it remembered, was not after the Restoration, but during the time of Napoleon, when nothing but obloquy was to be got by such demonstrations in favour of *ci-devants*.

The Montagu family after this period lived chiefly at Fontenay, a magnificent old fortress which came to them through the Duchesse d'Ayen from the Duc d'Epernon, in the principal tower of which the massacre of St. Bartholomew was said to have been arranged.

The Lafayettes inhabited Lagrange, a fine old castle surrounded by a moat, dating from the time of the Crusades, which in the division of her mother's property had fallen to Adrienne's share. Her health had been entirely broken by the privations which she had undergone, from which she never recovered, though she lived on for eight years,—a period to her of true and almost unbroken happiness, devoted as she was to her husband and children, and desiring nothing but to live for them. The '*ardente* Adrienne,' as her friends called her, was indeed a noble, tender, admirable woman, more liberal-minded than her sister Pauline, and far superior to the husband whom she worshipped so fondly. Although she was sometimes pained by his lack of Catholicism, 'she was a Fayettiste beyond all things,' and her aunt De Tessé used to laugh at 'her faith, which was,' she said, 'a mixture of the catechism and the Declara-

tion of Rights.' In the delirium of her last illness she 'uttered many things which had been always too sacred for her to speak of,' expressing that deep love of her husband which had been the passion of her life, and when almost in the act of dying, she turned to him and said, 'Je suis toute à vous ; je vous aime chrétiennement, mondainement, passionnément.'

A very pathetic letter written by her husband after her death, in 1808, describes how, 'during the thirty-four years of a union where her goodness, her tenderness, her high-minded delicacy and generosity of feeling charmed, brightened, and honoured my life, she was so one with me that I could not distinguish my own separate existence. She was only fourteen and I sixteen when she became wrapped up with all my interests. I thought I loved her dearly, and knew how much she was to me ; but it is only in losing her that I find out how little there is left of me.'

Madame de Montagu lived for above twenty years after her sister, but she retired almost entirely from the world and devoted herself to good works ; 'the sorrows and sufferings of her early years had made her feel for others,' and her piety, her faith, her virtues, fill the last chapters of her memoir ; while her 'knowledge of the Bible, which was as familiar to her as to a Lutheran minister' (no great compliment to the priests), is curiously commended. She died in 1833, and in the account of her last years the Restoration, the return from Elba, the Second Restoration, the Revolution of 1830, pass before us like shadows.

The days of the Revolution seem to us so far removed that it is sometimes difficult to remember how many of the men and women belonging to that old world lived on and worked in our own time. The Marquis de Lafayette,[1] among the foremost in 1780, was, as is well known, again brought forward in the Revolution of 1830, when he was

[1] The funeral of Victor Hugo, June 1, 1885, is spoken of as 'the first really national one since that of Lafayette.'

one of the principal agents in placing Louis Philippe on the throne; while the Marquis de Grammont, whom we find defending poor Louis XVI. at the peril of his life during the massacre of the Swiss Guards in '92, appears as a Député of the Saône as late as 1841, under the parliamentary *régime*. His property in Franche-Comté was never confiscated, and he and his wife, the youngest of the sisters, had contrived to live there undisturbed all through the different stages of the Revolution. 'Villarsexel,' as Madame de Montagu describes it somewhat in the Hôtel de Rambouillet style, was 'the Kingdom of Virtue and Capital of Peace, where reign comfort, simplicity, harmony, love of duty, and the desire of right.' Here the 'Sainte Rosalie,' last of the family, died, aged eighty-five, in 1853, having lived in the same château for sixty-seven years, 'loved by everyone—the poor belonged all to her family.'

The constant and tender friendship which continued unbroken in the family and its connections, in spite of the extreme diversity of their political opinions, is very touching. The Duc d'Ayen (de Noailles) was strongly Royalist; one son-in-law, the Vicomte de Noailles, was an ultra-Republican; after serving in America under Washington, he was killed in a successful attempt to take a sloop from the English by a rather ignoble stratagem, while the glee with which this is related sounds strange, when one remembers the blood and treasure poured forth by England in the Bourbon cause, which the memoir is intended to advocate. The Marquis de Montagu and his father were fighting on the same side as the English, against their own country; the young Alexis de Noailles, one of the three children whom their mother had gazed at so fondly from the windows of her prison, was killed fighting gallantly at the head of his troop of horse under Napoleon, at the battle of Beresina; the Lafayettes belonged to what may be called the Constitutional party; the De Grammonts were moderate Royalists, while the Vicomte de Beaune was a fierce old

aristocrat of the *ancien régime*; but in spite of this variety they preserved their affection for each other throughout.

It speaks well for a class when so large a number of men and women, connected with one family, show such an amount of self-sacrifice and devotion to what each considered (though from very opposite points of view) the service of God and man.

That among the French *noblesse* of that period there was much selfishness, frivolity, and tyranny, there can be no doubt; but there was to be found amongst them a very large minority of high-minded, noble, and generous men, 'who had a perfect passion of self-sacrifice,' says De Lavergne. 'The reforming party might, indeed, be fewest in number, but the most considerable men by birth belonged to it, and the majority of the clergy, including the more important of the bishops, went with the *Tiers Etat*. This radical revolution was headed by two nobles, Mirabeau and Lafayette, and two priests, Sieyès and Talleyrand.'

'In those days,' as someone has said elsewhere, 'men lived for an opinion, quarrelled, fought, sold their life's blood, the best treasures of their intellect, the best years of their life for it.' It was no languid assent to the truth of an idea appreciated by the intellect which they gave, but an ardent passion which they thought worth living and dying for.

It may be doubted whether France has gained much by putting her destiny into the hands of clever adventurers, jobbers in the funds, generals without occupation, and ministers without characters to lose; men in haste to get rich, and, knowing that their term of power is short, utterly unscrupulous as to the means—the De Mornys, Pélissiers, and the like. There are at least some kinds of crime from which a certain stake of position and class opinion may be said to withhold even unscrupulous men. Moreover, De Tocqueville has declared in a most striking passage that societies in which the aristocracy have been

destroyed are precisely those which seem to have the greatest difficulty in escaping absolute government. 'Men,' he says, 'being no longer bound together by any tie of caste, class, corporation, or family, are but too much inclined to care only for themselves and their own interests, and to retire into a narrow individualism where all public virtue is stifled. The desire to grow rich at whatever price, the love of gain and of material enjoyments, become the common passion.' He complains that 'the great virtues which I so often find among our fathers, and which are the most necessary for us—a true spirit of independence, a love of great objects, the faith in ourselves and in a cause—we can hardly now be said to possess.' 'I am accused,' he ends, 'of a very untimely taste for liberty, which I am assured that no one cares for any longer in France.'

It is far too sweeping a condemnation to say, with De Lavergne, that 'no one has gained by the Revolution—everyone has lost by it;' but even an advanced Liberal may be tempted to feel that a convulsion which shook every institution, social and political, in France to its centre, has perhaps produced the smallest amount possible of good compared with the sufferings which it entailed upon all classes for so many years. The frightful abuses of the *ancien régime* have, indeed, been swept away, but so much that is valuable has been lost in the process, that the nation may be said to have paid very dearly for their destruction.

BUNSEN AND HIS WIFE.[1]

THE death of the Baronne de Bunsen, aged eighty-five, which has lately taken place at Carlsruhe, should revive the interest in her memoir of her husband, which will long be remembered as one of the best books of its kind.

Hers was the appreciative, not the original mind, and she almost carried out the ideal in 'The Princess,'

> She set herself to man,
> As perfect music unto noble words.

She was one with her husband in thought and feeling, tastes and actions; she enabled him to carry out his objects by her sympathy and by her active co-operation; she took upon herself the vexing petty cares of life, and left him free to follow out his political and literary career. Yet she was no mere 'housewife,' but shared all the best part of his mind upon all occasions. How much real intellectual power, good sense, and insight into character she possessed, may be seen in the two large, thick volumes, wherein, with a tender reverence for her husband, in whose life her own was so completely merged, she made his character known to a circle far wider than even that in which he moved during his lifetime.

The book is peculiarly interesting to us as the story of one who, though a stranger in the land, and preserving his own individuality quite unbroken, yet identified himself

[1] *Contemporary Review*, 1876.

with the best of English life in a manner which no other foreigner has ever done before or since.

Our pride of race, the supercilious habit of looking down on all other nations, as our inferiors in religion and politics—our shyness, exclusiveness, and insularity—our want of facility in other languages—combine to make a barrier into real English society which hardly any outsider from other lands finds it possible to pass. And although this must be the case more or less in every country, so that of the thousands who traverse Europe to and fro, the number of men and women in each generation might almost be counted on one's fingers who have become really intimate with the French, German, or Italian upper class, yet in England the difficulty created by the want of a common language makes the bar far greater than elsewhere. As Lord Houghton once said in a paper upon education, scarcely any English *man* speaks even French sufficiently well to enjoy talking it, and other tongues are still stranger to his lips. It was the accident of Baron Bunsen having married an Englishwoman, and using her speech as fluently as his own, which first opened the door for him into that jealously-kept sanctuary of English social life, which his sympathy with the nation improved to the utmost. It is this which makes the book so valuable—to see ourselves as others see us; not through the eyes of what we might call 'an insolent Frenchman' or 'a dogmatic German,' whom we could comfortably put aside with the feeling that 'he does not understand us,' but by one who touched all things as if he loved us, with a general sympathetic reverence for all that was good, and a very kind tenderness even for our faults, which make his strictures tell home.

Bunsen's was a curious life of failure in the objects upon which he had set his heart. The gods shaped his ends to entirely contrary courses to those which he had rough-hewn for himself. He abhorred diplomacy, and his life was to be spent in little else. He preferred the

learned leisure of a literary and artistic career, and he was condemned to the rush of London society as part of the duties of his position. He had a tender affection for his own country, yet during his lifetime he was almost singularly without influence in Germany, except through the personal friendship of the king, while he caused Prussia to be respected among nations in a manner which none of her internal arrangements before Sadowa and Sedan could have effected. He was not a great diplomatist, yet no ambassador ever before took such a position in England—he was anything but a great writer, yet he had more influence on his generation than many who were both, by sheer force of straightforward honesty in thought and action, true love of God and man, and sympathy with what was highest in thought and feeling wherever he went. It is to the honour of the world that he should have been so successful, for he had none of the adjuncts which generally raise men to fortune—nothing but excellence, talent, and enormous industry.

He belonged, and prided himself on the fact, 'to the kernel of the German nation, the cultivated and cultivating class of society;' and the record of the self-denial exercised by him and his parents in their poverty, and the sacrifices required to obtain the education which was like bread and meat to him, are exceedingly touching. At length, however, he obtained work at the Göttingen University, which enabled him to live independently while he pursued his own studies without interruption.

The 'statement of his plan of intellectual work,' laid before Niebuhr when he was only twenty-four, takes one s breath away by its extent and the enormous labour which it contemplated as possible. He 'determines to combine three forms of contemplation, in order to interpret the problems of human knowledge, *i.e.* philology, to arrange and treat individual historical facts; history, to discover their connection from their earliest development; and philosophy,

to establish the principles by which philology and history investigate facts and laws of development, and mediate between fact and ideal conception,' whatever this last may mean.

He wishes to 'acquire the whole treasure of language in order to complete his favourite linguistic theories,' to show the historical connection of German and Scandinavian heathenism with the East ('a study especially interesting as showing the history of nations'), and desires 'to bring the language and spirit of the solemn East into communion with the European mind.'

To accomplish this gigantic plan he went to Paris to study Persian, intending to follow it up with Sanskrit; while in order to acquire the more modern languages of India, he proposed to spend three years at Calcutta. The material part of his scheme he hoped to carry out by joining an 'Oriental journey of linguistic research,' which he trusted, under the auspices of Niebuhr, would be sent out by the Prussian Government. Meantime he earned money to support himself by teaching; undertook to accompany a young American on his travels, and even went as far as Florence with a young Englishman; but both plans dropped through, and at length he set forth on his own resources to meet Niebuhr, the ambassador at Rome, and his old friend Brandis, secretary of legation, through whom he hoped to obtain some opening for work. His enjoyment of the new life is delightful even to read of. The art, the antiquities, the climate, the exquisite beauty, the leisure for study (for teaching evidently bored him infinitely), the congenial society, all filled him with rapture. 'There is but one Rome and one Niebuhr,' says he. He plunges into a whole polyglot of reading: Plato, Firdusi, the Koran, Dante, Isaiah, the Eddas, all in their own tongues. A different influence, however, was at hand, more charming than Firdusi, more interesting even than the Eddas. He falls in with an English family with three

daughters; and very soon is found declaring he had 'always thought that his old love, his plan of study and travel, would have prevented the devoting of his whole heart and being to another and human bride.' Woman, however, was stronger than learning and carried the day.

The courtship was short, but they had ample means of becoming really acquainted with each other's characters and tastes, in the easy, pleasant intercourse of Rome, and during their visits to all the great objects of interest, where the learned young German was an invaluable companion. The natural objections against a marriage where the bride-groom was absolutely penniless were great, but Niebuhr promised his assistance, and declared that Bunsen was certain to succeed in life; and the young couple were married in June 1817.

Then comes a paradisaical interlude at an 'exquisite villa at Frascati,' 'the terrace of which looks down over vineyards, fields of maize, olives, fig-trees, and a long avenue of cypresses and pines.' From the balcony of his room they 'can see the Mediterranean in the distance, the beautiful Sabine mountains to the right, forming a semi-circle round that end of the plain, and Rome in the centre. Springing fountains rise out of marble basins in the garden, most refreshing in this hot weather (July), pots of myrtles and flowers, blue skies,' 'all fair sights and sounds' are about them. Here he added to his other interests a study of the Bible with his wife, but felt a little uneasy in the midst of his happiness at the thought of what his friends would say to his giving up India; still after all, he reflects, 'it was only a means to an end,' and he 'hopes without misgiving to accomplish what is necessary' in other ways. In October they returned to Rome, and established themselves in a suite of great, bare, half-furnished rooms in the Palazzo Caffarelli, on the Tarpeian rock; where once Charles V. was said to have been lodged. 'The prospect has not its equal for beauty and interest, extending all

over the city of Rome; the Forum on one side, the Capitol behind; but it is little known, as the Romans are too lazy to climb the hill on which it stands.'

Here they passed the next twenty-two years—a delightful life, combining more elements of a rational and useful career, with the satisfaction of both their tastes for art and beauty and knowledge, than often falls to the lot of men. In this prosaic world, however, food and clothing must somehow be supplied, and, in spite of his extreme reluctance, he was gradually drawn by this necessity into the diplomatic career. During the illness of Brandis he undertook the post of secretary of legation, 'but I would on no account remain in the diplomatic career,' he still says. 'I detest that course of life too much, and only look on it as a means of becoming independent. The commonplace life of public business is so pitiful compared to a course of philosophical and literary labours.' He 'wishes to be a professor,' he writes again and again. It was another curious instance of how his own plans for life were overthrown. Step by step he became entangled in diplomatic business, the charm of the society of the chief, Niebuhr, seeming to have had a great share in determining his final resolution, as he constantly alludes in his letters to the kindness of the great man, and his delightful intercourse with him. He continued to read and write on every conceivable subject, and soon undertook to prepare a joint description of Rome with Niebuhr, 'he for the ancient, I for the modern part, especially an essay on ancient Christian churches,' as the history of the Basilicas was peculiarly interesting to him; while he found time for trifles, such as the 'Athenian law of inheritance.'

The wealth of antiquarian interest in Rome, ever new, ever suggestive, was to him a never-failing delight. 'I have hardly known a day ever since we have lived here when something has not been discovered, or some curious question cleared up,' he once said. The labour, however,

of preparing his share of the Roman work was great, from his extreme conscientiousness and desire for accuracy, while the time had to be taken from his short intervals of rest from diplomatic work.

There follows a visit to Niebuhr at Tivoli, where he and his wife remained for some time, 'the happiest in his life.' He rejoices that 'Fanny should really become intimate with the simplicity of greatness and inexhaustible animation of their host, his interest in all that is good, true, learned, and wise; the richness and charm of his conversation, which commanded every subject, and the high-minded absence of everything trivial.' 'His great personal kindness to Fanny and me' is continually alluded to.

Then follows a whole encyclopædia of subjects which they discussed together. They had been talking of the Athenian orators.

I begin to understand the justness of Niebuhr's democratic tendency with respect to Athens, which formerly seemed to me to do wrong to Plato and others. When one becomes better acquainted with the insolence and cruelty of the aristocracy of Athens, there seems to have been no alternative between a democracy such as Demosthenes desired and the acceptance of Alcibiades as *tyrant*.

Niebuhr has given me authentic data showing how little Malthus' facts concerning the proportionate increase of population and production really prove. Neither Germany, Sweden, Denmark, Italy, nor France is nearly so populous now as in the middle ages, some parts of Germany not even so much so as before the Thirty Years' War. This is caused by the prevalence of epidemical disorders even more than by wars. Another series of facts regards the rates of increase of population to extent of country and the moral state of society at the time.

He winds up with finding out that the deeper he goes into history and politics the more he feels that he must visit England to inquire, investigate, and observe.

He begins to put aside the study of language for a time: 'all separation between knowledge and action is

unsound and enfeebling; one must learn what exists, what may be done, how best by system and principle this can be carried out; and then, each according to his ability, to strive to accomplish it;' and this may truly be said to have been his aim through life – to strive by every means in his power to find out what was true, and then earnestly attempt to put it in practice. 'Later,' he says, 'comes a life and time for contemplation, and the inquiry into the past returns with new force.'

His life gave him one great advantage: by dwelling so much in foreign lands, and with men of such various nationalities, he was freed from that 'belief in conventionalities,' that 'pedantry in raising things external to the rank of duties,' that 'almost religious strictness in the observation of forms,' which men, and still more often women, who live in a set, so often fall into, and which sometimes vexed his soul, particularly among the English.

'We live,' he writes to his sister, 'almost entirely out of what is called the world. Sunday and Monday evenings we read the Bible with the Prussian chaplain, on Thursday Niebuhr receives, Monday we meet for singing of old church music.'

His interest in music continued to be strong throughout his life; at first he only cared for it when accompanied by words. Art, indeed, at this time was interesting to him only as expressing thoughts and feelings, the technical part was of little worth to him, and his shortsightedness prevented much of the pleasure afforded by pictures and architecture. But later on he has found out that 'music possesses the high privilege of showing how much there is, intensely affecting the human soul, that thought cannot grasp nor language utter.' A palimpsest MS. on music, which had been found at Pompeii, sets him on studying the whole subject in ancient and modern times, with a special view to the reformation of hymns in Germany 'as the first step to a revival of Christian worship.' He was

much assisted in these studies by the Papal choir, whom he persuaded to come (a very rare favour), and sing at his house, chiefly selections from Palestrina for four voices.

The 'canto fermo' or plain chant was imposed by a special law of the Council of Trent on the private chapel of the Pope as the only style suitable to the solemnity of the Papal presence. This was the basis of the music of Palestrina and Allegri, and was founded on the scanty fragments of the musical system of the ancient Greeks, which have been handed down to us.

He was delighted with a litany to the Virgin, sung on the eve of her festivals by the Roman peasants in the Piazza Madama, and dating from the tenth century, the only one remaining of a class of popular devotional musical exercises which had been broken up by the French occupation at the time of the Revolution.

He then undertook the examination of above 2,000 hymns, and selected 150 'as a step towards a common form of Christian worship,' 'a plan which Luther had pointed out, but did not execute.' In his comparison of different liturgies, he says—

The English is constructed from a grand point of view, adapted with much wisdom to the wants of the people at the period it was put together, and represents Christian worship far more thoroughly than anything I have seen in Germany, Holland, or Denmark.

He wished to 'make the historical treatment of the conception of the Lord's Supper the principal work of his life in future years:' 'the spiritual priesthood of all Christians, the true idea of self-sacrifice, the continuous spiritual giving of thanks which became afterwards the sacrifice of the mass.' One of the great pleasures of this period (1821) to Bunsen and his wife 'consisted in the study of the creations of Thorwaldsen's genius;' they found him one day in the act of finishing the statue of Mercury, 'and he told how a sitting figure in perfect repose, but on the point of action, had occurred to him as an admirable sub-

ject, and that he had just hit upon an idea to furnish it with meaning—'Mercury having lulled Argus to sleep, and grasping his sword; about to strike him, but watching lest the hundred eyes should open again.' He had lately finished his colossal statue of Christ for Copenhagen, and said he feared he must have reached his best and be about to decline, for 'I have never before been satisfied with any of my works; I *am* satisfied with this, so I must be on the road to decay.'

A fatal Roman fever broke in on the happy family life: they lost their eldest little girl at Albano, and there is a touching account of Niebuhr's extreme tenderness for them in their grief; both father and mother caught the disorder, and Bunsen suffered long and acutely.

In the winter of 1822 the King of Prussia and his two sons arrived in Rome, and Bunsen was deputed by Niebuhr to 'explain Rome' to them. This was his first acquaintance with the prince, afterwards King Frederic William, who returned alone in the following year, and whose friendship with Bunsen continued unbroken to the end of his life.

Through the great rooms of the Palazzo Caffarelli now passed all who were worth knowing of every nationality, and the catalogue itself is almost a history of the time. Dr. Arnold, Stein ('whom he felt to be his king'), Lord Sandon, Lord Dudley Stuart, Pusey, the Chevalier Neukomm, nominally *maître de chapelle* to Talleyrand, who hated music but liked his company; the Duc de Luynes, with his knowledge of antiquities; Thirlwall, and later, Gladstone—men who had no time at home to enjoy themselves, but were only too happy to study Rome in company with one so willing and able to communicate knowledge pleasantly as Bunsen.

'Lord Colchester has arrived in a most disconsolate state of mind, declaring that the English constitution would not last sixty years longer;' 'indeed the times we live in,' says

Bunsen himself, in a letter of 1821, 'are most unsatisfactory; men's minds are unfixed, lost in self-interest, sentimentality, and self-contemplation.' Niebuhr, as he grew older, had lost his love for republics, unless at the distance of 2,000 years. He had become more conservative and French in his ideas, while Bunsen was gradually drawing nearer to England, which he now hoped to visit. Instead of this, when at length Niebuhr threw up his post as Minister in 1823, Bunsen, much against his own wishes, agreed to remain till a new Minister arrived, 'but only till then. What can I expect here but splendid poverty? receiving thousands only to expend the money on outward appearances and honour.' 'I have ambition, but it must be satisfied in the honour of my own choice. A man should so love his profession as to accept with indifference all events proceeding from it.'

The burning of the magnificent church of San Paolo fuori le Mura, with its mosaics of the ninth century, which Bunsen had greatly delighted in—'its beams of cedar of Lebanon above a thousand years old, and the columns of violet marble taken from the mausoleum of Hadrian'—'was an event, even in the eventful year 1823.' The old Pope, Pius VII., was dying at the time, and a strange account is given of the funeral, 'according to long fixed custom,' showing the sort of sentiment which had been inspired by the Pontiffs beforetime among their people:—

> His remains lay in state, first at the Quirinal, and then at St. Peter's, where they were taken by night, not with chanting and a great attendance of clergy, but with troops, pieces of artillery and ammunition-waggons, and no light but straggling torches in the narrow streets, where the moonlight could not penetrate—these precautions dating from the times when they were necessary to defend the corpse of the pope from being attacked by the populace. At the funeral of Paul IV., a Caraffa, a band of the people, having failed in their attempt to attack the remains, knocked off the head of one of his statues, and after parading it about the streets, threw it into the Tiber.

Then followed the election of the new Pope, the cardinals walking in procession to the conclave in the Palace of the Quirinal, preceded by the attendants who were to be shut in with them, and the singers performing the 'Veni, Creator Spiritus.' The votes of the cardinals were collected by ballot twice a day and burned at once, till the requisite majority was obtained. The small thread of smoke was carefully watched by a crowd of idlers, to know whether the end was come. The pasquinades, the rumours 'containing an acrid venom which caused it to be supposed they were concocted chiefly by the lower clergy,' are mentioned, with many curious details which we may see repeated in our own day —the nominees of the three Catholic Powers being at last all quietly put aside by the Italian majority of cardinals, when an Italian bishop, Leo XII., was selected.

The new Pope was carried with the accustomed state to St. Peter's, 'and actually seated on the high altar to be adored,' the literal expression used. The Russian Minister was much scandalised, and said, 'Je suis schismatique, et je n'ai pas le droit de juger des affaires Catholiques, mais ce qui me paraît étrange c'est que le Pape ait posé le séant là où l'on place le Seigneur.'

Not long after this period Bunsen was made Prussian Minister, a post which he accepted with many qualms, and the fatigue of which was much increased by having for some time no one to help him but his wife in the clerical work of the legation. He much felt, too, the want of the rest of Sunday, 'an institution which does not exist at Rome.'

His position seems to have been complicated by the jealousy of him and his influence over the King which was felt at Berlin; his trusty Fanny complains more than once of the 'misapprehension of that truly German heart in his own country.' He admits however, himself, after one of his visits to Germany, that 'the conception of one's own country becomes more and more ideal in absence, and finally untrue to fact.' He was shortly after summoned to Berlin,

where his visit was, nevertheless, a success. The King was very gracious, showed much interest in the antiquarian discoveries made at Rome, and discussed at great length, and after Bunsen's own heart, 'the best kind of public worship and the right ideal of a Christian State.' He remained away six months, and the honour done to him in his own land rejoiced his wife's inmost heart, when he returned to his post evidently much refreshed. His affection for Rome was deep—'It would indeed be hard to me to leave the metropolis of the world; and all other towns are villages and *parvenues* compared with this queen of the earth.'

There is a page or two at this point which evidently intimate a great deal of inconvenience and even suffering to Madame de Bunsen herself, but very gently hinted at. Bunsen brought his sister from Germany to live with them; she was thoroughly uncongenial in every way, and the seven and a half weary years that she spent with the family were indeed 'one long mistake.'

Again comes the record of the hosts of interesting people from all countries who appeared in his *salons*: 'Lord and Lady Hastings, returning from their regal position in India; Champollion and his hieroglyphics; Madame Récamier, with the old charm lingering about her; Count Montmorenci, one of the most constant of her adorers; Cardinal Cappacini, then a Minister of the Pope's,' a pleasant, lively old man, who was fond of telling how he had been sent to England at the time of the peace, and had positively given the Pope's health at a public dinner, which was received very well, such was the general good humour. 'Everything,' he said, 'was charming in England, except those black birds that fly about the high trees'—the rooks. Mendelssohn, then only a lad of twenty, is described as one of the 'most amiable and attaching of human beings,' deep at that time in the study of chorale music. 'The rare charm of his mind and character is shown in

his letters,' and Bunsen's feeling towards 'one so bright and pure was as to a son.'

Each winter has its glimpses of pleasant society—in 1828, Thirlwall, St. Aulaire, Dr. Arnold. Chateaubriand had just arrived as French ambassador, and Bunsen complains of his 'uneasy vanity, wrapped up in himself and in the desire of producing an effect.' 'One evening in his own house, and in a room full of guests, he stood for some time, rapt, with his eyes fixed on the ceiling.'

It was perhaps with some of the same feeling that he once observed to Bunsen (it was at the funeral of Leo XII.) 'that as regarded Catholic emancipation in England, although he rejoiced at it for the sake of human nature, he regretted it as a Catholic, since it would do harm to the Church!'

The times were full of anxiety to Bunsen:

> This age [he says] is one of relaxation and lukewarmness, and yet what great things are demanded of it. The events are great and the men are small, the fermentation of change goes on—prejudice on one side, narrow-mindedness on the other; one striving to stave up the crumbling past with unsound props, the other to build anew without foundations.
>
> You think [he writes to Dr. Arnold on the Reform agitation in England] that the principle of power, according to the majority of a population, is fraught with evil.

The French Revolution of 1830 had a strange effect upon Niebuhr. He was in a fever of alarm, and seems to have thought that all Europe would shortly be in flames. He was furious with England for entertaining friendly relations with France, and talked of 'the alliance of the Tiger and the Shark.' He died the following year, having almost received his death-blow from his extreme agitation.

The household at Palazzo Caffarelli was to him, however, to the last a source of great pleasure. In a long and affectionate letter to him, Bunsen says:

My position is all that I could wish, more advantageous than I ever could have expected. To remain in the Capitol is essential to my happiness. . . . Our happy condition is owing to you, and our thoughts turn naturally to you as its author.

'Nothing can replace Niebuhr to me,' he declares fervently after his death. In 1833 Walter Scott is mentioned among their guests; Augustus and Julius Hare, Tourguéneff, and the Grande Duchesse Stephanie, daughter of Hortense Beauharnais, one of the few relics then left of the Napoleonic dynasties.

In the same year he made an expedition with his wife and children to see the Etruscan tombs near Veii, which had just been discovered, and which interested him extremely. On one occasion at Corneto when an opening was made in the brickwork, the first who looked in 'saw for a moment a figure in full armour, lying on a bier; but as the outward air entered, it vanished with a crackling noise, and nothing remained but a heap of oxidized metal round the bones.'

He strove, and successfully, to keep up all his old interests, but 'life is an art; to carry on public business without giving up study.' 'Power is one among the means of success, but only the use of the right means has a blessing on it.'

In 1834 he is receiving Lord Ashley (Lord Shaftesbury) and hearing much concerning schools, and is reading Newman's 'Arians.' 'Oh heavens! what a book!' he ejaculates, and even then complains of 'the dreadful hankering after papism' of the great convert of the future.

Very tedious negotiations were going on at this time between Prussia and Rome on the subject of mixed marriages, and the forced attendance of Catholic soldiers at Protestant worship, a piece of intolerance which Bunsen only persuaded the King to give up by a *coup de main*.

