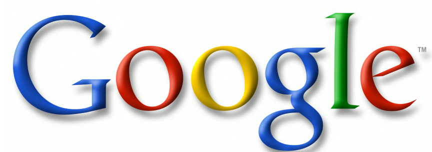

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5. *History of the Rise of the Huguenots.* By Henry M. Baird, Professor in the University of the City of New York. 2 vols. London, 1880.

IF the history of Europe during the sixteenth century is not adequately written, it will not be for lack of the necessary authorities: the materials are accessible in almost overwhelming profusion, and every decade adds its quota to the existing stock. Private industry vies with the unwearied efforts of national societies and successive governments in the reproduction of rare pamphlets, diplomatic memoirs, and state despatches. The archives of every capital in Europe (with one exception) are already at the command of the student, and there is reason to hope that the secret treasures of the Vatican will not be much longer withheld. Under such conditions the interest in this most fascinating period is not likely to decline, and the volumes named at the head of our article show how widely it is maintained. It would be difficult to select five works dealing with the same period which should display greater variety of treatment

treatment or more uniform evidence of unsparing research. Count Jules Delaborde's conscientious labour has amassed in three ponderous volumes an exhaustive assemblage of all that can cast light upon one of the grandest figures of French Protestantism. His work supplies the text of many official documents, and of much hitherto unpublished correspondence, discovered in the manuscript department of the National Library; it gives ample extracts from Coligny's own letters and copious appendices, filled with original authorities, besides the author's consecutive and painstaking narrative. All this is done with such unwearied diligence, and with so earnest an admiration for his hero, that it seems ungracious to add that M. Delaborde lacks the genius which is requisite to breathe life into the statue he has so laboriously quarried. The briefer and brilliant study of M. Bersier glows with all the fire of the great Protestant preacher. The principle, upon which M. Aguesse's useful history is compiled, is that of quoting in detail contemporary authorities, selected with much impartiality, although the author's bias in favour of the Reformers is not disguised. The care, with which exact reference is given to every extract in this modest work, is in singular contrast to the indifference to plagiarism which led Beza to incorporate without acknowledgment whole pages from Crespin, Laplace, and other contemporaries in his 'Histoire Ecclésiastique,' to whom, however, their due honour is restored in this magnificent edition of Messrs. Baum and Cunitz. Nor must we pass without a word of hearty appreciation Professor Baird's scholarly and interesting contribution to the American literature of an epoch, which has scarcely received from English writers the attention it deserves.

It is the distinctive quality and characteristic of great men that they embody and express the highest attainment of which their age is capable. No man can be independent of the influence exerted by the times in which his life is cast. In the moral, as in the physical sphere, the organism is necessarily and largely affected by its environment: but it is exactly at this point that the force and value of character are felt; and it is in proportion to the degree in which noble principles raise a man above the moral standard of his age, that he is really great. Elementary as this truth may seem, it is essential to bear it in mind, if we would arrive at a just estimate of individual character. All true judgment takes into consideration the conditions of the age in which a man has lived; not that these can modify eternal rules of right and wrong, but that they may exercise their legitimate weight in deciding each man's rank in the

the scale of honour. To assert that every man should be judged according to that he hath, and not according to that he hath not, might be deemed superfluous, were it not that grave historians have not seldom measured men of past ages by the standard of their own, and have expected them to be guided by maxims which, although now universally acknowledged, were in their day as unknown as the application of electricity or of steam. These thoughts present themselves as we attempt to treat of Coligny's life. His manhood embraces so large a share in the History of France, that we cannot satisfactorily condense it within the space at our command. We propose therefore to take the salient points of his career in the light of its surrounding conditions. So viewed, his moral stature is truely heroic, we had almost said sublime.

The modern theory of heredity could hardly allege a more striking illustration in its favour than that afforded by the Châtillons. They sprang from a race of warriors who had fought in the Crusades, and had exercised sovereign rights in the Middle Ages over their estates. Dignified independence, military genius, scrupulous care for their subjects, reverence for women, and signal obedience to their mothers—no mean ingredients of true nobility—were hereditary in the family. The Admiral's father—a man 'with a good head and a strong arm'—was only known as a brave officer who had risen by favour of Francis I. to be a marshal of France, when he left to his widow the care of four sons, of whom Dandelot, the youngest, was but five months old, in addition to her three children by a former marriage. But Louise de Montmorenci was not unworthy of the age in which women exercised unparalleled influence over the destiny of nations. Herself the niece of the famous Constable of France, the *dame d'honneur* to Queen Eleanor of Austria, 'the good cousin and perfect friend' of Marguerite of Valois, mistress of a château where royalty was no infrequent guest, she was no less remarkable for the simplicity and unsullied purity of her life, for her sound judgment and genuine piety, than for the beauty which she transmitted to her children, whom (in violation of the prevailing Court fashions) she nourished at her own breasts. After a few years of home education under Nicolas Bérauld, a ripe scholar and friend of Erasmus and De Berquin, the boys were sent to Paris to share the lessons and exercises of the royal children. The following letter written at this period, when Gaspar was fifteen years old, is too characteristic of the time to be omitted :—

'Gaspar de Coligny to Nicolas Bérauld—greeting. You desire me to give you some news of the Court, although, as a rule, you

evince a dislike to be informed of it; and I am not accustomed to occupy my mind with such great and important matters. However, I will only consider the affection which binds us to each other and your legitimate wishes. I will then constrain myself to trace out to you, with all the fidelity I can, what I have been able to ascertain. And, first of all, no one as yet asserts that the Sovereign Pontiff is dead. All that can be said positively is, that he is so ill that from day to day we expect rather to hear of his death than of the prolongation of his existence. At Rome there appear here and there men in arms, some prepared for pillage, others resolved to defend their homes against criminal attacks. On September 8th our cardinals quitted the port of Marseilles. It is generally believed that they have arrived at Rome, and even are already sitting in conclave. Very serious complications are arising: the common enemies of mankind and the adversaries of the French name command the sea; the Roman Campagna is a prey to hostilities; in short, no access on any side remains open. Nevertheless, amidst the doubt and anxiety which hang over everything, the King does not allow his courage to be depressed; far from it; as though well-founded hopes animated him, he devotes himself daily to the chase and rides down stags out hunting, or despatches wild boars entangled in the nets. Occasionally I indulge in the same exercise; but the greater part of my time is consecrated to the reading of Cicero and to study of the Tables of Ptolemy under Du Main. There, now you are abreast of the Court business as I have been able to make it out! On your side now, if you will, inform me of what is passing both in the town and at home. Since the above was written the King has received definite news of the Pope's death, just as every one thought he was in a fair way of recovery.'—Delaborde, i. pp. 33, 34.

A passing glance at both the conclave and the Court may reveal to us some startling features of the age. Amongst the cardinals to whom Coligny's letter adverts was his own brother Odet, who, through the Constable's influence, had been admitted to the sacred College at the ripe age of sixteen, and was consequently entitled to vote on the occasion of a vacancy in the chair of S. Peter. In the spring of this year, 1534, he was not only made Archbishop of Toulouse, but also had dispensation from residence at the Papal Court, and permission to hold several rich abbeys and important priories. A twelvemonth later the bishopric of Beauvais—one of the most ancient ecclesiastical peerages of France—was added to the ample endowments already heaped upon the boyish prelate. Henceforth Cardinal Odet renounced all share in the patrimony of the Châtillons, and Gaspard was regarded as the head of the family.

A single incident may help us to realize the moral atmosphere which was shed around the brilliant Court where Coligny spent his boyhood. About four months after the date of this letter to

to Bérauld, the Royal household was entertained after dinner by the burning of six heretics, one of whom was a woman. It was on January 19th, 1535. Amongst the company was Cardinal Duprat, Chancellor of France, bishop of half-a-dozen sees besides his archbishopric of Sens, whose cathedral never saw him enter until his corpse was borne there to its burial. So great was his Eminence's corpulence that a place had to be cut out from the dining-table to admit his belly, and so eminent was his skill as an epicure that he had just invented a new dish —*filets d'ânon*—upon which all the courtiers doated. The mode of execution employed was the *estrapade.* The victims were fastened to a beam which played up and down, and alternately dipped them into and withdrew them from the flames. As the torture was prolonged the Duchesse d'Etampes turned to Duprat and complained, not of the atrocious cruelty of the punishment, but of the smell of burning flesh. 'Madame,' replied the Cardinal jocosely, 'it is clear you have never entered your kitchen when pork was being cooked—the odour is exactly the same.'

The notoriety of such horrors must have affected Coligny at this most impressionable period of life, although he was doubtless sheltered by the care of his governor, De Brunelay, from attending them. Meanwhile he was revelling in all the energy of healthy youth, disciplining himself to wake at any hour, joining in the roughest games with the Dauphin and François de Guise. Always foremost, says Brantôme, where blows were thickest, there was sure to be mischief where Coligny and his inseparable companion, Guise, were concerned. The two comrades, dressed and accoutred alike, indulged in the wildest extravagances, in mock combats and masquerades, and it was noticed that they always took the same side in these mimic battles. Through all this exuberance of animal spirits, and in the midst of a society that was steeped in sensuality, the young Coligny was conspicuous for personal purity, singular generosity, and unswerving loyalty to truth. His extreme deliberation in utterance, in which he imitated De Brunelay, was probably an outward sign of his habitual self-control, as was also his perfect command of his countenance, which betrayed no emotion under any emergency—a quality he shared with the Cardinal and Dandelot.

It was just at the moment when his protection would have been of most value to his nephews, that the Constable Montmorenci fell under the displeasure of Francis, and the young men were left to carve out their fortunes for themselves. The war with Charles V. had been renewed, and in 1542 Coligny made

made his first campaign. He soon won distinction at the siege of Binche. The French artillery were so badly planted as to be useless, and the young *noblesse*, stimulated by the presence of the Dauphin, rushed at the ditches and were met by a murderous fire. Coligny was amongst the wounded. The gallantry of members of his personal staff could not fail to attract the attention of the heir-apparent and to command promotion; and in the Italian campaign of 1544, although no decisive battle was fought, the future Huguenot general was studying military tactics, improving the discipline of his regiment, and acquiring the reputation of a sound and able officer. The peace concluded with the Emperor left Francis at liberty to exert all his energies against Henry VIII.; but the French monarch was weary of war, and the preliminaries of a truce were arranged upon condition that each side should maintain their defences *in statu quo*. Coligny had been transferred to a command in Normandy, had carefully mastered the topography and defences of Boulogne, and had already formed a plan for attempting its reduction.

On his dying bed, Francis warned his successor against the insatiable ambition of the Guises. If ever they grasped the reins of government, they would despoil his descendants and reduce France to the extremity of misery. His advice fell upon unwilling ears. The two brothers, François and the Cardinal of Lorraine, were supreme at the Court of Henry II., and the obsequious slaves of Diana of Poictiers. Their proposal, that their brother Claude should marry a daughter of the reigning beauty, occasioned the first coolness between Guise and Coligny. When consulted on this project, Coligny had replied bluntly, 'I prefer a pinch of authority with honour to a pound without it,' and Guise sheltered his annoyance behind the pretext, that his friend was jealous of the good fortune which the alliance would confer. But the Constable, now restored to royal favour, strongly upheld his kinsmen, and no immediate breach ensued with the Guises.

We must linger a moment over the death of the Maréchale de Châtillon, which followed shortly after that of the French king. It would be hard to find a more beautiful elegy than the letter of condolence, which the Chancellor l'Hôpital addressed to Cardinal Odet.

'Why distress yourself over your mother's death? We should not call by the name of death the passage to a better and eternal life, the exchange of this inhospitable and sordid earth for a cloudless and unbounded sojourn in the skies. He who dies with a tranquil conscience, surrounded by a pious and loving offspring, must be regarded as divinely privileged, as exceptionally fortunate. How

happy

happy was your mother! She could fearlessly go down to the inmost folds of her conscience or look without around her. Her life both before and after her marriage had been free from a shadow of suspicion . . . Having accomplished all her duties as a mother, she could pride herself in her children and grandchildren, upon a posterity more perfect than she could ever have dreamed of. Arrived at a great age, in full possession of her faculties, confident of a yet better life, she has gone up to heaven. What more beautiful end of a more noble life could better console your sorrow or better dry your tears?'

How far Louise de Montmorenci was imbued with the Reformed opinions is a little obscure. On her deathbed she reiterated, again and again, her reliance upon the Divine mercy and her assurance of eternal salvation. 'His mercy shall be from generation to generation upon them that fear Him,' was the text which was constantly on her lips. In her last moments she desired Odet to prevent any priest from attending her. God had given her the singular grace of teaching her how to fear and to serve Him.

It was well, perhaps, that so suspicious a decease was sheltered beneath the powerful roof of the Constable, for unorthodoxy, under Henry II., was the one unpardonable crime. Adultery, of which the monarch himself set the most flagrant example, extortion, murder veiled under the guise of justifiable revenge, even incest—if the accusations against the Cardinal of Lorraine are to be credited—were not incompatible with the royal favour; but no quarter was given to the faintest suspicion of heterodoxy, even under such conditions as might reasonably mitigate royal and orthodox displeasure. In the funeral sermon over Francis I., his Grand Almoner, Pierre Du Châtel, Bishop of Mâcon, declared that brilliant and immaculate monarch had lived so well that his spirit had gone straight to heaven without passing through the expiatory flames of purgatory. Forthwith certain doctors were deputed to denounce to the King the monstrous heresy, which dared to suggest that his royal father's soul was not duly subjected to nameless torture. The question was being gravely discussed when the chief *maître d'hôtel* intervened. 'Gentlemen, what Monsieur the Almoner said exactly suits the character of my worthy master, the late King; and you can rely upon my word, who knew him better than any one. He was not a prince of a humour to stay long at any place whatever.' (The King's restlessness during his later years was notorious.) 'Believe me, if he ever entered purgatory, he only just staid long enough to taste the wine, as he would always do in passing.' This pleasantry saved Du Châtel from any sterner penalty than banishment from Court. *Solvuntur risu tabulæ.*

The

The death of Louise de Montmorenci left the leading personages in France characteristically employed. Henry II. and Diana of Poictiers were squandering the national resources in shameless dissipation and luxury. The two Guises were busy with projects for promoting their House to a royal position, designing the throne of Naples for one member of the family and the Papal tiara for another. The Constable was augmenting, without much regard for delicacy or honour, the enormous fortune he had already amassed. And Coligny, who at the age of twenty-eight had been appointed 'Colonel and Captain-General of French Infantry'—a post second only in importance to that of Commander-in-Chief—was devoting himself to improve the discipline of his troops. The need for such reform was terribly urgent. The disorder was frightful. Nothing but pillage, theft, abduction, brigandage, murders, quarrels, and lewdness, (says Brantôme) was prevalent in the ranks, so that they were more like a horde of Arabs or bandits than noble soldiers; and so inveterate were these excesses, that the officers were quite unconcerned about them.* A glance at the military code drawn up by Coligny reveals not only the nature of the disorders he designed to suppress, but the high standard of conduct he attempted to establish. Besides such elementary rules as are indispensable for the maintenance of due subordination, it embodied some remarkable moral penalties. The soldier who, without just cause, had maligned the honour of a comrade, was to be declared before all the troops to be himself stamped with the shame his charge implied. The blasphemer was to stand in some public place for three days, for three hours each day, and then, bareheaded, to ask God for pardon. It is astonishing that so young a man, in the days of the Valois and the Guises, should have prescribed regulations that can only find a parallel in the ordinances of Gustavus Adolphus; but it would be difficult to exaggerate their importance. Brantôme asserts, that they saved the lives and property of more than a million of people.