Towards the end of the following year the cholera broke out at Rome, and Madame de Bunsen's description of the

utter disorganisation of society under the terror of it, the extreme barbarism of the 'chosen people,' their ignorance and cruelty amounting to barbarity, and the low state of feeling at the heart of Christendom is extremely curious. There was almost an insurrection to prevent hospitals from being established. Everyone, as long as he was not attacked himself, 'considered every cholera patient as an excommunicated being,' and it mattered not what became of him. Twelve thousand people died of it. The rumours of poisoning were as rife as in the middle ages, and wretched people accused of the crime were assassinated in the streets. An English teacher was pursued and killed after receiving eleven stabs from poniards, while the Pope shut himself up in the Quirinal, and refused to allow his own physician to attend any cholera patients for fear of infection to himself.

In 1837 a visit to England was arranged, and Bunsen's enthusiasm at the idea is pleasant to read. 'I can scarcely master the storm of feeling in thinking I am on the direct road to my Ithaca, my island fatherland, the bulwark of religion and of civil liberty.'

His time with us was a great success; he was received at once as an old friend, and at once entered into the enjoyment of all that was best among us as by right. It is curious to mark the level to which the tide of thought had then reached. Arnold's interpretation of prophecy, 'that the writer is not a mechanical instrument in the hands of the Spirit,' seems to have created much opposition. Pritchard's book upon races was another bone of contention.

One of Madame de Bunsen's sisters was married to Lord Llanover in Wales, and to their house Bunsen, in company with Lepsius, went down to give the prize for the best Welsh essay at a grand Eistedfodd, then a novelty and an event.

He saw a great deal of Gladstone at this time (1838), and calls him 'the first man in England as to intellectual

power. He has heard higher tones than any one else in this island. His book' (which he does not like) 'is far above his party and his time, but he walks sadly in the trammels of his Oxford friends in some points.' Amidst his many other changes of thought, it may probably still be said how much his Oxford training clings to Gladstone, whether for good or evil.

In the busiest seasons Bunsen never gave up the thread of his family life, and shared his day's work as much as possible with them. His daily Scripture reading, ushered in by one of his beloved hymns, always began the day, and one of his many touching tributes to his wife as to her share in their past and present was written in this year. 'The load of our earthly toil has increased upon us, and its principal weight is thrown upon your shoulders.' '*You* are turning singly and alone the heavy wheel of life's daily work, while I have been refreshed by nature, art, and the study of human nature.' But when working with and for him no load seemed heavy to her.

He was much struck with the power of the elevating and buoyant atmosphere of English domestic and public life, although 'the deficiency of the method of handling ideas in this blessed island' is sad in his eyes.

'The great national existence, such as the English people alone have at this present time, is grand and elevating of itself. The power of thought belongs to us (the Germans) in this day of the world's history. . . .' There is a regret in the ring of the passage for the political state of his own country. He attended the opening of Parliament, and was 'more and more struck by the great position of a Minister in England. I heard Lord John Russell speak,' and felt 'that here man was in his highest place, defending the interests of humanity with the wonderful power of speech.' 'Had I been born in England, I had rather be dead than not sit and speak among them!' He breakfasts at Sir Robert Inglis's, meeting Sandon (Lord

Harrowby) 'with the old good face,' Arnold, and Lord Mahon, and another day Gladstone. 'This man's humility and modesty makes me ashamed,' he adds. The little touches of character are very interesting. At a breakfast at Mr. Hallam's he sits between the host and Macaulay, 'who was evidently writing the article in the "Edinburgh" on Gladstone's book; he spoke with all the power of his mind (or rather *esprit*) on the subject. He is the Demosthenes and Cicero of the Whigs.' Lord Mahon, Kemble, Empson (of the 'Edinburgh') and Philip Pusey were there, the conversation very lively and instructive. They said that O'Connell cannot be eloquent unless greeted by cheers from the opposite side; he is heard now in silence, and becomes weary and tiresome. Then comes a literary breakfast at 'Milnes',' another at Bishop Stanley's and a lecture of Carlyle's. He goes from a meeting at Crosby Hall, where he sees 'his favourite saint, Mrs. Fry,' to a dinner, where he meets Dr. Pusey, 'whose feeling against the Low Church and Calvinism is almost passion.'

A sermon from Maurice at Gray's Inn impresses him exceedingly. 'He does not read the prayers, but prays them with an intensity of seriousness which would make it hard not to pray with him.' The remembrance of a bit of what now may be called almost fossil bigotry is revived when he relates how 'Buckland is persecuted for asserting that fossil beasts and reptiles were pre-Adamite. "What open infidelity! Did not death come into the world on account of Adam's sin?"'

His delight in the great oratorios at Exeter Hall is extreme. 'Only in England is the Handelian tradition in real existence.'

He was amused and interested by the scene at Oxford, when he received an honorary degree, and met many of his friends, Arnold among others, whose health gave him much uneasiness. 'He will sink, I fear, under his work; he ought to be given a deanery; there are no such professorships

where he could take refuge as in Germany.' But Arnold's day of recognition did not really come until after his death, and after his life had been explained to the world by his younger friend, in that singularly beautiful memoir which has already become almost a classic in English literature.

Bunsen's brilliant visit, however, to England soon came to an end, and in 1840 he was sent as envoy to Switzerland.

He passed through Paris on his way, 'an intellectual oasis in that Gallic desert,' as he calls it; saw Bournouf, and had much talk on Egypt, and was afterwards occupied in his retreat at Berne with 'trying to reconcile Egyptian, Babylonish, and Judaic chronology.'

Again he visited Berlin, and found the King most friendly; but his clear-sighted wife observes 'how Bunsen's sanguine nature hoped for different results from him than were possible indeed from kings.'

'Be not chilled by the coldness of those about you,' he says, in a letter written at this time; 'the perseverance of love and patience together' brings about great results.

A visit to Falk of Weimar, who had adopted a number of orphans deserted in the great war, interested him much. The widespread misery of that period had struck him even so long after it was over as 1840.

At length he was sent on the mission to England, and the pleasure of their return there to remain permanently was great to both husband and wife. He immediately assumed a place among us which no other ambassador had ever here obtained, living habitually with the best minds which England at the time possessed. His sympathies were singularly catholic; there were so many sides to his mind, that he had points of contact with the greatest possible variety of men, while he saw the best side of all. Perhaps Arnold, Julius Hare, and Whately might be said to be those with whom, however, he most

truly fraternised; indeed the four were sometimes accused of living too much 'in a mutual admiration society.'

It almost takes one's breath away only to read the list of occupations which had to be crowded into every day—the letters, the politics, the receptions, the diplomatic work, the social engagements, the philanthropic interests in which he joined—and amidst all this the constancy with which he always contrived to steal time for his literary pursuits—the amount of his daily reading, and the intercourse with literary men, to which, as to his old love, he always returned with unfailing zest. To the end of his life he was ever essentially a learner, with a youthful interest in knowledge, a power of acquiring, undaunted and unslacked by the pressure of work which sometimes became too heavy for even his strength.

He enjoyed to the utmost that full tide of life—social, political, scientific, and literary—which can only be found to perfection in London or Paris, and which he missed acutely afterwards in 'the slack water' of Heidelberg and Bonn. Occasionally, however, he speaks bitterly of 'the conflicting currents, disturbances, and interruptions of his outward calling and the convictions of the inner man.'

> I seek to preserve peace and unity and remove dissatisfaction here, and then I learn daily much in this country of life itself. Therein consists English greatness. In art and science we, the Germans have the advantage—the true poetry and philosophy of England is in life, and not in the abstract consciousness of that life.

His interest turned ever towards theological subjects, 'the period between Origen and Luther,' when the hierarchical system was established. The 'new birth' which he expects 'is slow and difficult, the new Reformation which the world wants everywhere. We Germans alone can give the formula of the new consciousness of Christianity:' 'a universal priesthood, instead of an exclusive

order, is what we may hope for in the future; works of love instead of professions of faith, a belief in a God within us, *i.e.* Christ, with such awe and humility as can alone preserve Him to our souls.'

As time went on he was painfully struck with 'the religious state of England, the inward disease, fearful hollowness, spiritual death of the philosophical and theological forms of the nation;' the manner in which the 'outward forms no longer expressed the inward emotion.'

The German nation has neglected and sacrificed all political, individual existence and common freedom, to pursue in faith the search after truth. In England the political life has eaten out the other.

Plato says, that seven years of silent inquiry are needful for a man to know the truth, but fourteen in order to learn how to make it known to his fellow-man, [a proportion he does not find observed !]

The direction of the Church of England since 1843 [seemed to him] to have been erroneous, the hierarchical tendency now prevailing cannot hold. I more and more feel it to be an axiom, that Christology, as taught by the Churches, cannot be brought into union with the right interpretation of Scripture, the historical views, speculative thought, and moral consciousness of the time we live in.

Why should we be impeded by the falsely so-called Apostles' Creed, or the pre-eminence given in it to the mythical deposit of the deep impression produced by the divine revelation in Christ, which has become predominant in the Churches? . . . Why should not faith in the divine revelation be true and vigorous, when it assumes that man is the highest exponent of that divine revelation which is given to us mortals?

To attribute infallibility to Ezra's synagogue and the Maccabæan successors is worse than to ask it for the Pope; it is sheer Rabbinism or prejudice.

In England, everything except the moral principle in the form of the fear of God is deathlike. Thought itself is crudely rationalistic here, public worship in general lifeless, and the vivifying spirit startles like a spectre when it appears.

The rising generation [appeared to him to be] partly infidel and partly bigoted.

These are a few of the scattered notices of his thoughts during the next twelve years that he spent amongst us. A curious sketch might be worked out from the 'life' of the changes and phases of religious opinion which he witnessed.

He believed cordially in the mission of his own nation. 'We are still,' he says, 'the chosen people of God, the Christian Hellenes, but the intellectual life in my native country wants interpretation.'

The idealising, sentimental German manner of looking at politics which characterised him, clung to him throughout his diplomatic career, and made the hard-headed common sense of such statesmen as Lord Palmerston sovereignly antipathetic, particularly on such questions as the establishment of a joint bishopric at Jerusalem by England and Prussia, and the woes of Schleswig-Holstein, so soon to be swallowed whole by her self-called protector.

But politics had never the absorbing interest for him which literature possessed, and he falls back gladly upon his Oriental and philological studies, carried out by Max Müller in a way which he heartily admired and almost envied—on Lepsius and Egypt, and Rawlinson's 'unspeakably instructive Babylonian inscriptions'—in a tone of longing which is almost pathetic.

The account given by Madame de Bunsen of their visits to Windsor and Osborne, and of Bunsen's conversations with Prince Albert, show what congenial minds they found in each other.

At one time they were discussing the relative position of the three nationalities of England, France, and Germany, to each other and the world. . . . France forms the medium between the practical English and the theoretic German. They have always understood how to coin the gold of intelligence and bring it into circulation, but their influence is diminishing. The

Prince observed one day that the danger of the French nation was in licentiousness, the Englishman's besetting sin was selfishness, that of the German self-conceit; every German knows all and everything better than all other folk.

'My life is one of great and varied interest,' Bunsen writes at this time. 'I am to find the old Duke at Windsor, whom the Queen has often caused me to meet, and who is always peculiarly communicative to me.' On the eve of the 10th of April, when thrones and constitutions were shaking all over Europe, and fears were expressed for the stability of England, he met the Duke again, at Lady Palmerston's. '"Your Grace will take us all in charge?" "Yes, but not a soldier shall be seen unless in actual need; if the force of law is overpowered, then is their time; it is not fair on either side to call them in to do the work of police —the military must not be confounded with the police, nor merged in the police"—grand maxims of political wisdom.'

His intercourse, indeed, with the Queen and Prince Albert was singularly interesting and free. The fact of his being a German and an ambassador seems to have enabled them to admit him to a kind of intellectual intimacy which they did not allow themselves elsewhere. Prince Albert, a man of original thought, and with the healthy desire to put that thought into action which a clever benevolent man must feel, was yet denied the smallest loophole for its exercise except vicariously. Bunsen talks of 'the absurd jealousy of the English, who refused in his case to acknowledge their own favourite dogma that the wife is, and ought to be, under the influence of her husband.' The Queen's touching account of the manner in which Albert accepted this most difficult and trying position, and how much he was able to accomplish under such trammels, is confirmed again and again in Bunsen's letters. And the testimony which he bears to the character of the Queen herself, and her virtues, is one which any person in any class of life might well be proud of.

'A pleasant evening at Osborne' he describes once :

It is here that the Queen feels herself most at home; she here enjoys her domestic life and family happiness to her heart's content, and walks in her beautiful gardens and grounds with the Prince and her children. The prospect of the sea and of the proud men-of-war of Great Britain in the midst of a quiet rural population is very striking.

Madame de Bunsen particularly mentions 'the truth and reality of the Queen's expression, which so strongly distinguishes her countenance from the fixed mask only too common in the royal rank of society.'

On one of these visits the proposal for the Great Exhibition had just been started, and the Prince was full of hopes as to the good which it might be expected to bring in its train. 'No one could conduct the undertaking but the Prince, from his great versatility of knowledge and his impartiality. I suggested a mixed jury.'

Whether staying at Windsor or Osborne, he repeatedly alludes to the amount of hard work which the Queen has to perform and her conscientious mode of doing it.

To-day [he says] pacing up and down the corridor at Windsor, looking out on the towers and turrets, I was meditating on the happiness which dwells within these walls, founded on reason, integrity, and love. It is a pattern of the well-ordered, inwardly vigorous, and flourishing life which spreads all around, even to the extremities of this great island.

The whole account is a great testimony both to the Queen and her husband; and, remembering how near was the catastrophe of their separation, the description of the happiness of the Queen is most pathetic.

He is, of course, in communication with all the ministers and statesmen of the day, and little hints as to their idiosyncrasies crop up. 'Met Palmerston to-day, sweet as honey;' and he gives instances of his kindly nature. 'A letter from Gladstone of twenty-four pages; he is beset

with scruples, his heart is with us, but his mind is entangled in a narrow system. He is by far the first intellectual power on that side.' 'We dined at the American Minister's, and heard Macaulay talk almost the whole dinner through,' &c., &c.

But most interesting of all are the notices, as beforesaid, of the phases of religious and political thought in England which he witnessed, the extraordinary changes in freedom of opinion which have taken place, the stir on all manner of social questions which has marked the last thirty or forty years; these all pass before us in Madame de Bunsen's book, just touched on, noted without passion, not fought over, but looked at with no party view either political or religious, in a way which would be quite impossible to a native Englishman however impartial—with a candour which requires the distance attained only by time or by a different nationality—a perspective which no soldier engaged in the *mêlée* could ever even hope to reach.

The abortive Hampden discussion, which risked so much for one who scarcely merited the trouble that he caused;—the Gorham controversy, which threatened a sort of Free-Church secession of the Evangelical party, implying the extraordinary question whether it pleases God to damn little unbaptized babies eternally or not—'the judgment was one of the most remarkable pronounced since the Reformation and Civil Wars, on a point of faith; proving that the Liturgy was intended to soften and relax doctrine, not to make the Articles more strict;'—the great High Church movement of Newman, Pusey, and Keble; the reaction against the narrowness and ugliness, the want of Catholic sympathies and æsthetic taste alike, of that party in the Church which yet had been doing such admirable service in its time, against the dead, cold rationalism of the eighteenth century;—the almost forgotten struggles of Arnold for freedom of thought and action, which are now merged in his fame as the first of our time who took the

large view of English education, for which one must otherwise go back to Dean Colet and Milton;—the storms in a teacup over the rejection of Mr. Maurice from the professorship at King's College, for doubting the eternity of damnation and hoping for the final salvation of the race;—the curious bit of diluted mediævalism, the heretical book luckily taking the place of the heretic himself, when Sewell gravely burned the 'Nemesis of Faith' in the quadrangle of Exeter—a solemn farce almost incredible in these days:—all these in succession are alluded to with a singular equality of unruffled interest. He was amongst us, and yet not of us.

At length, and somewhat suddenly, in 1854, the time of repose for which he had so often sighed was at hand. The political interest opposed to his own triumphed at Berlin, and he was dismissed, although with very kind expressions of private regard from the King, yet somewhat painfully after such long service. Thenceforth his life was one of literary retirement.

> I have at last come to the point which I have been striving after since 1817—the Life of Christ—although I must begin by clearing the porch and entrance-hall of the Temple, obstructed by the theologians, still more than by the philosophers.

Many of his ten sons and daughters were now married, and he and the remainder of his family established themselves for a time in a *château* near Heidelberg, with a beautiful view of the Neckar and the hills, where they remained for several years, he writing and reading incessantly as usual, and seeing a number of friends on their way to and from the south. The situation proved, however, in winter, to be both cold and solitary, and he missed the command of the best society, to which he had been accustomed all his life—the more so indeed as he grew older and weaker.

The family then retired to Bonn, and continued there (with a short flight to Cannes) until his death, aged sixty-nine, in 1860, when he sank away with that full faith in

God's presence in, and action on the world, both here and hereafter, which had characterised his whole life. 'It is sweet to die,' he repeated; 'with all weakness and imperfection I have ever lived, striven after, and willed the best and noblest only. But the best and highest is to have known Jesus Christ.' His *Life of Jesus* had been one of the great interests of his declining years, carried on to the last in spite of much pain and feebleness. 'A life in the first place of only two years out of thirty-two, and since that of 1800 more'—of One so truly indeed living to him for ever.

Turning to his wife he said, 'We shall meet again before God; if I have walked towards Him, it was by your help.' He spoke of old friends and old times in Rome by her side, the agitation with which he had left the Capitol, and how they 'had constructed a new Capitol in free England which they had enjoyed for twelve and a half years.' 'How graciously had God conducted him!'

His mind was essentially 'pious' in the beautiful sense of the old word; God was to him a reality to whom he referred all his thoughts and actions, and to Him he passed tranquilly away as a son into the bosom of his Father.

Very few men have methodised their convictions or their ideas; the different parts of their mind have grown at different times and in different associations, and often do not harmonise. Bunsen's mind was like some great mediæval structure, some *hôtel de ville* or cathedral in an old Flemish town, where a bit of *renaissance* is built on to a severe round Roman tower, or the capital of a semi-Italian period is added to an 'early English' window, but neither can be pulled to pieces without destroying the whole, and they must go together to the end. Accordingly words of belief in mesmerism and its cognates strangely contrast with the destructive historic theories which he shared with Niebuhr, and his fearless investigations into Biblical history and chronology.

His powers of acquisition were altogether out of pro-

portion to his power of digestion, and the inchoate volumes full of invaluable learning remind one of a builder's yard: the carved work, the lintels, the pieces of cornice, are all there, but who will put together the great building which they ought to subserve?

In the division of good things allotted to each nation in many myths, the advantages of form were certainly not given to the German. He does the raw thinking for the human race, which must be moulded by a more artistic type of mind, worked up into a shape readable by ordinary humanity; the synthetic power is wanting with most Germans, whose books are often *mémoires pour servir*, storehouses which the rest of the world pillage mercilessly without acknowledgment. A German is so utterly careless of the outside which his thought has taken, that other nations, sorely needing the materials thus conscientiously collected, pick the brains of their books, instead of translating them, and pass on. There is little pleasure generally in the act of reading their prose works. Surely no people with a sense of the art of words would have adopted a mode of writing where sentences a page in length are ended by the verb.

In France the respect for the medium is overpowering. That a thing should be *bien dit*, is much more important than that it should be true or worth saying. That the male and the female rhymes should come in the right places seems more necessary in a great French poem than the stuff of which it is made; which must be almost fatal to any fire of inspiration.

It was said of an old Greek 'that his thoughts were so clearly expressed through his words that the reader was unconscious of the words used'—they were completely transparent. With a German the meaning seems to be entangled in the words: 'you cannot see the wood for the trees.' With a Frenchman the words themselves are the principal object.

Bunsen's enormous power of work misled him in his undertakings. He was always collecting, and when his mind was full, it overflowed promiscuously into what he called a book, without apparently any idea of the necessity of co-ordinating his materials into a whole. Whatever he happened to be occupied with cropped up anyhow, anywhere. One winter he found that he required a knowledge of Chinese to carry out some philological inquiry. He set to work and learned it. Immediately an elaborate review of 'Chinese particles' drifted into the 'Philosophy of History.'

There is no perspective in his books, and the tenses of the tongues of the South Sea islanders take up seventy pages of a history where Descartes and Spinoza are despatched in two.

But in England it was the man, and not the books, which seemed important and interesting. Even his opinions, heterodox as they often seemed, were not much regarded. 'Allowances' were made for him; he had the 'misfortune' to be a foreigner, and therefore was to be 'pitied' more than condemned for those 'aberrations' which were discovered in his writings by the few who could read them. Moreover, he was in a great position, and the English mind is truly sensible of the right of such to think as they please. A Dean of family may be allowed a degree of latitude which in 'the inferior clergy' must be punished by lawsuits and deprivation. For 'that in the captain's but a cholerick word, which in the soldier is flat blasphemy' (as we are told in 'Measure for Measure'); and an ambassador with a grand house, who gave delightful parties where Princes of the blood and Royal Highnesses of all nations, big and little, were to be met with familiarly, was visited and received cordially by men and women, who, meeting the same opinions without the protection of a star, would have pronounced their possessor 'not a Christian,' and have declared with horror, 'The book of Daniel a history, not a prophecy! Why, the man must be an atheist to say so.'

Bunsen was singularly tolerant, however, of the intolerant. His large-hearted charity took in all sides of opinion and shades of doctrine, and under its shadow all parties agreed to meet in peace. The extremes of High and Low Church, large-minded religious men, rationalists, fine ladies, men of science, dissenters, brilliant men of letters, dingy professors, politicians, artists, philanthropists, dowdy old working women, might all be seen collected in the great drawing-rooms of Carlton House Terrace. It was like the valley of Jehoshaphat—there the small and great met together—the oppressor and the oppressed, the man who had been deprived of his salary or his living for holding to what he believed to be the truth, and the conscientious bigot who had tried to ruin him for righteousness' sake; and each found that the other was not as bad as he expected.

The help of one such centre of communication to real liberality of intercourse was almost incalculable. There was something in the genial temper of the house, the simple, true-hearted belief in goodness, which went far to neutralise the acrimony which ignorance of each other often brings with it. London is splitting more and more into coteries; the distances are such that, for instance, the Regent's Park has little more to do with South Kensington than with Richmond. It is the place where the best of the nation, of every kind, are congregated for five months in every year—where more of real interest on every topic under the sun is to be heard than anywhere else in the world, yet it is strange how separate the political, scientific, and artistic streams keep from one another; and the loss of a house where all might mingle and be at ease was indeed very great.

Bunsen's large volumes on 'God in History,' whom it was the real object of his life to discover there, may be but little read by the world, but the difficult problem which he and his wife did solve, of showing how to live in the world

socially and politically, which they enjoyed so wisely and so well, and yet not to be *of* the world, should continue to be studied in their Memoirs.

The last place where the real account of Madame de Bunsen's share in the important social influence of the house can be discovered is in her own estimate of it; but on her depended the inner wheels within wheels, which rendered the harmonious working of the great machine practicable. To a sympathy for all forms of excellence, in whatsoever coats and gowns of thought they were clothed, which loving intercourse with her husband had rendered as wide as his own, she added a common sense greater than his, and a knowledge of life and character often invaluable to him.

She was his true helpmate in all the passages of his life, the true partner of every thought and every feeling he possessed.

In whatsoever things were true, whatsoever things were lovely, honest, and of good report, she was one with him, to a degree which has hardly ever been surpassed; and the intelligent and appreciative record she has left of their life, with such tender reverence for his memory and such complete forgetfulness of self, will prove the most fitting memorial of her also which could possibly have been devised.

DEAN MILMAN.[1]

The loss which the death of the 'great Dean' will be to the thinking world is one difficult to measure, precisely because of its depth and extent. His vocation was to vindicate the great principle of free thought, beyond and independent of the religious controversies of the day, the heresy of one obscure parson, the fine clothes of another, or the power of colonial bishops to torment each other. These questions seemed almost petty to one whose mind comprehended the ranges of centuries, where he had seen them battled over again and again, varying only in the various dresses with which our different ages clothe the same thought.

In one sense a thousand years was in his sight a tale that is told. He seemed in his highest moods to be saying, 'Even you Liberals do not see how these questions come and go like the waves of the sea. I cannot care as much as you do for their small ins and outs; I know that the great tide is rising; I have done my best to help it on, and to show the world how in the course of ages it has been continually, if slowly, gaining ground. Now I am content to wait—I have finished my share in the work.'

Strife to that calm intellect of his was so essentially antipathetic that he could not enter cordially into the struggle, and this prevented his having the immediate influence on the combatants which very inferior men attained; on the other hand, it will always make his works a storehouse for those who believe that the world cannot be

[1] *Fraser's Magazine*, 1868.

doomed for ever to do and to undo its work, but must be intended to benefit by the mistakes and the experience of those who went before us—a truth which we seem now somewhat in danger of forgetting—the past has weighed so heavily beforetime on the progress of the world, that we are tempted now to ignore its value.

The heresies of one generation become the commonplaces of the next; the 'History of the Jews' is now called 'colourless.' It was considered of so vivid a hue when first published, that its author's career in the Church was stopped short at the mild repose of a deanery. He did not regret his fate; he was freer to speak what he thought. There was indeed but one post which he would have liked better than his own, and though he did not grudge to his younger and more successful friend the succession to the 'mitred abbots of Westminster' (a post which combines some of the power of a bishop with the freedom of a dean), yet he did not conceal that it would have pleased him to occupy it for many reasons. 'I am pretty nearly the last learned man in the Church,' he is reported once to have said. 'Good parish priests, good men of business, with a fair knowledge of books and great experience of men, these there will be plenty of; no sinecurists; hard-working pastors, but not learned;—indeed there is hardly room for the article.' If there were any doubt of the truth of his saying, let any one consider the impossibility of now finding a successor to his varied knowledge and vast store of thought.

His mind was singularly judicial, impartial, and upright in its character. The credit which this most learned man desires to vindicate for himself in his modest preface, is 'that his sole object is truth, truth uttered with charity,' coupled with a declaration, that 'where to him it has appeared unattainable,' he has 'given no opinion, unwilling to claim authority where there is not evidence.' His was one of the few minds which are content to 'remain respectfully in

doubt' where, as has been said, 'the absence of materials, or of opportunity to use them,' deprives them of a secure standing point, 'whereas in general the native impatience of the human mind disdains that fortitude of resignation which is implied in rejecting all but verified facts and verified conclusions.'

In some cases the passionless flow of his history contrasts curiously with the picturesque account of the same scenes by a later historian, as, for instance, in that of the Council of Nicæa; but, on the other hand, there is perhaps no finer instance of the noble eloquence to which the great Dean sometimes (although rarely) rises, of the grand impartiality, and yet of the deep feeling which formed so striking a combination in his mind, than is to be found in his account in that very chapter of perhaps the most important turning point in the history of the religious opinion of the world, and where the secular arm, in the person of Constantine himself, was first called in to assist in settling a question of faith. After describing how, for the first time, 'a purely speculative tenet agitated the populace of great cities, occupied the councils of princes, and determined the fall of kingdoms and the sovereignty of great part of Europe,' he proceeds: 'In morals, in manners, in habits, in usages, in church government, in religious ceremonial, there was no difference between the two parties which divided Christendom. The Gnostic sects inculcated a severer asceticism and differed in their usages from the general bodies of Christians. The Donatist factions began, at least, with a question of church discipline, and almost grew into a strife for political ascendency. The Arians and Athanasians first divided the world on a pure question of faith. From this period we may date the introduction of rigorous articles of belief, which required the submissive assent of the mind to every word and letter of an established creed, and which raised the slightest heresy of opinion into a more fatal offence against God, and a

more odious crime in the estimation of man, than the worst moral delinquency or the most flagrant deviation from the spirit of Christianity.'

He goes on to show how 'the controversy could hardly be avoided, when the exquisite distinctness and subtlety of the Greek language were applied to religious opinions of an Oriental origin. Even the Greek of the New Testament retained something of the significant and reverential vagueness of Eastern expression. This vagueness, even philosophically speaking, may better convey to the mind those mysterious conceptions of the Deity which are beyond the province of reason than the anatomical precision of philosophical Greek.

'The first Christians were content to worship the Deity as revealed in the Gospel; they assented devoutly to the words of the sacred writings; they did not decompose them, or with nice and scrupulous accuracy appropriate peculiar terms to each manifestation of the Godhead.'

Then follows a most interesting dissertation on the 'different ways in which the conception of the Deity suffers at the hands of men,' either by over-subtlety removing him too far from us, or impersonating him into a merely human being. 'Among the causes,' he says, 'which contributed to the successful propagation of Christianity, was the singular beauty and felicity with which its theory of the conjunction of the divine and human nature, each preserving its separate attributes, on the one hand enabled the mind to preserve inviolate the pure conception of the Deity, on the other to approximate it, as it were, to human interests and sympathies. But this is done rather by a process of instinctive feeling than by strict logical reasoning.'

He next gives an account of the way in which a 'Platonism, of a more oriental and imaginative cast than that of the Athenian sage,' had become universal; how the idea of the Logos, the connecting link between the unseen

world and that of man, had entered all the religions of the world; 'it had modified Judaism, it had allied itself to the Syrian worship.'

'Alexandria, the fatal and prolific soil of speculative controversy, and where it was most likely to madden into furious and lasting hostility, gave birth to this new element of disunion in the Christian world.' Different sects had put forward their heretical interpretations of the doctrine, but at this critical period the question was taken up by the intellectual masters of the age. 'The contest was no longer for mastery over obscure communities, but for the Roman world. The proselytes whom it disputed were sovereigns. It is but judging on the common principles of human nature to conclude, that the grandeur of the prize supported the ambition and inflamed the passions of the contending parties, that human motives of political power and aggrandisement mingled with the more spiritual influences of the love of truth, and zeal for the purity of religion.'

'The doctrine of the Trinity, that is, the divine nature of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, was acknowledged by all. To each of these distinct and separate beings, both parties attributed the attributes of Godhead, with the exception of self-existence, which was restricted by the Arians to the Father. Both admitted the antemundane being of the Son and the Holy Spirit. But, according to the Arians, there was a time, before the commencement of the ages, when the Parent Being dwelt alone in undeveloped, undivided unity. At this time, immeasurably, incalculably, inconceivably remote, the majestic solitude ceased, the divine unity was broken by an act of the Sovereign Will, and the only begotten Son, the image of the Father, the Vicegerent of all the divine power, the intermediate Agent in all the long subsequent work of creation, *began to be*.'

'Such was the question which led to all the evils of human strife—hatred, persecution, bloodshed. But, how-

ever profoundly humiliating this fact in the history of mankind, and in the history of Christianity an epoch of complete revolution from its genuine spirit, it may be fairly inquired whether this was not an object more generous, more unselfish, and at least as wise, as many of those motives of personal and national aggrandisement, or many of those magic words, which, embraced by two parties with blind and unintelligent fury, have led to the most disastrous and sanguinary events in the annals of man.'

Dr. Milman concludes by giving credit 'to the opponents of Arius for a vague, and however perhaps overstrained, neither ungenerous nor unnatural jealousy, lest the dignity of the Redeemer might in some way be lowered by the new hypothesis.' How many of the disputants who use the word as a sort of missile have any clear idea of the meaning of Arian according to this definition?

Again, in a different line of thought, although it is somewhat singular how rarely the sense of humour which so strongly characterised the Dean's social intercourse found expression in his books, yet the quiet ironical touch which one would expect from his hand comes out occasionally with wonderful force, as in his account of another though less momentous crisis in the history of the Church, that of the condemnation at Sens of Abelard's religious heresies when he had himself appealed to Rome: 'The martial unlearned prelates on the council vainly hoped that as they had lost the excitement of the fray, they might escape the trouble and fatigue of this profound theological investigation; but Bernard would not spare them, and the objectionable parts were read aloud in all their logical aridity. The bishops, whose wits were quite unable to follow the flights of the audacious reasoner, still with unanimous chorus replied at the end of each proposition, "damnamus." As they grew weary they relieved their fatigue by wine; the wine and the weariness brought on sleep; the drowsy assembly sat on, some leaning on their

elbows, some with cushions under their heads, some with their heads dropping on their knees. At each pause they murmured "damnamus," till at length some cut short the word, and faintly breathed "namus,"'—their orthodox horror continuing unwearied to the end.

The world has made progress in the seventy-eight years of his career, and it was as a mark how far the tide had risen, quite as much as on account of any personal feeling, that he rejoiced in 1865 at having been asked to preach at Oxford, and to publish his sermon—that Oxford in which he had been preached against, and in a manner ostracised, nearly forty years before, for his 'History of the Jews,' and where his greatest work is now a text-book for the period to which it belongs.

'Why don't they attack me? that is *my* heresy,' he has been heard to say when the Holy Inquisitors of Convocation or Congresses or Synods have been worrying some helpless parson. But it was too well known that it would not answer to assault one so extremely well able to defend himself, and to set forth all reasons, historical, metaphysical, and moral, for the faith that was in him; one so little swayed by passion or prejudice, so correct, so learned, so patient and so wise.

Besides which, sheltered in such large and thick octavos from the observation of most of the reverend gentlemen who aspire to decide these questions, for their brethren if not for the public, such expressions of thought seem to pass unnoticed. It might indeed be well so far to interfere with the liberty of the subject to be ignorant if he pleases, as to institute an examination in the Dean's many volumes of the 'History of Christianity,' &c., before any Pope (with the belief at least in his own infallibility), in or out of Convocation, presumes to offer an opinion on any matter therein discussed.

It is indeed a misfortune to have lost the man who had a right out of his own experience of both books and life to

tell the rising generation of thinking men, whose minds refuse to run in the rut of Puseyism or Evangelism, that there is a philosophy of religion which has survived the contests of the 'Monophysites and Monothelites, the Nestorians and Eutychians,' the heresies with strange names born of the contact of Christianity with the ancient faiths of the world both East and West, which he has described so well—a faith which is common to both the Trinitarians and the Arians, the monks of the Thebaid and the comfortable English rector. In recounting indeed that 'History of Human Error' (which he lived to complete, though 'Mr. Caxton' did not), one would fancy that he must have become nearly desperate if he could not have shown his conviction that there was a unity deeper than all the differences which those good men thought so important, a truth under all their blunders and blindnesses, and shortcomings of intellect and heart, which lives and grows with the world's growth, though the progress may be slow to trace, which belongs to all time and all nations, as the human expression of the infinite—a true glimpse, though it must be a dim one, of that God who has not left us without a witness of Him at any time; or, as St. Augustine words the same idea, 'that matter which is now called the Christian religion was in existence among the ancients; and has never been wanting from the beginning of the human race.'

Again he was tolerant even of the intolerant, and loved to show how 'the beauty of Christianity could underlie even the most extreme opinions; the love of human nature which could survive Calvinism and Predestination in their most terrible shapes, Augustine and Luther, the Roman Catholic Jansenists, the Puritans, and the Methodists, showing that many of the best and noblest Christians could yet hold the most frightful and godless forms of faith. Such is the triumph of the Christianised heart over the logic of the Christian understanding.'

It must have been difficult with such evidence constantly before his eyes, to give even their legitimate value to the questions of vestments and candles, of discipline, and infinitesimally small heresies; of how far in short the mantle of the Church may be stretched in different directions by her discordant children. 'Have not these things been written' over and over again, 'in the Book of the Chronicles' of the religions of our race? It was difficult perhaps for him even not to feel a touch of that contempt with which the great old communions of East and West seem often to regard the disputes of our most insular and most self-sufficient of Churches. Whenever the scattered portions of his work in the world of thought are collected, it will be seen, however, in how many different ways he vindicated freedom. As in his paper read before the Church Commission on getting rid of the subscription to the Articles, which was published in 'Fraser's Magazine,' where he shows how 'the doctrines of the English Church are not only more simply but more fully, assuredly more winningly, taught in our liturgy and our formularies than in our Articles.' He goes on to trace how 'some of these were directed against opinions now entirely obsolete, that they are silent and ignorant inevitably about those which are new, and no safeguard or security against them.' That 'however justly and wisely it is said that the eternal truths of Christianity shall never pass away, religious thought and opinion, and above all religious language, are not exempt from the great law of universal progression and variation.' He then enters on the different controversies of the last thirty years to show 'the utter inadequacy of Articles written in the sixteenth century to meet the religious wants and necessities of the nineteenth.'

'I am an old man,' he winds up, with touching emphasis, 'and fully sensible of the blessings of a quiet life. Still I am bound not to disguise or suppress my judgment.' 'I stand absolutely alone in moving this resolution. I know

that I speak the sentiments of a very large and I think increasing body even among the clergy. But all my life I have kept aloof from party, and this is no party move. *Liberavi animam meam.*'

As he began so he ended. The value of the spirit beyond the letter; of the substance above the form; the truth under divers forms of error, the error mingled with what we take to be the truth. The passage from one of his earliest works has already been given; in his latest published sermon he says: 'Orthodoxy of creed? has that insured the orthodoxy of the Christian heart which breathes only Christian love? I am one of those who believe torturing our fellow-creatures a worse heresy against the Gospel than the most perverse of those opinions of the miserable victims led by thousands to the stake.'

In the last chapter of his last work, he sums up with his characteristic calm impartiality the merits of Latin and of 'Teutonic' Christianity, as he calls the reformed faith, and, like himself, shows the exaggerations to which each is subject. 'Latin, the more objective faith, tends to materialism, to servility, to blind obedience or blind guidance, to the tacit abrogation, if not the repudiation, of the moral influence by the undue elevation of the dogmatic and ritual part. It is prone to become, as it has become, paganism with Christian images, symbols, and terms. . . .

'Teutonic Christianity, more self-depending, more self-guided, more self-wrought out, is not without its peculiar dangers. It may become self-sufficient, unwarrantably arrogant, impatient, not merely of self-control, but of all subordination, incapable of just self-estimation. It will have a tendency to isolate the man, either within himself, or as the member of a narrow sect, with all the evils of sectarianism, blind zeal, obstinate self-reliance or rather self-adoration, hatred, contempt of others, narrowness, exclusiveness, fanaticism, undue appreciation of small things.'

He goes on to point out 'the deep irresistible insurrection of the Teutonic mind against the theory of intervention between itself and its God; the idea that the priest has absolute power to release from sin; without omniscience to act in the place of the Omniscient; this which, however softened off, is the doctrine of Latin Christianity, has become offensive, presumptuous; to the less serious, ludicrous. It will doubtless maintain its hold as a religion of authority, of outward form, an objective religion' (in another place he adds, 'a materialistic religion'), 'and so possessing inexhaustible powers of awakening religious emotion; . . . and as such it may draw within its pale proselytes of congenial minds from a more vague and subjective, more national faith. As a religion of authority, it spares the soul from the pain of thought, from the harassing doubt, the desponding scruple. . . . Independence of thought, which to some is their holiest birthright, their most glorious privilege, their sternest duty, is to others the profoundest misery, the heaviest burthen, the responsibility from which they would shrink with the deepest awe, which they would plunge into any abyss to avoid. What relief to devolve on another the oppressive question of our eternal destiny!'

He closes with a noble passage, which is indeed 'the conclusion of the whole matter,' and which shows how the scientific spirit of research into the facts of Christianity may be combined with the truest and deepest faith in its spirit. 'I pretend not to foretell the future of Christianity, but whoever believes in its perpetuity (and to disbelieve it were treason against the Divine Author, apostasy from his faith), must suppose that by some providential law it must adapt itself, as it has done with such wonderful versatility, but with a faithful conservation of its inner vital spirit, to all vicissitudes and phases of man's social, moral, intellectual being.'

'What distinctness of conception, what precision of

language may be indispensable to true faith; what part of the ancient dogmatic system may be allowed silently to fall into disuse as beyond the proper range of human thought and language; how far the sacred records may without real peril to their truth be subjected to closer investigation; to what wider interpretation, especially of the Semitic portion, those records may submit, and wisely submit, in order to harmonise them with the irrefutable conclusions of science; how far the eastern veil of allegory which hangs over their truth may be lifted or torn away to show their unshadowed essence; how far the poetic vehicle through which truth is conveyed may be gently severed from the truth—all this must be left to the future historian of our religion. As it is my own confident belief that the words of Christ, and his words alone (the primal indefeasible truths of Christianity), shall not pass away, so I cannot presume to say that men may not attain to a clearer, at the same time more full, comprehensive, and balanced sense of those words than has as yet been generally received in the Christian world. As all else is transient and mutable, these only eternal and universal, assuredly whatever light may be thrown on the mental constitution of man, even on the constitution of nature, and the laws which govern the world, will be concentrated so as to give a more penetrating vision of those undying truths. Teutonic Christianity (and this seems to be its mission and privilege) however nearly in its more perfect form it may already have approximated, may approximate still more closely to the absolute and perfect faith of Christ; it may discover and establish the sublime unison of religion and reason, keep in tone the triple-chorded harmony of faith, holiness, and charity, assert its own full freedom, know the bounds of that freedom, respect the freedom of others. Christianity may yet have to exercise a far wider if more silent and untraceable influence, through its primary all-pervading principles, on the civilisation of mankind.'

It is only by his own ideas, expressed in the stately march of his own words, that such a mind as that of the Dean can be adequately given, and such 'concentrated essence' of thought is difficult, almost impossible, to condense, yet it is well to stand even on the threshold of such great and conscientious work, to breathe even for a few moments the higher atmosphere into which he would lead us, rare at all times, but perhaps most so at present.

Where indeed shall we now find a man so learned, so wise, so full of the best knowledge, so able and willing to use it for the service of man? in whom indeed

> Old experience did attain
> To something of prophetic strain?

When that grand old head, with the keen intellect in those eyes which age could not dim, the sense of humour about the mouth, and the feeling of power in the whole manner and expression, came before one, it made that well hackneyed word, 'venerable,' seem fresh when applied to him; and when 'the very Reverend the Dean' was announced, it appeared an appropriate title expressly invented to describe him.

The feeling which he inspired in his family and those privileged to enjoy his friendship, showed how deep was the affectionate nature of the man in that portion of his life with which the ouside world has no right to intermeddle; and his beautiful hymns, written long before hymns had become the fashion, and three of which, at least, are now part of the devotional expression of the nation, are a measure of that true piety which no one possessed in a higher degree.

His body rests under that great church which he did so much to improve and make useful to his people, and where that clear solemn voice, with its weighty utterances, was so often heard; his thoughts, his best self, have become part of the intellectual and moral inheritance of his race on both sides of the Atlantic.[1]

[1] His works have all been stereotyped in America.

EVIDENCE FOR OPINIONS, EVENTS, AND CONSEQUENCES.

The requirements of our age as to the amount and quality of the evidence necessary to produce credibility differ so widely from that which satisfied our forefathers, that the change is producing a silent revolution in history, science, and even theology. It is strange that to examine the bases upon which an opinion rests, to cut away the weak places and supply better supports, should have been supposed to show a want of respect for truth—an irreligious, sceptical spirit. But, voluntarily or involuntarily, the work is going on: slowly, though steadily, the foundations of our beliefs in every department of knowledge, are passing through this testing, analytical process, and we are 'trying the spirits to know whether they be of God.'[1]

A certain training of the mind is, however, necessary to know what really constitutes evidence. If the ideas of ordinary witnesses in a trial be closely followed, it will be seen how the most irrelevant circumstances, the wanderings of the mind to its own feelings, the jumping at conclusions, form the chief part of their testimony. The evidence to the fact is almost always also confounded with evidence to the imagined cause, in the argument of an undisciplined reasoner; and where the question is complicated by any admixture of religious feeling, the case becomes hopeless, as it is considered wicked to examine its grounds too closely.

[1] A longing which the Christian Evidence Society is attempting to satisfy in a somewhat vacillating, sentimental, superficial manner.—*Fraser's Magazine*, 1871.

The majority of the world, however, will always believe, not according to evidence at all, but simply as their previous habits of thought lead them to think a thing probable or the contrary. Take the miracles of the middle ages: in the days when such events were believed to be part of God's ordinary rule, they were seen and experienced every day. Men and women of the highest powers of mind and the greatest probity, like St. Bernard and Sta. Teresa,[1] worked miracles themselves in the utmost good faith, and were only 'humbly surprised at the great gift vouchsafed to such unworthy instruments.' They were witnessed to habitually by the best and wisest of the time. Men lived in a miraculous atmosphere, when it was no more astonishing to see a direct interference of the Creator than it is now to see a fresh development of science. And as we are easily satisfied with the proof of what no one denies, our ancestors were not exacting as to the evidence which they required in any fresh instance. Their minds generally seem to have been like those of children, utterly unacquainted with law, to whom everything is equally new and wonderful, and equally possible and easy to credit. There is no reason to a child why the earth should not open and Aladdin's garden be discovered underground—there is a dim hope of some day finding a fairy. Because a thing has happened before, is no reason why it should happen again. A child at play is just as much surprised every time it finds its mother behind a curtain. Because a thing has never happened is no reason in its eyes why it should not now come to pass.

'God has made a star,' says one child, seeing the bright

[1] A little nephew of Sta. Teresa, five years old, Gonzalez by name, was killed by a wall falling upon him. He was brought to the Saint, who took him in her arms, dropped her veil, bowed her head over the lifeless child and breathed an intense prayer. God heard and infused once more the breath of life. Gonzalez waked up as from a refreshing sleep. . . . There was great astonishment among the witnesses of the miracle, which were so many, that this fact is one of the most fully attested of all brought forward in the process of canonisation.—*Life of Sta. Teresa.*

speck appear suddenly in the evening sky. 'God is sending a storm to brush the sky clean,' says another: every event is to it the result of an immediate personal agency, as in all early mythologies. Law, the inexorable sequence of cause and effect, whatever meaning we assign to the word 'cause,' is a late growth in the individual's as in the world's thought. The idea cannot, indeed, be reached until a sufficient number of facts have been collected to enable the mind to co-ordinate them into that series which for want of a better name we call 'law.'

Mr. Maine describes how in the times of Homer the judge or chief evidently decided each case by inspiration, as it were, of the God or 'Justice.' He does not seem to have punished B for theft to-day because he had punished A for the same thing yesterday, but 'Justice' argued the whole case over again in his mind, from the beginning each time—whether theft was right or wrong, necessary or prejudicial; and he gave a judgment accordingly. Not only had the fact to be proved, but the principle to be reaffirmed with each fresh case.

God's government of the world even down to our own times has been conceived on much the same plan, *i.e.* that it was conducted according to the circumstances or the caprice of the moment. A man's God must, indeed, be the reflection of his own powers of abstraction and moral perception: the God of the mean man will be a poor, low divinity; the God of the hard man an inflexible tyrant; the God of the weak and ignorant an irresolute, variable being, giving or taking away without reason, capriciously. 'God made man,' it has been said, 'after His own image, and man has returned the compliment' fearfully. We are only now beginning dimly to conceive the Great God 'in whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning,' of whom St. James told us eighteen hundred years ago, 'in whom,' indeed, 'is rest for our souls.'

The natural history of a miraculous myth, its birth,

parentage, and education, is not often to be traced so clearly as in the story of the life of St. Francis Xavier. It is the growth generally of an age when reading and writing are not common: 'litera scripta manet,' and keeps a sort of bridle on the imagination. Absurdities enough remain to us demanding to be believed, but not quite so monstrous as when mere hearsay reigns without control. Xavier is said by his biographers to have worked many miracles, and particularly 'to have raised several men from the dead.' Here, fortunately, we have the letters written by Xavier himself and his assistant priest at the time, relating how he was called in to a young man sick unto death, how he prayed over him, and the patient recovered. It is not even said that the cure was miraculous, though there may have been a dim notion of this in the mind of Francis. Soon after his death, however, his admirers killed the 'young man,' and by the time that St. Francis is canonised, the miracle has been multiplied into 'several dead men,' who have been brought by him to life. Again, Xavier distinctly mentions the inconvenience of not knowing the different languages of the countries he visits, and the necessity of having an interpreter; but in the teeth of his own words he is gifted with 'the tongues' by his biographers, and described as 'speaking them all without learning,' with many curious details—an illustration of the law 'whereby legends of all kinds grow in definiteness with the lapse of time, the fulness of detail being proportionate to the distance from their source.'

The extreme difficulty in sifting such cases, even when the witnesses are thoroughly honest and competent, is shown most remarkably by the 'miracle of the Holy Thorn' at the convent of Port Royal. As Sir James Stephen puts it, 'there is no evidence for any fact in history better or more complete.' A little girl, niece of the great Pascal, residing in the convent, was suffering from malignant cancer in the eye, as testified by several physicians; she

was about to undergo an operation of the most serious description, when she was cured, suddenly and completely, by the touch of this most holy relic, taken from the veritable Crown of Thorns, applied at the moment of her receiving the Communion. 'The greatest genius, the most profound scholar, and the most eminent advocate of the day,' Pascal, Arnauld, and Le Maître, men of the utmost probity, and all three possessing the amplest means of investigation, examined carefully into the miracle and were convinced of its reality. The Abbess of the convent, the Mère Angélique, was not only one of the purest and most high-minded women who ever lived, but she held so anxiously by the truth of her word that she submitted to see the work of her life (which is dearer than even the fruit of one's loins) utterly destroyed—to endure the most cruel persecution and contumely—to be turned out of her convent with all her nuns when almost dying—rather than assert that certain propositions were in the writings of Jansenius which the Pope insisted on her acknowledging to exist there upon his word alone, without reading the book. Yet this woman gave her solemn testimony to the dreadful character of the disease, and to the complete cure of the eye, no other means being employed, mediate or immediate, except the touch of the relic accompanied by the prayers of the community. The united word of the nuns may be considered as worth little in evidence, but what can be said of the witness given by the three really good and great men who confirmed the story?

In the face of such a fact as this, what value can we attach to the evidence of the best and cleverest people in cases where their prepossessions and desires are all on one side, and on questions where they probably do not feel themselves at liberty to apply the ordinary rules of what constitutes evidence? The mind has an ingenious way of honestly ignoring that which tells against its view in a matter where it desires to believe—'is to its faults a little

blind, and to its virtues very kind,' unconsciously forgetting the weak sides of the argument. 'I know it's true; and if there's one thing more than another that I hate,' says one of Mrs. Gaskell's old women, 'it is to have people bringing up a pack of nonsense facts the other way, when I've made up my mind!'

The peculiarity of the Port Royal case consisted in the story having grown up at a bound as it were, in a place where it could be examined into immediately and by its most hostile opponents the Jesuits—whereas the usual concoction of a myth, as in that relating to St. Francis, is very gradual and in out-of-the-way places—and most particularly in having been investigated on the spot by men whom, even according to our own standard, we should consider most competent judges of evidence in any other matter. Yet there is not a Protestant who would regard the miraculous part of the narrative even with doubt: we simply and absolutely disbelieve a thing thus attested, and say that the well-known facts of the physical effects of a strong faith are not even yet properly investigated, or that some material circumstance has been, unconsciously and in all good faith, omitted, which would have brought the case out of the supernatural into the natural explanation of events.

How entirely our standard of what is required to induce belief has altered may be seen by looking back into those dreary volumes which in the last century and the beginning of this were pre-eminently called 'The Evidences.' They seem to us to be beating the air, proving what no one disputes, avoiding all the knotty parts of the question. Their grand point is the honesty of the witnesses; the present generation would grant this without a word (so was that of the Port Royal recluses, undoubted)—that they endured persecution and death for their opinions: 'therefore their opinions were true.' Did the fact of Sir Thomas More dying for the doctrine prove the Papal supremacy to be true? Is the Suttee of the Indian widow evidence of the

truth of her faith? or do the tortures borne in defence of every form of belief, Pagan, Jewish, Mahometan, Brahmin, prove all these different creeds to be true? The earnestness of the sufferer is shown by martyrdom, not the value of the belief. And it is curious how, when the faith of the martyr agrees with our own, we conceive that the martyrdom strengthens our case, while when it is endured on the opposite side it makes no impression whatever upon our convictions.

The dying out of the love of the marvellous is shown even among the Hindoos. One of the most enlightened of the Indian missionaries observes that the effect of the Christian miracles as a proof of the truth of Christianity upon the native mind is *nil*; the reply to such arguments being, that they 'have much more surprising signs and wonders recounted of their own gods.' The internal evidence afforded by the life of our Saviour to His doctrine is the only one which has the least hold upon their minds. And the foundation stone of belief with the new sect of the Brahmo Somaj is the omission of the supernatural element altogether.

What was unknown and marvellous was in the old time always accepted as proof of a miraculous intervention of the gods. Gradually, as the domain of law invades one fresh district after another, now that eclipses no longer 'shed disastrous twilight, with fear of change perplexing monarchs,' or comets 'from their horrid hair shake pestilence and war,' but are simple facts of astronomy, while earthquakes and burning mountains are taken possession of by geology; since fever and cholera have been ruthlessly rescued from the domain of the supernatural and reduced to the violation of sanitary laws;[1] and the potato rot has nearly ceased to be considered as a sign of the wrath of Heaven on the nation—for the wickedness of the Protestants in taking

[1] Lord Palmerston, at Edinburgh in 1850, was the first statesman publicly to recognise this truth.

away the tithe, according to Archbishop Cullen in Ireland and for not sufficiently valuing Prince Albert, as suggested simultaneously by Bishop Wilberforce in England—there is, perhaps, some hope that we may reach as far as the old prophet so many hundred years ago, and find out that the evidences of the Lord's presence are not to be sought for so much in the storm, or the earthquake, or the fire (*i.e.* in strange physical events without), as in 'the still small voice' within us.

The value of internal as compared to external proof is finding its way into the most diverse enquiries; the relation of different races is now sought for through the almost new science of philology, the construction of their languages taking the place of obscure traditions concerning their origin; and as Cuvier and Owen build up a whole beast or bird from the evidence of the bone of one toe, so the remains of a few words, 'ground down,' as Max Müller calls it, and mutilated, but still preserving marks of their birthplace, are considered to be better and safer signs of connection in language, and therefore in race, than those wild speculations which our ancestors called history.

It is almost entirely by the assistance of philology that the new workers in Bible history are carrying out their researches and unravelling the dates of the story. The 'pieces of older diction' which Ewald finds embedded in works evidently of a later age, the allusions to events which have happened later inserted in accounts of those professedly earlier—the pedigrees and recitals of origin, evidently constructed out of fanciful interpretations of names, or which can be shown to hang on the original meaning of a word which has often been lost, form important points in the materials to be derived from the earliest historical, and what may almost be called 'prehistoric' documents. Ewald describes in an exceedingly interesting chapter the 'imperfect dress in which even a signal event often survives, and the manner in which the lively imagination of

the relator endeavours to supply the details missing,' the variations thus introduced at different times at last multiplying the story into two or more discordant narratives—as in the beautiful tradition of David's youth, the scene in the cave with Saul, which is given with varying details, twice over, in the 24th and 26th chapters of Samuel—and an evidently favourite story concerning Abraham and his wife, which may be found in three forms, repeated in the 12th, 20th, and 26th chapters of Genesis, where the king is sometimes represented as sovereign of Egypt, sometimes of the Philistines, and the hero varies from Abraham to Isaac, but which is probably one and the same event.

One of the best of the natural aids to memory, before the existence of writing, consisted in songs—the charm of diction securing transmission, and the artistic form preserving a certain amount at least of accuracy. 'David,' says Ewald, 'provided for the transmission and publication of his dirge on Saul and Jonathan by causing the sons of Judah to learn it *correctly*' (wrongly translated in our version as 'the use of the bow'), 'which in our days would be equivalent to sending it to the press.'

Occasionally an incident is preserved in a proverb of historical origin.

As tradition, however, becomes uncertain and fragmentary, the mind cannot be satisfied with what is unconnected and obscure, and attempts to repair and complete it exactly where it is most imperfect, 'filling up the gaps from conjecture.' Numbers appear to be hardest to hand down with correctness, and there are certain figures to be found in most histories—sometimes apparently because they were holy, sometimes because they were round, three, seven, ten, forty, occasionally multiplied—and of which tradition makes the freest use.

We talk much of the 'uncritical spirit of antiquity' in matters of history—that, 'with the exception of Thucydides, none of the classical historians have risen to the

conception of what is evidence;' but it is only within the last hundred years or so that we seem ourselves to have attained any distinct notion in what it consists. The mass of tradition, myth, and fiction, which, merely because it had been repeated before, was blandly accepted as fact in the early annals of every nation, may be said only really to have given way when Niebuhr made his onslaught upon those venerable fairy tales which head the history of Rome. Before that time the wolf of Romulus was almost as real to most men, or at least as unquestioned, as that of Little Red Riding Hood is to children. 'Besides, have we not seen the bronze wolf in the Capitol?'

The unquestioning faith with which the early chroniclers begin their works by wading tranquilly through a muddy sea of legend and conjecture, the minutest details of which they pour forth with as much certainty as those concerning the latest events of their own centuries, makes one's hair stand on end. The 'Chronicon Chronicorum,' 1493, gives the history of the world in short biographies with coloured illustrations, of the ancestors of all present races, beginning with Jupiter in a fur cap and Jewish gaberdine, and 'Diana, prima dea,' with the two-horned headdress of the Queen of Edward IV., figuring impartially alongside Semiramis, Levi ('linea pontificis'), Zoroaster, Apis, Rebecca (with the same headgear), all evidently equally authentic and important. The 'linea Christi' comprises Minerva (whose hair is in a very flighty condition for the goddess of wisdom), Prometheus, Atlas gigas, followed by a most truculent-looking Abraham seizing Isaac by the hair of his head; 'while panting Time toils after' the biographer 'in vain,' amidst the rapidity of his transitions.

Ralph Higden, about the same period, begins his humbler work in the same style. Evidently a picture is a strong point: who can doubt the existence of a lady or gentleman whose portrait is before one's very eyes?

Even Holinshed, as late as 1577, cannot resist opening

his History with a speculation on the state of England 'before the floud,' proceeding to tell us that 'Noe being the only monark of al the world, allotted Britayn among the other iles of Europe to Japhet.' Here, too, the pictures greatly assist our convictions, and supply any gaps in the evidence—'Noe' as a stout burgomaster, and Japhet in full armour. A little farther on in the story we hear that 'Neptunus, who had to wife a lady called Amphitrita, landed his fourth son, Albion, being a giaunt, on this ile,' where he 'was much troubled by his cousin Hercules.' After which the chronicler, 'desiring,' he says, 'to be short,' gives two pages (folio) to 'the daughters of Danaus, who were embarqued and left to the mercies of the raging seas, and brought to the shores of this ile, where they married the giaunts.' A slight qualm comes over him as to the absolute truth of this story, but he 'will not admit a doubt concerning Brute the Trojan hyther comming;' and more than half his precious space is devoted to him and his like.

A hundred years later, 'The History of the Lives of all the Kings of this Isle from the Year of this World 2855, unto the Year of Grace 1660,' has made one step in advance. Although it begins with the still inevitable Brute, and is even headed by a fine picture of his coat-of-arms, yet Sir Winston Churchill 'pretermits his story and that of the seventeen kings his successors as things so remote that no just measure can be taken of them.' This, however, only gives us a greater feeling of certainty for 'the next dynast, 3562: Belin Lud (who founded London), and the following one of Cymbeline, &c.' 'Some conclude all fabulous before the Romans' (he goes on with much disgust), 'not considering what violence they offer to the credit of the illegible tables of Noah, which comprehended the primitive laws of Nature, and, however not understood, were yet admitted by the old world as reliques of unquestionable authority.' As, however, they were not intelligible and not

readable, it does not exactly appear in what this authority consisted.