The reduction to order of an undisciplined rabble was no easy task, and was only accomplished by the occasional exertion

* At the capture of Arlon in 1542 a very beautiful girl was given as part of his share in the spoil to Coligny. His first anxiety was to preserve her from insult, and he sent her at her own request, under military escort, to a neighbouring convent On their way they were met by a band of marauders, who dispersed the escort and outraged their helpless charge. The Duke of Orleans, to whom Coligny appealed, was surprised at his squeamishness, and only reluctantly yielded to his persistent demand for the punishment of the offenders, who were eventually executed, not for the violence done to the girl, but for the military insubordination of dispersing the escort.

of

of an iron will. Coligny soon made it plain that he was born to command. When the English slaughtered their French prisoners, he at once resorted to reprisals, and reduced them to observe the laws of honourable war. Personally brave to the verge of rashness ; so disinterested that he flung for distribution among his troops the prize-money granted him personally by his sovereign, to the no small wrath of the avaricious Constable ; ever foremost where danger was hottest, he soon endeared himself to all ranks, so that one angry word from him quelled the most rebellious spirit. His disdain for skulkers, of whatever station, was profound and outspoken. 'I would sooner be dead and buried beneath fifty feet of earth, than have behaved as you did,' was his blunt rebuke in the royal presence to Strozzi, who had failed adequately to support his attack upon the English fleet. To these qualities were added that careful attention to, and mastery of, details which are essential, though unconspicuous, elements of success.

The presence of so active a general soon made itself felt in the Boulonnais, where the war languished under the inadequate support afforded to the English army by 'the Protestant Misrule.' On April 25th, 1550, Coligny took formal possession of Boulogne in his master's name, and shortly afterwards he crossed over to England to conclude the terms of peace with Edward VI. The importance of the service thus rendered by Coligny's regiment induced Henry to adopt his code of discipline for the whole French army ; and high honours, conferred in rapid succession, testified to the influence he had gained through his own abilities and the favour of the Constable. Within five years the important charges of Governor of Paris, Admiral of France, and Governor of Picardy,—the latter, one of the most responsible positions in the kingdom—were united to his command of the French infantry. It was a magnificent position for a young man of thirty-six, which the marriage of his niece with Louis de Bourbon, Prince of Condé, might be expected to consolidate and advance.

In January 1552 war was once more declared against Charles V., and France entered upon the contest with frantic enthusiasm. Young men of family crowded into the ranks as volunteers for service in Italy and the three bishoprics. Townsfolk left their counting-houses, artisans their workshops. German allies swelled the royal forces. Toul and Metz opened their gates to the French army, and, although Strasburg held out, Verdun was carried. It was not until September that the Emperor sat down with 60,000 of the finest troops in Europe and 114 guns before Metz, and vowed that he would not leave it,

if he had to wear out three armies one after another, until it surrendered. The gallant resistance of Guise was loyally seconded by Coligny, whose ample correspondence with the hero of Metz bears marks of his old and affectionate regard. It might seem invidious to inquire how much of Guise's success was due to the terrible winter season, which swallowed up a third of Charles's army in its camp amongst the marshes around Metz; how much to Coligny's skilful capture of Hesdin, which saved Picardy and compelled Charles to raise the siege. No need to question the glory of the defender of Metz, nor his place amongst the foremost captains of his age.

We must pass rapidly over the events of the next two years. The death of his father in 1555 obliged Antoine de Bourbon to resign the government of Picardy, and Coligny was appointed to succeed him. His brother Dandelot, to whom the King had promised the command of the French infantry, and François de Montmorenci, who was to take over the governorship of Paris, were both prisoners in the hands of Charles, and the Admiral retained their offices until they were released. Meanwhile the charge of his frontier province engrossed Coligny's time, and doubtless helped to mature his views regarding the policy which France ought to pursue. He was indignant that so much French blood and treasure were squandered beyond the Alps, whilst he could not obtain the means to put Picardy into a state of defence. The smallest village of Artois or Flanders was of more importance in his eyes than a whole Italian kingdom. Other causes of anxiety were abundant and palpable. Religious discord was driving a line of cleavage through the whole nation. The Court was split into factions, and rival counsels distracted the royal policy. The boundless extravagance of Diana of Poictiers was dissipating the national income. Although the people were crushed under taxation imposed to provide for national defence, the army was disorganized, the arsenals unfurnished, the royal dockyards empty. Accusations of heresy were fomented that the estates of the condemned might swell the fortune of the King's mistress or provide marriage-portions for her children. Thoughtful men were appalled at the waste, which threatened national bankruptcy, and were sickened at the judicial murder of blameless citizens. To terminate a costly and unprofitable war, to husband the resources of the country, and to unite all Frenchmen in concord by a measure of religious toleration, was the policy which commended itself to all enlightened and patriotic minds.

An incident which befel Coligny in 1555 will serve to illustrate this condition of affairs. Mary, sister of Charles V, and

Regent

Regent of the Low Countries, had confiscated all French vessels trading in Flemish ports. Henry ordered his Admiral to avenge the insult. 'Your Majesty has no navy,' was the reply, 'and I know not where you can turn for one except to the merchants and seamen of Dieppe.' The old Norman town bravely responded to their monarch's call. Still only nineteen vessels, hastily equipped, the largest not exceeding 150 tons, were all that could be brought together under the Sieur d'Epineville to await the coming of the Spanish galleons. Presently twenty-four ships of from 400 to 500 tons burden, mounted with heavy guns, hove in sight. The Frenchmen at once rushed to close quarters, and after a desperate struggle, in which five of their own ships were lost, gained a complete victory. Half the Flemish fleet were sunk; six more were towed rich prizes into port next day. The gallant d'Epineville was among the slain. What might not be done with such bold hearts as these, if only they were well trained, well appointed, and well led? The history of early maritime discovery told how the sailors of the Norman coast had been the first European visitors to the coast of Guinea, and under the famous Ango had chastised the arrogance of Portugal and compelled respect to the French flag. Nor had the bold sea-dogs of France lost any of their skill and courage. Why should they tamely submit to Spanish usurpation over the Western continent? Why should they not share in its romantic wealth and found there a home of religious freedom beyond the reach of papal and royal bigotry? Thoughts such as these were maturing in the mind of the Admiral; but the first essential was peace with Charles. The hope of releasing Dandelot from his long captivity further enhanced the satisfaction, with which Coligny accepted the mission to conclude the Treaty of Vaucelles.

Already in this year (1555) Coligny had made the bold venture of despatching an expedition to Brazil. It was the first effort to found a French colony, and Villegagnon, its leader, a skilful seaman and brave soldier, who had been promoted for good service to be Vice-Admiral of Brittany, had many of the qualities which might ensure success. We commend to those who have leisure and taste for such studies the picturesque narrative in which Jean de Léry details the causes of its failure. No wonder that his book had already reached its third edition in 1594, for it presents a singular combination of quaint simplicity and manly piety, of vivid description and thrilling adventure, from which we might have quoted largely did our space permit. Léry was not one of the original colonists, but he formed one of the fourteen companions, including two

Huguenot

Huguenot pastors, who went from Geneva the following year, at Villegagnon's request, to join the settlement. It is a strange world that is depicted in his pages. The three ships which formed the second armament practised unblushing piracy on the merchantmen of friends and foes indifferently. Religious disputes distracted the colonists, in which Villegagnon took a prominent part, and as he added to the possession of absolute secular authority the dogmatic intolerance of a theological disputant, his opponents soon longed to return to Europe.

Embarked in an unseaworthy vessel, their homeward voyage was one long struggle against peril of death in manifold shapes, aggravated by the lawlessness of the crew and by discord amongst the officers. The ship sprung a leak, and was only kept afloat by constant exertion. At one time they are close upon coral reefs 'so sharp that, had we struck on them, we should have been saved all trouble of pumping.' At another, flocks of birds from the guano islands light upon the rigging, but the hungry sailors find them all feathers, with bodies no bigger than sparrows. Before a third part of the voyage is over, they began to devour their monkeys and parrots. At 1500 miles from home they were put on half rations, and when they calculated that they should shortly be in port the pilot was 900 miles out of his reckoning. At length, when the most repulsive food, even to the leather off their trunks, had been all consumed; when the aged Master Richter, their pastor, could no longer lift himself up to pray; when they began to eye one another with the horrible longing of cannibals, they reached the coast of Brittany. 'I doubt not,' adds the author, 'that the Rabbelists, who scoff with their legs under their dinner-tables, would have been in terrible fright if they had been obliged to face such dangers.' The colony was shortly after broken up, and Villegagnon returned to France, where he became a violent opponent of the Huguenots. Léry asserts that, if he had conducted his government wisely, 10,000 Frenchmen would have settled in Brazil, and would have added a valuable territory to the possessions of the Most Christian King.

During the negociation of the Treaty of Vaucelles, Coligny was still in high favour at Court. Vexatious delay arose over the terms on which the prisoners should be released, and the firmness displayed by the Admiral elicited the King's warmest approval. 'My cousin' (wrote Henry, under date January 25th, 1556), 'after seeing your despatch, I will only tell you that I could not be better pleased or satisfied with a servant than I am with you. You have borne yourself so well and worthily in the conduct of this discussion, that no one has ever done me

more

more acceptable service.' When the preliminaries of the truce were arranged, the Admiral set out, attended by a thousand gentlemen, to receive its solemn ratification from Charles and Philip; but at the frontier Coligny was met by the intimation, that it would be impossible to accommodate so large a retinue at Brussels.

It is mortifying that nothing worthy of the occasion is recorded of the meeting of Coligny with Philip and his father. The two great opposing principles which were to contend in such protracted and far-reaching rivalry—whose issues would for centuries affect the destiny of Western Christendom—might seem embodied in the persons of their powerful champions. The grave dignity of the Admiral was well calculated to elicit something more than garrulous frivolity from the retired monarch; but beyond the merest commonplace compliments, the narrative of an eyewitness is engrossed by the exploits of Brusquet, the French Court buffoon. Philip had received the embassy in an audience chamber hung with tapestry, which represented the defeat of Pavia, and Brusquet, without making any one acquainted with his purpose, determined to avenge the insult.

'Next day mass was celebrated by the Bishop of Arras, at which the King assisted in his oratory, and opposite to him the Admiral and the chief gentlemen of his suite. When mass was over the King approached the altar and the Bishop of Arras handed him the Holy Gospel, on which he swore and promised to observe the Treaty. Directly this was done, Brusquet and his servant began to shout loudly, "Largesse!" They had each a bag full of royal French crowns, which they began to scatter all about. . . . The King at this outcry turned in astonishment to the Admiral, who knew not what to say as he was not in the secret; but he discovered what Brusquet and his man were doing and pointed the King to them. They played their part so well that the attendants, who were more than 2000 both men and women, thinking it was a gift of the King's, eagerly bent themselves to gather up the crowns, the archers of the guard amongst the first, who soon came to the point of using their halberds. The rest of the crowd joined in such confusion, the women with dishevelled hair and their purses cut, men and women quite upset by such strange drollery, so that the King laughed until he was obliged to hold on by the altar to save himself from falling. . . . The farce lasted for more than an hour, and at its conclusion the King wished to have Brusquet to entertain him during his dinner, who, after a great many buffooneries, paid him in different coin. For at the last course, with the King's permission—who, however, had no idea what he was going to do—he took hold of the two lower ends of the cloth, threw himself upon the table, rolled along all its length, seized the other two ends, and wrapping himself and all that was

within

within it round with the cloth, carried it off, having first made his bow, and said, "Many thanks!"'—Delaborde, vol. i., pp. 193, 4.

However ludicrous these scenes may appear, there was serious business in abundance to be discussed, and the release of the prisoners was only accomplished after interminable procrastination on the part of Granvelle. Hardly was the treaty definitely concluded, than its violation was resolved on at Fontainebleau, and Coligny felt all the mortification of a statesman whose most cherished policy is reversed at the very moment of its triumph, and of a patriot whose country is imperilled by fantastic selfish ambition. Already a coolness had arisen between himself and Guise; but the latter had now acquired complete mastery over the weak and self-indulgent Henry, and all Coligny's remonstrances were vain. Their immediate effect was entirely to alienate the King's favour. The folly of the rupture of the peace of Vaucelles was only surpassed by the treachery with which it was put into execution. Guise was despatched in November to Italy, at the head of an army which comprised the finest troops in France. Coligny was bidden to cross the frontier, without any previous declaration of war, and seize upon one of the Spanish strongholds in the Low Countries. He was deeply sensible of the danger to which his own government of Picardy was exposed, and he vainly endeavoured during the six months which elapsed between the declaration of war on the last day of January, 1557, and the actual commencement of hostilities, to put the province in a state of defence. His representations were unheeded. Henry's mind was engrossed with the Italian campaign. A meagre force of 23,000 men, one-third of whom were German mercenaries, which the Duke of Nevers commanded until the arrival of the Constable, was all that could be spared for the defence of the most vulnerable frontier of the kingdom.