Even later, when we have reached times which we consider not unlike our own in habits of thought, a 'Universal History,' in seven folio vols., dedicated to the Duke of Marlborough, begins solemnly with a chapter on 'Profane History before the Flood,' containing an account of 'a certain Usons, and one named Chrysor, who taught works in iron and boat building—the same' (care is taken to inform us) 'as Vulcan;' also of 'Oannes, a fish with a man's head and voice, amphibious, who not only delivered his instructions by word of mouth, but wrote of the origin of things and of political œconomy' (have J. S. Mill and Ricardo duly studied this great authority?); while Polyhistor, the historian of this gentleman, is much blamed for his extreme incorrectness in putting his date full a year too soon—*i.e.* in the reign of Alorus, a Chaldean king before the Flood, instead of that of Metalurus his successor—so important is accuracy on such momentous points.

The writers go on to prove the reality of the Flood by the existence of shells and bones of fish at the tops of mountains, 'which are not, as some have asserted, mere simulacra or sports of nature, but real.' Much good time and trouble are spent in attempting to settle the day upon which the Flood began, 'wherein many writers have fallen into mistake, whether December 7, as Archbishop Usher declares, or November 28, as Mr. Whiston computes.' And here we first come upon the dates which were about this time inserted in the pages of the Bible, whose ordinary readers sometimes speak of this chronology as nearly as sacred as the text itself—ignoring the fact that it was calculated by this very Archbishop of Armagh, whose critical acumen may be judged of by the certainty with which he decides that 'the creation of the world took place on September 3, of a Wednesday, in the afternoon!'

Great stress is laid in all these writers upon the 'con-

sensus of ages.' If a certain number of men for a certain length of time have been brought about to repeat the same story, as for instance that of Brute the Trojan, its hero becomes a reality *ipso facto*, quite irrespective of the question whether the original inventor of him had or had not any foundation for his tale.

It has been said in matters of opinion 'that no amount of noughts added to a substantive figure increases its value;' and if the evidence of a witness be imperfect or incorrect, the chroniclers do not see that no number of affirmations by those who merely repeat his words make them any stronger. Indeed, in this blind 'follow my leader' process, the tale, as it is dragged on from one relater to another, comes out scrubbier and sorrier at each transmission, as may be seen in the intense dulness of the stories of Romulus and his fellows, when transformed into facts of solemn history, where all the charm of the original fable seems to have passed out of them.

The only evidence accepted, however, of old was that of authority. The battles of opinion in the Middle Ages consisted on both sides in hurling passages of some Father of the Church or Greek philosopher at each other. Unless a text from Plato or Aristotle, 'St. Austin' or Jerome, could be found on any subject, it was quite useless to discuss it. So much the worse for the fact if it disagreed with the authority. There was a singular mixture of humility and arrogance among the disputants—humility as to their own powers, arrogance when using the arguments of others, the certainty of which seemed to increase with their utter irrelevance.

No science was possible under such conditions; that patient examination and sifting of testimony which we now consider to be its essence, the taking nothing for granted, the consideration of doubt as no longer a sin, but a primary, necessary duty, the careful putting together of the links of small facts until they become a chain of reasoning, would

have been considered irreligious if it had been possible.[1] Instead of this, it was considered conclusive to declare that there could be only seven planets, because seven was a holy number, composed of the sacred three and the perfect four; and because there were seven days to the week, and seven ages for man, and seven vowels, and seven branches to the Jewish candlestick, and other equally cogent arguments.

As long as every natural event was considered to be the result of the direct intervention of a Deity, there was of course no place for 'laws of nature.' Nor even in the next stage of belief, when the evidence of God's hand was to be seen in 'portents,' miraculous interferences, eclipses, earthquakes, in anything, in short, which could not be explained by the experience of the age; and, as most things were beyond its power of accounting for, the field of the supernatural was proportionately large. It is plain that the Venerable Bede (700) considers his history to be nothing worth unless the account of every good man and every great event is buttressed by a marvel. Giraldus Cambrensis (1200), writing a mere book of travels, has a portent—the appearance of an unclean spirit, or a miracle by a saint, dead or alive—in almost every page, all substantiated by names, places, and dates. 'A man has just been delivered of a calf,' a punishment to a great sinner. 'A red-haired Simon has been unmasked, and discovered to be the son of a devil.' 'A certain priest in our own time, whom the Archbishop delighted much to hear discourse upon ancient histories, said once that the power of the devils was much diminished at the coming of Christ, insomuch that they were dispersed and fled; some threw themselves into the sea, others hid themselves in the hollow parts of trees or the clefts of rock: "I myself leapt into a well." Then colouring with shame at having thus discovered himself, he

[1] 'The attempt to resolve phenomena into general laws was looked on with disapprobation in the ancient world, as indirectly setting aside supernatural intervention and communications from the gods.'—GROTE.

disappeared out of the room. At the same hour he was met on the Alps by two priests, to whom he said that he had been sent to Rome by his master, and *thus was it proved* that a demon had deluded them in human form!'

Indeed, on whatever question this kind of evidence is desired, it may be procured in history to almost any amount: *e.g.* the miraculous cures of scrofula (king's evil) by the hand of 'the Lord's annointed' are numerous and undoubted. Sir Winston Churchill, in 1698, mentions 'one particularly well known, of a young maid born blind at Deptford, who by the touch of his late blessed Majesty Charles II. (!) was restored to sight,' &c., the power in the King resulting from the fact that the oil used at the coronation had been brought by an angel from heaven. 'There be but four such happy kingdoms, France, Jerusalem, England, and Sicily,' and accordingly in these alone can any such results be expected from the gifted sovereign.

Each generation is convinced only by arguments adapted to its own level of civilisation; but while we now look with contempt on such reasoning in history and science, the world, with strange inconsistency, continues to hold the old loose standard to be sufficient for the greatest and most important questions of belief, which it will not endure any longer in lesser matters.

It is necessary first, however, to ascertain what kind of evidence a subject is capable of receiving. Warburton, himself a mathematician, says of mathematical studies that, 'in making a man conversant only with matters in which certainty is the result, they unfit, or at least do not prepare him, for sifting and balancing what alone he will have to do with in the world—probabilities; there being no worse practical men than those who require more evidence than is necessary,' or, indeed, of a kind of which the subject is not capable. The evidence for a God or a future state is of a different class from that which determines a fact in astronomy or mechanics. There has been a reaction

of late against the Paley line of argument: for example, the amount of evil and suffering existing in the world, particularly among animals, might be used to prove a malevolent instead of a good Creator, without a wider, deeper kind of reasoning than that of the Archdeacon, who does not seem to have seen the weakness imported into his case by admitting that the same tests might be required for the acts of creation as for the making of a watch.

Again, we must distinguish what the evidence really serves to prove. Our forefathers, even the most cautious, were satisfied, if a strange fact could be substantiated, that it might be made to carry the most outrageous consequences. For instance, an ecstatic woman spat pins. There could be but one orthodox interpretation of such a case—that of demoniacal possession; the evidence good for the presence of the pins was transferred to the interpretation, the minor included the major, the pins became a proved case of the devil's power, while any attempt to show how the girl bit out the pins from her stomacher in her feigned contortions was only considered to be a fresh instance of 'the wiles of Satan!'

It is often said that though there may be two sides to an argument, there cannot be two sides to a fact; but with our present amount of training, how few 'facts' are there which are not matters of opinion! 'This is not a question as to a dogma, but as to a fact,' says Mrs. Oliphant of the Stigmata of St. Francis of Assisi. Who, however, are the witnesses to the wounds, which the Saint himself never showed during his life, and which certainly were never then seen by anyone if they did exist? In the next place, what is meant by the word fact? Even if the five marks in poor St. Francis's worn frame were proved to have been found there after his death, does this 'fact' in the least prove that they were inflicted supernaturally on him in his lifetime by Our Saviour in person, which is the only point in their existence in anywise interesting?

There is no word more fallacious, indeed, than fact: *e.g.* there is nothing more indubitable, attested by the eyes and senses of more witnesses, than that the sun moves every day across the sky; yet every educated man now knows that it never so moves at all. The most undeniable self-evident fact existent is no fact at all, but an illusion.

That the evidence of our senses is untrustworthy unless verified by some other process is a truism. Our eyes by the refraction of water see an object in the place where it is not; they are deceived by sleight of hand in every variety of way; our ears may be made, by means of conducting rods, to fancy the sounds which they hear are close to them, when they are in reality produced yards away. The instances are endless. Our mental eyes vary in power as much, moreover, as do our bodily eyes in their appreciation of colour. The numerous mistakes made in railway signals, which consist mainly of green and red, have caused this faculty to be more generally tested in the community than of old, and cases of 'colour blindness,' *i.e.* where red and green are identical, are found to be extremely common; there is probably every shade, no two exactly alike, seen by different eyes, up to the perfect organ seeing both colours at their brightest. In the same way, the dulness of our powers of interpretation as well as of observation and attention, the want of practice in making out what we do see, and what that seeing really proves, follows a descending scale from the acuteness of Lord Lyndhurst or Lord Westbury for one set of conclusions, and Mr. Faraday or Mr. Tyndall for another, down to the intellect of Mr. Whalley, who sees a Jesuit conspiracy in everything, and of Sir George Bowyer, who proves the Pope's omniscience by his mistakes, or his success by the present state of Rome, or of the gentleman who not long ago betted 500*l.* that 'the earth was flat, not round.'

Table-turning was an unpleasant instance of this weakness of the ordinary powers of observation and judgment

among us. Hundreds of men and women of the greatest probity and honour, belonging to what are called (by courtesy) the educated classes, bore witness that large and heavy tables moved by their own proper will, without the assistants themselves exercising any pressure at all. What was their evidence worth scientifically? The motion, where there was any, is proved to have been caused by the unconscious exertion of the muscles in people who expected such action to take place—a well-known and recognised fact in physics.

One of the best of our judges once remarked how astonished he was at the positiveness of assertion in almost all witnesses, and their confidence in their own recollection. 'For my part,' said he, 'unless my attention has been specially drawn to an occurrence in order to remember it, I feel most uncertain of my own accuracy concerning the details.'

But it requires much knowledge and much observation to be aware of the extent of our own ignorance and inaccuracy; the sense of correctness must be developed before we suffer from its absence, either in ourselves or others.

The cultivation of an exact memory, the self-denying pursuit first of the perception, and then the expression of what is true, as distinguished from a vague careless love of truth, depends more upon attention than upon any other faculty. The extreme inaccuracy, the exaggeration with which nearly all persons in ordinary conversation relate what they have seen or heard, is almost frightful when one remembers how much may sometimes depend upon it.

Independently moreover of this, few people attend sufficiently to what is said and done by others around them to recollect it correctly; they are attending instead of this to themselves—to their own sensations and thoughts. And the mind appears incapable of taking in more than one set of impressions at a time with any sort of completeness.

In periods of great excitement it is evidently hopeless

to expect any approach to accuracy: the actors are so engaged with their own deeds and their own perils, that those of others (minor in interest to them) seem hardly to be heeded at the moment. It is impossible, *e.g.* to ascertain any of the facts relating to the death of Gustavus Adolphus. It was the turning point of the battle—it was the turning point of a great historical period; yet no one could tell with certainty in what part of the army he was at the time —by whom he was killed—not even at what moment in the fight, or whether Wallenstein was or was not present. And this was not uncertainty produced by distance in time or place, for immediately after the battle, and in the immediate neighbourhood of the field, the controversies began. After the battle of the Alma one of the general officers was anxious to ascertain the moment when a certain major was killed, so as to ascertain when his successor took the command, on which depended some question of promotion or pension. The officer who rode beside him when he died gave evidence that the major 'certainly crossed the brook: I was close to him, and saw him ride up the steep bank, and he fell from his horse some time after that.' His soldier servant declared 'certainly he never got across the brook: I saw the horse making up the bank riderless, and tried myself to catch it.'

When we see how impossible it is to unravel the truth of an occurrence which took place a few weeks or months before, a kind of desperation comes over one at the absurdly small chance there must be of attaining certainty concerning a disputed fact of history: all that we can probably even hope to reach is a knowledge of the modes of thought of a particular period, the manner in which actions were regarded by contemporaries, as given in the writing of the time, which by diligent probing of contemporary documents may be ascertained with tolerable accuracy—and to this balanced hanging up of testimony our histories seem more and more to be tending. Even

here, however, the temptation to fill up empty spaces and insert missing links is so strong, that only those who have had to do with such documents can tell how constantly on their guard they are obliged to be against this tendency to piece out facts by imagination. 'The native impatience of the human mind disdains that fortitude of resignation which is implied in rejecting all but verified facts and verified conclusions.'

We have reached a transition point concerning evidences of all kinds when it behoves our religious teachers to use the utmost caution in laying no more weight of proof on each step in their arguments than it is able to bear. In striving to strengthen their case, 'the irrelevant facts, the unverified conclusions' which have hitherto been quietly taken as material points, must every day have less and less weight, as the 'evidential sense' of the public which they address becomes more educated with regard to other matters, and be dangerous accordingly to the cause.

It has become the duty more particularly of this generation to cultivate accuracy of thought and accuracy of observation in ourselves and others, and the necessity of the study of science, cordially introduced into our colleges and schools, becomes daily more and more evident, to the end that the average mind of the public may be trained first to see facts clearly and then to judge logically as to their meaning. 'Society, speaking generally,' said Faraday in a lecture at the Royal Institution, 'is not only ignorant as respects education of the judgment, but is also ignorant of its ignorance.' 'Correct judgment with regard to surrounding objects, events, and consequences becomes possible only through knowledge of the way in which surrounding phenomena depend on each other.'

Evidence of the most startling kind may accumulate before our very eyes—as in the sanitary questions of the day—and unless it be on points which in some way appeal to our imaginations, little result will be attained. The

intimate relations between disease and the want of proper water supply in quality and quantity, the absence of drainage and good air, and presence of dirt, may be said to be so completely proved, that every case of zymotic disease and of small-pox can be traced to our national neglect and ignorance; yet these questions have been hardly glanced at by our legislators. The adulteration of food, drink, and drugs, is distinctly shown to be poisoning our poorer neighbours, and to very seriously imperil the national health, yet year after year, any interference was carelessly postponed; while the revelations hitherto made have only served to show the wrongly disposed how easily and successfully cheating may be carried out. Some general amount of training in physical science among our statesmen would materially assist our progress in these matters. The cultivation of the moral sense alone, though an incomparably higher element, is not enough. How few of us have the power of seeing with our eyes or hearing with our ears! The extraordinary narrowness of the range of observation in most men, shutting out a whole world of usefulness and of interest, may be tested by comparing the impressions of a number of individuals out together on a pleasure trip: the artist has only noticed the picturesque effects and lights and shades, the sailor has observed the weather and the machinery, the maid knows only how the people were dressed, the cook how the joints were carved, only the fine lady and the sanitarians have smelt the smells, even the naturalists have probably been engrossed each with his own particular subjects, to the exclusion of the rest. A general observer is most rare.

To practise children in the power of accurate and quick perception, as for instance to narrate carefully and conscientiously any occurrence which has passed before them, or the objects of natural history seen during a walk, should be the first step in our training.

In the Tichborne case it was seen how small is the

general power of defining faces or features. If we were asked to describe those belonging to our dearest friends, we should most of us find the greatest difficulty in doing so. We say that such and such people 'are alike,' but we could not undertake nine times out of ten to say in what the likeness consists. A blurred, general, indistinct outline is all we most of us have of nature, instead of that intimate acquaintance which alone can bear fruit. Verification, the testing of our knowledge of every description, is described as the last best achievement of modern times, as opposed to the reception of even what is truth upon authority alone. The English nation is in the habit of priding itself upon this quality of truth, which in its highest sense cannot possibly be attained unless we cultivate the power of seeing and hearing correctly in physical matters, and of honestly striving to ascertain the value of testimony and the grounds of argument in matters of thought. Without this we may honour the goddess with our lips, but our hearts will be far from her: she will continue at the bottom of her well while we are worshipping a false image of her, or rather of ourselves in her image. There can be no truth worth having without this accuracy both of perception and expression, and these are only to be acquired by long and patient cultivation, for which science offers the best possible training.

Unless more pains be taken with the education of the world in such qualities, our grandchildren will suffer as cruelly as we do ourselves from the imperfections of the evidence, even of the most truthful, honest and honourable persons, in public and private life—from the illogical habits of thought of many among our shrewdest politicians, our most conscientious divines, and our cleverest writers.

THE OBJECTS OF ART.[1]

Much has been written upon the necessity of discriminating between the different lines of thought which different arts are capable of expressing: How that which is a fit subject for words is generally not well to say in paint and canvas; how sculpture again has a field of its own; but there is a further question which seems now to be a stumbling-block to our poets and artists, *i.e.* whether because a subject admits of being very fully expressed in the medium chosen, it is therefore worthy in point of taste to be worked out in art. After all 'toute vérité n'est pas bonne à dire' is a very old truth. Though the limit may be difficult to define of what indeed constitutes art, it is clearly not mere imitation of nature, however admirable.

There is a series of pictures at Marseilles of patients in various stages of plague and yellow fever, very well painted, horrible beyond description, but very interesting to the physician: no one would consider these as art. There are models exquisitely executed of diseased limbs in a museum at Florence: no one would hold these up as sculpture. Why should the dissection, the detailed analysis of the mind of the meanest of villains continued through four volumes be considered as a proper object for a great poem? A high authority is reported to have said that the subject of the 'Ring and the Book' was one to which an honest man might have given five minutes in a police report; but how could he spend four years in writing upon it, as was said to have been the case?

[1] *Fraser's Magazine*, 1870.

Again, the morbid anatomy of the mind of a man driven mad by the arts of a wicked woman and poisoned by a love philter, may be very curious to the pathologist, to the mad doctor, or the writer on 'obscure diseases of the brain,' but what use, pleasure, or interest can it afford to the general reader? How is his mind raised, or his power of coping with the problems of life enlarged, or his feelings enlightened by such a study, however beautiful and poetic may be Mr. Tennyson's words?

The very object of art is to present an ideal to the mind, to raise one out of the 'ignorant present,' out of the dust and trouble of every-day earthly ways into the diviner atmosphere of a higher wisdom, which reflection or distance of time can only otherwise give. Not the conscious teaching of any separate moral, but to help one to see life, and men and women, in a measure as we shall do hereafter, the finite in the light of the infinite,—like looking down on the material world from a lofty eminence, where even ugly things are harmonised, the true proportion of parts to the whole is seen, and the end of many devious rivers can at length be traced out.

The terrible, the painful, the pathetic, the wicked, are all necessary to be shown: art has a higher aim than that of being always 'pleasing,' and you cannot solve problems unless the materials for doing so are given. But unless there is a sort of reason (felt though perhaps not expressed) for the suffering you inflict, something made plainer which is worth understanding, some conclusion reached through the troubled sea of sorrow and sin, a feeling of dissatisfaction and unrest is produced, which is not the legitimate result of art.

To be asked to grope through that mass of filth and low villainy called the mind of a Francesco Cenci or a Guido Franceschini, and the consequences, creates a loathing which is as incompatible with real art as the main subject of a poem or play as the study of the plague boils, and which

no beauty of diction can redeem. Iago is a rascal of the deepest dye: he is the mainspring of the plot, but the effects of his villainy, not the villain himself, constitute the story. We have no analysis a volume long of that pit of corruption, his soul. The mind is shown by the action, the motive barely glanced at, the result given, and we pass on to Othello and Desdemona, 'metal more attractive.'

The 'Spanish Gipsy' seems to be a mistake of a different kind. Here the attempt is made to interest us in the fortunes of an utterly wretched man, tossed about without a rag of principle of any kind, a noble of the proudest caste in the world, who yet gives up his honour, his country, his religion, not for any conviction, but love of by no means a lofty kind, since the heroine is too utterly unreal to be interesting—a girl brought up in the almost monastic seclusion of Spanish high life, who on the eve of her marriage cannot resist going down to dance a dramatic *pas seul* in the public market-place, is too fantastic an ideal to inspire respect or affection. In Victor Hugo's Esmeralda, the dancing comes in as a natural part of her position and her character, not as an unintelligible passion utterly at variance with the lofty aspirations to found a nation, with which she is supposed to be inoculated a few moments after by that union of incoherent qualities, her father. There is not a single character in the poem in whom it is possible to take any real interest; indeed, they are not human beings at all, but flat silhouettes—some black, some pink, according to order—which move across the scene by most palpable strings, who act or refrain from acting because their maker wants the situation for a description (often extremely beautiful), and not from the irresistible *entrain* which in a real work of genius—in the author's own 'Adam Bede,' for instance—forces on us the conviction—for it is more than a belief—that the story is all true, and that the actors could not help doing what we are told they did, any more than in nature: it is history, not fiction.

In Mr. Browning's book you are continually amazed at the keenness of the analysis and the superhuman ingenuity of his explanation of events, which he takes care to let you know are real; but the only effect on your mind is to say, 'How clever!' The only thing you end by being convinced of is, that the intricacies of the mind of a reprobate Italian of the middle ages are not likely to have been imagined by an English gentleman of the nineteenth century (thank Heaven!), and that even if it were possible, you very much prefer not knowing what they were.

The mistake that the real is true is the greatest of all; it is often just its reality which makes it false in art: 'le vrai n'est pas toujours vraisemblable.' If you invent situations according to your own good pleasure, you can at least offer well-grounded explanations of the state of mind which they produce, the internal interpretation of the external phenomena; but if you take real events, there are half a dozen possible reasons for every action of the actors, and the chance is that you are mistaken nine times out of ten at least. This is why a novel or play on historical persons must always be unsatisfactory: nothing short of the omniscient divination of Shakespeare can make these dry bones live; and even he takes Holinshed or Plutarch as his basis and sets down the very words he believes to have been uttered by Wolsey or Brutus in order to be sure of his fact.

To take an absurdly small instance, there is nothing which brings up one's imagination so short, which gives such a taste of utter unreality, as Miss Edgeworth's 'this is a fact' at the bottom of the page. You surrender yourself to the narrator for the time; the story should be so told that like a child you *do* believe that the whole is 'a fact,' not this isolated morsel, and unless the author is really able to live in the tale itself to this extent he is no true artist.

It seems often to be forgotten, that the choice of a subject in a really great work of art which is to live, must be

studied as anxiously as its execution, and one almost longs for Mr. Arnold's ideal of an autocratic literary tribunal to prevent such wastes of good power as we have lately seen. When men and women of genius get hold of such subjects one longs to follow the example of the 'Almanach des Gourmands,' which after giving most elaborate directions to its disciples how to dress a cucumber, ends with the advice, 'After this the best you can do with the thing is to throw it away altogether.' The science of rejection is an all-important one: to know how to get rid of a thought, to learn to throw away your cucumber, or, as Fox once said, to cross out the fine passages you have taken most trouble about in your speech or your book.

The sense of what constitutes a good subject does not always go with the power of creation. An idea seizes forcibly on the mind from some chance association, some accidental charm, and the man of genius is by no means fit to judge of its fitness. 'Paradise Lost' is a failure, in the highest sense; the 'Zauberflöte' is a failure, the 'Skinning of St. Peter' at Antwerp is a failure, though each from a different cause. In the first, the immensity of the subject dwarfs all expression; it is too great, indeed, for words to seize hold of. In the second, the triviality of the story on which such lovely melodies are hung on, as it were, without belonging to it, ruins the work as a drama. In the third, the physical horrors of the picture are what must absorb the attention, while the thought which redeems the suffering is impossible to give in a picture, and unmitigated disgust is its only result. Criticism, if not worth very much, might at least assist in pointing these things out to the creators.

The very ideal, however, of what constitutes art at all has so utterly and strangely changed in modern times, that the question demands more discussion. Coming from the Greek sculpture in the British Museum, or passing through the new chambers of the National Gallery, where for the

first time we begin to have any general notion of the amount of treasures the nation now possesses, when we turn from the modern to the ancient masters, or still more on coming from an exhibition of the Royal Academy, there is one difference between the old and the new more striking than all else—the subjects. The idea of the ludicrous, or even the pathetic, does not seem to have existed as a fit subject for art in the earliest and best times. The religious, the historical, the grand, the beautiful, the majestic, the terrible, matters interesting to a whole nation, were evidently the only objects considered suitable or even possible to it. The domestic affections—for instance, representations of a mother and child—were admissible only when transfigured into the holy pair. Art was dedicated to the service of God and of the State. Even portraits for a long time seem scarcely ever to have been painted, except of men distinguished from their kind by rank or merit; or if occasionally an inferior person crept in, some Fornarina or Joconda, some 'Violinista,' or 'Titian's school-master,' it was as a friend of the artist, or his lady love, which of itself was considered to ennoble them into fame. It would have been impossible for an Italian mind of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries to conceive a series from the 'Vicar of Wakefield' or 'Uncle Toby and the Widow' as fit objects for their honoured vocation; while Miss Nina Lehmann would have had no chance of being immortalised unless she had been a 'daughter of France' or an Infanta of Spain.

In Greece the noble and the beautiful were so necessary a part of the very conception of that which constituted art that the representation of pain and grief itself was inadmissible, except disguised by a poetic version. The Niobe was not to be disfigured by her tears, the Laocoon was to preserve a certain grace in his agony. Art was too great and solemn a thing, too nationally important, to be brought down to a mere expression of domestic life. If an epic was

written, its subject was chosen in some event considered as belonging to the race, the siege of Troy or the taking of Jerusalem, not an obscure Italian crime, or a sailor with two wives; such grand means were not to be used for so vulgar an end, the gods were not to be summoned except on worthy occasions. If it was necessary to tell such things at all, let them be writ in *novelli* like those of Boccaccio. If a drama was to be represented, it depicted the wrongs of Agamemnon, or the sorrows, fated by the gods themselves, of the doomed Œdipus; it would have been demanding too much to ask an audience to weep over the woes of the 'Lady of Lyons' and a gardener's son. Even Shakespeare himself never ventured on the domestic drama properly so called, except in a farce, and even then almost always idealised by transporting the scene to Italy or Greece. Domestic life has risen into importance since that time, and threatens to absorb all our present art. There were not a dozen pictures in the Academy last year belonging even to the same school of thought as the ancient. Mr. Watts's beautiful 'Orpheus and Eurydice,' Mr. Leighton's 'Electra' and 'Icarus,' Mr. W. Richmond's 'Procession of Bacchus,' were almost the only exceptions of any power. No doubt the ancient artists cut themselves off from an enormous field of interest and beauty; but can we be right in thus ignoring the higher, nobler poetry of life, and confining ourselves so much to the nursery and the drawing-room? There is even an ideal mode of treating the most ordinary and real things in which we generally fail. For instance, that wonderful little gem of colour, the pale, sad young girl knitting in the half-light of a deep old French window of Edouard Frère is pathetic in its tender simplicity. Therefore it seems to have been considered that the mere fact of girls sewing is of itself a very interesting subject, and last year accordingly we had whole rows of pictures of different editions of the article, washing, sewing, cooking, and playing. 'Ce n'est pas plus malin que ça' to make a

picture, the French painter seems to say with the careless grace of his figures, and we believe him in all stupidity literally, and go and do likewise as we think. But we must have his power of putting mind into matter, developing the hidden poetry of the thought in the commonplace action, as in Mr. Mason's 'Evening Prayer,' or it will not be a picture and not interesting at all.

> For me the meanest flower that blows can give
> Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears,

is all very well for Wordsworth to say, but that is no reason why Mr. Martin Tupper can make us cry over a family of deceased kittens. The colours must be mixed 'with brains, sir,' as Opie once said. Literal transcripts of what we see are not beautiful unless they have passed through the alembic of a mind, as it were, and unless nature is interpreted intelligently and reverently as well as carefully, in which case the record of a stone may become interesting.

Portrait painting is often spoken of as a lower form of art: Rembrandt, Titian, Rubens, Velasquez, did not find it so; but then they did not paint gowns or coats with lay figures inside them, but living men and women. Passing along the galleries where the best art of the greatest artists is hung, the portraits are among the highest and most interesting works they have left. That nameless old woman with a white frill and coif, who looks full at us from the end of the great room in the National collection, the Venetian senator of Moroni, a Giorgione, that dried-up old chip of a man the Doge of Bellini, a Mabuse, a Holbein of a grim coarse face—why on earth should we care for these? Their very names have died out, their stories are dust like the men themselves; they are merely human beings, probably even not very interesting of their kind; and yet that dark Italian head with its close-cropped hair, and passionate, almost sullen look in the eyes, the phlegmatic Dutchman and his old wife with her wrinkled hands crossed tranquilly

before her (there is much character in hands), that courtly Vandyke gentleman and Titian lady, are alive. We make a personal acquaintance with them: every plait in the skin of the old woman's face tells one a story of a life in the far-off centuries, as much as the stern mysterious look of the 'Portrait of an Italian Nobleman,' in green, name unknown. Whole acres of canvas, like the Rubens 'Peace' and 'War' (fine as they are in their way), are infinitely less valuable, do not say one-half so much, or tell what they have to tell so plainly, as his picture of 'Helena Forman' and his 'Two Children' in the Louvre. It will only, however, be the painter capable of (what are called) higher things who will ever be able to guess the capabilities of a face in the first place, and then translate them adequately upon canvas, which can alone be called real portrait painting. A man cannot be *only* a portrait painter to reach this point—he must possess the power which, when he chooses to use it otherwise, can create great works of a different kind, *i.e.* understand character, unravel what is often written in very earthly confused lines in men, and tell the story as he sees it with that vision which 'sees the mind behind the face,' as Tennyson puts it.