Suddenly the news arrived, that the Duke of Savoy had marched upon St. Quentin. If the town were carried, the road to Paris lay open to the invader; but its fall was inevitable. It contained but 150 men at arms, and the best French troops had been despatched to serve under Guise in Italy. Its defences had been allowed to fall into decay, and they were already commanded by the enemy's artillery. It would have required 8000 men adequately to man its walls, and Coligny could only introduce some 450 to withstand a besieging force of 56,000 infantry and 12,000 cavalry. Supplies were failing, ammunition and guns were wanting. Needless to add, that failure to resist such a force, under the command of so skilful a general as Emmanuel Philibert, was absolutely foredoomed. Yet if the army could

could be detained before its walls for a few priceless weeks, time would be gained to recall Guise from Italy, and to save the capital. With perfect assurance that prolonged resistance was impossible, Coligny instantly determined to sacrifice his own reputation to the welfare of his country, and on the night of the 2nd of August he threw himself with his scanty troop into the town. The engineer officer, who accompanied him, declared that he had never entered so evil a place.

The story of the siege has been fully told. Coligny himself desired at once to while away the tedium of his captivity, and to hand down an exact relation of the straits to which he had been reduced, and his simple and soldierly narrative is confirmed in its essentials by other writers, more especially by a Spanish officer who was present. Coligny's own efforts were at first admirably seconded by the citizens. Women emulated the energy of men in working at the ramparts. Provisions for three months were discovered upon strict perquisition, and all were put on rations. Sanitary precautions were adopted; rigid discipline enforced. All useless persons were compelled to leave the city. Above all, urgent requests for succour were despatched to the Constable. Even when Montmorenci's efforts to relieve his nephew had resulted in the crushing defeat of St. Quentin, in which his army was annihilated and himself taken prisoner; when Dandelot by a supreme effort had only been able to penetrate into the town with a force of 400 men; when the citizens were so discouraged that they had to be hunted from their homes and driven with blows to the walls; when a field battery of fifty guns had made many a breach in the wretched curtain walls, which over long reaches of ground were the only ramparts—the Admiral refused to speak of capitulating. Summoning the Town Council, he said: 'If you ever hear me propose to yield, hurl me as a coward into the ditch outside the walls; if any one proposes surrender to me, I will do the same to him.'

On August 24th, Philip ordered eight arrows to be shot into the streets of St. Quentin, around each of which was wrapped a paper assuring the people that they should have favourable terms if they would give in; should they refuse, he would put them all to the sword. Coligny shot them back, with nothing but the words '*Regem habemus*' upon them in reply. We regard the loyalty and devotion to his country—incarnate in a sovereign so personally indifferent to him as Henry—thus displayed as insurpassable. It is characteristic of Coligny's noble and modest nature that he makes no mention of this incident. Three days later, when eleven breaches had been made by the enemy's

enemy's fire, a general assault was ordered, and the Spaniards at one point drove in the thin line of young unseasoned soldiers which filled a yawning space in the defences. In vain Coligny endeavoured to rally them. The town was carried, and the Admiral was taken prisoner. After two days of plunder and cruelty, of fire and slaughter; after the murder in cold blood of all the men who could not provide a ransom; after 3500 women, preserved by great efforts on the part of Philip, had been driven out, half naked and mutilated—aged matrons, their white hair bedabbled with blood, young mothers with infants at their withered breasts—the piety of the Spanish monarch prompted him to make solemn entry into the city, from which every living soul had first been ruthlessly expelled, that he might save *the body of St. Quentin and the sacred relics!* Most of these details are supplied us by the Spanish officer already mentioned, to whom the scene recalled the destruction of Jerusalem. A century later the city had not recovered its prosperity, and wolves entered in winter through its gaping walls.

The consternation produced by the fall of St. Quentin would have been more profound had France been permitted, like ourselves, a glimpse behind the scenes. The peace which Coligny had so painfully contrived had no sooner been overturned by Carafa and the Guises, than the former of these high contracting parties realized the impossibility of carrying out their schemes, and secretly tried to make terms with Alva. A rapid march upon Paris might have laid all France at the mercy of Philip; but the victor hesitated, and the opportunity was lost. The whole country flew to arms. The capital, stirred up by Catherine de Médicis, voted ample supplies. Henry, roused from the pleasures of Compiègne, urgently recalled Guise, to whom the Pope Paul IV. sarcastically bade farewell: 'Go, then! You have done small service to your sovereign, still less for the Church, none for your own honour.' Stripped to their shirts and barefooted, the brilliant army sent out six months before was only saved from starvation by the forced loan of 100,000 crowns, which Guise extorted from the Duke of Ferrara. Yet all hopes were centred in the hero of Metz, and popular opinion confirmed his appointment as Lieutenant-General with absolute authority in so pressing an emergency. The care of the national finances was at the same time confided to his brother the Cardinal.

Never was the irony of fate more strikingly manifested than in the acclamations which greeted Guise's entry into Paris, whilst Coligny was a prisoner within the walls of L'Ecluse. The man whose tortuous and unpatriotic policy had brought about

about the disaster from which France was suffering, the man whose selfish ambition had wrecked in Italy the army which would have been priceless for defence at this juncture, the man who had been first befooled and then betrayed by Carafa, and who was now compelled to return almost a fugitive, was hailed as a saviour by the Court and the populace. Coligny, on the other hand, whose self-sacrificing heroism had saved the capital, and whose obstinate tenacity in a hopeless struggle had kept the enemy at bay until the country could recover from its panic, languished in his Flemish prison, execrated by the mob and shamelessly neglected by the sovereign he had so faithfully served. The hours of his captivity were solaced by writing a full description of the siege of St. Quentin, and by study of the Holy Scriptures and such other books as the care of Dandelot supplied him. It is to this period that we may assign his conversion to the Reformed faith.

There was no pursuit more congenial to the taste of Philip II. than to pry into the inmost hearts of those who tenanted his dungeons. No scientific student of modern times dissects with keener scalpel the intricacies of a living organism, or pursues its network of nerves and veins with greater patience and more accomplished skill. With unwearied assiduity the royal detective would follow up the most obscure clue, and no faintest emotion of pity quivered in the judgment which consigned a victim to the scaffold, or to the more cruel destiny of slow and secret poison. Like master, like man. Granvelle immediately became acquainted with the character of the literature conveyed to Coligny, and in the course of negociations with the Cardinal of Lorraine he hinted at the questionable orthodoxy of the Châtillons and at the powerful *point d'appui* which men of their position and ability would furnish to the Huguenot party. He did not think it necessary to explain, that he himself took every care that the dangerous books should reach their destination in order that Coligny, confirmed by their study in his heretical opinions, might become a formidable opponent to the Guises. To betray the secret of a prisoner was but an ordinary piece of craft; but to delude and possibly to damage both the Cardinal of Lorraine and Coligny at one and the same stroke, was a feat not altogether unworthy of even so finished a craftsman. The insinuation fell on willing ears. The absence of Dandelot from mass quickened the suspicions which the Cardinal of Lorraine, in his turn, suggested to Henry. The matter was debated after the customary fashion of the day. Whilst at dinner Henry turned to Dandelot, and, recounting the many favours he had conferred on him, he added, 'The last return I looked

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for was *that you should rebel against the religion of your sovereign.*' It was the staple argument, 'Une foi, une loi, un roi.' Dandelot admitted how greatly indebted he was to the King's favour, and affirmed that he was ready to spend life and fortune a thousand times over in his service, 'but after this, Sire, you will not think it strange if I study to ensure my salvation.' The discussion waxed hotter, and the intervention of the Cardinal of Lorraine added fuel to the flames. At length the King in a fury dashed his plate to the ground, wounding the Dauphin, who was beside him, and ordered Dandelot to be put under arrest. He was forthwith deprived of his post of lieutenant-general of infantry, and only obtained his release by consenting to go to mass.

The relative positions of France and Spain were largely changed when Coligny was set at liberty in February, 1559. England was no longer under Philip's control. Discontent was growing in the Netherlands. The finances of Spain were exhausted, and that orthodox country was seriously tainted with heresy. France, through the energy and military skill of Guise, had not only recovered Calais, but had wrested the three bishoprics and many important towns in Luxemburg from the enemy. Both sides wished for peace, and both were influenced by the same motive—a determination to put down heresy with increased severity; but the Cardinal of Lorraine, who negociated the treaty, wanted to secure Philip's support, and he sacrificed his country's interests without hesitation to his own. The terms of the Treaty of Cateau-Cambrésis were so onerous to France that even Guise remonstrated warmly. 'Sire, you are surrendering in a day what would not have been wrung from you by thirty years of disaster.' The Italian allies of Henry were abandoned. The towns in Luxemburg were restored. By the surrender of Savoy and Piedmont, the enemy was left at the gates of Lyons. The bond was sealed by the marriage of Elizabeth of France, a child of thirteen, to Philip, now left for the second time a widower, and Alva, accompanied by a brilliant retinue, arrived at Paris to act as proxy for the bridegroom. At a royal hunt Henry conversed freely with a member of Alva's train about the mutual agreement between Philip and himself to exterminate heretics throughout all Christendom. He had selected as his confidant William the Silent, Prince of Orange! The fires of persecution were quickly alight, and none could tell to what excesses Henry would have been driven, had not the lance of Montgomery brought a respite, in which the Huguenots recognized the finger of God. It was noticed that the tapestried coverlet thrown over the bed, on which the King lay in state, represented the Conversion of St. Paul, and bore the legend

legend worked in large letters, 'Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?'

At the death of Henry, the Guises became all-powerful. The Bourbon princes and the Constable were dismissed from Court, and Coligny retired to Châtillon-sur-Loing. On his return from captivity he had remodelled and enlarged this ancestral home, which was previously of almost royal magnificence. The employment of the Renaissance style of architecture, then so much in vogue, entirely relieved the gloom of the old medieval fortress, from whose lofty tower an extensive view was gained which embraced Montargis, the home of Renée of Farrara. A new picture gallery in the south wing was filled with paintings from the pencil of Primatucci and his school, recording the principal military exploits of the Châtillons. Jean Goujon had carved the marvellous bas-reliefs and the caryatides, in which he specially excelled. Several rooms were adorned with frescoes designed by Julio Romano. From the portico three terraces, which still remain, arranged one above another, lead to extensive gardens, and testify, as do the walls of the enormous hothouses, to the magnificence and taste of its owner. Such a country residence betokened culture and refinement far in advance of the great military nobles of the day, and suggested nothing of that tinge of Puritan asceticism which perhaps coloured the thoughts of its noble-minded owners.

The Admiral's manner of life was remarkably dignified and simple. He had married, in 1547, Charlotte de Laval, a daughter of one of the first families in France, and their union had been a singularly happy one, and had been blessed with several children. His home-life might (and did) serve as a model for a Christian gentleman. He was an early riser, very abstemious in the use of food and wine, a great reader, devoted to the education of his children, to the transaction of business, to the management of his large retinue, and to personal care for the sick and poor. Every other day preaching—then almost the only means of distinct religious instruction—was held at the castle. The master set an example of personal devotion and practical piety, himself conducting household prayer in the absence of the chaplain, ministering with careful inquiry to the necessities of the sick, and adjusting all disputes amongst his servants, especially at the seasons in which the Lord's Supper was to be administered. In all these occupations he was cordially seconded by his wife, who accepted 'the religion' before him, and exercised no little influence at the great crises of his history. It is charming to learn that so beautiful and pure a life was made happy and attractive to the children. 'I

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am entertaining my cousin and her children,' wrote Henri de Condé, some years later, to him, 'and there are few evenings that we do not have a happy time of it *after your fashion*, all romping joyously together.'

From this simple picture of the inner life of the great soldier-statesman, it is with a shudder that we return to the Court of Francis II. Whose heart is not touched with pity at the thought of the young King, feeble alike in body and mind, with his fair young wife, whose winsome beauty called forth from Catherine de Médicis the one genuine burst of womanly admiration we can recall in her voluminous correspondence: 'Our Scotch queenlet wins all hearts, and one smile from her will turn anybody's head?' To think of that young couple, attended by express direction of the Guises by the King's younger brothers, habituated to the brutal spectacle of the Huguenot martyrdoms! The death of Henry had brought but momentary repose, and the persecution flamed out fiercer than ever: yet 'the religion' seemed to thrive on suffering. The death of Du Bourg synchronizes with the formal organization of the Protestant Synod, and the open adhesion of Coligny. It was assuredly not the moment for any, save the stoutest hearts, to cast in their lot with the Reformers. Soon the conspiracy of Amboise afforded the pretext for more terrible atrocities. Hundreds perished at the hands of the executioner. Hundreds more, tied hands and feet together and flung into the Loire, anticipated the *noyades* of the Revolution. 'Except, indeed, that a Prince of the Church, Charles, Cardinal of Lorraine, took the place of the butcher Carrier, and that Catherine de Médicis and her ladies of honour assumed in this dismal tragedy characters to which, even in the frenzy of the reign of terror, the vilest Poissardes of Paris would scarcely have descended.'* Never did the prospects of the Protestants seem darker than at this period, despite the appointment of l'Hôpital as Chancellor, despite the interested anxiety of Catherine, despite the bold language of Coligny at the Assembly of the Notables at Fontainebleau, and the determination to convoke the States-General. An unsuccessful attempt by Condé to seize upon Lyons was followed by his apprehension and formal conviction, not for high treason, but for heresy. In vain his wife threw herself at the King's feet. The Guises were determined to be rid of their most formidable opponent, and to strike terror by beheading a prince of the blood. The day for the execution was already fixed, when the King was seized with illness. 'God, who had pierced the eye

* Sir J. Stephen, 'Lectures on the History of France,' ii. p. 97.

of

of the father, now smote the ear of the son.' 'Gentlemen,' said Coligny gravely, to the courtiers who thronged about him, 'the King is dead; this should teach us how to live.'