With regard to the question of what sides of life art can best represent, one cannot but feel that there is a certain amount of truth in the modern cry, 'Give us subjects which we understand.' 'We do not know about, and we do not care for, pagan processions and Greek myths,' says the English world; 'the Greeks carved them because they believed in them, and the Italian Madonnas were painted to satisfy the craving of the people; they were in sympathy with their artists, and the art was the expression of the mind of the nation defined and idealised. Why cannot our artists do for us as those of old? We cannot sympathise with what is so distant from our life and modes of thought, and which does not come home to our own interests. Are there no causes which move our natures as deeply as in

former times? Were not the sufferings in the Crimea of the commonest soldier as heroic as any battle of the Amazons? We want our artists to teach us what to admire; to be "prophets" in the old sense, teachers to the nation of the beautiful and the poetic which is to be found in the common life around us. But if the best among them cut themselves off from the chance of being "understanded of the people" by choosing what is only interesting and even intelligible to the educated few, are they not themselves curtailing their own mission?' 'What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba?' must be a true view of the matter to the world in general. It requires both education and imagination to transport ourselves into so far off a life as the Greek. It is only by falsifying wholly the old legend in spirit that Mr. Tennyson has made the story of Guinevere so generally interesting; by transporting the modes of thought and morals of the modern ideal hero into the archaic model. Where he has kept to the original, as in 'Enid,' it is almost impossible to care for the heroine's woes as she drives those three horses before her.

There are certain minds in whom the classic side is so strong that it is most natural for them to write of Endymion or Atalanta, and we are grateful for whatsoever the true artist, poet or painter, will give us; but they must remember that they are not following the example of the Greek poets and the Italian painters—they are foregoing the very associations and interests which made them strong. 'The ashes of our fathers and the temples of our gods' will always be the most really interesting topics to every nation. It is like the sermons of the present day: we preach about the past, we moralise on the vices of the Corinthians, and our symbols come out of the Jewish landscape, while our Master took His illustrations out of every common field and stone and peasant around Him; there was not a weed or a sheep and goat which he did not make to tell its story; whereby His parables, quite irrespective of any inspired

meaning, are living still, while ours have no root in the ground of our own experience, and are dead.

It is not by merely imitating the beautiful of the past that we can ever hope to equal it—it must be grown out of the soil of our own life and our own feelings. Surely there must be a poetic side, a mode of seeing them by which the great deeds and great thoughts of the present can take artistic form. We are cut off, it is true, from the sensuous side of religion as a fruitful source of beautiful inspiration: the abstract doctrinal view which the northern nations take of their severer, more reasoning faith, prevents all outward and visible form being given to their theology, except perhaps in architecture; but there remains the life of national interests, struggles, politics, and philanthropy. Mr. Peabody must be represented: why should he be made ridiculous as the reward of his generosity, as was done last year? Rembrandt could have made a fine picture of even his commonplace features; why cannot we? There is surely a grand side to Havelock and his men marching night and day across the burning plains of India, to the rescue of their countrymen in Lucknow; why is he to be gibbeted for his pains in one of the vulgarest of the dingy, dismal, black regiment of statues which disfigure our streets and squares?

A widowed woman, ruler of such vast outlying territories as call her queen, giving the reward of bravery to her soldiers, is surely as touching and interesting as the wife of Darius. There is something very noble in a great orator who believes that he is speaking in a great cause of justice and humanity to a people very near and yet so far off, and yet all that even Mr. Watts has made of Gladstone is a general impression of being choked in the white gills of his shirt collar. The dress of the present day is no doubt a difficulty and a hindrance, but for what are men of genius but to conquer difficulties and hindrances?

No work has ever become part of the great heritage of

the race which has not been rooted in the sympathies of the nation : to appeal to the refined and educated and fastidious few must always make art an *objet de luxe*, not the staple commodity of the food offered to the world.

If we choose to write like Spohr and Brahms, to be learned and abstruse, it is well, but it is a grander thing to appeal to great bodies of your fellow-men, like Handel : the 'Messiah,' the 'Israel in Egypt,' are essentially popular works, although no one can deny that they are very high art. Why do the masses, the very people who we are told cannot relish good pictures because they pass by some of our beautiful modern Greek creations unmoved, crowd to hear these year after year in increasing numbers? If I preach the highest truths in a tongue which my audience does not understand, if I sing the best poetry in what is 'Hebrew Greek' to the multitude, surely I am to blame as well as my hearers. They ought to learn 'Hebrew Greek,' say we. Is there any hope that any large portion of the world will ever be able to acquire the preliminary knowledge necessary for the enjoyment of such work?

Petrarch based his fame upon his poems in Latin (for which he had the excuse that it was then a cosmopolitan vehicle of expression). Milton wrote sonnets in Italian, of which we would willingly give a whole volume full for one more such as that upon his blindness in English. These are *tours de force*, not living works of art, and the world has mercilessly set them aside and forgotten them.

If it be replied that the highest kind of art can only be appreciated by the highest order of minds, the plain fact remains that the greatest creations have furnished food for gentle and simple alike, that the best Greek plays were intended to be acted before the Athenian nation, that Phidias believed himself to be interpreting the great goddess to her own city, that Homer and Shakespeare were popular poets, that Michelangelo and Raphael had no idea of an esoteric manner of painting for a small knot of like-minded men,

but sought to raise and 'fulfil' the religious feeling of their whole people—they combined something which was fit food for the highest, which perhaps the greatest minds may not yet have fully reached, with what was intelligible to the common people.

We do not believe in 'Dionysus, god of joyous nature.' Why then paint him? 'But,' say the very clever men of this school, 'we *do* still believe in joyous nature, and this is only the most beautiful incarnation ever accomplished of what is a common feeling to all time.' Then let us discover a form of our own to express the immortal truth which no doubt is the foundation of those exquisite Greek creations. Are we so poor that we have no language of our own, but must speak a foreign tongue? 'The feeding of the heart on beauty' is akin to a devout exercise, as Plato, Mr. F. Newman, Dante in the 'Vita Nuova,' and Michelangelo in his sonnets declare; but the 'mere play with the ideas of things infinite,' which is the bane of the Greeks, with the fact that 'none of the qualities which we peculiarly call spiritual' were expressed at all by Greek statues, must always make their art an inadequate expression of modern feeling, and leave room for its development by ourselves. 'The belief connected with the Eumenides was the only purifying part of the Greek religion,' says K. O. Müller.

It is, after all, the people whom art ought to instruct and raise to a higher mind, and this can hardly be done except by appealing as both the Greeks and Italians did to their sympathies and understandings—to feelings and ideas which will be fed, with bad food if not by good. Of course it is possible for a man to write, or paint, or compose so far in advance of his age, that the education of the world may not have reached the point where he can be understood until long after he is in his grave—like Sebastian Bach, whose music is only now beginning to be at all generally comprehended; and it may even be granted that we, the contemporaries, are not always fit judges of our greatest

genius. Yet still the world is old enough to be able to look back and calculate historically the principles upon which all work which has lasted has been constructed, consciously or unconsciously. A man's work must be the honest expression of his own natural beliefs and perceptions, which belong more or less to his age (though not perhaps always to his generation), and his individual talent is evidently multiplied in almost infinite proportion if he is fortunate enough to express the thoughts of his people—if he can be backed, as it were, by the great chorus of his race. If he looks back, like Eurydice herself, the paleness of death comes over even such most beautiful creations; they are ghosts without flesh and blood, out of another world, not living here. Gibson's Venus is no goddess; a god cannot be created unless you believe in him—the Madonna cannot be painted by a Protestant—'the gods of Greekland,' as Schiller sings, are dead for us, however beautiful, and no Emperor Julian of art can bring them back to life again.

It is all very well to attempt to grow palms: if our climate will not admit of them, we had better cultivate oaks; an exotic will always be a more or less delicate, if not sickly plant, and Greek art will always be an exotic in the England of the nineteenth century. 'Feed the nation with food convenient for it' does not mean pine-apples and chicken salad.

If we could at all come to an understanding as to what is possible for the different arts to express in the first place, and next what is worthy and wise for each to attempt, we might make greater way; and this is true in high and low art alike. As a small instance: in Victor Hugo's 'Travailleurs de la Mer' there is a mysterious horror about the *pieuvre* most successfully carried out; the contrast between the almost invisible, undulating, semi-transparent ruffian of the sea, and the enormous power he can exert, the description how the grizzly thing 'absorbs,' not swallows the man, sucks him down in the half-light of the desolate lonely

rock cave in the middle of the great sea, is terrible and makes one's flesh creep. 'La pieuvre n'a pas de dents comme le tigre, elle n'a pas de griffes comme l'aigle, elle n'a pas de poison comme le serpent; mais elle est plus puissante que . . . .' &c. causes a most eerie shiver; but when Gustave Doré shows us five long arms with ten suckers to each, seizing a man round the body, it is simply a very repulsive reptile, a very ugly scene, but not in the least terrible. The original idea is only to be produced by words, gradually piling up successive items of description, line upon line, detail upon detail, a nightmare of hints and expectations, like a bad dream, utterly untranslatable by pencil and paint.

And to illustrate a question of high art by one of our first painters: 'Behold, I stand at the door, and knock,' is a metaphor. To translate an emblem, which is by the hypothesis not an existing fact, but a resemblance to something else, into the outward and visible signs of paint and canvas is to ignore the very essence of what can and cannot be expressed by pictures. There is no analogy between the literal door of wood and stone and a heart. It is the moral significance of the entrance of Christ into a man, typified by the image of entering, which the words imply, and this is really weakened and made more enigmatical by the literal King standing with a literal lantern in His hand trying to get in at that grass-grown weedy corner.

Again, with regard to the most striking picture of the Scapegoat, it is not possible to express pictorially that the sins of a whole people are typically laid on that creature's shoulders, and that he is driven out before God's face. What you see is a miserable beast dying of thirst; perishing of heat and weariness, with the glorious mountain ranges cool and delicious in sight. It is a horribly and uselessly painful representation of brute agony, and you turn away with a useless heartache.

We have discovered in sculpture that Valours and

Charities and Britannias and Unicorns do not succeed in moving our sympathies, but are the coldest of abstractions and utterly uninteresting. An emblem cannot rightly be painted or carved in tangible or visible form: let us leave metaphors to words which are their proper medium of expression. The world of art is not so circumscribed as to force any one branch of it to trench on the property of other folk.

And whatsoever the particular form of art which you choose to express the thought within you (or rather which chooses you, for the *pieuvre* himself does not take more violent possession of a man), let the subject of any great work, it cannot be repeated too often, have a real deep root, first and chiefest in something really interesting personally to man as a human being, and next, though lower, in a question enlisting, if possible, the sympathies of the nation. Some one has remarked that several of the grandest lines in Milton are mere strings of names, but each so suggestive, so full of associations, that the result is the highest poetry, although to men who did not possess those links of thought the beauty of the passage must be a good deal lost; here the interest gains in intensity, but loses in width. The best poetry, the highest art of design has, however, always been essentially national, expressive of the country where it grew, born of the soil, the very anachronisms being often one of their chief charms. The Venetian senators who stand by as the little blue child Virgin of Titian mounts the steps to the temple, the hard-featured burgomasters who kneel before the Holbein Madonna with the sick child in her arms, at Dresden—these come home to the souls of the spectators at the present time, were most interesting to the men and women who were about the painters, and will be interesting to all time.

The paganism of Italy was so real a thing in the days of Leo X. and Raphael, Lorenzo dei Medici and Ficino, that it was hardly going beyond the living sympathies of

the time to represent and enjoy the gods and goddesses of the Farnesina, the Aurora of the Ludovisi, the Sibyls of the Sistine. Charon ferries the souls into hell with most religious solemnity in the Campo Santo of Pisa; Virgil was almost as living a friend to Dante as the hero of 'In Memoriam' to Mr. Tennyson: it was after all but a revival of the deities which the nation had once believed in. But we are too far off in thought in these days, naturally, intellectually, and physically. Nymphs look but cold abstractions in the Royal Academy, they shiver in our climate, our northern nations do not dream of such like in the woods, they *are* unnatural here, and while we go dead against the feeling of the nation we cannot make national works. The nude will always affront the sense of right of the homely middle and lower classes: this feeling is inextricably bound up with what is really good in their lives, and it is no use appealing to them by such means. There is something in modern civilisation so essentially different from that of the Greek that we never can regard such matters with the same eyes. Every human passion, sentiment, and power were in his view equally divine: there was nothing to him either immoral or unpleasing in the depicting of any human appetite. Ours *may* be a lower civilisation in this—we will not dispute about terms. Our delicacy may be real indelicacy in the matter, but its existence is a fact. The world has drunk deeply of the knowledge of good and evil, and cannot return to its childlike nakedness of expression, even if (which we deny) it were desirable. That a certain number of works of classic beauty should be 'invented' (as the Italians call it) for the educated minority who care for them and can understand them; that Œnones should be written and processions in honour of Greek myths should be painted, is good. Heaven forbid that any field should be cut off, there is room for all; but let the poets and painters do so as a pastime, not as their life's work, knowing that Homer and Dante and Phidias and Raphael were not grown

thus, and indeed could not have produced an article so purely of culture and abstraction, instead of being inspired by the faith of their people, and in return raising and ennobling that faith.

If one may presume to say so to such men of genius, we are on the wrong tack. It used to be the fashion for writers to clothe their thoughts in Latin: Petrarch and Spenser were 'inspired by the Muses, Apollo sat on their Parnassus;' the statues of our generals and statesmen were clad in Roman togas or *soi-disant* Greek armour or semi-nakedness, as the only decent way of presenting them to the public; our painters are now insisting on dressing their ideas in Greek forms, no doubt beyond measure the most exquisite expression of the beautiful the world has yet seen, but which must be artificial, more or less, among us—imitative only, it is true, in the highest sense, but still not *de notre crû*, not wine of the soil, but grapes imported, which can never either materially or spiritually be the food of a nation; while our poets in the search after novelty have taken to the 'monstrous' (in the dictionary sense 'out of nature') or the archaic, which is beyond our sympathy, unless by wresting it out of its real setting both of manners and feeling. The highest part of the artist-prophet's vocation, *i.e.* the education of his own people, is still left undone at a time when probably such a tuition is more necessary than at any period of the world's history.[1]

[1] It is curious to see the craving after a higher ideal in what is supposed to be the prosaic nature of our present civilisation (or perhaps as a reaction from it) showing itself amongst us in music, the most ideal of all arts, which certainly at the present moment is the most popular of all, in its highest form. The 'Monday Popular Concerts,' the Crystal Palace Festivals, select the very best classical works, performed in the best manner, to attract their crowds: better music, indeed, may be heard in choir practices and the like than in the many drawing-rooms where Claribel and Co. reign supreme. But music must always be too emotional an art to supply alone what is required for the education of the people, even at its best.

THE INFLUENCE OF CIVILISATION ON ART.[1]

'No doubt education is a fine thing!' said I, meditatively, laying down my thirteenth newspaper. It was a rainy November day, and the reading-room was nearly empty. I had been told the great fact over and over again in some form or other in all the 'Daylies' and 'Weeklies.' It had been repeated in every variety of tone in the little pile of 'Monthlies' at my elbow, of which I had skimmed the cream (no one in these days can be expected to go through the labour of a whole article)! The 'Quarterlies,' in more ponderous fashion, had reiterated the sentiment. We had got hold of the right thing; all that was wanted was more and more of the same. Let everybody be served alike; what is meat for the gander is meat also for the goose, repeated the advocates of women's education, magniloquently (though not exactly in those words). Let everybody learn the same thing that I am learning! How much better and wiser we are than our forefathers! How beautiful for us to be able to say, as in the old story of the French Minister of Public Instruction when he pulls out his watch, 'It is ten o'clock; all the children in all the Government schools are doing their sums. It is half-past eleven, they are all writing their copies!'

'What everybody says must be true,' thought I; 'the schoolmaster has got the better of the world, and rules the roast despotically; but then how great is the result!' I repeated, with pride.

Such perfection was rather oppressive, and I could not

[1] *Contemporary Review*, December 1879.

help yawning a little as I went upstairs, looking round as I went. The decorations of the club were wonderfully fine, no doubt, but perhaps an Italian of the 'Cinque-cento' would not have thought them quite successful. Probably, however, he would have been wrong. He was certainly much less 'instructed' in art than we are. I strolled to the window, and looked out at a stucco palace on either hand and over the way, with pillars and pilasters added *ad libitum*, and a glimpse of a long wall with oblong openings cut in it, stretching the whole length of the street. One of the abominable regiments of black statues which disfigure London stood near the corner, the nicely-finished buttons of whose paletôt, and the creases of whose boots (the originals of which must have been made by Hoby), had often been my wonder, if not admiration.

'Yes, there certainly is a lost art or two, which have somehow made their escape from this best of all worlds, in spite of our drilling and double-distilled training,' I sighed.

There was a portfolio of photographs lying on the table, which I turned over abstractedly. The Venus de Milo, and the Theseus of the Parthenon; the Raphael frescoes of the great council of the gods in the Farnesina Palace at Rome; a street in Venice; Durham Cathedral; the decorations of the Certosa at Pavia; some specimens of old Japanese porcelain; some coloured patterns of Persian shawls and prayer-rugs and of Indian inlaid work. Each of them was good and appropriate of its kind, expressing a national or individual taste and feeling, or, best of all, a belief. And none of them were the results of education, but of a kind of instinct of art which no instruction hitherto has been able to give, of which it seems even sometimes to deprive a race, as a savage generally loses his accurate perception of details and his power of memory and artistic perceptions, with his delicacy of hearing and smell, as a consequence of so-called civilisation.

The Hindoo arranges colours for a fabric with the same

certainty of intuition that a bird weaves his nest, or a spider its web. His blues and greens are as harmonious in their combinations as those of Nature herself; while the 'educated' Englishman is now introducing every species of atrocity in form and colour wherever he goes, ruining the beautiful native manufactures by instructions from his superior 'standpoint;' forcing the workers to commit every blunder which he does himself at home, in order to adapt their fabrics to the abominable taste of the middle classes in England. Even the missionaries, male and female, cannot hold their hands, but teach the children in schools and hareems crochet and cross-stitch of the worst designs and colours, instead of the exquisite native embroidery of the past. Arsenic greens, magenta and gas-tar dyes, are introduced by order of the merchants into carpets and cashmere shawls, vile colours and forms in pottery and bad lacquer-work are growing up, by command, in China and Japan. There seems to be no check or stay to the irruption of bad taste which is swamping the whole world by our influence. The Japanese have even been recommended to make a Museum of their own beautiful old productions quickly, or the very memory of their existence, and of the manner in which they were made, would be lost.

It is commonly supposed that the taste of the French is better than our own; and the pretty, the bizarre, the becoming, may indeed be said to belong to their domain; but high art is not their vocation. A certain harmony is obtained by quenching colour, as in the 'Soupir étouffé,' the 'Bismarck malade,' the 'rose dégradée,' the 'Celadon' of the Sèvres china, all eighth and tenth degrees of dilution; but pure colour, like that of Persia and of the East generally, they never now dare to dip their hands into. The gorgeous effects of their own old painted glass, the 'rose windows' of the churches at Rouen and in many other towns of Normandy, are far beyond their present reach.

The stained glass of all countries in Europe, indeed, belonging to the good times, is a feast of colour which none of the modern work can approach. There is a 'Last Judgment,' said to be from designs by Albert Dürer, which was taken in a sea-fight on its road to Spain, and put up in a little church at Fairford, in Gloucestershire, which dazzles us with its splendour; and the scraps which are still to be found all over England in village churches (many of which are now believed to be of home manufacture) are as beautiful as the great Flemish windows thirty feet high. At the present day the pigments used, we are told, are finer; the glass is infinitely better rolled, all the manufacturing processes have made wonderful progress, as we proudly declare; only the results of it are utterly and simply detestable—the colours of the great modern windows in Cologne Cathedral and Westminster Abbey set one's very teeth on edge—the temptation to use a stone (if it should come under one's hand) would be frightfully great in front of that at the east end of Ripon.

There lies before me an old Persian rug, all out of shape and twisted in the weaving, but full of subtle quantities in colour, perfect in the proportions of its vivid brilliancy, and a grand new Axminster carpet alongside, of faultless construction, with a design as hideous as its colours are harsh.

It is not only now with productions destined for the English market, but the degradation of art is beginning to spread all over the world—the standards of 'instructed' European taste are vitiating the very well-springs of beautiful old work. The 'mantilla' of Seville, and the 'tovaglia' of the Roman peasant, are supplanted by frightful bonnets; the striking old costumes are disappearing alike in Brittany and in Algiers; in Athens and in Turkey they are giving way to the abominations of Parisian toilettes for the women, while the chimney-pot hat is taking the place of the turban and the kalpac for the men.

The picturesque quaintness of the narrow Egyptian streets dies away, as under a frost, beneath the hand of Western architects; the delicate pierced woodwork of their projecting balconies is changed for flat windows with red and green 'jalousies;' and the Khedive builds minarets, it is true, but like enlarged Mordan pencil-cases. The harmony of the lines in an ancient Arabian fountain or mosque at Cairo, the interlacing patterns of fretwork in the Saracenic buildings at Grenada, are marvellous in their exquisite variety; yet the secret of their construction in their own land is nearly gone, the very tradition of the whole work seems to have perished in the race—they cannot even imitate their own old creations. 'Oh for a touch of a vanished hand!' we say over the ruined tombs of the Memlook Sultans in their desolate beauty, standing lonely in the desert near Cairo, or the wonderful mosques of the deserted city of Beejapore in the Bombay Presidency, photographs of which have lately been printed.

Each nation in the old time had an expression of its thoughts in the buildings in which it housed its gods, its government, and its individuals, which was as distinctive as its language: a tongue, indeed, in stone, in colour and in form, as plain as, indeed plainer than, ever words could frame.

The Egyptian, with the flat square lines of the gigantic slabs placed across the forests of enormous rounded pillars closely packed, the avenues of sphinxes and obelisks leading up (never at right angles, strangely against our sense of conformity) to the temples—solemn, heavy, magnificent, mysterious—with a sentiment of dignified repose, though little of beauty or proportion, but full of symbolism and suggestion and grandeur.

The exquisite Greek buildings, where proportion was almost like music in its scientific harmony of parts, so exact, so modulated, so severe, so lovely—with sculpture forming an almost necessary portion of the architectural design when at its highest point of excellence.

The Saracenic, with its simple grace of construction and delicate detail of ornament, with holy words and combinations of lines in place of natural forms, with soaring beauty of domes, and pierced marble work.

The Middle Age Italian, with its inlaid and decorated façades and wealth of columns, and traceries of gay-coloured stones, and contrasts of brilliant light and dark shadows in the deep-set windows and doors,—bright and lovely like Giotto's Campanile at Florence, rising like a flower over the city, or in great churches like those of Orvieto and St. Mark's,[1] with their rich profusion of mosaic and carved stone and quaint modifications of brickwork.

Or the buildings of the Gothic nations (our own included), which often, like those at Mont St. Michel, seem to have so grown out of the situation—where the Art is so interwoven with Nature, that it is hardly possible to discover where one begins and the other ends. There is something also of the manner in which Nature works, in the feeling with which the curves interlace, seeming almost to grow into each other, in a Gothic cathedral. In the perspectives of heavy round arches of Winchester and Durham, in the upward soaring of the Salisbury spire, there is the same impression—they seem to have 'come' so. It is like a living organism, the parts of which are as natural and necessary to the whole as is the growth of a tree: like the recipe of old for a poet, they seem to have been 'born, not made.'

All these different races invented for themselves what is called a 'style;' that is to say, an original manner, peculiar and adapted to their special idiosyncrasies, of fulfilling those wants which every nation, as soon as it emerges from the savage state, must feel and provide for in some fashion.

Even to descend to very inferior work—there is character and expression in the old King William houses on

[1] Now, alas! under sentence of 'restoration;' the age of creation in Italy appears to be over, and that of destruction to have begun.

the river-bank at Chelsea,—in the pretty little Queen Anne Square in Westminster; it is too neat and pretty to be high art, with its unobtrusive moulded brick, its shallow projections, and the carved shells over the doorways; but it is not unlike the poetry of Pope in the delicate finish and adaptation of its parts, while no one can deny that it has an individuality which the smart new houses in Grosvenor Place are totally without, where costly granite and excellent stone seem to have been employed to show the moral lesson that the best materials are of little service unless mixed 'with brains, sir,' as Opie advised. Every capital of the columns there is carved by hand, but of the poorest design, and all alike—it is hardly possible to conceive the poverty of invention involved in making every house and every ornament an exact copy of its neighbour, in a situation which invited picturesque treatment—after, too, it had been shown at the Oxford Museum that carving was done both quicker and better, when the workers exerted their minds in such inventions as they possessed (and some of their renderings of natural forms were beautiful) than when they merely followed a stereotyped pattern.

At present we can as soon invent a new style for ourselves as a new animal; we copy, we combine—that is, under the Georgian era we added a Mahometan cupola to Roman columns in the Regent's Park; or, still later, we made one pediment serve for the whole side of a Belgravian square—*i.e.* a form intended for a nicely-calculated angle over the front of a temple with a particular number of columns, is stretched as on a rack over the roofs of an acre of houses; or we build a portico designed as a shelter against the cloudless sunshine of the Greek climate to darken a sunless English dwelling-house. Our last achievement has been to make a 'pasticcio' of the high 'mansarde' Parisian roofs, with hideous little debased Italian porticoes, a quarter of a mile of which may be seen in the Grosvenor Gardens district.

Also we can patch and imitate—that is, rebuild a sham antique—from which, however ingeniously done, the ineffable charm of the original has escaped like a gas. Why the portico of the Capitol at Washington, or the monument on the Calton Hill at Edinburgh, whose columns are said to be 'an exact copy of those at Athens,' are so utterly uninteresting, it would take too long to explain; but no one will deny that they are mere lumps of dead stone, while the Parthenon itself, ruined and defaced, wrecked and ill-used, still stands like a glorious poem in marble, which no evil treatment can deprive of its charm. There is mind and soul worked into the material, and somehow inextricably entangled into it, which no copy, however exact, can in the least reproduce.

No doubt we have improved in our street architecture; there are isolated specimens of red brick, a shop-front in South Audley Street, some in New Bond Street, several excellent buildings in the city, &c., &c., legitimate adaptations of gables, dormers, and windows, exceedingly good of their kind; but these are not original creations, only developments of what already exists.

There is one point in which our present shallow, unintelligent education has wrought irreparable mischief. We have learnt so much of respect for art as to desire to preserve the works of our forefathers, but not so far as to find out how this is to be done. We set to work to 'restore' them. Every inch of the surface of an old church is historical as to the manner of the handiwork of the men of the twelfth, thirteenth, or whatever may be the century, and we proceed to put a new face on it, which, at the best, must certainly be that of the nineteenth century; we find a defaced portrait statue on an altar-tomb (as in a church in Devonshire), and we insert a smooth mask out of our own heads; we find an Early English tower with walls fourteen feet thick, and think a vestry would be 'nicer' in its place, and the tower is therefore pulled down and rebuilt

at the other end of the nave (as in a church in Bucks); or a curious monument to the fifth son of Edward III., or a couple of kneeling figures, clad in ruffs and farthingales, of an old rector and his wife, are within the communion rails (as in two other churches in Bucks); the incumbents do not approve of tombs in such 'sacred places,' and, regardless of the curious historical fact shown by the very position itself as existing in pre-Reformation days, they are ruthlessly rooted up, and in the latter case a flaming brass to the rector's own family substituted.

Even a little art education would show us that this is not 'restoration;' it may be a much finer and smarter kind of work, as many people seem to consider it; but the cutting down an inch of the splendid carved stone porches at Chartres to a new surface is not 'restoring' that which was there before—the face of the fifteenth-century lady cannot be 'restored' without a portrait which no longer exists—the new tower may be very 'pretty,' but it is certainly no longer a specimen of rare old Early English work. Like the monks of old carefully scratching their invaluable parchment manuscripts, to put in their own words and notes, we have at one fell swoop scratched the history of English ecclesiastical art off the land, and archæologists are inquiring sadly for instances of unrestored churches, which, alas! now are scarcely to be found.

What may be the reason why architecture, sculpture, painting, and even poetry—*i.e.* the combination of stone, brick, marble, metal, colours, and, lastly, of metrical forms of words—should all suffer by the advance of our (so-called) civilisation and education, is still a mystery; but few will be found to doubt the fact in detail, though they may deny the general formula.

Perhaps our self-consciousness as to our great virtues, our 'progress,' our knowledge, the learning of the reason of our work, the introversion of our present moods of thought, check the development of an idea, even if we may

be fortunate enough to get hold of one. Self-consciousness is fatal to art; there is a certain spontaneity of utterance—singing, as the birds sing, because they cannot help it—'composing,' almost as the mountains and clouds 'compose,' by reason of their existence itself, not because they want to make a picture,—which produces natural work, grown out of the man and the requirements of his nature, to which it seems, with very rare exceptions, that we cannot now attain.

In sculpture, a modern R.A. has acquired ten times as much anatomy as Phidias: dissection was unknown, and not permitted, by the Greeks. Chemistry has produced for the painter colours which Raphael (luckily for us) never dreamed of. Yet one cannot help wondering at the strange daring which permits the honourable society at Burlington House to hang yearly the works of the ancient masters of the craft on the same walls where their own productions are to figure a few weeks later, as if to inform the world most impressively and depressingly from how far we have fallen in pictorial art; to string up our taste, as it were, to concert pitch—to give the key-note of true excellence, in order to mark the depth to which we have sunk.