'Woe to the land whose king is a child' is a maxim whose truth is intensified by zenana training under such a sultana as Catherine de Médicis, and of this France was now about to have bitter experience. At Court three great parties were contending for power in the King's name—the Guises, the Reformers, and the Politiques—and between these three Catherine vacillated; she could never decide, she would always temporize, and leave some loophole for retreat. For the moment she held the reins as regent for her son. The States-General, which had been summoned before the death of Francis, assembled at Orleans to inaugurate the reign of his successor, and were opened by a conciliatory speech from l'Hôpital, which advocated mutual religious tolerance. The orators of the noblesse, and of the Tiers État, each in turn complained boldly of Church abuses, and demanded their reform; but Jean Quentin, the spokesman of the clergy, made it apparent that his order had learned nothing through the costly experience of the last two reigns. On the Church of the Borgias and the Carafas —in the hearing of men personally acquainted with Cardinals Bourbon and Lorraine and Duprat—he pronounced an eulogium which would have been extravagant in the purity of Apostolic days. He called on Charles to use the sword delivered him by God to extirpate heresy, and, with open allusion to Coligny, demanded that the supporters of heresy should *ipso facto* be treated as heretics themselves. For this outrage he was required to apologize, which he did with much dexterity; but his death, shortly afterwards, was hastened by mortification and chagrin. Coligny made so firm a stand for religious liberty as to elicit the glowing gratitude of Calvin. It was agreed that a conference should be held at Poissy between the leaders of the Reformed and Catholic parties, to see whether some basis of mutual agreement could not be established. The scheme was projected by the Cardinal of Lorraine, who hoped to display his theological ability, and to produce an irreparable breach between the Lutherans and the Calvinists, who were both invited to be present.

A sketch of Court life at St. Germains during the Colloquy of Poissy reads like an act from one of Molière's comedies. The Queen-mother is the very good friend, the docile pupil of Coligny. She listens with unfeigned admiration to the fervid and copious eloquence of Theodore Beza. She is training her sons in the faith of the Reformers. Anjou, her favourite, openly urges

urges his sister to change her creed: at one time he throws her 'Book of Hours' into the fire; at another he obliges her to use the Huguenot Prayer-book and the Psalter of Marot. Charles IX. says when he is his own master he shall no longer go to mass, and inspires hopes that he may emulate Edward VI. of England! Although Catherine corrects Anjou's impetuosity, her maids of honour understand that 'the religion' is to be the fashion of the hour, and comport themselves accordingly: they neglect mass, and eat meat openly on fast days. The longing for reform suggests that some concession on the part of the Holy Father might recall the wanderers into the Papal fold. They are very decent folk, Catherine urges; they have no Anabaptists, nor free-thinkers, nor partizans of monstrous opinions amongst them. Could it not be arranged to do away with images from the churches, to leave out exorcism at baptism, to restore the chalice to the laity, and to have divine service in the vulgar tongue? What did it all mean? The Spanish Ambassador was seriously alarmed, and wrote urgent letters to Philip. So were the Catholic clergy of Paris, whose pulpits rung with denunciations of the modern Jezebel. So was not, perhaps, Charles, Cardinal of Lorraine, whose policy at that moment was to profess an ardent desire for Church reform, and who was loud in admiration of the Confession of Augsburg. That Catherine was really influenced by the truthful straightforward character of Coligny, and that she made such specious professions as inspired some hope that she might follow his counsel, naturally disposed as he seems always to have been to trust another's plighted word, is likely enough. That she was determined to side with the stronger party, Huguenot or Leaguer, is absolutely certain. That she was touched by one spark of honest religious conviction is absolutely incredible. The 'merchant's daughter,' as the first Christian baron in France contemptuously called her, regarded sacred things as but one amongst the wares she held in stock to barter for place and power.

If a definite basis of compromise was not discovered at the Colloquy, its results were mainly favourable to the Huguenots. The plot to sow discord between the Calvinists and Lutherans had been thwarted through the failure of the latter to arrive in time for the discussion. The dignity, the ability, the courage of Beza won golden opinions. 'Here come the dogs of Geneva,' exclaimed a Cardinal on his entrance with his associates. 'Certainly, faithful watch-dogs are needed in the Lord's sheep-fold to bark at the wolves,' was his quiet reply. It was no mean advantage that 'the religion' should have a hearing before the Court and the prelates of France, and that the Chancellor of

of the Kingdom should advocate its refutation by reason, and not by fire and sword. Public atttention was pointedly directed to the issue, and the area of discussion was enlarged until it embraced every class of society and every department of the country.

All the wits of France were speedily enlisted in the controversy, and at its outset the keenest assailants were in favour of the new opinions. The crass ignorance of the monks; the rapacity, immorality, and brutality of the clergy; the contrast between the lofty claims and the personal characters of the Roman hierarchy; the popular mode of stating the standing miracle of the mass; the moral failings (only too notorious) of the Catholic leaders; the scandals admitted and lamented by the staunchest supporters of the Papacy—all these afforded endless matter for brilliant ridicule and biting exposure. Epithet and epigram, satire and sarcasm, pamphlet and pasquinade, flew swiftly from side to side, and no quarter was given in the war of barbed tongues, which smote with unerring precision and stinging force. Never was the recklessness of Celtic wit more conspicuous. At the peril of their lives, which were not even assured of safety in a foreign land, against the avenging dagger of a hired assassin or the illegal violation of alien territory, men penned and published pamphlets which it would have been death to avow or even to possess. How rare these productions speedily became is illustrated by the remark of a contemporary (Lestoile) that he was long unsuccessful in his efforts to procure a copy of the 'Taxe des parties casuelles de la boutique du Pape,' to replace one which (he says) 'I burned at the Saint Bartholomew, fearing that it might burn me.' Of François Hotman's 'Epistle to the Tiger of France'—a work conceived in the spirit, and hardly lacking in the force, of the Catiline orations—only a single example was known to exist amongst the treasures of M. Brunet's library, and even this would have been lost in the destruction of the Hôtel de Ville by the Commune, had not Mr. Charles Read chanced to have taken it away for reproduction under the auspices of the Société des Bibliophiles. The quiver of Junius or of Swift could not have furnished more pointed shafts than those which fastened on Montmorenci the name of Constable Burnbench, or declared that the most effective wing of the royal army was the flying squadron of Catherine's maids of honour, or asserted that the courier who brought the Pope's assent to the Tridentine Decrees conveyed the Holy Ghost in his saddle-bags. Then as ever, no rank was too high, no subject too sacred, for the sparkling banter of French *persiflage*.

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It was on the head of the Cardinal of Lorraine that the fiercest and most pungent of these denunciations were poured. One writer affected compassionate anxiety about the ultimate residence of his Eminence: 'No Christian country in Europe will have him: Italy sees through his duplicity; Germany abhors incest; France cannot away with him; even Turkey is Mohammedan, whereas the Cardinal believes in nothing! Heaven is closed to him, Hell is afraid of him, and the Protestants are going to do away with purgatory. Poor wretch, where will you go?' But all other invectives paled before the scathing severity of Hotman's famous 'Epistle to the Tiger of France.' We have only space for a few sentences. 'When I assert that the failure of the finances of France is exclusively due to your dishonesty; when I assert that a husband is more modest with his wife than you with those next of kin to you; when I assert that you have seized the government of France, and have stolen this honour from the princes of the blood, that you may plant the crown of France in your own family—what can you reply? If you admit it, you ought to be gibbeted and strangled; if you deny it, I will prove you guilty. . . You put to death those who conspire against you, but you are still living, who have conspired against the crown of France, against the patrimony of the widow and the orphan, against the blood of the sorrowful and the innocent! You profess to speak of holiness—you who know nothing of God but his name; who hold to Christianity only as a mask; who make common traffic, barter, and merchandise of bishoprics and benefices; you, who can see no sanctity that you do not soil, no chastity that you do not violate, no goodness that you do not mar!'

With the excesses of the civil war there came a turn in the tide of popular opinion. The artistic feeling of the educated classes was outraged by the wanton destruction of so much beauty. The pride of national and local esteem was wounded by the loss of much that had been the glory of France and of the provinces. Mutilated statuary and mangled tracery remained as a visible, standing indictment against the unreasoning bigotry and senseless fury of the uncultured pretenders to reform, whilst the countless victims, whose murder had helped to kindle their rage, were forgotten or buried out of sight in nameless graves. The irregular skirmishers with pen and pencil passed over to the Catholics. The sobriety of dress, the severity of demeanour, the stern morality, the scriptural quotations and psalm-singing, even the peculiar intonation of the Huguenots, furnished as inexhaustible amusement to their fellow-countrymen of the sixteenth century, as did the manners of

of the English Puritans at the Restoration. No doubt much of the ridicule heaped upon them was the broadest caricature. The ranks of the Huguenots included the flower of high birth, culture, and refinement—Condé and the Châtillons, Soubise and Larochefoucauld. But the satire burnt into the popular mind, and it needed the glitter and the gallantry, the bluntness and the *bonhomie*, as well as the martial skill of the Béarnais, to wrest popularity from the Leaguers.

Whatever the effect of Huguenot iconoclasm, the blame of it cannot justly be charged to its leaders. Calvin sternly reprobated it, and urged obedience and order. Coligny abhorred all excess, and nowhere was religious tolerance so impartially enforced as on his estates. Condé was sensible of the injury it occasioned to the cause. But the movement was irrepressible. A tempest of destructive fury burst out and carried all before it. The pent-up rage of generations broke loose, which the leaders strove to no purpose to restrain. At Orleans, Condé pointed his musket at a young man who was hacking down a statue and threatened to fire if he did not desist. 'Stop but one moment,' was the reply, 'until I have finished this idol, and then do with me what you will.'

We have, however, outrun the actual course of events, and must return for a moment to Coligny at the close of the Colloquy of Poissy. The position he took up was not that of religious liberty in the modern acceptance of the term. He recognized the right of the State to regulate the belief of its subjects. But he urged, 'We are Christians. We accept the Apostles' and the Nicene Creeds; the law cannot punish us.' So much l'Hôpital and the Politiques were prepared to allow. So much was accorded by the famous Edict of January 1562. It required the restoration of all churches to the Catholics. It forbade the public performance of Reformed services within the walls of cities. But it recognized under certain conditions the exercise of Huguenot worship and the legality of a Huguenot ministry. These concessions, meagre in themselves and surrounded with many embarrassing conditions, were loyally accepted by Coligny. They elicited a howl of furious reprobation from the Catholics, which found sterner expression two months later at Vassy.

The massacre of Vassy aroused universal indignation amongst the Huguenots. From every quarter of France the Protestant *noblesse* hastened towards Paris, under a spontaneous and general conviction, that the hour was come when they must strike for faith and freedom. That no thought of rebellion against royal authority influenced them was not only distinctly affirmed

affirmed by Coligny, whose frank assurances to this effect are supported by Lanoue, but is amply established by the recently published letters of Catherine de Médicis, in which she begged Condé to save 'the mother, the children, and the kingdom from ruin.' With wonted, if pardonable, duplicity, and with even more than her wonted dexterity, she penned billet after billet in ambiguous terms, which the messenger who bore them would explain, but which might be (and were) interpreted in a contrary sense if they fell under the eyes of the Catholics. The position was critical in the extreme for Catherine and her son, as well as for the Huguenot leaders. For the former, it was doubtful which side would show most audacity and promptitude in seizing the King's person. As regarded the latter, the prohibition to celebrate the Lord's Supper at Popincourt, just issued by Cardinal Bourbon as Governor of Paris, in open and official violation of the Edict of January, showed that it was hopeless to look for any regard for Protestant rights, unless they could be enforced by the direct intervention of royal authority. The population of Paris was hostile, and the city swarmed with Guise's men-at-arms, so that Lanoue affirmed that the Reformed could no more withstand 'them than a fly could resist a elephant. They would have been held in check by the novices of the convents and the chambermaids of the priests, armed only with their broomsticks.' On Sunday, March 22nd, Condé retired from Paris to Meaux, and on the following Friday the triumvirs marched to Fontainebleau and carried off Henry and Catherine. Henceforth the action of the Spanish party was sheltered and sanctioned by the sign-manual of the King.

It is useless to reopen the much-debated question, whether the Huguenots should have abstained from civil war. Coligny's own action was perfectly sincere and frank. He avowed to Catherine that he would not be the dupe of the Guises, but he entered with the deepest reluctance upon a struggle, whose consequences he foreshadowed with singular clearness. No delusion about the inequality of the conditions, or the probable results to his country and co-religionists, led him to embark in the conflict with a light heart. The famous conversation, in which Agrippa d'Aubigné has detailed the arguments employed on either side by the Admiral and his noble-hearted wife, conveys too minute indication of prophecy inspired after the event to bear all the severity of modern criticism; yet it probably represents, with added dramatic power, the record of an actual occurrence. In the dead of the night—so runs the narrative—the Admiral was awakened by the sobs of his wife, and on inquiry into the cause of her distress, she replied that she was overwhelmed

overwhelmed with sorrow at the thought of the sufferings which their brethren in the faith had to endure. 'They are bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh. Do not your arguments against defending them savour rather of worldly than of heavenly wisdom? You confess that at times you have misgivings—these are the voices of God. The sword of knighthood which you wear—is it to oppress the afflicted, or to deliver them from the tyrant's claws? The blood of so many of our people lies heavy on my heart.' Her husband replied by setting forth the perils to which war might expose them. 'Ponder well,' he urged, 'whether you are prepared to face beggary, shame, death on the scaffold,—all these not for yourself only, but what is far harder, for your children. I give you three weeks to test yourself, and when you shall be consciously fortified against such calamities, I will go to meet death with you and your friends.' 'The three weeks are passed,' was her instant reply.

The mournful forebodings of Coligny were more than justified by the events which followed during the next eight years. Atrocities which the pen refuses to narrate disgraced the conduct of the civil wars, and the depths of infamy might almost appear to be sounded when brave men like Montluc were so lost to all sense of shame as to bear witness against themselves, and to boast in their memoirs of the enormities they had committed. Cruelty and perfidy went hand in hand, and begat reprisals; and the impartial historian is compelled to admit that both sides were indelibly dishonoured. Such excesses, which he was powerless to restrain, were odious to Coligny; but the conduct and the incidents of the war brought into strong relief all the nobler elements of his character. Never was he grander than in the hour of defeat. His coolness was indomitable. He had the fixed tenacity of purpose, and that thorough confidence in the justice of his cause, which upheld him in the darkest seasons of disaster. He never knew that he was beaten. After the reverses of Dreux and St. Denis, of Jarnac and Montcontour, after the fall of Orleans and of Rouen, after the death of Condé and of d'Andelot, he rallied his broken forces with unflagging energy, animated them with his own undiminished vitality, and presented the same calm front as ever. His enemies recognized that he was the life and soul of the Huguenot cause. 'If the Admiral were gone,' they said, 'we would not offer you for peace so much as a cup of water.' His personal friends well understood the source from whence his confidence was derived. A single extract—and many such might be given—will serve to illustrate the strength and reality of his religion. It is dated October 16th, 1569, and was written from a sick-bed to his children shortly

after

after the battle of Montcontour; when a reward of 50,000 crowns was offered for his head; when his house was burnt and his estates plundered; when many friends had deserted him, and his troops were in open mutiny.