We now teach drawing diligently in all European countries, and are surprised that we get no Michelangelos. Did Masaccio go to a school of design, or Giotto learn 'free-hand' manipulation? Education, as it is generally defined—meaning thereby a knowledge of the accumulation of facts discovered by other people—is good for the general public, for ordinary humanity, but not for original minds, except so far as it saves them time and trouble by preventing them from reinventing what has been already done by others. True, there can be but few 'inventors' (in the old Italian sense of creators) in the world at any one moment, and training must, it will be said, be carried on for the use of the many; but one might still plead for a certain elasticity in our teaching, a margin left for free-will among

the few who will ever be able to use it. And, meantime, it is allowable to lament over the number of arts we have lost, or are in danger of losing, which can only be practised by the few—whose number seems ever to be diminishing,—under our generalising processes of turning out as many minds of the same pattern as if we wanted nail-heads or patent screws by the million.

This is not education in its true and highest sense—*i.e.* the bringing forth the best that is in a man; not simply putting knowledge into him, but using the variety of gifts, which even the poorest in endowment possess, to the best possible end. And this seems more and more difficult as the stereotyped pattern is more and more enforced in board schools, endowed schools, public schools, universities; and each bit of plastic material, while young, is forced as much as possible into the same shape, the only contention being who shall have the construction of the die which all alike are eager to apply to every individual of the nation.

Of all races which have yet existed there can be no doubt that the Greek was the one most highly endowed with artistic powers of all kinds; yet the Greek was certainly not, in our sense of the term, an educated man at all; his powers of every kind, however, were cultivated indirectly by the very atmosphere he lived in. His sensitive artistic nature found food in the forms and colours of the mountains and the islands, the sea and the sky, by which he was surrounded; by the human nature about him in its most perfect development; by every building—his temples, his tombs, his theatres—every pot and pan he used, every seat he sat upon; whereas no man's eye can be other than degraded by the unspeakable ugliness of an English manufacturing town, or, what is almost worse, by the sham art where decoration of any kind is invented or attempted by the richer middle class.

The theory that soil and climate and food produce

instincts of beauty, as well as varieties of beasts and plants, is, however, evidently at fault in these questions; for if this were the case at one time in the world's history, why not at another? and the present inhabitants of Greece are as inapt as their neighbours in sculpture, painting, and architecture. Nothing, even out of the workshops of Birmingham, can exceed the ugliness of their present productions—*e.g.* a Minerva's head without a forehead, done in bead-work on canvas, fastened on to a piece of white marble, which was given as a precious parting gift from the goddess's own city to a valued friend. There seems now a headlong competition in every country after bad art. If we ask for lace and embroidery in the Greek islands, or silver filagree in Norway,—if we inquire for wood-carving from Burmah, or the old shawls and pottery from Persia and the East,—the answer is always the same, we are told that there is 'none such made at present.' It is only what remains of the old hand-made work that is to be obtained; the present inhabitants 'care for none of these things.' Sham jewellery from the 'Palais Royal,' Manchester goods, stamped leather, and the like, are what the natives are seeking for themselves, while they get rid of 'all those ugly old things' to the first possible buyer for any price which they can fetch.

Manufacturing an article, (whatever be the real derivation of the word, but) meaning the use of machinery for the multiplication of the greatest number of articles at the least cost, however admirable for the comfort of the million, is evidently fatal to art. When each bit of ironwork, every hinge, every lock scutcheon, was hammered out with care and consideration by the individual blacksmith, even if he were but an indifferent performer it bore the stamp of the thought of a man's mind directing his hand; now there is only the stamp of a machine running the metal into a mould. When every bit of decorative wood-work was 'all made out of the carver's brain,'—when the embroidery of

the holiday shirt of a boatman of 'Chios' rocky isle' took half a lifetime to devise and stitch, and was intended to last for generations of wearers, art found a way, however humble, through nimble fingers interpreting the fancies of the individual brain. 'Fancy work,' as an old Hampshire woman called her stitching of the fronts and backs of the old-fashioned smock-frocks, each one differing from the one she made before, as her 'fancy' led. It was always interesting, and almost always beautiful.

Now the hinges are cast by the ton, all of one pattern; fortunate, indeed, if the original be a good one (a very hopeful supposition!). The sewing-machine repeats its monotonous curves of embroidery; the wood-carving is the result of skilfully-arranged knives and wheels worked by steam, which only execute forms adapted for them. The initial thought of their designer must be, not what is in itself desirable, but that which the machine can best produce. What is right in a particular place, is the natural object of the workman artist; how to use what has been already cast or stamped, is the object of the present ordinary builder; and what he calls 'symmetry'—*i.e.* monotony, every line repeated *ad nauseam*—is the result his education aims at. Symmetry, in the sense of the repetition of the infinite variety of exquisitely modulated curves in the two outlines of the human body, is beautiful and harmonious; but there is neither beauty nor harmony in the repetition of the self-same horizontal and perpendicular lines of windows and doors in a London street. A feeling of what in music are called 'contrary motion,' 'oblique motion,' is all required in the impression produced by really fine architecture. Yet, if the ordinary builder is asked to vary his hideous row of houses by an additional window or a higher chimney, he exclaims with horror at such a violation of 'symmetry,' his sole rule of beauty being that all should look alike.

The effect, indeed, of machine-made work is to impress

upon the tradesman mind the belief that perfection consists wholly in exact and correct repetition of a pattern, which may be said to be true in his craft; whereas constant variation and development is the law of healthy art, the need being expressed by the design. To save the expense and trouble of fresh drawings, also, as soon as a pattern becomes popular in one material, it is immediately repeated *ad nauseam* in every other, however incongruous. A bunch of fuchsias has been supposed to look well in a lace curtain; it is then cast in brass for the end of a curtain-rod; is used for wall-papers and stone-carving alike. Whereas if a Japanese artist has designed a flight of cranes on his screen or his paper, it is impossible to get another exactly the same; to reproduce a sketch exactly, being generally, as every artist can tell, more laborious than to make a new one, where the brain assists the fingers in their work.

There is another result of our present shallow 'general' education which has a most depressing effect upon art. Everyone now can read and write, and it would be considered an infringement of the right of private judgment to doubt the ability of every writer or reader to criticise any work of art whatsoever. In the case of buying a kitchen range or a carriage we should not trust to our own knowledge, but should apply to the experienced expert; but 'everyone can tell whether he likes a picture or not!'

Now, good criticism in art demands at least as long and severe an apprenticeship as in ironmongery—the training of the eye by long experience,—reading historical, scientific, mechanical—real study of all the various subjects connected with it; and this can be acquired only by few. It has been said, with perfect truth, that it will not do to depend on the fiat of artists themselves for the value of a picture, statue, or building. With some, the admiration of the technical part of art is too great; the passionate likes and dislikes for particular styles or particular men warp the judgments of others; and this is, perhaps, inherent in

the artist nature. But this is only saying that we must not go to the ironfounder for the character of his kitchen range; there are other skilled opinions to be had besides those of the authors of a work.

At the present time, the art of criticism has got so far beyond our powers of creation that it becomes more and more difficult to bring forth a great work of art. The hatching of eggs requires a certain genial warmth to bring them to perfection; creation is a vital act, but the reception which any new-fledged production is likely to meet with is either the scorching fire of fault-finding or the freezing cold of indifference.

It was not thus that great works of old were produced; Cimabue's picture of the Virgin was carried in a triumphal procession through Florence, from the artist's studio to the church which was to be honoured by its possession. It was a worthy religious offering to the goddess Mary, a subject of rejoicing to the whole city, and the quarter of the town where it was first seen, amid cries of delight, was called the 'Borgo Allegri,' a name which it has kept six hundred years. And the sympathy of the people reacted on the artist, and helped him to carry out his great conceptions. They were proud of him, and he worked at his picture as a labour of love to do his nation honour.

Now, when a man has spent perhaps years over a religious picture, working with all his heart and soul and strength, instead of its being taken into a church, and seen only with the associations for which it is adapted, it is hung up between a smirking lady, clad in the last abominations of the fashion, on one side, and a 'horse and dog, the property of Blank, Esq.,' on the other; while the artist is fortunate if the best of the critics, who has just glanced at it as he passes by, does not entirely ignore his meaning and mistake the expression of his idea, only discovering that 'the drawing of the toe of the left foot is decidedly awkward.' So it may be, and there are probably faults

in it still more considerable; yet the picture, with all these faults, may be one of great merit.

Is it possible to conceive the Madonna di San Sisto painted under such conditions? The cold chill of the indifferent public would have reacted on the artist, and quenched the fire of his inspiration. The picture was intended to be the incarnation of the religious feeling of the whole Christian world, in the divine expression of the infant Christ gazing into futurity, with those rapt, far-seeing eyes,—in the holy mother, who carries him so reverently, yet with such power and purity in her look and bearing. It was honoured sympathetically by all who had the joy of seeing it, borne as a banner through a great city as an act of the highest worship; not cut up into little morsels and set on a fork by every man who can write smart articles for a penny paper, bestowing a little supercilious praise and much wholesome advice on Holman Hunt and Tennyson, on Stevens[1] and Street alike.

But the result is that the world is poorer by the want of the work which only a sense of sympathy between the artist and his public inspires. 'Action and reaction are equal,' we are told, in science, and the artist cannot produce the best that is in him alone, any more than the most finished musician can play on a dumb piano. The receivers must do their share in the partnership. Mrs. Siddons once said that she lost all her power when annihilated by the coldness of the cream of the cream society of a *salon*, and preferred any marks of emotion of an unsophisticated if intelligent audience, to the chill of fashionable indifference; and when we complain of the poorness of our art, we must remember for how large a share of this we, the present public, are responsible. It may be all very well for the skylark to 'pour his strains of unpremeditated

[1] The monument to the Duke of Wellington has never received its due meed of praise. Whatever might be his faults, poor Stevens was a man of true genius.

art' for his own pleasure and that of the little skylarks; but Shelley must have had the hope that 'the world will listen then, as I am listening now.'

The poet and the painter require intelligent cordial belief and sympathy, which is just what we have not to give, and therefore the reign of the highest art is probably at an end: no Phidias or Michelangelo, no Homer or Shakespeare, is likely again to arise. This is pre-eminently a scientific age—a time for the collection and co-ordination of facts; and what imagination we possess we use in the discovery of the laws by which Nature works, and in the application of our knowledge to the ordinary wants and comforts and pleasures of the human race. Electric telegraphs, phonographs, photographs abound; every possible adaptation of steam in majestic engines (almost, it seems, as intelligent as man), to promote our means of communication and locomotion over the surface of the earth, and of production in every conceivable form; great ships and engines of destruction in war, and (curious antithesis) ingenious contrivances for the saving of pain in disease—everything, in short, connected with the comprehension and subjugation of the material world, is more and more carried to perfection. Yet in spite of these marvellous achievements, unless we can manage to secure a supply of good art, there can be no doubt that there will 'have passed away a glory from the earth' which we can ill afford to lose.

There is no use in preaching what is called the common sense of the matter, and telling Keats (though he may have died of consumption, and not of the *Edinburgh Review*) that the critique on his poems was flippant and unintelligent; or one artist that the account of his picture was written by a man who did not understand painting, and another by a writer who had no notion of the requisites of true poetry. The artist is by necessity of his nature a thin-skinned, impressionable being, with sensitive nerves and perceptions, without which the power of creation does

not exist. He writes and paints and acts and sculpts—in short, composes, invents, creates—to make the world feel as he is feeling. Fame is a vulgar word for the sentiment which inspires him; the longing after sympathy is a much truer expression of what the true artist desires. That of his own family and friends is not sufficient; he wants the world at large to hear and understand and join in what he has to say, whether it be in marble or on canvas, in music or in words. To grow such a creature to perfection is very rare in the history of mankind, and when our aloe does flower, we should make the most of it, and feed it with food convenient. Our blame depresses him, even stupid,[1] unintelligent blame, more than our praise elevates him; 'he is absurdly sensitive,' says the hard-headed man of the world; but that is the very condition of the problem with which we have to deal; if he were not so, we should not have great works of art from him. He is an idealist by nature. If we declare that it is very absurd of our vines to require so much care and kindness, and that a little roughing and neglect will do them a great deal of good, we shall not get many grapes; and, after all, what we want are grapes—results, great artistic works.

It is almost pathetic to see the nation doing the best it knows, offering its patronage and its public buildings, its monuments of great men and its money, and then to mark the results. It is fortunate that most of the frescoes are scaling off the walls of the Houses of Parliament. It is fortunate that Nelson and the Duke of York are hoisted up so high that they cannot be scrutinised at all; it is fortunate that most of the public statues are generally so begrimed

[1] 'Quoique les applaudissemens que j'ai reçus m'aient beaucoup flatté, la moindre critique, quelque mauvaise qu'elle eût été, m'a toujours causé plus de chagrin que toutes les louanges ne m'aient fait de plaisir,' writes Racine to his son. He was silent for twelve years after the 'insuccès de Phèdre.' 'Quoique le "Mercure Gallant" était au dessous de rien, les blessures qu'il fait n'en sont pas moins cruelles à la sensibilité d'un poète,' adds the *Revue des Deux Mondes*.

with dirt and soot that few can make out their intention. But it is we who are responsible for half at least of their failures.[1] We have, as a nation, neither the artistic feeling which delights in the beautiful with a sort of worship, nor the sensuous religious instincts which require an outward and visible sign of our inward faith. Therefore our best chance of great work seems to be when the common-sense necessity is so large in its demands, that carrying it out even on merely utilitarian principles may give a grand result by the force of circumstances, almost without our will,—the very fulfilment of the working conditions on an enormous scale forcing a certain grandeur on the work. As, for instance, when a viaduct is carried over a deep valley and river, upon a lofty series of arches, as in many Welsh railways and at Newcastle, there are elements of strength, durability, might, and therefore majesty, which the barest execution of the requirements cannot take away. The Suspension Bridge hung high in the air above the ships in the Menai Straits, and that over the narrow hollow of the Avon, have a beauty of lightness and grace all their own—Waterloo Bridge, which Canova declared to be worth coming to England to see—are all specimens of a kind of work which we may hope to see multiplied, and even improved upon, as the adaptation of art to the ordinary necessities of our civilisation becomes more common, and is taken in hand by a higher and more educated class of men.

Nothing, however, can well be more depressing than the experience of the United States in respect to this question of art and education. Here is a country (in their own magniloquent hyperbole) 'bounded on the north by the Aurora Borealis, and on the west by the setting sun,' &c., &c., whose proud boast it is that every man, woman, and child (born on its soil) can read, write, and something

[1] The group of 'Asia,' by Foley, in Prince Albert's Memorial, is one of the few exceptions to the indifferent character of out-door statues in London.

more,—which has just celebrated its centenary of independent existence, and is in the very spring-time of its national life, when the 'sap is rising,'—a season which among other nations is that of their greatest artistic vigour, yet which has never produced a poet, painter, sculptor,[1] or architect above mediocrity. Strangely as it would seem at first sight, it is originality which is chiefly wanting in their art; it is all an echo of European models; they have no independent action of thought or interpretation of Nature. Here, again, it is probably the want of culture of the public which is to blame. Evidence is difficult to obtain on such a vast subject as the use made of the reading and writing so freely imparted at the schools in the United States, but there is very good testimony showing that, with the exception of great centres of civilisation, like Boston, the nation, as a nation, reads little but newspapers and story-books; and these clearly would produce a soil utterly unfit for the growth of real art.

Lastly, let us not forget Mr. Mill's warning how much the nation, as well as the individual, must suffer by the stifling of original thought in the rigid conformity to system which our present mechanism of Government regulations, of centralised hard-and-fast rules, is bringing about in education.

The State has a right to exact a certain amount of training in the individuals who compose it, but has no right whatever to interfere as to how that result is obtained. Every encouragement should be held out to original action of all kinds, tending to develop the faculties—artistic, scientific, as well as practical—which remain to be utilised among the millions who are now coming under an influence that is hitherto painfully narrow, rigid, and shallow in its operations, in spite of its magnificent promises and high-sounding notes of self-satisfaction.

[1] Mr. Story may perhaps be considered an exception; but even the 'Cleopatra,' and 'Sibyl' were produced under the influence of Rome.

THE POWERS OF WOMEN, AND HOW TO USE THEM.[1]

THERE has been, perhaps, a greater change of opinion in England on a greater variety of subjects—social, political and religious—during the last ten years than had taken place in the whole period which had elapsed since Europe was convulsed by the Reformation. Whether the change has been for the better or the worse will be, of course, estimated differently by different minds, but the fact itself will hardly be disputed.

Ten years ago household suffrage was considered an impossible tenet belonging to the ultra-Radicals; we have lived to see it given by a Conservative Government. The abolition of the Irish State Church was the scheme of 'philosophical levellers;' it has become the popular cry on which a party rides into power. 'Essays and Reviews' was petitioned against as fraught with horrible novelties of heresy; the book may be said to have died in bringing forth a bishop, but scarcely a weekly paper or a monthly magazine now appears which does not contain doctrines almost as 'advanced.'

The revolution has been more tranquil and peaceful than any former one. The Bishop of Peterborough did not offer to go to the stake in defence of the Irish Establishment; Lord Derby swallowed the bitter draught of the suffrage instead of laying down his head like Strafford on the scaffold. Liberal admissions take out the sting of the fiercest defences of orthodoxy; and the revision of the

[1] *Contemporary Review*, 1870.

Authorised Version, headed by the Bishop of Winchester, looks a little like the theological equivalent of Mr. Disraeli taking the political bread out of the mouths of his adversaries by the 'ten minutes' Bill. Lastly, the whole question of the use of women in the world, their 'rights' and their 'wrongs,' is being discussed in a manner which contrasts very remarkably with the tone of even a few years back; while the discussions in Parliament upon female suffrage, the municipal vote granted last year to single women who possess the necessary qualification, the Married Women's Property Bill, which has just passed the House of Commons, the education—artistic, medical, scientific, and literary—now offered to them by so many bodies, public and private, show the breach which has been made in the fortress of ancient opinion.

The movement has now indeed attained a wider, deeper significance than is even indicated by such changes in England. It is spreading over the whole world in the marvellously rapid way with which the interchange of ideas takes place at present among nations—through that 'solidarity' of thought which is at last comprehending even the unchanging East. It is showing itself in Russia and Spain, in India and America, the old world and the new alike. Russian ladies are taking medical degrees at Zurich, Stockholm, and even St. Petersburg; schools for Hindoo girls are established and well attended at Madras and Calcutta. Monseigneur Dupanloup protests against the lowering effect of the poor education given to girls in France, and the Roman Catholic bishop is as urgent in his demand for a higher ideal of woman's life as our English radical philosopher.

But though both extremes of opinion agree as to the evil of the present state of things, though the cynical Reviews are as strenuous in their descriptions of the vacuity of the lives and occupations of thousands of women as the most strong-minded of the lady writers, there is the greatest

possible divergence as to the remedy and the means of applying it. Give them the same education as men, says one side; but we are at this very moment revolutionising the instruction in our boys' schools, and declaring the subjects to be often ill-taught, and not always worth learning. Shut them up with governesses and in school-rooms more strictly, says the other; but it is the girls who are the result of this very training of whom we are now complaining.

Meantime two or three hard facts have come out in the discussions on the subject. The census of 1851 showed three millions and a half of women working for a subsistence, of whom two millions and a half were unmarried. At the census of 1861 the number of self-supporting[1] women had increased by more than half a million, many with relations dependent upon them. The pretty, pleasant, poetic view of life by which man goes forth to labour for his wife, while her duty is to make his home comfortable, is clearly not possible for this large portion of womankind, since, although a certain number of them are single because they preferred celibacy to any choice offered to them, a very large proportion are so from necessity, and certainly find the burden of maintaining themselves a heavy one.

That the 'highest result' of life both for men and women is a really happy marriage there can be no doubt; where each is improved by the other, and every good work is helped, not hindered, for both. It is an ideal which has existed, though it may not have been carried out, from very early times—and it is somewhat discouraging that, as Mr. Lecky has shown, some of the most beautiful pictures of the relation, and indeed of womanhood at large, are to be found in Homer and the Greek tragedians; 'the conjugal tenderness of Hector and Andromache, the unwearied

[1] The wretched gulf below into which so many of these are driven by misery, the wholesale destruction of soul and body which takes place, cannot here be entered on, and indeed this class is not included in these numbers.

fidelity of Penelope, whose storm-tossed husband looked forward to her as the crown of all his labours, the heroic love of Alcestis voluntarily dying that her husband might live,' and many more such. Later, though Aristotle gives a touching account of a good wife, and Plutarch declares her to be 'no mere housekeeper, but the equal and companion of her husband,' we must go to Rome to find an equally high type of a wife. 'The Roman matron was from the earliest times a name of honour,' and a jurisconsult of the empire defined marriage as 'a lifelong fellowship of all divine and human rights.' Indeed, 'the position of wives during the empire was one of a freedom and dignity which they have never since altogether regained.'

That modern society has not always shown an advance on these questions may be seen in Mr. Maine's observation that the canon law, which nearly everywhere prevailed on the position of woman, has on several points 'deeply injured civilisation.'

Mr. Mill's description of the relation seems drawn from his own experience:

> What marriage may be in the case of two persons of cultivated minds, identical in opinions and purposes, between whom there exists the best kind of equality (not that of powers, but of different capacities), with each their respective superiority, so that each can have alternately the pleasure of leading and being led in the path of development . . . where the two care for great objects in which they can help and encourage each other, so that the minor matters on which their tastes differ are not all-important, . . . here is a connection of friendship of the most enduring character, making it a greater pleasure to each to give pleasure to the other than to receive it. . . . This is no dream of an enthusiast, but a social relation on whose general realisation will depend the best development of our race.

To enable women to fulfil their share of this union it will be granted must require far more cultivation than they now generally attain. For the very large portion who

cannot obtain this 'highest result,' and who yet have the misfortune to require food and clothing, which they must earn for themselves or starve, it is surely not too much to ask that they be furnished ungrudgingly with all possible means of fitting themselves to perform well whatever work society will permit them to carry out.

As to what is 'unnatural' work, opinion varies so much in different ages and countries, that we are hardly yet entitled to dogmatise. 'Nature,' Mr. Mill thinks, 'may be safely left to take care of itself, and in any work for which women are really incompetent they will drop out of the race;' but he hardly seems to allow for the extraordinary plasticity with which women adapt themselves to the ideal required of them by public opinion. Among the North American Indians all the heavy labour—the carrying of burdens, &c.—falls to their share without any feeling of hardship, the duty of the 'braves' being only to fight. In many parts of Germany the division is the same; the peasant woman digs, ploughs, manages the cattle, carries the fuel and the hay from the mountains, while the men are either with the army, or sitting smoking and drinking in the little 'platz' of the village. In Scotland the stalwart fishwives would be horrified at their husbands doing anything but manage the sea share of the business; they have their boats and nets to look after, and have nothing whatever to do with matters on shore, where the woman reigns paramount.

An extremely curious instance of what habit and opinion can make of women appeared not long ago in that very unromantic source of information, a British Blue-Book. In the account of a mission sent by England in 1863 to induce the King of Dahomey to give up the slave trade, the envoy, Commodore Wilmot, remarks incidentally:

The Amazons are everything in this country. There are nearly 5,000 of them in the king's army; and, he adds, there can be no doubt that they are the mainstay of the kingdom.

They are a very fine body of women, remarkably well-limbed and strong, armed with muskets, swords, gigantic razors for cutting off heads, bows and arrows, blunderbusses, &c.; their large war-drum was conspicuous, hung round with skulls.

They are first in honour and importance, all messages are carried by them to and from the king and his chiefs. They are only found about the royal palaces, form the body-guard of the sovereign, and no one else is allowed to approach them. At the reception of the embassy the king ordered them to go through a variety of movements and to salute me, which they did most creditably; they loaded and fired with remarkable rapidity, singing songs all the time. . . . They marched better than the men, and looked far more warlike in every way; their activity is astonishing—they would run with some of our best performers in England. On one occasion the king appeared in a carriage drawn by his body-guard of women. As soldiers in an African kingdom and engaged solely in African warfare, they are very formidable enemies, and fully understand the use of their weapons.

Besides 5,000 of these under arms, there are numerous women to attend on them as servants, cooks, &c. Their numbers are kept up by young girls of thirteen or fourteen, attached to each company, who learn their duties, dance, sing, and live with them, but do not go to war till they are considered old enough to handle a musket. They are fully aware of the authority they possess—their manner is bold and free; but in spite of a certain swagger in their walk, he speaks particularly of 'their good manners and modest behaviour; most of them are young, well-looking, and without any ferocity in their expression, though an occasional skull or jaw-bone may be seen dangling at their waist-belts. They are supposed to live a life of chastity, and there is no doubt that they do so, as it would be impossible for them to do wrong without being found out, and such discovery would lead to instant death.' 'The only menial service they perform is to fetch water (which is extremely scarce) for the use of the king and his household,

and morning and evening long strings of them may be seen with water-jars on their heads silently and quietly wending their way to the wells in single file, the front one with a bell round her neck, which she strikes when any men are seen; these immediately run off to leave the road clear, and must wait till the file has passed, for if an accident happened to the woman or her jar, any man near would be considered responsible, and either imprisoned for life or his head cut off. Business is stopped, and everybody delayed to their great inconvenience, by this absurd law.' The Amazons enjoy their consequence, and laughed heartily when they saw the commodore obliged to step aside in order to avoid them.

It was mentioned by Bishop Crowther, in a lecture at Torquay, that in war fewer prisoners by far are made among them than among the men soldiers; they fight more fiercely, with more determination, and would rather die than yield. 'Indeed,' says Wilmot, 'they are far superior to the men in everything—in appearance, in dress, in figure, in activity, in their performance as soldiers, and in bravery.' It is curious to see the old Greek legends, which we have so long disbelieved, thus fully borne out.[1]

The evidence is the more interesting as it appears merely as part of the report of the embassy, 'presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of her Majesty,' with no object of proving anything to anybody in the matter.

Here is a whole body of women distinguished for the very qualities we should be most inclined to refuse them, the produce of an education 'well-directed' to the end required however little desirable.

It is difficult at present to make any sweeping assertions as to what women can or cannot do, as even if we decide categorically for England, we shall find the standard of

[1] A body of mounted Amazons has been offered by the Maharanee of Baroda 'to fight side by side with the English forces against Russia.'—May 1885.

their ability vary by merely crossing the Channel to France; and if such a discussion had been possible in India, and a Hindoo Mr. Mill had expressed hopeful views of their powers and of what might be expected from them under a different *régime*, the weekly papers of Benares would certainly have replied that the nature of women was tolerably well known since the beginning of the world; that they had had time enough in all conscience to give proof that their powers were but little above those of animals; that they could not be trusted out of the zenana to take care even of themselves; that it was doubtful whether they had any souls at all, and, at all events, certain to the orthodox, that their only chance of immortality was by burning themselves on the funeral pile of their husbands. Yet even with public feeling so strongly against them, 'the best native Indian governments are those directed by women,' says Mr. Mill, borne out by Sir Richard Temple and many other authorities.

Seven-eighths of the world is Pagan, Mahometan, or Buddhist, where the lowest opinion concerning women still prevails; and even in Christian countries the education given to them is so much for show, so little for use, so empty of real knowledge, that we have hardly yet the materials on which to found our judgment as to their powers, unless in exceptional cases.

That these will turn out to be the same as those of men is, to say the very least, most improbable; it is even more improbable that God should have created two sets of beings, so different physically and outwardly, if He had intended one to be merely the repetition of the other, or unless they had been fitted to perform different functions in the world's great work. Such a variety of gifts is required to accomplish what is wanted around us, that it will be strange if we cannot arrive at a certain joint co-operative action between men and women which shall be better than that of either alone. 'Two are better than one,' as Solomon says, and even than one and one. There is a male and female side to all great

work which will not be thoroughly carried out unless both can labour at it heartily together. The silent share contributed by women in man's work—to take only a few of the instances found in late biographies, the assistance given by the sister of Mendelssohn in the composition of the 'Lieder ohne Worte,' by old Miss Herschel in her brother's calculations, by Mrs. Austin and Lady Hamilton [1] in the production of their husbands' works on jurisprudence and metaphysics, and that which is told by M. Renan and Mr. Mill in their touching tributes, the first to his sister, the other to his wife—is only known from magnanimous men, rich enough in ideas not to grudge such acknowledgment. 'On ne prête qu'aux riches,' says a French proverb.

But how this joint work for the world can best be generally carried out remains still to be settled. To take, however, one instance: the administrative power with which Mr. Mill credits woman enables her to assist most efficiently, conjointly with men, in the management of philanthropic establishments—hospitals, reformatories, asylums, workhouses, &c., where she is found to give more comfort more economically than men, to spend less with greater results. She has generally more intuitive insight into character, and is less liable to be taken in (provided her affections are not concerned). She is both more considerate and considering, more observant of small indications than a man, and draws her conclusions more carefully, and carries out her kind intentions with more thought. 'And Mary pondered all these things in her heart,' is a very true picture of her sex. She is a particularly efficient teacher of male pupils, says one good educational authority; there is a certain rude chivalry among boys when they know that they cannot be compelled to do a thing by force, which will often make them yield. For

[1] The *Edinburgh Review* says:—'We are, in truth, indebted to these two ladies that the most profound and abstruse discussions of law and metaphysics which have appeared in our time became accessible and intelligible to the public.'

example, a class of unruly lads in a ragged school, utterly unamenable to the discipline of a man, is often known to obey a young woman; as a difficult-tempered horse is sometimes most easily guided by a female hand, when it is at the same time both skilful and light.

There was one remarkable instance of such influence in the late American war. After the arrival of the lady nurses in the different field hospitals of the northern army, the degraded attendance which ordinarily follows a camp gradually melted away. The husbands, brothers, and relations of the women who had given up the protection of their homes for the sake of the wounded did not choose that their belongings should be exposed to such scenes, and the baser element almost entirely disappeared, at least from sight.

One of the most curious 'changes of front' in public opinion which has taken place, is concerning the care of the sick. Surgery and medicine seem to have been regarded as peculiarly feminine occupations in the Middle Ages.[1] Even queens and princesses were regularly instructed in the 'healing arts.' To be a good leech was as important in a complete education then as to play on the piano nowadays, and was perhaps not less useful.

That there are certain branches of the profession adapted for women most people will now admit—*i.e.* midwifery and the diseases of women and children; we may indeed come to regard this part of the craft as one into which men have intruded themselves, instead of the contrary cry. But women physicians neither will nor ought to be consulted or trusted who have not undergone the most thorough training and submitted to the most searching examination. The difficulties of a course of joint study for men and women are such in the present

[1] 'Two maydens with him thai laft
That well were lered of leche craft.'

Sir Tristan was put in keeping of 'la beale Iseult' because 'she was a noble surgion.'

state of things as to render it most undesirable; but in France, the question is solved by a separate training, which for sixty-nine years has given as perfect an education to midwives, both practical and scientific, as well can be. It includes a course of instruction in a hospital of two hundred beds, where none but women pupils are received. A first-class certificate is not given under two years, a second-class not under one, and without a certificate no one can practice in France. The lady professors of this institution are physican accoucheurs, not merely midwives, and hold a rank, both scientific and practical, quite equal to our first-class 'ladies' doctors' here. No classes or lectures, such as are often proposed in England, could possibly afford the requisite training, unless accompanied by the practical work on the patients themselves such as is thus afforded in France. In the same way no certificates or examinations for nurses are of any avail unless they are the evidence of trained work in a hospital, to be judged of by the training surgeons and sisters alone.[1]

With regard to special training for other objects, the greater facilities given in the classes at the Royal Academy, at the female schools of design at South Kensington and elsewhere, the Academy of Music, &c., will now enable women to obtain the thorough knowledge necessary for good work in art. It is to be hoped that some proof of efficiency may soon be exacted for governesses and schoolmistresses: a diploma such as is required to be shown by them in Germany, France, and Switzerland, will be a natural result indeed of the examinations now offered by Cambridge, London, Dublin, Edinburgh, and, lastly, Oxford. The class of female teachers will thus be raised both in position and salary. In America, at this moment, they stand very high

[1] The question has made great progress since this was written, especially on the point of the necessity of women doctors in India, where men are not allowed to enter the Zenanas, and the native women can get no instructed medical help of any kind.

in the scale, and are even entrusted with a great share of the conduct of large boys' schools.

But it is for those women who do not intend to be either doctors, or artists, or schoolmistresses that our improved education is most wanted. As it is, in the very fields which are considered to belong to women according to the most niggardly estimate of their powers, they are totally without training of any kind, and each individual is forced to make out the very A B C of useful knowledge for herself.

For instance, in the conduct of their houses and the management of their children, which the staunchest Conservative would declare to be their peculiar province, what pains is taken to give them even the most elementary knowledge of the things likely to be most useful to them? What woman has learnt how to prevent the frost from bursting the water-pipes, which flood hundreds of houses in London unnecessarily every winter? or what has caused the cracking of the boiler, and how it may be avoided? or the facts concerning food, the proportion which is best for each different stage of life, and how to make the best of it? 'I'm sure the bread was very nice last time; I can't think why it isn't so this time,' says even a clever cook. The rule of thumb is universal, and the mistress cannot correct it.

Again, with regard to the health of the children and household, the frightful ignorance of mothers, both rich and poor, annually sacrifices the lives, and, what is really worse, as more usual, the health, of thousands of human beings. It is a common saying that the first child is generally a victim to the experimental efforts of the poor mother, who, having never learnt what is good either for herself or her offspring, can only guide herself after having been taught by the bitter knowledge of experience.

Women will be found 'sending for the doctor' for the slightest ailment, either of themselves or of their children, which the commonest sense and the most easy acquaintance with hygiene ought to enable them to cope with; yet,

'laudamy and calomy' are the 'simples' they have not scrupled to use. Every girl ought to go through a course of training as to what is required in all ordinary cases of emergency—how to bind up a cut, to put out fire, to treat a burn, the bad effect of air on a wound, its necessity to the lungs, the measures necessary to guard against infection —'common things,' as they are called, but uncommonly little known at the present day. Questions of fresh air are beginning to be a little better understood; yet still, passing along the crowded streets of London, and looking up at most of the nursery windows, rows of little pale faces may be seen peering through the closed casements, 'for fear they should catch cold,' which is often the only form of care conceived of—carried out by making them as liable to cold as possible. A great medical authority declares that the children of the lowest and artisan classes in London are healthier than those of the class above them, because they are allowed to play in the gutter, which cannot be permitted to 'genteel' children, and the fresh air compensates for inferior living and much want of care. How large a part of the disease and ill-temper of our children, and consequently of our own, is owing to ignorance in their keepers, which might be prevented by the better education of nursemaids (no very Utopian notion), it is grievous to think of.

Again, with regard to education, there is a peculiar appetite in a healthy-minded child, evidently placed there by nature, for observing the facts around it, and seeking for their interpretation—'why?' 'what?' 'where?' is the substance of the talk of an intelligent child. Questions as to the reasons of everything, as to the birds, beasts, flowers, and stones it meets with. Instead, however, of satisfying this curiosity, we give it names,—the hardest husks of knowledge, 'Summaries,' lists of Dates, 'Catechisms,' &c., the very deadest dry bones of information. As a general rule let what it can see, and touch, and taste, and

smell, and the explanation thereof, come before things which its limited experience does not enable it to realise and therefore take interest in, and which are generally to it mere words, such as history, geography, grammar. The abstract comes after the concrete. There can be no doubt that such instruction comes within a woman's province; let her, at least, learn how best it may be accomplished.

There are many questions still remaining to be solved as to how body and soul react on each other, which women are peculiarly fitted to assist in settling;—for instance, although asceticism and epicureanism are alike mistaken rules of life, how yet the good which exists undoubtedly in both is to be secured in education; how to give the mind the fairest play; to 'have the body under subjection,' in one sense—to make it the slave, and not the master, in the joint concern—yet so to cultivate it as to render it the healthy organ, or interpreter to execute the intentions of the mind—and how neither mind nor body can do its best without a proper balance being attained. Education having gone too much in the cramming direction, the pendulum seems likely now to sway too far on the opposite side for men—athletics, for their own sake (although the sitting still *regimen* is even now enforced on many women); while the wisest among the Greeks seem to have aimed at the perfection of outward form, chiefly as the instrument of the inward powers of man.

Again, the field of philanthropy has never been contested to woman: let her be taught to fulfil it wisely. Men have apparently such respect for her power of intuition that they seem to think she can do as well without as with study. The excellent women who undertake to assist the poor, are probably at this moment doing at least as much harm as good, demoralising them by teaching dependence, and diminishing their power of self-reliance; the helpers are utterly ignorant in general of political economy in its best sense; of the laws of supply and demand; of that which

constitutes real help, *i.e.* that which rouses man to help himself; while their religious teaching too often resolves itself into proselytism and dissemination of doctrinal tracts. These are studies without which charity degenerates into the pouring of water into baskets, whereas in France the administration of the Poor Law, the *bureau de bienfaisance*, is committed by Government to the care of the Sisters of Charity, who are there considered as the fittest instruments for the work.

With regard to comparatively smaller matters, there can be no doubt that if woman's knowledge of art and what really constitutes beauty were more cultivated, if her taste were higher, or, indeed, anything but the merest accident of feeling, our hideous upholstery, our abominable millinery-portraits, the vulgar or vapid colouring of our drawing-rooms, would improve. 'Natural selection' would get rid of the monstrosities in our shops by the simple process of the bad not finding purchasers, as much as by any schools of design.

Again, with regard to dress, wider interests would probably indirectly tend to cure the extravagance which constant change of fashion produces. For a woman to take care that her outward clothing makes her as pleasing as circumstances comport is a real duty to her neighbours; but this is not at all the aim of fashion. There is nothing which puzzles the male mind, and especially the artist mind, like its mystery—why every woman, short and tall, fat and thin, must wear exactly the same clothes; why their heads must all bud out in an enormous chignon one year, and their bodies expand into an immense bell in the next, under pain of being unpleasantly remarkable, by the edict of some irresponsible *Vehmgericht* which rules over us. The tyranny of opinion is such that no woman dreams of resisting beyond a certain point; she is taught that to be singular is in her almost a crime, and she accordingly undresses her poor old shoulders, or swells out her short

body, and is intolerably ugly and unpleasant to her male relations to look at, but is satisfied with the internal conviction of right given by the feeling that at least she is in the fashion! More knowledge of real art would show her that if certain lines are really becoming, their opposites cannot be so too; that there is a real science of the beautiful, to contravene which is as painful to the instructed eye as notes out of tune in music to the instructed ear.

The power wielded by woman is at present so enormous, that if men at all realised its extent, they would for their own purposes insist on her being better qualified to use it. If any man will candidly confess to himself the amount of influence on his habits of thought and feeling throughout his life, first of his mother and sisters, of young ladyhood in general, and later of his wife, daughters, and female friends, the opinions modified, the incentives supplied by women, old and young, he will be almost appalled by the thought of the manner in which this potent being has been left to pick up what education she could from an ignorant governess or an indifferent school; while her ideas of right and wrong, her religion and morality, have generally been obtained by being carefully kept from hearing that there is another side to any question. The important and the trivial are generally strangely mixed up in her mind: traditional rules—such as that though it is wicked to read history on Sundays, you may make riddles out of the Bible: that you may cut paper for patchwork on the Sabbath, but if you sew it is a sin—being not seldom considered almost as binding as the Gospel itself.

A custom becomes in such a woman's eyes as sacred as morality; the inextricable confusion of the form with its meaning, which is so common, and which makes it so dangerous to touch or improve a symbol lest we damage the thing symbolised, may be greatly traced to the unreasoning traditional mode in which women, half the human race, regard everything. The sentimental part of their minds

being stronger, their power of association more vivid than that of men, anything connected, however remotely, with their affections, is clung to more warmly, and makes it more difficult for them to part with the external shape which a thought has been in the habit of taking in their eyes.

Accordingly, even in matters of politics, which have been supposed to be out of their line, 'the party of the roses and nightingales,' as Mr. Grant Duff once euphuistically called it, has been a power in the State, a very sensible influence, which has often checked, and even prevented useful reforms.

To give her the 'responsibility of her opinions' might be a cure for this, but the question of the suffrage cannot be looked upon as an important one. The municipal franchise has been granted to unmarried women, with this comment from the conservative ex-Chancellor, in assisting to pass the Bill: 'Since an unmarried woman could dispose of her property, and deal with it in any way that she thought proper,' said Lord Cairns, 'he did not know why she should not have a voice in saying how it should be lighted and watched, and in controlling the municipal expenditure to which that property contributed.' In one of the southern counties, five large, well-managed estates, almost adjacent to each other, belong to women either unmarried or widows. Here a district, amounting in size almost to a small county, is virtually unrepresented. If the representation of property is to be a reality, it seems as if these women ought to 'have a voice in choosing the representatives who are to regulate' the national 'expenditure' to which they contribute so largely. A single woman is no infant to whom the law allots guardians; she can conduct her own affairs and dispose of her estates as she sees good. The franchise is certainly an inferior privilege to such functions as these.

It is perfectly true that these women would generally prefer being without the franchise, but the question is,

what are the arrangements by which the duties of property may be best performed? They are called upon to use 'their legitimate influence' with their dependents: why should they be allowed to shirk the responsibility, to be spared the personal onus of decision in political opinions? Are not these likely to be better weighed, more justly and well considered, if they know they can be called to account for the proper employment of their power.

It is no new theory, after all, that women should be treated as political entities. One barony, at least, was bestowed by Pitt on a single lady in right of her borough influence; and the very fact of a woman being able to use the power of a great proprietor without the check of publicity and open responsibility, inclines her to make the question a personal one, and not a trust for the good of the 'republic.'

With regard to a married woman, it seems to be very unwise to press her claim. Any property she possesses is, after all, represented by her husband; if she votes contrary to him it will merely neutralise his vote; if she votes with him it is an unnecessary reduplication; there seems no good in putting such an abstract cause of contention among married people.

In England, by manners, although not perhaps by law, the influence of woman has been more useful, calmer, less dreaded, and more open, than in any country since the days of Eve. When they have ruled it has been by acknowledged sway; the difference between Queen Elizabeth and Queen Philippa, and the Montespans and Pompadours of France. The *Maîtresse du Roi* has been no recognised part in our constitution; no fine ladies like Madame de Longueville, and the other lady leaders of the Fronde, have ruled the destinies of our country according to the influence of the lover of the moment. There have been names of power amongst us, but they have been good as well as great.

In Roman Catholic countries, where the feeling for women has culminated in the adoration of the Virgin and the deification of many female saints, as if the longing for feminine tenderness, which could not find satisfaction in the stern ideal to which they had reduced their Christ, had erected an intercessor in 'the mother of God,' woman, intellectually, has been degraded curiously to the utmost, the notion of her spiritual eminence having, as it were, stifled any other. Christianity, great as its influence has been for woman, has not worked at all alike in this respect in different nationalities even close at home, and it would be curious to trace out the reason for her varying position at the present day in the different Christian countries—in America, where from the disparity of the sexes she takes a high hand as to her personal claims, but does not seem to have improved in wisdom beyond her old-world sisters; in Germany and Italy, where she holds a strangely inferior place, from the most different causes, for the German woman is generally and in some respects highly educated, while the Italian (with some exceptions in the north) is almost utterly ignorant; in France, where the influence of woman has always been more really great, probably, than in any country in the world, America not excepted, with the single exception, which however symbolises a good deal, that they must not wear the crown—*i.e.* be ostensibly sovereign. The Frenchman is said to be more good-tempered, the Frenchwoman more imperious; in a household she is very really the better half—partly, perhaps, in consequence of the drain upon the male part of the nation caused by its warlike propensities, the affairs of the shop, of the bureau, the management of the money of the family, in fact, has devolved in great part on her. Monsieur often is amusing himself at the *café*, while madame, nothing loth, is administering the joint affairs of the *commerce*, in which she has probably an equal stake in money, while her property is to a great extent under her own control, and is looked after

very keenly; indeed, her strict attendance at the bureau is mentioned in an interesting article of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* as one reason for the fearful mortality among infants in France. Again, the power of the mother over her grown-up sons, both by law and custom, is in our eyes most extraordinary. One of Madame Sand's best known novels runs on the refusal of the widowed mother of a marquis of forty, in full possession of his own estate, to let him marry a young lady, well-born and well-bred, but poor. No surprise is expressed; it is an ordinary incident in his social world—it is impossible for the marriage to take place without her permission.

The relation, however, between the sexes in France seems to be one of antagonism—an armed peace—constant resistance on one side, and terror of encroachment on the other. In the absence of any idea of justice, 'a woman's rights are what she can get for herself;' and their amount is almost incredibly large to our notions. For instance, says the Bishop of Orleans, Dupanloup, in his 'Femmes Sérieuses,' when a marriage takes place in the higher classes, the bridegroom is required as a matter of course by the young girl and her mother to renounce his profession, which is often mentioned as one reason of the frivolous life led by young men of family in France.

The sudden change in a French girl's life, the tremendous leap from her convent education to the rush of dissipation in the world, makes her temptation to independence still greater. She has not even been allowed any choice in the man who is to rule her; *he* is generally more or less in love, she has all the advantage that perfect coldness and self-possession can give. She rules by dint of her *esprit*, her strong will, her tact in pleasing the least worthy part of men; and her desire for power is evidently far greater than in England, where, after the first blush of youthful excitement is over, a girl generally subsides rapidly after marriage into the 'family woman,' the wife and the mother,

whereas the Frenchwoman's career only then begins. And what is considered at least to be its nature may be guessed from M. Taine's problem (for even a caricature is evidence of a popular mode of thought), '*Étant donnée la femme, c'est à dire un être illogique, subalterne, malfaisant, mais charmant comme un parfum délicieux et pernicieux*,' how is she to be treated?

In England, on the contrary, at the present moment, take it for all in all, the position of an educated woman of a certain class is probably unequalled both in legitimate influence and happiness. If she is at all qualified for it by character, she is trusted and consulted by her husband in everything; she is respected by her sons for her experience in life; she has a large field for her administrative capacity —the schools, the cottages, the sick, the poor, both in London and the country, employ all her philanthropic energies. She is cut off from no great questions of national interest, political, literary, benevolent; if her opinion is worth having, she is listened to by men with perfect respect and attention. She wants nothing more of privilege for herself of any kind. It is not for these that any change is necessary. But because these have their 'rights,' in cant phrase, and indeed something more, by custom if not by law, it is no use for them to blink the fact of the intolerable sufferings endured often by women of the lowest class without a chance of redress, or that the lives of the greater portion of the middle class are miserably wanting in interests and cultivation of any kind; while for the increasing number of women who must earn their own bread, there are hardly any fields open, and they have hitherto been even denied the facilities for fitting themselves to do good work which are provided so largely for men.

That this has happened by accident more than design appears in the Reports upon Endowed Schools, which are proved to have often been intended by their founders for girls as well as boys. The committee, headed by Lord

Lyttelton, were requested to ascertain what means can be adopted in each case to add a separate provision for the education of girls, or to enable them to share in the classes for boys, as in the national schools. At present the lower class is better provided for in this matter than the middle and upper. It is to be hoped that Government will not neglect so fair an opportunity of securing what might become a national and lasting provision for this want. Mr. Rogers has already led the way by starting a middle-class school for girls *pari passu* with the great school for boys in the City of London.

Meantime, as if to prove that girls would make use of any opportunities given them, several of the school inspectors in England and Scotland report that they found the capabilities of girls as good in general as those of boys; that although part of the school-day was devoted, and rightly, to needlework, they did as well as the lads of the same amount of training when taught by the same masters. In the few schools for the upper class which have existed, the acquirements of the average of boys and girls are found to run very evenly, though here and there a boy appeared who beat all the girls. The brains of women, says Dr. Barlow, quoting many authorities, English and foreign, are larger than those of men *in proportion* to the size of their bodies, while their temperaments are more nervous and sensitive; they thus require good education for their guidance more even than men; whereas, cut off as they too often have been, from the most interesting subjects in life, it is not surprising if they often throw their whole souls into petty questions with a vehemence which makes good men sigh and hard men laugh. '*Les femmes excellent à gâter leur vie*,' has been most truly said, and not seldom that of their belongings besides. Excellent women may be seen spoiling the comfort, as far as in them lies, of their 'mankind,' about some miserable little matter of anise and cummin to which their ill-directed conscience affixes an

inordinate interest, while the greatest national questions of right and wrong (for which they have proved they can care so deeply) are to them uninteresting, often because unknown, for how large a proportion of them may still be said to be 'brought up in the religion of darkness and fear,' which Plato complained of even in his day? They are often accused of putting their affections above any abstract interest, however high, yet how many of them have shown the power to suffer and to die for the noblest causes. Martyrs are of no sex or time. 'The mother of seven sons,' as told in Maccabees, 'saw them all slain in one day with horrible torments' for their faith, by Antiochus—filled with courageous spirits, stirring up her womanish thoughts with a manly stomach, she stood by and exhorted them to remain firm for the right, 'and last of all, after her sons, died also.' And women like Vivia Perpetua, whose martyrdom for her faith was preceded by the worse agony of appeals from her husband holding up her baby before her, and her father entreating her to have compassion on his grey hairs. Through all the phases of persecution, Pagan, Catholic, and Protestant alike, women have never been found wanting—and not in religious questions alone, for during the French Revolution the women suffered for their political faith like the men. It has been remarked that no woman ever then put forward her sex as a reason for being spared; they had 'the courage of their opinions,' and went to the scaffold unflinchingly, although some of them, like Madame Roland, did not believe in any future state.

In the Indian mutiny there were no weak lamentations or complaints under the almost intolerable sufferings and privations to which the women were exposed. They had most of them spent their lives in the gossip and idleness of Indian stations, yet when courage and endurance were called for, their heroism was as great as that of the men.

The stuff is there, it only requires to be adequately made use of. In spite of what Mr. Mill says, there can be little

doubt that women are by nature more pliable than men, more ready to take the colour [1] which public opinion represents as right, and also to endure more for what they believe to be true, in small things as well as great. But this only makes it more incumbent upon society, which in this case means men, to see that the ideal life held up to women is a wise one, and that their education is in a wise direction. The jealousy of women acquiring knowledge, in England at least, is quite modern. At the time of the Reformation, of the revival of learning through the classics, they were allowed to obtain whatsoever they pleased of the new fields of knowledge; and Latin and Greek,[2] through which alone these could be obtained, were freely taught to them. They suffered death again and again in political risings in England, that unpleasant proof of their importance. Lady Salisbury, Jane Grey, Arabella Stewart, were not spared because they were women; and in the feudal times, Mr. Mill declares that both politics and war were considered part of their proper business in life. Sir Thomas More, in his ideal republic, even proposes that the 'priests should be few in number, of either sex.' And though we are not very likely to follow out such a counsel as this, yet northern civilisation has always been based, more or less, upon respect for women, as shown alike in the honour paid to female prophets and priestesses in the earlier faiths of Teutonic and Scandinavian nations, and the ideal held up by chivalry in later Christian ages. 'We may, on the whole, well admire the instinct,' says Mr. F. Newman, 'which made the old Germans regard woman as

[1] Would anything induce men to submit to the tortures of tight-lacing, or of the Chinese 'lily feet'—utter absurdities of the most harmful kind—for the sake of being 'comme il faut'—in the literal sense, 'as one ought to be'?

[2] Mary Queen of Scots, 'a lovely little girl about thirteen,' is described as 'reciting a Latin oration before their Majesties (Catherine de Medicis and her son) on the necessity of female education in literature and the fine arts'!

penetrating nearer to the mind of God than man does.' It is remarkable to find in three such different civilisations as those of Greece, Rome, and Italy that the inspiration of the ideal is ascribed by Socrates to the priestess Diotima, in Rome to the nymph Egeria, and by Dante to Beatrice, all perhaps equally mythical, it may be said, but typical at least of the idea. There are two pictures by Ary Scheffer symbolising the highest and most spiritual influence of women in youth and age: the Dante and Beatrice—'Beatrice in suso, ed io in lei guardava'—and the St. Augustine and his mother, supporting and sympathising with him as he goes forth on God's work, never to see him again, sacrificing the self even of her affections for the sake of the highest right for him and the world. This is what women may be and have been to men, the painter seems to say. That a large share of the higher moral and ideal work of the world may fairly be taken by her, is shown by the fact that though the male and female population is nearly equal in number, the crimes committed by men are usually five times as numerous or even more so.[1]

Her influence now is more than sufficiently great; it is not desirable that it should be in any degree increased. What is wanted is to give her the training and discipline by which that which she has may best be used. There are symptoms on all sides of a change of thought, a desire to make more use of her powers in various work. Dean Alford, in his paper on 'The Christianity of the Future,' has observed, that 'woman's action in the Church' has been neglected in our present civilisation, that 'the Reformers levelled in the dust, instead of attempting to regenerate, the whole conventual system of Catholicism.' Mr. Tennyson hints in his Guinevere at the double power which the united action of men and women brings forth;

[1] 'Central Criminal Court February 1878. Calendar for present Session contains the names of ninety-one male, and nine female prisoners.'

and the reason he gives for his hero Arthur's failure is the failure of his wife. 'If he could find'

> A woman in her womanhood as great
> As he was in his manhood, then, he sung,
> The twain together well might change the world.

And again, in 'The Holy Grail,' he makes Arthur himself declare that if he can be joined to her whom he considers the pearl of women—

> Then might we live together as one life,
> And reigning with one will in everything,
> Have power on this dark land to lighten it,
> And power on this dead world to make it live.

Mr. Tennyson has insisted on the 'diverse' nature of men and women in lines which have become almost hackneyed by constant use, and therefore these hints at the joint action which shall make both more strong, the division of the work of the world between them,—each supplying the deficiencies of the other, are the more important.

To enable women, by the wisest teaching which the nation can give, to make themselves ready for such a future, must be our object. A move of such an extent as is now taking place in women's minds cannot be repressed, their further advance is merely a question of time; let us insure that it is made in the right direction. Not in solitary action, for which with her quick sympathies and tender affections she is eminently unfit; not by usurping the work of men either as M.P.s, Amazons, or female lawyers, nor again by dooming half the human race to the most petty trivialities by way of keeping it virtuous and contented, shall we obtain the best work for the world. It is Iago only who condemns women to 'suckle fools and chronicle small beer.' To find the use of everything is the grand discovery of modern science, to waste nothing of whatever kind, and certainly not power. The body politic can hardly be made stronger by bandaging one hand tightly,

even if it be the left, to prevent it from getting into mischief. A beautiful Hungarian myth says, 'Woman was not taken from man's heel, that he might know he was not to trample on her, nor from his head, for she was not to rule over him, but from the rib next his heart, that she might be nearest and most necessary in every action of his life.' And not until this joint action shall have been fully carried out in all work—different in kind for man and woman, and therefore for that very reason each fitting into each—shall man indeed 'have power on this dead world to make it live,' as the Creator of both seems to have intended, for the benefit of all.

THE AMERICANS PAINTED BY THEMSELVES.

Is it fair to judge a nation by the pictures of society and manners given in its works of fiction? Should we be content to abide the test of the descriptions given of ourselves in our own novels, considered of course in the mass, not taken by isolated instances here and there? And are we doing injustice to the United States in accepting as true and life-like, and to the manner drawn, the pictures of men, and especially of women, which are found in American story-books? Whether this be so or not, it may at least be allowed that if certain persistently recurrent types are to be found among the characters in these books, and if the other personages of the stories show no disapprobation of the style of manners permitted, and the standards of taste held up by them, the former are at least commonly in use, and the latter are considered as agreeable to the national palate.

We will therefore take some very clever American novels lately published, society pictures without a trace of sensation, constructed ostentatiously without plot, and purely as studies of character.

The first and most striking trait in these books is the extraordinary respect for class-distinction, position, 'gentility,' and money, among the characters described with scarcely an exception. The highest feather in a girl's cap is to have refused a 'British nobleman,' or, at least, one of the Boston 'aristocrats.' Next comes the value set upon dress.

The importance of the *gown* question can hardly be imagined by the European mind. A French heroine is of course 'bien mise,' and her 'chaussure' is probably insisted on; the 'petites mules,' or the 'bas bien tirés.' An English girl must be picturesque in her attire, and her clothes must be becoming; but to say that her gowns came from Paris would not enhance her charms in the eyes of the readers, who would probably consider her very absurd for her pains.

> A wild civilitie
> Doth more bewitch me, than where art
> Is too precise in every part.

There is not much trace of Herrick, however, in the United States ideals. A list of Miss Lydia Blood's gowns, as given by so clever a man as Mr. Howells, might be drawn up for the advantage of milliners; Miss Daisy Miller's flounces, and the many buttons of her gloves, are among the chief points of her portrait by Mr. James.

The respect for position runs as an under-current in every story. The fine gentleman in the 'Lady of the Aroostook' falls in love with a 'school marm,' who is accidentally the only woman on board the packet vessel in which he is sailing, and by his own remarks and those of his friends, the reader is made to feel that an 'alliance' with the girl is as impossible as one between a Schwarzenburg and a bourgeoise of aristocratic Vienna. When 'love is still the lord of all,' and he marries her, the enormity of the sacrifice is borne in upon one's inmost soul; indeed it is only made possible at all by the pair resolving to go and settle in California, beyond the pale of his disapproving friends.

There is a class of cheap American novelettes, written by second-class writers entirely for second-class readers, which have no parallel in England, where books are written for any who read, and there is absolutely no class-literature unless we descend as low as 'penny dreadfuls' and yellow

railway novels. In these little books the caste question is paramount. The fine people of the something Avenue will have nothing to do with the virtuous heroine living in the shabby street, and the moral of the tale is to show how she wins the heart of the prime hero of the 'Upper Ten,' and either marries or refuses him, or is taken up into some seventh heaven of position, some paradise of gentility, by the sun of an even higher sphere than the 'Avenue' society.

In 'Work,' a story by Miss Alcott, the heroine is first a governess, then goes on the stage, passes through many chances and changes, and ends as 'help' to a Quaker mother and her son, a nursery gardener, whom she tries to fascinate by 'an apron with very effective pockets and frillings.' Here she falls in again with the brother of her former mistress, who proposes to her. He has no one quality that is admirable, nothing but fine clothes, and what are taken by the author to be fine manners, and money; yet the heroine is only saved from accepting him by her Quaker friends' expostulations, and it is feelingly and insisted on how great is the temptation and how nobleand good is she who can resist such a lover. 'Best society;' 'great families;' 'long descended;' the 'exclusiveness' of the 'fastidious American aristocracy,' 'who think as much of their positions as the haughtiest *vieille noblesse* in Europe;' these are a few gems culled from the different stories. 'A Gentleman of Leisure' is introduced to a young man, 'Sprowle the Fifth,' marking the ancient descent of the owner of this illustrious name. 'I should like to take you to a patrician crush,' says a friend to him at Boston: the sentiment apparently fills the atmosphere.