'I want you always to have piety and the fear of God before your eyes. Your own experience must have already taught you that we must not rely upon what are called good things, but must place our hopes elsewhere than on earth, and seek for something better than what our eyes can see and our hands can handle. And since this is not always in our power to do, we must humbly beseech God that it may please Him to guide us to the end by a good and sure road which we must not hope will always be easy and pleasant, nor accompanied by all manner of worldly prosperity. We must follow Jesus Christ, our Captain, who has gone before us.'—Delaborde, iii. p. 167.

We have no space for the details of the struggle. Its peculiarly hopeless character arose from the fact, that the Huguenots were not strong enough to obtain the mastery, but were too strong to submit to the only terms which their opponents would concede. On the one side were men who were fighting, not only for tolerance, but for existence. On the other, every proposal for peace was marred either by the treachery concealed in its conditions, or by predetermined intention to disregard them. Throughout the wearisome discussions which preceded and followed the outbreak of hostilities, Coligny was always ready to sacrifice any personal advantage to the interests of his sovereign and his Church. He voluntarily resigned his government of Picardy. He retired from Court to smooth the path of Catherine. He acquiesced, for the sake of peace and at the request of his associates, in the Peace of Amboise, although he considered that it was unsatisfactory and misleading. Not one act of treachery or baseness, not one of personal ambition or selfishness, was brought home to him. It was a day when treachery played a leading part in the councils of statesmen, and now that we are permitted to gaze into their secret cabinets, and read their inmost thoughts, not one cruel or unworthy design is revealed of the great Huguenot leader who had to maintain the unequal contest against such opponents as Philip and Catherine and Charles of Lorraine. Inflexible in his administration of justice where others were concerned, his magnanimity was frequently displayed in pardoning the most serious crimes against himself. No wonder that Hugh Fitzwilliam, the English envoy, wrote to Queen Elizabeth, 'The Admiral is the rarest nobleman in Europe.'

It is in the light of these facts that we must estimate the accusation brought against him, that he was privy to the assassination

nation of the Duke of Guise by Poltrot. The odious charge, like so many calumnies, first wrung out by torture and then retracted, would hardly be worth notice, but for the characteristic mode in which Coligny dealt with it. His first and most urgent request was that Poltrot's life should be spared, until he could meet him face to face, and sift the matter to the bottom. When this justice was denied him, he disdained to support his denial of all complicity in so foul an act by any concealment of his own opinion about Guise. 'I considered him a dangerous man, and his removal a blessing to the country,' was his frank avowal. The like soldierly outspoken candour was exhibited in his 'Account of the Siege of St. Quentin':—

'Some persons,' he says, 'may perhaps suppose that it is written by way of justification of my conduct; but before they enter on its perusal, I beg them to put that notion aside for two main reasons. First, because there is no occasion for him to justify himself whom no one accuses, and I am so clear in all that touches my honour that I have no fear of being so. Secondly, because if I should be accused by any, I am conscious that my heart is in the right place to enable me to defend it as becomes a gentleman, a man of honour and position, so that I can reply to every man according to his rank without having recourse to quilldriving or drawing up a process like a lawyer.'—Delaborde, i. pp. 316, 7.

Allowing for the feelings and habits of that day, the dignity of conscious rectitude could hardly be more strikingly displayed.

The year 1562 witnessed a second attempt by Coligny to establish a French colony. This time Florida was selected as the home, and Jean Ribaut, a trustworthy Huguenot, as captain of the expedition. It is amusing to find a contemporary English writer informing his readers that the history of this effort has never before, as he believes, been told in English, seeing that the complete record of Ribaut's and of Laudonnière's voyages is to be found in Hakluyt's well-known collection. The chronicle runs, strangely enough, in parallel columns with the adventures of Villegagnon and Léry. There is the same exuberant joy on first landing, the same neglect of needed tillage, the same expectation of fabulous wealth, the same terrible sufferings on the homeward voyage. Indeed, some future professor of the higher criticism will probably see in this improved repetition of the earlier story abundant reason for rejecting both. At first everything was *couleur de rose*. 'As we passed through the woods we saw nothing but turkey-cocks flying in the forest; partridges, gray and red, little different from ours, but chiefly in bigness; fish so plentiful and large, that two draughts of the net were sufficient to feed the whole company of our two ships

ships for two days; simples growing of so rare properties that it is an excellent thing to behold them.' Visions of golden store 'in the mountains of Apalatcy' excited the imagination and increased the mortification of the colonists in having, through fear of starvation, to leave so rich a land. We have no space to record the kindness shown the sufferers by Sir John Hawkins, and gratefully acknowledged by Laudonnière. The report of the land was so encouraging that a second and stronger expedition sailed in 1564; but Spanish jealousy was aroused, and Menendez, with 2600 men, swooped down upon the defenceless settlement. A fearful tragedy ensued. Every avowed Protestant, to the number of 600 souls, in defiance of the most solemn engagement, was stabbed, man by man.

There is no more romantic page in the fascinating history of maritime discovery than that which records how this atrocious slaughter was avenged. A certain Dominique de Gourgues, a soldier of fortune, equally at home on sea or land, had been taken prisoner by the Spaniards, and basely sent to the galleys. Half naked and half starved, chained to the oar, he yet managed to escape. No wonder that he was filled with undying hatred to his captors. He belonged to that class of adventurers, at once both gentleman and corsair, who united in strange combination utter recklessness of character with some of the nobler elements of heroism, and he vowed that the wholesale destruction of his fellow-countrymen should not go unpunished. At the cost of his entire fortune and with such other help as he could obtain, De Gourgues equipped three vessels, manned them with the stoutest sea-dogs of Brittany and Normandy, and sailed for the Western Continent. His destination was kept secret until Florida was reached, when he explained his project. It was facing fearful odds. He had but 180 men all told; the Spaniards probably exceeded ten-fold that number. We have no space to recount how, with the Spanish standard flying at his mast-head, he passed under the guns of the fort; how by stratagem and ambuscade he drew the enemy from their entrenchments, and destroyed them piece-meal; how rumour magnified his little troop into a force 2000 strong, and panic spread and threw the Spanish lines into confusion. Not a man escaped save sixty, whom De Gourgues had taken alive to make his revenge more complete, and these he hung up man by man, whilst the awe-struck natives looked on in wonder. This done he dismantled and destroyed the fort, and sailed away leaving a large placard before the lifeless bodies, with this inscription, 'I have done this, not to Spaniards, but to traitors, robbers, and murderers.'

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The tale of the massacre of St. Bartholomew has been too often told to need repetition here. How long the atrocity had been premeditated and prearranged, and what was the exact degree of Charles IX.'s complicity with its earlier stages, are questions which have been debated with great fulness of detail by historians, who have arrived at opposite conclusions. That such 'counsels of perfection' as the wholesale slaughter of heretics were tendered by Philip and entertained without scruple by Catherine is amply established; but all probability disfavours the theory that Charles IX. was long beforehand privy to the projected murder. His nature was too liable to be carried away by sudden outbursts of uncontrollable passion for him to be the safe depositary of so dangerous a secret. Unquestionably a touch of madness defiled the Valois blood. To exercise his great muscular strength in forging and welding armour, when his health was utterly unequal to such exertion, or to display it by cutting down his subjects' cattle or beasts of burden on the highway; to emulate the skill of a pork-butcher, in the slaughter and dissection of swine, with utter indifference to the filthy odour that steamed from their reeking entrails; to burst into the bed-chambers of his intimate friends, male and female, among the courtiers, that he might inflict corporal punishment upon them with his own royal hand; these were amongst the select pastimes of this successor to the sceptre of St. Louis. It would seem that he suffered from one of those obscure diseases of the brain, whose nature is of such intense interest to modern pathologists, and that its resultant temperament was one which Coligny had magnetic power to soothe, and Catherine to inflame to the highest point of irritation. At one moment the Admiral was his father, whose advice he would cordially follow as heir to the policy of Francis I. At another, goaded by his mother's suspicions and invective, he would fiercely turn upon her with the cry, that she was hurrying him to destruction. At last, exasperated beyond endurance by her reproaches, with frightful blasphemies, he bid her work her will, and abandoned himself with all the frenzy of despair to further her diabolical design.

Five days before the fatal eve of St. Bartholomew, Coligny wrote the following letter, the last which has been preserved, to his wife, whom he had left at Châtillon:—

'My Darling,—I write this bit of a letter to tell you that to-day the marriage of the King's sister and the King of Navarre took place . . . After the festivities the King has promised me that he will devote a few days to attending to a number of complaints touching the infraction of the Edict. It is but reasonable that I should

should employ myself in this matter as far as I am able, for although I have infinite desire to see you, yet I should feel great regret, and I believe that you would also, were I to fail to occupy myself in such an affair with all my ability. This will not cause such delay but that the Court will leave this city next week. If I had in view only my own satisfaction, I should take much greater pleasure in going to see you than in living in this Court, for many reasons which I shall tell you. But we must have more regard for the public than for our own private interests. . . . Meantime I pray our Lord to keep you, my darling, in His holy guard and protection. Mandez-moy comme se porte le petit ou la petite.' [His wife was daily expecting her confinement.]

'Your very good husband and friend,

'CHÂTILLON.'

With the death of Coligny there passed away the Bayard of the Reformation. It is with no wish to indulge in indiscriminate eulogy that we close this brief notice, but it is difficult, painting the man amidst the dark shadows that hung over his times, in any way so to group the truthful colours that they do not of themselves form a halo round that honoured head. He was in and of his time, essentially a soldier, but in advance of it and above it. He anticipated by a century the Swedish discipline and the policy which founded the United States. He established a college at Châtillon-sur-Loing, and held views on education which were not unworthy of the nineteenth century. He advocated a policy which, if steadfastly pursued, would have saved his country years of suffering, and would have secured her such freedom as became the happier lot of England. Nor was it only that he was enlightened enough to discern wherein the true happiness of France would consist, he would pursue noble ends only by noble means. In the collision of violent passions he always stands out calm and dignified, because his Christianity moulded his public as well as his private life. The character of Coligny was esentially the product and the property of his creed. It is the immortal glory of French Protestantism that in the days of Alva and Granvelle, of Catherine de Médicis, and the Valois and Philip II., when diplomacy was honeycombed with treachery and undermined by fraud, she should have developed such a hero, 'sans peur et sans reproche,' as Gaspard de Coligny.

ART. II.—*Scotland and Scotsmen in the Eighteenth Century. From the MSS. of John Ramsay, Esq., of Ochtertyre.* Edited by Alexander Allardyce. Two vols., 8vo. London and Edinburgh, 1888.

THOUGH political and military history forms so large a proportion of the literature of the world, and though its subjects are abundantly important, constantly commanding great attention, and arousing wonderment and admiration, yet this branch of history is but a side-light on the progress of the human race, or rather on the dust that human progress naturally raises in its casual career. The tales of politics and armies are the husk of human history; the shell and kernel are municipal and social, family and personal details and records, such as have of late so largely been revealed to us. These introduce us to the very pulse of the machine of human life and progress; and although by them we are not led to sympathize in a dramatic way with various aggressive or defensive heroes, or with successful or succumbing nations, these domestic records tend to arouse our cordial interest in the lives and homes and circumstances of laborious and peaceful men, and thus we are distinctly raised in sentiment and aspiration.

Of such intimately social records few have been of greater interest to Englishmen and Scotsmen of the present time than those which Mr. Allardyce has offered to us from the copious MSS. of John Ramsay, of Ochtertyre. Here we have the winnowings of a lifelong memorandum about men and women, sentiments and things in Scotland during the eighteenth century, made by an acute observer, a laborious memorialist, and a zealous antiquary. The disclosures he has made are sometimes not entirely new, but they become of double interest when they give a second view of old familiar objects, which are thus stereoscopically raised above the current level of affairs, and appear to us as if in new and momentary life.

John Ramsay, of Ochtertyre, a property in the valley of the Teith, a few miles west of Stirling, which had been acquired by Ramsay's ancestors at the end of the sixteenth century, was born at Edinburgh in 1736. The son of a Writer to the Signet, he was sent to school at Dalkeith, where he became, to some extent, a classical scholar. After entering the University of Edinburgh, and studying law, Ramsay, at the death of his father while he was still a minor, abandoned professional business, and devoted himself to literature, to archæology, and to the management of his property. He was, we are told, a beneficent landlord, very indulgent to his tenants, and a scientific

 agriculturist,

agriculturist, advanced and yet not visionary. He was a kind friend, an intelligent country gentleman, and was highly esteemed by all classes of the community.

Mr. Ramsay's mother was a daughter of Ralph Dundas, of Manour near Stirling, and a niece of Bishop Burnet. A sister of Mrs. Ramsay married George Abercromby, of Tullibody, and became the mother of General Sir Ralph Abercromby. In London, Ramsay became acquainted with Andrew Drummond the banker, and so was introduced to Walpole, and to the minor Whig society. He had seen 'the 1745'; but, though favourable to the Protestant Succession, he had great sympathy with those who had been ruined by their loyalty to the Pretender. He was a 'Broad Church' Presbyterian, but averse to scepticism; and he was the centre of a little literary circle at Stirling. To this circle the Ochtertyre MSS. were often read; but they fell into oblivion until Commander Dundas, the present representative of Mr. Ramsay, resolved to publish them; and we desire to thank him for his wise and very gratifying resolution.

Ramsay was acquainted with and honoured by most of the leading Scotsmen of his time. Burns visited him in 1787, at Ochtertyre:

'And,' says Ramsay, 'though I have been in the company of many men of genius, some of them poets, I never witnessed such flashes of intellectual brightness as from him—the impulse of the moment, sparks of celestial fire! I never was more delighted, therefore, than with his company, for two days, *tête-à-tête*. In a mixed company I should have made little of him; for, to use a gamester's phrase, he did not always know when to play off and when to play on. . . . I not only proposed to him the writing of a play similar to the "Gentle Shepherd," "qualem decet esse sororem," but Scottish Georgics, a subject which Thomson has by no means exhausted in his "Seasons." . . . But to have executed either of these plans, steadiness and abstraction from company were wanting, not talents. When I asked him whether the Edinburgh *literati* had mended his poems by their criticisms, "See," said he, "those gentlemen remind me of some spinsters in my country, who spin their thread so fine that it is neither fit for weft nor woof."'

The idea of Burns imitating Virgil or supplementing Thomson illustrates the more pedantic side of Ramsay's character and culture. His letter of advice to Burns, however, was, as Scott said ('Lockhart's Life') 'kind,' and was in part 'sagacious:'—

'Let those bright talents which the Almighty has bestowed upon you, be henceforth employed to the noble purpose of supporting the cause of truth and virtue. An imagination so varied and forcible as yours

yours may do this in many different modes; nor is it necessary to be always serious, which you have been, to good purpose; good morals may be recommended in a comedy or even in a song. Great allowances are due to the heat and inexperience of youth; and few poets can boast, like Thomson, of never have written a line, which, dying, they would wish to blot. In particular, I wish you to keep clear of the thorny walks of satire, which makes a man a hundred enemies for one friend, and is doubly dangerous when one is supposed to extend the slips and weaknesses of individuals to their sect or party. About modes of faith, serious and excellent men have always differed; and there are certain curious questions, which may afford scope to metaphysical heads, but seldom mend the heart or temper. Whilst these points are beyond human ken it is sufficient that all our sects concur in their views of morals. You will forgive me for these hints.'

Which give more evidence of kindly nature and judicious views, than of poetic insight in the writer.

In 1793, Walter Scott, recently called to the bar, came to Ochtertyre, and the acquaintance continued until Ramsay's death, the year when 'Waverley' was published. Lockhart says that Scott's recollections of Ramsay went, together with those of George Constable of Wallace-Cragie, and Clerk of Eldin, to form the character of Oldbuck of Monkbarns; for Ramsay was an enthusiastic antiquary.

The only surviving acquaintance of Mr. Ramsay is the son of the Bishop of Brechin, the venerable ex-Chaplain-General of the Forces, Dr. G. R. Gleig, who knew him when he was an old man; and who says of him that 'having lived a bachelor, he had fallen into slovenly habits of dress; but when receiving company his appointments were those of a gentleman of the old school—a blue coat, metal buttons, high collar, and laced wristbands, hair-powder, pigtail, breeches, blue stockings, and silver buckles. At other times he wore worsted hose devoid of garters. He was of middle stature, well made and of intelligent aspect. His MSS. were his recreation, and the trial of his friends, for he read a portion of them to every visitor who could be prevailed upon to listen. He had the credit of having been in his youth and manhood a great admirer of the sex; and in later life he used to exact a kiss from each of his young lady visitors, for which he rewarded her with a peach from his well-walled and sheltered garden.' He died in March 1814, and was buried in the churchyard of Kincardine in Menteith.

Three-quarters of a century since their author passed away, the Ramsay reminiscences are made, by resolute abbreviation, readable and interesting. The two volumes that contain the essence of the MSS. will be accepted by the present public as a

welcome illustration of events and times that hardly yet are treated as historic; and by posterity they will be valued as a record of the social manners, public customs, agricultural and economic science, and political and ecclesiastical feeling, of the better class of Scotsmen of the eighteenth century.

In his retirement, Ochtertyre's first object was the cultivation by himself and his contemporary Scotsmen of the English language, and he was abundantly successful. In some chapters of the present compilation there is an amusing tone of pedantry which manifests the hopeful scholar. Classical quotations, French expressions, and some priggishness of criticism, make the reader apprehend that he is reading a translation, and that what the author says in polished English was most probably thought out in homely Scotch. But in other chapters it appears that free use of the English idiom had been attained, and it develops a particularly graceful literary style.

The first volume is devoted chiefly to short personal and historic sketches of selected legal luminaries, and other prominent men of the last century; and the second volume gives, besides the writer's observations on contemporary Church affairs, and some account of Highland manners and peculiarities, many graphic details of the economic state and social customs of the Scotch and Scotland upwards of a century-and-a-half ago. The book is one that furnishes materials for social history. As such we now propose to treat it; and omitting the chapters on the ante-Revolution Highlander, and on Ecclesiastical affairs, we will give such a *précis* of these volumes as may possibly induce the reader to their further study.

Probably no part of Europe has changed more completely than the cultivable parts of Scotland since the beginning of the eighteenth century. The country at that time had a fraction only of its present population, and, apart from that which is still open moor, the land was mostly barren, while the rest was not half cultivated. Though there had been much planting since the Revolution, timber was scarce, and woods were generally merely coverings for the rocky sides of mountain dells. Enclosures hardly were begun; the country was all open, fit for cavalry campaigns. Roads there were none, nor carriages. The King's highway was a mere track on high ground and along hill-sides, avoiding the morasses of the mountain tops and the deep clays or vegetable mould in the low-lying districts, but continually keeping where the natural soil would either be so dry that the small traffic would not furrow up the turf, or where a little change on one side or another would relieve the broken ground. These were the *grandes routes* of the time; the bye-ways

ways were the watercourses—'watery lanes,'—in summer in the beds, and in winter on the banks; and the well-studied undulations of the land, and the inevitable downward current of the streams, served to direct and guide the traveller through the half-peopled wilds.

The towns and cities were prevenient shadows only of their present size and population. Edinburgh lay merely on a rising rock, a long straight street from Holyrood up to the Castle, like an ophidian skeleton, with lateral ribs called wynds on either side, and all beyond was loch and meadow-land. Leith was a busy landing-place, with merchants' stores and houses, but without a dock. Glasgow, a small town extending from the Tron and Gallowgate up to St. Mungo's; with, in time, some thirty feet of quay. The shipping then discharged their cargoes at Port Glasgow, for the Clyde at Glasgow was about one-half its present width, frequently fordable, and possibly with one-tenth of its more recent volume. Aberdeen and Inverness, Banff and Dundee, were little places, but important in their local spheres. The want of roads, and the great difficulty of travelling without a public vehicle, except by sea, was such that David Erskine, Lord Dun, in 1744, retired from the Bench because he was no longer able to ride the circuit on horseback; and country towns were still the trade and fashionable centres of each small provincial world. This isolation of each separate district, with its local aristocracy, has been, no doubt by long hereditary influence, the cause of the strong individuality and clannishness of Scotsmen, and has for centuries been preparing men of various ranks to govern and administer our Indian Empire.

The shires of Stirling and Clackmannan, in the central part of Scotland, were divided into territorial towns or townships occupied by two or more tenants, whose cottages were built generally close together, for the farmers' mutual defence and the security of the gentry from Highland raids. The *rentallers* or *kindly tenants* of the lairds were, in the last century, giving place to feuars; and personal friendship and devotion were gradually superseded by increased rents with definite agreements. Many of the old tenants continued on the new terms; indeed some had been on the land 'longer than the laird.' In Scotland, then, just as in Ireland now, the hardest masters were the lesser feuars, who, being themselves countrymen, knew the full value of the land, and racked their dependents. 'There is no oppressor so unfeeling as a *bonnet* laird, or a tenant who has power to sublet.' But there was in those days much familiarity and kindness between the gentry and the people; and nothing was more hurtful

hurtful to tenants than the misfortunes that befel their masters. By a curious form of rental, called third and teind, the landlord received a full third of the corn crop, after deducting the tithe. The last instances of this were in the land of Row on the Teith, belonging to Mr. Foggo, and on Lord Newark's estate in Fife.

In Menteith, the district around Ochtertyre, the chief culture was corn, and each tenant had a ploughgate of land; but in the Highland borders there were four tenants or more to a plough.

'The tenants' plots were not separate from each other, but were in runrig; several tenants having ridge about of every field. Then there was the limited *infield* near the homestead, abundantly manured, and cultivated with great care, with equal proportions of peas or beans, barley and oats; and the much more extensive *outfield*, much neglected, and, after some cattle-folding, broken up for oats. By manuring with burnt peat, one John M'Arthur greatly increased the crop of oats. A practical, shrewd tenant on the Ochtertyre estate, his neighbours called him John M'Industry, from an expression of his that "man might make industry, but it was God that gave the increase." It was said that he was kept from being an elder by doubting the story of Samson and the foxes; on hearing which read he exclaimed, "Wa! Wa! where would the man get all these tods?"'

By this ash manure, twelve or fifteen feet wide was gained every year along the moss side; and thus the increase of cultivated land, and of its produce both in quantity and improvement, were very great. This was the general method for the advance of cultivation up the moor-sides throughout Scotland.

Ploughs, harrows, and other agricultural tools were generally home-made, and were very homely, the plough timber costing 1*s.* to 1*s.* 6*d.* each. The collars for the team were made of straw. The horses were poor, small, and low-priced; a team of four was 'not worth forty merks altogether.' Sledges were used for carrying dung and corn,* though more recently *tumbler* carts with solid wheels, mere slabs of timber, were substituted; but generally every person or thing, from the King's majesty or its representative, to produce and manure, was carried on horses' backs in saddles or sacks of appropriate decoration or simplicity.

'Though fanners were used in mills as early as 1720, it was only about 1760 that our tenants got them for their barns. Every mill had a *sheiling* hill, where winnowing was performed in the open air. It is said that Anti-Burgher ministers testified against fanners as a *creating of wind* and distrusting of Providence.'

* There are some not too old or too young to remember when there were no wheeled vehicles along the coast route in South Devon, west of Dartmouth. And but a few years since sledges were still used there.

Most

Most of the houses were built of turf and clay, and being thatched they were sufficiently warm. The stable doors were of wattles, and there were no locks to the barn doors. Between harvest time and May the cattle all ran loose, trespass was not penal. The clothes of both masters and servants, except an English greatcoat to keep out the rain, were made and dyed at home. Woollen shirts were worn, with sometimes linen necks and sleeves. For saddles, sods were used, but on occasion these were covered with a plaid.

For tenants, oatmeal porridge was a luxury; the ordinary food was barleymeal, and pease, and barley bread. Water-kail was a standing dish, and for meat the moribund old ewes were sometimes killed; otherwise butter, cheese, eggs, herrings, and raw onions from Flanders, came after the kail. For drink they had whey or butter-milk, but ale was brewed only on extraordinary occasions. Such were their frugal meals, and they had learned therewith to be content.

In those days agricultural Scotsmen had no enterprise; they disliked innovation; but they saved with systematic cumulation, and they lent their savings to the gentry. Innovation did, however, come. Runrig in due time was abolished; the townships were divided into separate farms of from thirty to sixty acres, and a tenant on a nineteen years' lease would undertake to build a complete steading for a hundred merks besides the timbering, the neighbours helping with carriage and workmanship. The ordinary farmer's household consisted of a *big* man, a *little* man, and a *pleghan*, *i.e.* a lad of fifteen to drive the plough, a little boy to herd the cattle, and a couple of maidservants. The wages were moderate enough. About 1730, ploughmen had 40*s.* a year, besides *bounties* in clothing amounting to one-third more; the little man had 11*l.* Scots; the pleghan 5*l.* or 6*l.*, and the maidservants 8*l.* Scots, exclusive of the bounties. In 1756 a labourer's wages were 6*d.* per day in summer, while tailors had 4*d.* besides victuals.

The furniture was scanty and cumbersome. Tables, chairs, and bedsteads were of wainscot or plane-tree; the local carpenter was the cabinet-maker, and the ladies of the family made the bed and window curtains of home-spun. Those who required the luxuries of fashion had to order them from London, as the upholstering business had little repute even in Edinburgh. Even in the present century domestic details within doors were of remarkable simplicity. A traveller from England, stopping at a country inn in Scotland, had, with proper prudence, asked to have his bed well aired. In due time the landlord, lighting his guest up to his bed-room, asked him if he would be 'long of

of getting in;' and when told that there would be the slightest possible delay, he turned to the bed, and said, sharply, 'Noo, Jean, get oot, and let the gentleman get in.' Jean had been utilized as an efficient warming-pan.

After the rising of 1715, a few military roads were made, and after 1745 the roads were extended very much throughout the Highlands. Carts also, with spokes and iron tyres to the wheels, were introduced. The laws concerning statute work in road-making were gradually enforced, though at first with some difficulty; as, for instance, when the gravel for the Craigforth road was carried from the mouth of the Allan across the Forth on horseback.* Even in 1763 the tenants generally brought nothing but *tumblers.* It was only a hundred and forty years ago that a turnpike law was obtained for the roads from Edinburgh to Stirling, and from Glasgow to Falkirk. In 1730 William Stirling, of Dunblane, had a wheeled cart, and shortly after James Henderson, an Airthray feuar, got another, which was a wonder in the parish of Logie. Carts came into general use in the district about 1750; but for some years after coals and lime were usually carried in sacks, and still later beer and meal were carried to market on horses' backs.†

When a gentleman's new house was being built it was the custom for all the neighbouring gentry 'to give what was called a rake of their whole tenants' horses, with lime, wood, slates, or whatever material was nearest to them. This continued to be given of good will for ten or twelve years after the Jurisdiction Act had taken away the exaction of services at pleasure.' At length, however, the goodness of roads, and the facility of hiring carts, joined to a change in views and manners, put an end to this friendly custom.

Before the Union, Scotch cattle had to pay duty in England, and in 1703 they were, owing to some misunderstanding, entirely prohibited, so that a dozen prime cows were sold at the West Port of Edinburgh for 8*l.* Scots each, which was two-thirds of the common price. When the duty was taken off prices were still very moderate, though the trade in cattle for England had become important; droves of the best Highland cows selling at twenty-four merks each. But owing to the

* And yet Scotland was not so very backward. A century later, at Brindisi, a new quay was constructed by women and children scraping up the soil with their fingers and carrying it in hand-baskets to back up the sea-wall.

† Here again there was a parallel, much later, in the south; and Londoners of middle age remember many a fine Suffolk Punch, with a still finer drayman, seriously employed in dragging one or two eighteen-gallon beer casks, full or empty, on a sleigh.

waste

waste of stock after the '45, the price rose to from 35*s.* to 40*s.*, and by 1760 they were sold at 50*s.* to 55*s.*—a considerable rise in less than thirty years. The waste was sometimes prevented, thus:

'In June, 1746, a great number of cattle that had been driven off the hills were brought to Crief by the military. Major Forrester sent for a justice of the peace, that those who proved their loyalty and property might have their stock restored. Baron M'Cara, the only justice available, said he could not proceed until a Bible was brought in, when he turned up the text, "Wilt thou slay the righteous with the wicked?" And the Major thereupon told him that the making a discrimination was their business that day.'