As for the clothes, the most harrowing incident in 'A Chance Acquaintance' arises from the heroine, Miss Kitty, having put on an old travelling gown. The courage of the Boston fine gentleman, who has just engaged himself to her (and who, as the author loses no opportunity of assuring us, is 'exactly like an Englishman'), is not proof against

the trial of acknowledging to some Boston 'belles' that the inmate of a shabby toilette is the lady of his choice. He accordingly ignores her presence altogether, whereupon she not unnaturally refuses to have anything more to do with him. Is there any society in the world out of the United States, where such a piece of snobbism could be represented as possible in a *soi-disant* gentleman? *Noblesse oblige* in that state of life if right feeling be absent, and even the vulgarest of men would hardly dare elsewhere so to slight a woman whom he was about to make his wife, and whom he must then, at least, introduce to the well-gowned fair ones. There is a pretty scene in one of Miss Bremer's Swedish novels, in which the girl puts on her oldest and shabbiest dress, in order to test her lover, and he does not even find it out, his whole soul filled with the deeper thoughts of having won his lady. You feel in a higher atmosphere there than in the milliner's estimate of life, which seems to have got by mistake into such clever books as those by Mr. James and Mr. Howells.

Every gown which the 'Lady of the Aroostook' wears is chronicled with affectionate minuteness, and an exact account is given of how her country aunt got the patterns from 'summer boarders,' and of the use she made of her knowledge—of 'the blue flannel with a scarlet bow,' which is thought divine, and 'the black silk fitting like a skin,' in which the cabin boy takes a lively interest. The photograph is so complete that one feels a sort of injury when the realism fails, and one is called on to believe that the blue flannel is as fresh and lovely as ever, after a six weeks' voyage, and that when the girl lands out of her obscure village 'down east,' into the arms of an aunt at Venice, who is as gown-loving, and as inane as most other American chaperons in the stories, her dress should be declared to be 'perfect,' and the owner be hurried off to church immediately to show her (and it) off. One knows on the contrary with scientific certainty that the gowns were

in reality bundled into a closet, and Miss Lydia was not allowed to show till they were all remodelled after the best lights.

Gowns! gowns! gowns! they appear everywhere, and weigh upon the brain. Even in 'Democracy' Miss Sybil's dress is an important factor, but then there is some fun in the description of M. Worth's *chef d'œuvre* of inspiration, 'The Dawn of a June Morning,' composed for a princess of the house of Dahomey, of which he allows the young lady at Washington to have a duplicate, 'having ascertained that the towns are not in the same hemisphere,' and that the gowns are not likely to clash.

Dress becomes a nightmare, until at last it is evident that a new commandment has been added to the heroine's decalogue—'Thou shalt have thy gowns from Paris.' In a novel in the *Atlantic Monthly*, the heroine, belonging to the very lower half of the middle classes, is about to 'come out,' and her mother sends to Paris for four gowns as a matter of necessity. The father who is in trade, not at all rich, is more than annoyed, and is really hampered by the expense, but his wife tells him it is quite essential for the happy future of his daughter, and there is an end of it. Strange manners come out incidentally in this and other tales. At the ball where Miss Annie appears in one of the gowns in question, the daughter of the house stands by her mother to receive their guests, bearing in her hands six bouquets, 'given by her *beaux*,' to show the number of her admirers. This it appears is the common practice, and must make the girls look like flower sellers. When the dancing is over, although both father and mother are present, it is 'Miss Annie Davies's carriage' which is called.

By far the most interesting point, however, in these stories is their illustration of the position and education of women, at this moment one of the important questions of the world. In what direction ought it to be developed?

Is the American model a success—a lead which it is desirable to follow out? Do the results of the independence—the almost absolute choice allowed them, of where they will go, and what they shall do and say—tend to the happiness, or the best development of the species?

Take the question of marriage for instance; many of the stories might have been written to show how much there is to say for the old world habit of allowing the parents a large voice in the choice of a husband. No French *mariage de convenance*, indeed, could have done worse than the young ladies do for themselves in 'Washington Square,' in Howells' 'A Modern Instance,' and in the 'Portrait of a Lady,' &c. At least it would be thought that their prominent position in America would have saved women from the vice of husband hunting; but the manner in which Miss Victoria Dare in 'Democracy' pursues and captures Lord Dunbeg is not exactly maidenly.

In the 'Breadwinners,' published in the *Century*, a new terror in life is depicted. A respectable girl goes to the house of a gentleman whom she admires, under pretence of asking his help to get a place in the public library of which he is president. She is the daughter of 'a carpenter of English descent, who has never seemed to imbibe the restless haste and hunger to rise . . . of American life.' On the other hand, Miss Maud Matchin, as she calls herself, 'as 'Tilda is vulgar,' makes up for this, as her sole idea is to get on. She is extremely handsome and has forced her unwilling parents, whom she looks down upon, to send her to the 'High School.' Evidently in the States the fifth commandment has been abrogated, parents have a bad time of it, and 'Honour your children, and obey them in whatsoever they command,' has taken its place. When Miss Matchin gets into the fine house she is a little daunted, but makes her request, adding 'that everybody knows the elegant Captain Farnham.' He does not look overpleased, and she goes on to say, 'I have enough to eat at home, but the soul has

claims, and I long for the contact of higher natures, and an intercourse with kindred spirits for the advancement of a higher destiny'! The speech sounds like one by Dickens's 'Mrs. Hominy.' Still he is not moved, and says that he doubts whether there is a vacancy at the library. 'Then I should like to serve as your secretary,' she answers. He gets rid of her at last, but allows her to come again to see him about the situation. On her second visit he kindly promises still to do his best, although another person has been appointed at the Reading Room. She asks him for some roses; they go together to the greenhouse, where she proposes to him in good set form while he is cutting the flowers, beginning 'I love you,' and ending with the offer to marry him. He refuses her, 'much scandalised,' but there is a little attempt at sinking into his arms, interrupted by the mother of the young lady with whom he is in love, who comes in from the next house. The peculiar indelicacy of the performance is that she knows that the young carpenter who wants to marry her is at work in house and garden and must see and hear what is going on. The further story is then merged in that of a strike. An American review of the scene finds no fault with the girl's proposal, but only that she should do it 'when she cares only for Captain Farnham's position, not himself.'

In the 'Adventures of a Bashful Man,' the way in which the damsel proposes herself in a railway carriage, and when her victim tries to save himself by leaping from the car after it is in motion, is still followed by the lady, is of course meant for gross caricature; but caricature is only amusing when it has at least some slight foundation of fact in the habits of a nation.

But the most curious picture of the initiative in love affairs by the woman is in 'A Modern Instance,' by Howells. The girl Marcia has been driving in a 'cutter' (a light sleigh) over the snow with a young man; 'they stopped in the moonlit silence at the door of her father,' Squire Gaylord, an old lawyer. She asks young Hubbard in, and

makes love to him in a very surprising way. 'She slanted a look at him, which she could not help being fond,' while the young man goes on flirting with no intention of marrying . . . 'It was midnight, and they were alone together; all the other inmates of the house were fast asleep. This situation is common in our civilisation, where youth commands its fate and trusts solely to itself. It would have shocked no one in the village if the whole village had known it,' says the author with a pride which, considering the issue of the story, is somewhat surprising. Her father comes down at last, and sees the exceedingly tender parting on her side at the door. 'Are you engaged to Bartley Hubbard?' he asks grimly. She does not answer, but goes ashamed out of the room. He feels 'he is free as air,' but 'she is the prettiest girl in the place and has more style,' —besides he can 'have her by turning his hand;' and soon after he ungraciously asks her to marry him. 'I knew you were dead in love with me from the first moment,' is his pleasant remark when she asks whether he was ever afraid that she did not care for him. Her father objects strongly to the marriage. 'He is a mean, cheap sort of creature.' 'Her mother spoke with that awe of her daughter and her judgments, which is one of the pathetic idiosyncracies of a certain class of American mothers.'

After their engagement Marcia becomes furiously jealous of him and then repents herself abjectly. He behaves ill to everybody, and at last she breaks off the marriage and he goes entirely away. She thinks 'that she cannot live without him,' tells her father that she 'knows she shall die,' and entreats to have him fetched back; the old man refuses absolutely, saying that 'there are the makings of a first-class scoundrel in Hubbard,' and he will have nothing to do with him. Whereupon she follows the man alone by rail; comes up with him at some distant village down East, and they are married without witnesses, notice or banns, which it appears is quite legal; the account of both marriage and

divorce customs in the story is extremely remarkable. At the end he goes off into space leaving his wife and her little girl, as far as he is concerned, to starve in their lodging at Boston. At the end of two years, an Indiana paper reaches her (the only notice she receives) with an advertisement that 'he had filed an affidavit and action for divorce against his wife for abandonment and gross neglect of duty. The cause is set for hearing on the 11th, and this was the 8th.' She sets off with her father and arrives as 'the Court finds for the plaintiff,' when the old squire puts in a cross petition for a divorce on her side. The laws appear to vary considerably in the different States in the matter, and the latitude thus admitted must sometimes have a strange effect upon society.

With regard to the older women, the type is given with curious sameness of the matrons, aunts, mothers, elderly cousins. Limp, flaccid, nerveless, with all the aptitudes of a polypus for adhering to anything and anybody, and sucking out all the help and sustenance they require—this is repeated so often that it must be a common character. The mother in 'Daisy Miller' and 'A Foregone Conclusion,' the aunt in 'Washington Square,' &c., may be classed as 'fool, fooler, foolest'—but it is only a question of degree. They go abroad with their daughters and nieces, utterly ignorant of art, of history, without interest in scenery and even in people. To see 'the convent in which Byron studied the Armenian language preparatory to writing his great poem in it,' is given as the solitary bit of literature which Mrs. Vervain starts with on her travels in Italy.

Why they travel no mortal can explain, as they enjoy nothing, and would apparently be happier in watering-places and hotels at home. Mothers and daughters unattached alike thrust themselves into positions where, according to the received customs of Europe (which, whether wrong or right, are no sealed books to the heroines who always study English and French novels), they are misconstrued and ill-looked upon; as, for example, in the

French *pension* where the Frenchmen of Mr. James suppose that they are made love to by the American heroine.

Is it a proof of the wisdom brought about by the independent attitude of the American girl that she feels herself capable of resolving every problem, and deciding on every action, from the slender stock of her own experience? The girls are depicted as ignorant and uninterested in everything on earth and in heaven; and although in the 'Confessions of a Frivolous Girl' she is said to have 'learnt English, French, German, Italian, physics, Latin, botany, art (?), geology, astronomy, and metaphysics,' it is evident that she was (perhaps fortunately) able to leave school without having imbibed the smallest particle of information concerning any of them. She observes casually about a lecture on Spenser, '*not* Mr. Herbert Spencer, as I always thought.'

Upon such stocks of vacuity they undertake to do everything, and to decide all questions with an *aplomb* of ignorance utterly startling. In 'A Foregone Conclusion' the young lady takes lessons from a young Italian priest, much addicted to mechanical pursuits; she comes to the conclusion that he is not sufficiently 'pious' for a priest, and forthwith decides, off-hand, that he ought to leave the Catholic Church; after which step she and her mother (the usual fool whom the American mother is held to be) promise to take him with them to America, and launch him in a new life! He accepts the offer with joy, and they are just about to start when she discovers that the man is in love with her, and that he hopes on giving up his career to be free to marry; upon which she flings him over immediately, shows her horror of the very idea, and leaves him with scarcely a word of self-reproach. The *donnée* is a very difficult one, and the picture of the gentle, pure-minded, unworldly, inexperienced, child-like man is extremely touching and delicately done. He is friendless and hopeless; his uncle, an old Canonico, gets hold once more of him; in his bitter misery he returns to his Catholic allegiance, and dies

in a very short time of misery (and fever). Miss Florida is apparently troubled with no remorse for what she has done, and indeed when she returns to Venice, married to a most odious Yankee, she is made to observe, 'I know that I was not to blame!' She has thrust her ignorant, hasty finger into the most sacred regions of a man's heart, his religion and his love, and having brought havoc and death there, is quite unconscious of the cruelty and cool impertinence of undertaking such a task, or of the miserable poverty of her own knowledge for the purpose. The elements of deep tragedy are in the situation, if either the girl had become conscious of her sin, or the writer had been conscious of it for her, and had marked the contrast between her shallow self-sufficient conduct, occupied only with herself and her own interests, and the deep feeling she was trifling with in this airy fashion; but Mr. Howells rather seems to applaud her. At the crisis of their fate when she has lost her mother and *he* has lost an arm in the war, and they are just going to explain, the author observes, 'her deep mourning which one of her own sex would know came from Paris!' It is like the crash of a wrong note in the middle of a song.

In another of his stories, 'Miss Kitty,' who is intended to represent the fresh, bright, real country cultivation as contrasted with the Boston sham refinement, is saved by Mr. Arburton from a furious bulldog which rushes down some steps at her in a narrow alley. She is too stupid to find out what her companion has done for her, and thinks only that the dog has flown at his throat. What there is droll or ridiculous in any person's escaping the bite of a violent dog, it is certainly impossible to discover, but she is afflicted during the rest of their walk by the giggles to that extent, and titters so audibly, that she can hardly behave herself. No doubt giggles will exist as long as schoolgirls are to be found, but this is the first time they have been considered fit objects of art; the statuette of 'You dirty boy' is a high ideal in comparison.

In 'The Portrait of a Lady,' whose chief claim to the title seems to be that she has refused the 'British Nobleman' *de rigueur*, the lady is an unattached heiress, Isabella Archer; her bosom friend and chosen companion is the female correspondent to 'a New York paper,' the most impertinent and irrepressible of interviewers, who, when she hears that the father of a much-prized cousin of her friend's is dead, insists on being asked to the funeral. 'I have never seen an English funeral, and I want to describe it!' Everything she sees and hears is worked up into 'copy,' yet Mr. James is evidently much surprised that this Gorgon is not taken to the homes and hearts of the British aristocracy. Miss Archer goes about the world breaking hearts. The code of honour as to proposals differs apparently in the old and new worlds. A great English authority once declared that no good girl would have more than three —the first time she would be too inexperienced to understand what was coming to pass; a second offer even might happen without her fault; but the third time she must be forewarned, and unless she meant to accept the man, she ought to save him the pain of a refusal. Miss Archer gets as many as possible, and somehow the facts all ooze out to her friends, for her glorification. As if to show how little of sense, common or uncommon, of intelligence, or of knowledge of character is obtained by the freedom permitted to the United States girls, she chooses the very worst of her suitors, a bad man, without a single charm or recommendation of any kind, 'from sheer contrairiness;' and the complications with his illegitimate daughter, and the lady who has served as his wife at Rome, form as unpleasant a picture as is to be found in any of M. Cherbuliez's books, but without the power and the tragic pathos of those French editions of evil manners. The end of the story is that, having shown her husband very decidedly how cordially she detests and despises him, the 'lady' goes off to the deathbed, in England, of one of the three lovers

who have dangled about her after her marriage, in a way not usual with well-conducted young brides. Her husband has flatly refused to let her go, and threatened not to receive her again, which, of course, decides her departure immediately. The lover and cousin who has given her her fortune, though she was fool enough never to find out where it came from, dies with her hand in his, and she returns to London and is just starting again exactly as lover No. 3 arrives from America at the house. The scene closes; you may choose your alternative; but if Mr. James does not intend her to go off with the constant and rich swain, he has certainly cast a very unnecessary slur on the reputation of his 'lady.'

The picture of American manners would be imperfect without sketches of the irrepressible infants, the *enfans terribles* which fill there so large a place in society. They do, say, *and eat* everything they please, and accordingly have a literature of their own, depicting their idiosyncracies. 'Helen's Babies' may be held to represent their milder side, which is sufficiently advanced. 'The *Diry* of a Naughty Boy' is painted in darker colours, and is alarming indeed. The pranks are not those of healthy schoolboys, such as we are accustomed to, but spiteful, impish tricks, such as hardly enter into childhood's ideas elsewhere. The boy takes the photographs out of the books of his sisters, who have each of them, he says, one 'bo' or more; they are adorned with elegant annotations, such as, 'What a guy!' 'Don't he think well of himself?' He carries these to the swains thus described, and gets up a quarrel between them and the ladies. Another time his kite has stuck in a tall tree. He thinks the boughs may break if he climbs up, so he persuades another boy to go in his stead, who falls and breaks his leg, whereon the hero rejoices greatly at his own perspicacity.

There are a few words used in most of the novels which jar greatly on the English reader—'genteel' and 'stylish,'

for instance. 'Genteel' has seen better days, and has a pedigree; it comes of the family of the 'gentil' and 'gentilhomme,' and is used by Addison and Johnson; but 'stylish' is of the shop, shoppy, and belongs to the dialect of milliners' apprentices and waiting-maids alone, and with reason, in England.

In every story may be found some example of that purely American conviction that knowledge is heaven-born; that everybody can do everything; that without training, practice, or experience, every man and woman is fit for any post. In 'A Foregone Conclusion' the Consul at Venice is a young artist, absolutely ignorant of trade, who wanted to go to Italy, and was accordingly thrust into the office because his friends were in power. He is removed as suddenly, and with no more reason, in favour of another man who knows as little as himself. The Ambassador to Spain in 'Democracy' hopes to be reappointed, having a remarkable knowledge of its history, and having spent four years there—'this being the nearest approach to a patent of nobility and a Government pension that an American citizen can obtain.' He is put aside because the new President had a friend 'with a claim to the post-office of his State. The appointment had been given elsewhere, so the claimant was bought off with the Spanish Embassy.' The Ambassador to Russia was an ex-war Minister, who had cheated his own Government by sending shoes with paper soles to the army in the Civil War, and when he could not get them passed, selling them to the South. It was convenient to get rid of him, so he was promoted to St. Petersburg. The President in 'Democracy' is fresh from his Indiana farm, having begun life as a stone-cutter, and been thrust into greatness, while utterly unknown, in order to prevent the success of some one else. One Minister is a man mighty in the salting of pork. Politics, the ruling of nations, the settling the affairs of half a continent, are a pastime to be taken up after a man is fifty, or as the

work of odd moments of a life spent in the making of money. A 'politician' indeed is a term of reproach in the States.

On a smaller scale, the little books inculcate the same undoubted possession of an incomparable ability, to which that of the Admirable Crichton would be a joke. In one of these stories the young lady tries the circle of the sciences (and of some smaller occupations), and finally determines to be an artist, when she works for three or four months at drawing casts, in company with several young gentlemen, in an empty house, with no professor to look after them; at the end of which free-and-easy fashion of study she is supposed to have mastered such a small affair as art. There is no reason why, having practised, say, the law, for half-a-dozen years, a man should not suddenly set up as an architect; or, if he has failed as a painter, go in for the army, or become a civil engineer. This is hardly the way in which first-class work is accomplished in any country, and may account for the extraordinarily few men of distinction who have been produced among that active-minded, keen-witted race, which, except in the matter of inventions for saving labour, has hitherto enriched the world with fewer thoughts than many a small Italian or Greek city, with a territory about the size of a pocket-handkerchief.

Mr. Holmes, in the 'Autocrat of the Breakfast Table,' complains of the excessive dulness of American social life, the commonplaceness, the narrowness of the ordinary existence. It is probably for this reason that we have so many descriptions of life in the Far West, and that novels take their heroines to Europe in order to find some incident as a peg on which to hang the story. For some time after the Civil War, nine-tenths, at least, of the characters went to join the army, the men as volunteers, the women to look after their lovers—'amateur Florence Nightingales,' as they modestly term themselves, not seeing that the adjective contradicts the substantive. Mr. Howells has mercifully

sent only one hero to the wars, and only lost one subject's arm, for which reticence his European readers, at least, must be exceedingly grateful.

There is a curious absence of descriptions of a 'home,' which, where so many families live in hotels, is evidently rare. The background of the dwellings of the actors, always important in English stories, the pictures and furniture collected by many generations of a family, the gardens, flowers, and trees, are hardly so much as mentioned—they form no part of life; indeed, Mr. Lowell remarks on 'the waste and aimlessness of our American luxury, which is an abject enslavement to tawdry upholstery.' If furniture does not express the character of the inhabitants, if it has no history or association attached to it, it becomes utterly shoppy and dismal; the dress of the house, as of its inhabitants, should be individual.

A political scene or two, from stories in the *Century*, may come next. In 'An Average Man,' by Robert Grant, Mr. Stoughton is a candidate for the Assembly. His father-in-law, a banker, describes him as a 'dyed-in-the-wool republican,' and himself as a 'Hunker democrat.' He says, 'I stumped the State for Buchanan in '56,' and 'in proud remembrance of his past exploits' went on to tell how he had once circulated a ballot at the polls, printed in such a way as to mislead people into thinking they were voting against his candidate.

'At that moment Stoughton, who had been receiving a deputation downstairs, entered the room. "Well, did you fix things all right?" said the banker. "They wanted money, didn't they?" Stoughton advanced moodily to the fireplace. "They are a fine crowd," he muttered almost savagely; "they called themselves the independent ballot boys, and declared they wanted to vote for me but would like to know my views. I ordered Pierson to bring in some champagne; they all drank their *fizz* contentedly, except a big chap with a frame like a black-

smith, who got a tumbler from the sideboard, into which he poured the contents of his wineglass. After that there was an awkward pause, and their spokesman, a little fellow with a brown beard and ferret eyes, coughed once or twice. 'We are poor men, Mr. Stoughton,' he said at last with a meaning air. I pretended not to understand. 'We can't afford to vote for nothing. We thought perhaps, sir, you would feel disposed to contribute a trifle towards helping your friends; our sassiety is in need of funds;' and he winked knowingly. 'You mean,' said I, 'that you want me to pay you for voting for me.' 'That's about the size of it,' exclaimed the blacksmith, and with the words he emptied the rest of the bottle into his tumbler. . . . . I said they had mistaken their man; I was pledged to the Civil Service reform, and declined to pay money for votes. . . . 'Well, I suppose there ain't much use in our staying any longer,' answered the spokesman, and as they filed out, I heard the blacksmith mutter defiantly, 'That fixes you. The aristocrat as is not willing to help an honest man to get a living won't have any vote of mine. Come on, boys.'

'The old banker laughed. "I caught a glimpse of the crowd in the hall. That big fellow was Tim Leahy, one of the most notorious strikers in the district; you had better have given them a couple of hundred dollars." The young man replied that he was pledged to the Reform cause. "Fudge," said the banker, "you are cutting your own throat; you will only have yourself to blame if they slaughter you at the polls. Alderman Dunn says that you'll need every vote you can get to win. I tell you there's nothing lost by being smart in this world." . . . . "I wonder," said Stoughton to himself afterwards, "if I hadn't better have given those fellows something."'

In the 'Breadwinners' there is an account of a strike in certain mills 'in which from 3,000 to 10,000 men are thrown out of work;' there are secret meetings of the men, societies with oaths and passwords, much talk about 'a lot of vam-

pires,' 'the aristocracy and the money power hang together, the labouring men fight singly, and allus get whipped;' 'We must scare the blood-suckers into terms;' 'heartless shams which give riches to one class and poverty, &c.;' 'wealth and *e*ristocracy is a kind of dropsy,' and so on. The burning of a mile of railway trucks laden with corn is mentioned as having once taken place. Altogether it would seem as if the difficulties with the working classes are at least as great in the New as the Old World; but this is too large a question, carrying us too far from society pictures.

Still, however, we may end with a political novel which has passed through a very large number of editions, and has been translated into the chief European languages. It is unclaimed, as is not surprising, for it is a formidable indictment against a nation's public men.

Mrs. Lee, a young and rich widow, is living at New York, where the monotony of the money-making talk wearies her. She tries philanthropy and society as distractions in vain. She declares at last that, 'all the paupers and criminals in New York may rise in their majesty and manage every railway on the continent—Why should she care?' She determines to go to Washington, and see for herself 'the great clash of interests of forty millions of people controlled by men of ordinary mould.' Power and ambition interest her. She settles there with her sister, and soon becomes acquainted with the most important of the leading official actors. A certain senator, Silas P. Ratcliffe, believed to be a portrait of a leading politician, who is looking forward to the Presidentship, fascinates her, to a certain degree, by his coarse strength and indomitable will, and she allows him to come and go about her pretty much as he pleases. She is vainly warned as to the character of his antecedents, but believing she can stop just when she pleases, she does not draw back. When driven to the wall, Ratcliffe tells her of a piece of rascality which he thinks it best that she should hear from himself.

It was during the worst days of the war, and there was an almost certainty that my State would be carried by the peace party, by fraud, as we thought, although, fraud or not, we were bound to save it. Had Illinois been lost, then we should certainly have lost the Presidential election, and with it probably the Union. I was then Governor, and on me the responsibility rested. We ordered the returning officers in a certain number of counties, where we had entire control, to make no returns until they heard from us, and when we learned the precise number required to give us the majority, we telegraphed to the officers to make the votes such and such, so as to give the State to us. I am not proud of the transaction; but I would do that, and worse, if I thought it would save the country from disunion.

This is believed to be an exact record of fact. Another piece of business of the same kind comes out where 100,000 dollars have been paid him (Ratcliffe) as chairman of a committee to get a Bill passed through the Senate for a steamship company, accompanied by a subsidy.

At a reception at the White House, the President (affectionately termed 'the Hoosier quarryman') and his wife stand at the door shaking hands 'like the working of a pump-handle.' The chief lady of the land is a somewhat stout, coarse-featured woman, whom Mrs. Lee declares she would not engage for a cook. She put on a coldly patronising air to her visitors, when Mrs. Lee and her sister called on her, said there was much in Washington that struck her 'as awful wicked;' and, looking hard at her guest spoke of the present style of dress, and said she meant 'to do what she could to put a stop to it, and that "Jacob" had promised her to get a law passed against it.' The President is an honest, stupid man, whose chief principle is that no one must be disturbed in his place for political reasons; 'he came determined to be the father of his country, to gain a proud immortality and a re-election.' Before a month is passed, he is turning out his opponents right and left under the influence of Ratcliffe. 'The

harvest of foreign missions, consulates, custom-house revenue offices, postmasterships, Indian agencies, and army and navy contracts' was going on as merrily as usual.

The absence of any public occupation worthy of a clever man is shown in 'A Gentleman of Leisure.' The hero having been brought up in England, soon finds himself extremely weary of the amusements of the 'gilded youth' of New York, of driving a fast horse in a spider carriage, with some chosen fair one who is generally changed next day; of walking—for riding appears to be unheard of—'faultlessly attired' up Broad Street with some other damsel, whose dress is minutely described; or frequenting a club where the chief aim is to copy English fashion, and where the English peerage is the best-thumbed book in the house, and indeed is replaced every other year. He makes a rather unsatisfactory attempt to fill up his leisure by love-making, and then he finds out that the House of Representatives being impossible for a gentleman to seek to enter, he shall 'try for the Senate.' When it is considered what are the number of Senators, and what is that of the American population, this seems but a meagre supply of adequate political positions for the best men of a country.

The books from which these specimens are culled are among the best American stories of the last few years; bright, sharp-cut, clever, eminently readable, and short (no small merit). They have all the virtues and faults of photographs, especially the minute and accurate details of a number of things noways interesting in themselves, and not assisting in the general picture, except as increasing its realism. One cannot, however, but believe that the effect of the whole is injured by thus distributing the finish on all matters alike. The admirable word-painting with which Mr. Howells sets Venice and Quebec before our eyes is quite out of proportion to his definition of character. As in a photograph, every stitch and plait of the gown, every leaf and each stone of the wall is given; but in these books,

with few exceptions, not much of the being inside appears, only the superficial skin of life. This is hardly the way in which great pictures are composed, either in colours or words; external detail should only be insisted on in points serving to bring out and enforce the main object. Probably Mr. James and Mr. Howells would declare that they do not strive after high art, and that truthful representation, even of such supremely uninteresting human beings as American young ladies, if carried out conscientiously, is as much art as that of the drinking boors of Teniers or the Dutch vrows of Mieris. Whether the very artificial modern product of such 'genteel' young-ladyism can be rendered as interesting as the animalism of rough Dutch life may be doubted. It seems a strange misuse of such talent as the American novelists possess, to devote their time to depicting models so shallow; the good so goody, as in 'Roderick Hudson' and 'Washington Square;' the bad so very poor and low, as in 'The Portrait of a Lady' and 'A Modern Instance.' The trivial and the mean are not fit subjects for art. That every tale should have a direct moral is of course absurd; there is none, some one has said, in 'Hamlet,' none in 'King Lear,' none in the 'Lieder ohne Worte,' or Heller's 'Dans les Bois,' or for that matter in the woods themselves in spring-time; but by them you are carried into a region of great thoughts, pure thoughts, thoughts lasting to the end. The terrible, the beautiful, the fanciful, the comical (for a good laugh is an admirable thing), are all in the dominion of art; dark touches are required to bring out the light; therefore, wickedness and lowness are necessary to show forth the good and the high, but they must be treated not as the principal interest in themselves, not as the fit centres and objects of the piece.

The almost entire absence of an ideal of any kind, in men and women alike, of any poetic feeling of character, is strange in so young a literature. Society and its representatives in America seem to have jumped at a bound into

the somewhat blasé, artificial, conventional stage of that in the old world, but without the charm and grace which being to the manner born gives it in Europe. Perhaps, however, the mere fact of having existed but only for a few years does not always constitute youth, and the Americans have certainly missed 'the quickening nourishment we once derived from superstitions and mythologies of a darker age' with which Carlyle credits our European races. This unconscious enrichment of the imagination of a people, a want which no after civilisation can supply, a nation which has had no past must do without.

NOTE.—What Mr. James is capable of in another style is seen in a short story, 'The Siege of London,' the unpleasant subject of which is so treated as to produce an effect of real tragedy on a small scale; and in 'Roderick Hudson,' one of his earliest productions, where he shows the absorption in self of a not great artist—the identification in the man's mind of the art with himself, for whom he demands every species of devotion; and the penalty which follows, not arbitrarily, but as a necessary consequence—a penalty of misery and incapacity for the very thing to which he had sacrificed everything and everybody.

THE END.

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