Gradually English prices and English precept and example revolutionized Scotch agriculture. Mr. Ramsay gives some interesting notices of the lairds who in his neighbourhood introduced the change; strong men, peculiarly Scotch in character and influence; and in time the tenants imitated them. Their tackle and their cattle were improved, farms were enclosed and limed and fallowed, and good grasses were selected for the pasture. Corn, owing to severe weather, went up in price; and in 1746–7 Irish field potatoes were cultivated with sufficient profit. By 1760 Scottish agriculture was on a full tide of success, and vast sums of money, for those times, flowed into the country. Of the subsequent fluctuations we have in these MSS. a detailed account, which will no doubt be of great interest to those engaged in agriculture and in its resultant commerce, but which we have not now the opportunity or space to detail and record.

Ascending in the social scale from farmers to the gentry, we find that in the Stewartry of Menteith—the valleys of the Forth and Teith—the bulk of the property when Ramsay wrote had been for near two hundred years in the possession of some forty gentlemen of from 500*l.* to 800*l.* a year, who lived on a friendly footing together. 'They were a worthy, well-informed set of people, though perhaps according to the present standard somewhat unpolished. They were exceedingly hospitable, and lived together in the utmost harmony, so much that there was not a single lawsuit between any two members of the Episcopal congregation at Doune, which included nine-tenths of the gentry of Menteith. A great proportion of them were tenants; but even the smaller freeholders would attach themselves to some great family.' Before the rebellions of 1715 and 1745 the relation between noblemen and their vassals was friendly rather than commercial, and military rather than political. They

They were many of them Jacobites; but their power was greatly limited by the influence of the established clergy, who with the people had great love of Presbytery, and great fear and hatred of a Popish King.

The sons of private gentlemen were sometimes taught at home; but the majority went to day schools, mixing with the sons of their more humble country neighbours, 'which occasionally led to intimacies between social superiors and inferiors that were at once honourable and advantageous.' The daughters were sent to the schools at Edinburgh, where they were taught needlework and housewifery, dancing, and a little music. Notions of piety and purity, and habits of frugality and application, were impressed upon them both by precept and example. Their reading was limited to religious books, and to the periodical literature of Addison and Steele. They wrote badly, and spelt worse. Lady Newbigging, writing to an Edinburgh shopkeeper for two necklaces, spelt it in such a way that the man read it *naked* lasses, and assured her in a pet that he dealt in no such commodities.

Curiously enough, the funerals were festivals, sometimes lasting for a week, at a ruinous cost; and the drinking was excessive. At a laird's burial the English dragoons remarked: 'A Scot's burial is merrier than our weddings.' A very respectable gentleman, giving his son directions about his burial, added: 'For God's sake, John, give them a hearty drink.'

'A person staggering home from the house where a very worthy neighbour was lying a corpse, being asked by John Stirling, of Keir, who met him on the road, whence he came in that condition, answered, "From the house of mourning."'

The ladies, in new gowns and petticoats, made their most brilliant appearance at burials. The gentlemen drew up on one side of the street, and the ladies on the other. 'Before the procession began, the men used to step over and pay their compliments to their female acquaintance. The Tron Church at Edinburgh was then called the Maiden Market, it being there the finest women sat, which drew thither the fine gentlemen.'

About 1719, or 1720, the theatre and assemblies became the fashion; but it was many years before they could affect the manners of gentry of small fortune, who seldom visited Edinburgh, and had little taste for the *belles-lettres.*

'A gentleman's daughter from the country being asked by a lady what plays she had seen, answered "Love for Love" and "The Old Bachelor." "Oh fie, Miss Betty!" said her friend, "these are —— plays, not proper for young women." "Indeed," replied she, with great simplicity. "They *did* nothing wrong that I saw; and as for what

what they *said*, it was high English, and I did not understand it." At an assembly, the Countess of Panmure, a lady directress, observing her nephew, the Earl of Cassills, flustered while paying his compliments to her, rose from her chair, and taking him by the hand, said, "Nephew, you have sat too long after dinner to be proper company for ladies." She then led him to the door, and calling out, "My Lord Cassill's chair," wished him good night. At another time, a brewer's daughter having come there very well dressed, her ladyship sent her a message to come no more, she not being entitled to attend assemblies.'

At the time of the Union, most of the gentry lived on their estates. The eldest son was perhaps sent to a writer's office, to gain the doubtful advantage of a little law. The greater families sent their heirs to some Dutch or German University and to France, to study civil law and see the world. 'When George Drummond of Blair was complimented on the accomplishments of his son James, the old gentleman answered that he knew nothing his son had learned in his travels but to *cast a sark* every day, and to sup his kail twice. Before that time it was the custom of the gentry, as it still is with our substantial tenants, for the whole company to eat broth out of one large plate.'

'Having little business, and few resources against solitude, the gentry were very much with one another at no great expense. With few exceptions their houses were small, fitter for the reception of day than of night visitors. Unless at festivals, or upon ceremonious occasions, when the dining-room was used, people lived mostly in the family bedchamber, where friends and neighbours were received without scruple. Many an easy, comfortable meal have I made long ago in that way through this country. By this means, however, the public rooms were the worst seasoned, and of course the least pleasant of the whole. Even when strangers stayed all night they were easily accommodated, nothing being more common than to lay two gentlemen, or two ladies, that were not acquainted, in the same bed.

'People commonly visited on chance, and in order to give time to prepare dinner it was the fashion to come early, and the guests were taken out to walk about the environs of the place. Upon no occasion perhaps was the conversation of country gentlemen more rational and agreeable. Their faculties were then cool and collected, and everybody came disposed to be courteous and pleasant. At table people, being restrained by the presence of their servants, seldom talk of anything but what is before them; and when the ladies withdraw the conversation of the gentlemen becomes ere long noisy and uninstructive.

'In speaking of minutiæ of manners characteristic of the times, the fashion of pressing people to eat must not be omitted. As it originated in kindness, it was so far commendable; but it became at last

last troublesome and disgusting. It was indeed no easy matter for a modest person to resist; and overeating one's self only provoked additional importunity. The best security was to keep one's plate full.

'Few of the gentry kept a full or regular table; and as their guests were for the most part upon an easy footing, broth, a couple of fowls newly killed perhaps, or a joint of meat, was thought no bad dinner. No fresh beef or mutton could be had after the middle of December till well on in summer. Towards March, the dearest time, there were veal and pork, and sometimes capons. Broth was a standing dish; and there were oat and barley meal, or grotts, kail, leeks, and onions, oatcakes, and but little wheat bread. Sugar was considered as a cordial, tea as an expensive and unpleasant drug. A Highlander being desired to inquire after the health of Mr. Graham of Braco's family, brought back word that he fancied they were not well, as he found them drinking *hot water* out of *flecked* pigs.'

Though thus plain and frugal in their ordinary entertainments, the gentry on occasion were well pleased to make a show. With the Episcopalians, Christmas was the special season of festivity, and the Presbyterians on such occasions seldom objected to commune with their Episcopal neighbours. Hard drinking was the complement and climax of their banquets; after the Restoration, indeed, it was an evidence of pious loyalty; and nearly down to Ramsay's time it would have been esteemed unkind and disrespectful of a landlord not to make his guests quite *fou*, in which condition they were left to find their way by night towards their homes, across the mountain and the flood. Yet accidents were few, and they were sometimes much less tragic than amusing.

'Lord Kames told me that dining one day at a country gentleman's house with William Hamilton, the poet, they drank excessively hard. When they came to take their horses it was pitch dark, but after the rest had mounted Mr. Hamilton was a-missing. Candles being brought, he was found lying among the horse's feet, hardly able to articulate more than "Lady Mary, sweet Lady Mary! When you are good you are too good!"—alluding to the legend of the man who, being unable to mount his horse, prayed to the Virgin for aid, and was so much strengthened that at his next attempt he jumped *over* his horse.'

Potatoes are said by Robert Chambers to have been first cultivated in Scotland by a pedlar named Henry Prentice, who sold them in Edinburgh. But, as Prentice died in 1788, and there are records of the use of the potato in 1701 in the household book of the Duchess of Buccleuch and Monmouth, where the price per peck is given as 2*s.* 6*d.*, and in an old household book

book of the Eglintoun family in 1733,* perhaps Prentice's claim is not quite valid. Towards the end of the century, at Banff, 10 lbs. of codfish cost 6*d.*; seven haddocks cost 4*d.*; lard was 1*s.*, and beef, mutton, and veal were 5*d.* a pound of 17 oz.; butter was 10*d.* to 1*s.* a pound of 24 oz.

Ale was the common beverage. It was the custom in the north to bring little barrels of strong ale into the room, and to ask the company whether they chose old or new. Punch came with the direct trade to the West Indies, and the consumption of ale diminished. But for many generations French wine was the favourite stimulant, and it was sold at 6*d.* to 10*d.* the pint, about the price of a hen. But price was no test of value, or of reference for purity in wine. Adulteration was once, indeed, a capital crime.

'And gif ony sik (*i.e.*, mext or corrupt wine) happenis to be sent hame, that no man tap or sell it fra it be declared be the baillies and quoters of wine that it is mext or corrupt, but send it again furth of the realme, under pain of death. And that na person within the realme tak upon hand in time to come to mex wine or beere, under the pain of death.'

The duties on French wine, and the interruption of trade by the plague at Marseilles, raised considerably the former very low price of claret. The cheap wine was, of course, not good wine, and when in the summer time it became tart and thin, it was mixed with cinnamon and sugar. Claret, thus enhanced in cost, was too dear for home consumption, and ale was then resumed; the wine was drunk at taverns. New wine was so quickly used that decanting was unnecessary; and in 1738, decanters were accounted a novelty. At the taverns the wine was drawn from the casks and served in pewter, 'with the cream on.' In 1743, port was imported as a venture, and was drunk when it was four years old.

In dress the Scotch were generally simple.

'In Scotland,' says Taylor the Water-poet, 'I have been at houses like castles for building; the master of the house, his beaver being his blue bonnet, one that wears no other shirt but of the flax that grows on his own ground, and of his wife's, daughter's, or servant's spinning; that hath his stockings, hose, or jerkin of the wool of his own sheep's backs; that never (by the pride of his apparel) caused mercer, &c., to turn bankrupt. Yet this plain homespun fellow keeps and maintains thirty, forty, fifty servants, or perhaps more. This is the man that never studies the consuming art of fashionless fashions.'

On occasion, however, the Scotch could be gorgeous and ex-

* See 'Traditions of Edinburgh,' p. 345.

pensive;

pensive; and the consequent debts, induced by royal progresses, &c., were enormous. A laird in laced habiliments might live in a *creel* house, with wooden door-locks, and the furniture to match. Jack-boots, with periwigs, were the absurd full dress. Few things on our recent stage have been more ludicrous than the tenor in 'Gustavus' singing love-songs in this strange attire. In 1633, Dame Margaret Stirling of Keir had 'a gown of Florence satin and black and orange flowers, laid over with gold lace, price £133 6*s.* 8*d.*'; but generally stuffs of their own spinning, or a gown that would cost eight shillings, sufficed for home use and ordinary visiting. In 1747, ladies mostly wore plaids, especially at church; but in 1752 there was hardly a plaid to be seen, though in 1753 there were only five or six milliners in Edinburgh. Showy cavalcades were a favourite means of display, of vanity, and of expense. In 1713, the Duke of Athole's was the only carriage at his son's election. A wheeled carriage was a show rather than a comfort; the roads, except within a few miles of Edinburgh, prohibiting their safe and pleasurable use. Running footmen would outstrip a horse. The ladies, as in England, sometimes rode on side saddles, but generally they rode on a pillion behind a man. A two-wheeled chaise was used in 1725, but it was considered odd and effeminate, and carriages were not numerous until 1745. Lord Drummore, who died in 1755, was one of the last judges who rode the circuit. At Hawick, within living memory, seven of the principal men kept a gig to have the use of it by turns, in mere hebdomadal 'gentility.'

'When Lady Braco came to see her daughter, Lady Tullibody, she made the journey on a pad. She could well have afforded a carriage, her jointure being 22,000 marks. When about to return home, Mr. Abercromby says his father's tenants used, of their own accord, to accompany her to Auchterarder or Dunning. As she was a religious observer of old customs, this had probably been the etiquette of old.'

Livery servants were kept only by people of fortune and fashion, and hardly any of the Glasgow merchants had them, though their wages were low and their keep a trifle. One, who was also a good gardener, groom, and cook, had only forty shillings a year.

'In a pamphlet in answer to Bishop Burnet's charges against the Scottish bishops, it is asserted that only one of them beside the Archbishop of St. Andrew's had servants in livery. Whether Bishop Leighton's men wore livery or not, they had, according to tradition, the vices of the parti-coloured fraternity. As they durst not be seen tippling in town, they persuaded their master that his horses would only drink in a burn two miles above Dunblane, where there was an alehouse.

alehouse. At last, teased with their irregularity, he allowed them free egress and regress, provided they neither locked him out nor in. One day that he had a suit of new clothes drenched in the rain (in travelling one of the footmen carried his master's coat behind him on horseback), he said not an angry word to the fellow who had neglected to bring his cloak at the hour appointed. On a gentleman's wondering at so much meekness, the Bishop smiled and said, "What! would you have me lose my coat and my temper too?" We shall give another anecdote of this excellent man. A young woman, the widow of a minister in his diocese, to whom he had been exceedingly kind, took it into her head that the Bishop was deeply in love with her. Finding he was long of breaking his mind, she went to him in the *Haining*, a lonely walk by the water-side, where he used to meditate. Upon his asking her commands, "Oh, my lord," said she, "I had a revelation last night." "Indeed!" answered he; "I hardly imagined you would ever have been so highly honoured. What is it?" "That your lordship and I were to be married together." "Have a little patience," replied the Bishop, somewhat abashed, "till I have a revelation too.'"

The country seats were, after the Union, greatly modified from the old towers and castles. These frequently were maintained as part of an extended building, which, as at Castle-Milk in Lanarkshire, included modern public and domestic rooms. The new houses were generally poor and mean in plan and scale, with a curious medley of medieval and modern effects and details. Even in Edinburgh, at the end of last century, most eminent lawyers seem to have been very poorly accommodated. Lord President Dalrymple said one day to James Wright, 'It was easy to make rich when I was at the bar. Though my practice and my office brought me in 20,000 marks a year, I lived in a hundred-pound house (8*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* sterling). I had only two roasts in the week, viz. on Sunday and Thursday.'

The interior walls of houses were plastered; the ceilings were mostly of deal, though some were sumptuously stuccoed, and the windows were of small 'quarry' panes. Later, came plastered ceilings, sash windows, and wainscotings. Carpets were still more recent; the floors being mostly waxed and polished. There was no attempt at adornment, or appreciation of picturesque beauty in the environments of country houses; even the neighbouring river was treated merely as a sewer—the back rather than the front of the house being towards it. 'On approaching a laird's dwelling, the stable byre and dunghill at the very door presented themselves to view; and all around was a plentiful crop of nettles, docks, and hemlock.' The ordinary civilized arrangements for sanitation were not yet

yet introduced. The houses of the middling and smaller gentry seem to have followed the religious houses in style and embellishment. They had courts with high walls, massive gates, and iron bolts; and there were closely-planted, overshadowing trees, that made the house dark and damp.

With the feuing out of Crown and Church lands at perpetual rents, came the increased planting of forest trees:—

'In fact a number of our best forest trees were undoubtedly planted by permanent feuars. Nor are we to wonder at it. The very idea of property operated in all probability with greater force than the rules and regulations prescribed by the King's feuars. A tenant is seldom any friend to the rearing of trees, his attention being confined to crops suited to his lease and abilities; nor will he labour when he knows that another man is to reap the fruits of his toil and care. Whereas he who obtains a *perpetuity*, extends, by an easy transition, his views to the future. To him it is a matter of little consequence whether his son or grandson be to benefit from his plantations. If the profit be remote, his pleasure in making them and marking their progress is immediate as well as continued.'

After this description of the Menteith district, Mr. Ramsay gives some characteristic notices of those who in his time were living there; and some short references to the local horticultural work with which they oftentimes amused themselves. Perhaps nothing is a surer index than ornamental and kitchen gardening of the advance of culture and civilization in country districts. Thus, William Edmonstoune, of Cambuswallace, was remarkable for having, with unusual sense of beauty, planted the hill behind his house, and for making a neat garden, and enclosing some fields below the house. This was a subject of remark, because at the time of the Union, fields were generally open and ploughed to the very door of a gentleman's house. Edmonstoune projected the back wall on Stirling Castle hill, with the plantations below it—one of the first of its kind in the country. This pioneer in comely public works died in 1748, aged eighty-nine. About the same time, the last Earl of Mar laid out his gardens at Alloa in the Dutch style, and employed thirteen men upon them; and he first introduced the rearing and trimming of hedges; but even he did not dress the fields around the house.

Then we have Sir John Erskine, who, between 1720 and 1725, made very considerable enclosures at Alloa, and who introduced red clover, which the country people called *English weeds*. His works were large, and eventually were 'turned to account in the hands of his creditors.' James Drummond's house, of Blair Drummond, was, in its first stage of embellishment,

ment, of limited extent. It was founded in 1715, without a tree to shelter it, and in 1739 the enclosures for grass and tillage did not exceed fifty acres. In 1742, his successor made a kitchen garden with brick-faced walls, and in 1750 came a pine-house, small, but 'sufficient to raise pine-apples superior in size and flavour to any I have since seen.' Thus the first half of the eighteenth century witnessed the complete introduction of enclosures, ornamental plantations, kitchen and walled gardens, and hot-houses, in the centre of Scotland. Manour, Ramsay's paternal grandfather, began in 1716 to plant trees near his house. He died in 1729, and his successor built, in 1747, a small house at Airthrey with a kitchen garden, which seems to have been a notable addition. At Tullibody, Abercromby made two kitchen gardens on each side of the house, and enlarged the orchard very considerably, getting the plum-trees from Holland; another advance. He planted fir-woods on the moor, which in less than fifty years brought *his family* 5000*l.* sterling; again, a cheerful improvement on the benefit to Erskine's *creditors.* Tullibody's son continued the work—enclosed the *sea greens*, gained land from the river; and, 'before 1745, the wall below the terrace was covered with the best fruits, particularly French pears which were then rare.' Here also an orchard 'contributed to warmth, and pleased the eye both in fruit and flower, besides yielding a great rent in proportion to the ground;' and we now have the complete achievement of natural and artistic beauty, combined with commercial and horticultural success. Tullibody also 'had the river in sight of the windows, and the rich open fields of Bandeath, checkered with trees, which presented a lawn more picturesque in summer than most of those that are made by our modern artists at great expense.'

'Perhaps I am partial to the place where I spent many of the happiest days of my youth—where I learnt what no books can teach, and where I formed my earliest friendships and views of life.'

About 1724, Alexander Bruce, of Kennet, set his house on the top of a moor without a tree to shelter it. But the new plantations that he made were profitable; the garden, on a warm south bank, used to supply the earliest and best kitchen crops in the county, and upon the gable of the house a peach-tree produced well-flavoured fruit, then a rarity in the district. At Amhall 'the kitchen garden, finished about 1740, was probably the first in this quarter where wall trees were regularly trained and dressed. The house remained without alteration; no bad specimen of the half tower, half monastery style.'

 Henry

Henry Cunningham, of Boquhan, a friend of Sir Robert Walpole, got his plans from Boutcher the Nurseryman, for laying out and decorating his grounds.

'When going about his farm, he used to wear a black kilt-coat and a blue bonnet, like a common farmer. He took great pleasure in binding peas and beans, and in forking corn to his stacks. He died Governor of Jamaica in 1736; and his estate was sold to pay his debts.'

The old House of Keir stood near the Teith, and was accounted a palace, having been built by order of James III. before the field of Stirling. The new house, built on higher ground, was just roofed in when James Stirling of Keir joined the rebellion of 1715. His estate was forfeited, and he was banished for several years. In 1745 he was, as a precaution, shut up in Dumbarton Castle; yet his lady bore him twenty-three sons and daughters. This was the Keir whose man, Daniel Morison, having to give evidence on Stirling's trial for high treason, determined *not* to speak the truth. When Keir was acquitted, he asked the man why he so forswore himself. 'Sir,' he answered, 'I thought it better to put myself in the Almighty's hands than to trust your honour to the mercy of the Whigs.' Daniel died very old, the multurer of the Mill of Keir. The friends of the family bought the estate for James Stirling's son John, who fitted up the house with elegance and made extensive enclosures.

The estate of Cardross was bought in 1746 by Mr. John Erskine, grandson of Lord Cardross. It was, owing to the financial troubles of the family, in a pitiable state. The house had been used as a barrack; there were no enclosures, and hardly any roads to the place. A few years wrought a great change. The house was comfortably fitted up, and, though many of the trees were felled, sufficient remained to give the air of a park; an enclosure also was made, and the roads were made good.

'The ceiling of the drawing-room was preserved as a piece of excellent workmanship. It was executed by some of Cromwell's soldiers who were quartered in the neighbourhood. There are ceilings of the same kind at Calder, which, Keir says, were done by Cromwell's troopers that lay at the Kirkton of Calder. When Mr. and Mrs. Erskine were in Edinburgh they lived for several years in a very indifferent darksome house at the foot of the Merlins Wynd, where, however, they were visited by first-rate people.'

'One may sometimes judge of families by their domestics. George Mason was one of those antique footmen who, being warmly attached to their family, think themselves entitled to admonish guests that frequented

frequented the house. When *hob or nob* was first introduced, on a young gentleman calling for wine a second time during dinner, George whispered him loud enough to be heard, "Sir, you have had a glass already." When Mrs. Erskine asked him the *price* of lamb in the market, he answered archly, "It is not come to *your price* yet." He died in Mr. David Erskine's house in 1780.'

Mr. Ramsay is very plain-spoken about ladies' dress. 'To a certain extent attention to dress is laudable, and in fact it may be considered as the ruling passion of the female mind.' But 'in mentioning fashions of a fugitive nature connected with the spirit of the times, the scantiness and thinness of the fashionable ladies' clothing must not be omitted; in consequence of which they make no scruple of displaying those beauties which they used either to conceal or give only a glimpse of. In 1753 it was difficult to say whether the ladies' legs or necks were most exposed to the public eye. A shopkeeper in Stirling, who had been swindled by pretended people of family, said: "Filthy cattle! I might have known that she was little worth from her wearing very few and very thin petticoats."'

The general simplicity of the time, and the businesslike character of ladies of rank and position is shown by the case of Lady Hamilton of Rosehall, daughter of James Stirling of Keir. For many years her chief reliance was on her jointure of 300*l.* per annum, besides a few legacies which she received later in life. By rigid economy she was enabled to keep open house in an expensive country not far from Edinburgh. She lived chiefly at Monkrigg; but, the estate being sold, she removed to Buccleuch Place, Edinburgh. She was a Scotswoman of the old school; and, when justices of peace and officers were not to be considered part of the company, she would sing a set of poignant political songs breathing the spirit of 1745, with great spirit and humour. She was an unceremonious and hospitable hostess; even when her failing speech became with difficulty intelligible it commonly imported, when interpreted, an invitation to eat or to drink. She died in 1802, leaving her nephew 1000*l.* sterling.

Lady Sarah Bruce lived to be one of the oldest women of quality in the three kingdoms. She was the daughter of the Earl of Kincardine, and was born in the last year of the seventeenth century. She seems to have been a woman remarkable even among her countrywomen for strength of mental and physical constitution; she was acute, lively, pleasant, and well-bred. Seldom brilliant or original in conversation; but well acquainted with the gay and literary world, she was

 dignified

dignified and interesting. When an octogenarian, her memory and judgment were unimpaired. Not finding fault with the past, but perfectly reconciled to modern manners, she saw things in the fairest way, and made allowances for youth and gaiety within proper bounds. Sometimes she was keen in her remarks; as when a minister in the neighbourhood, in whose welfare she was interested, discussed the question, whether his son should be a clergyman or a manufacturer. If he was the latter, the father inquired who would take charge of his MSS. on the fathers, which had taken so much of his time. 'Singe hens with them,' said Lady Sarah, 'and let your son follow his inclination.' Her mother the Countess of Kincardine—formerly Miss Pauncefote—on her marriage, wrote the following 'sampler' letter to her mother-in-law, the lady of Sir Alexander Bruce, afterwards Earl of Kincardine. It is a fair specimen of the highest manners of the time.

'March 9, 1699.

'MADAM,—Since the providence of God hath brought me into a near relation to your ladyship, whose character, as it is honourable, so it is eminent for everything that is excellent. As I claim the privilege of having the honour of such an alliance, I presume, madam, to beg the favour of your blessing and prayers; believing myself under the same obligation of duty to your ladyship as to my own mother. As I esteem it my highest honour, so I shall make it my utmost endeavour, to approve myself, madam, your obedient daughter and most humble servant, 'RACHEL BRUCE.'

Lady Sarah Bruce died in 1795, as old as the century, rather from a failure of nature than of sickness or disease.

A striking contrast to Lady Sarah Bruce, and yet a characteristic Scotswoman of an extreme type, was Lady Rachel Drummond, daughter of James Lundin, who assumed the title of Earl of Perth, and who seems to have been a pompous fool. Lady Rachel was wholly uneducated. Instead of being sent to school, she remained at home, romping with her brothers, or listening to the unprofitable discourse of her father and his guests. When about fifteen years of age, she went to live with Lord and Lady Kames in Edinburgh, and had the benefit of good example and advice. These, however, she seems to have treated with considerable neglect, and to have adopted views and manners of her own without regard to the conventionalities of Edinburgh society. On her return home, though she was more remarkable for strong sense than for acquired knowledge or elegant accomplishments, she was caressed and admired by her family, and she acquired an ascendency in her father's little court. Her accent was Doric, she indulged in unseemly practical jokes, and her topics and sentiments required at times to be refined through

through some gentle strainer. Thus, Sir Hugh Paterson, who outlived all the cavaliers of the district, having proposed annual balls at Stirling for fifty years, she observed that 'In much less time the worms would be playing *backbendy* through Sir Hugh and the bulk of the company.' Her eloquence was peculiarly her own, causing her friends to grant her propositions that were sufficiently questionable. 'Her conversation resembled that of no other person of rank or fashion. No one was more deeply learned in the history of private life, or in what may be termed the antiquity of manners; and her stock of information was retailed with equal simplicity and force. Owing to her keeping aloof from the circles of the gay and polite, she appeared awkward and uneasy in mixed company. She certainly had little resemblance to the ladies of quality of the present day in her address and talk.'

'In May, 1796, I made her and her venerable aunt, Lady Sarah Bruce, a visit at Stobhall. It was some time before I was admitted, having been mistaken for another person. After Lady Rachel had commented in her own style on the pictures in the dining-room, we sat down to a very good breakfast. The thing that appeared most new was a dish of wild fowls' eggs boiled hard, got from a loch in the Stormont. Lady Sarah was rather late. At the back of her chair stood a comely bare-footed girl, twelve or thirteen years old, who, Lady Rachel said, was her aunt's *page*. The damsel acquitted herself to good purpose, filling the kettle, handing about the teacups, and going messages to the housekeeper. I was next taken to the family wardrobe, great part of which had been embezzled or lost in the late civil wars. Yet even the remains were interesting. There were clothes of an Earl John in James VI.'s time, flounced and decorated with a profusion of ribbons and fringes; the official robes of Lord Drummond, Justice General in the reign of James IV., of black damask embroidered with gold, similar to those of the Lord Register and extraordinary Lords of Session which were worn in my younger years. Also letters from the Princess of Orange, daughter of Charles I., written soon after her marriage, when under a stern governess. They were perfectly girlish, ill-written, and ill-spelt. Lady Rachel then gave a chronological account of the house. The first Protestant Lady Drummond, who was the daughter of Lord Ruthven, the great reformer, had converted the church into a kitchen, and a burial vault into a wine cellar, with other changes equally anomalous. There were, if I mistake not, four separate houses, to each of which there was a separate outer door, locked at night. The house and garden overlook a long stretch of the River Tay, terminated by a noble flow of water at the Linn of Campsie, with a large natural wood to fringe and enliven the prospect. On our way up the hill, Lady Rachel, pointing at the *wine*-well, asked if I spied a bottle at the bottom. On my saying I did not, she told me that

that it had been the immemorial practice of the Perth family to order a bottle of wine to be put into it before the arrival of strangers; apologizing for the omission. Before we went into the house she carried me to see a small parterre-garden, edged with box, which lay under the windows. "This," said she, "the good Duchess called her *drawing*-room, repairing thither with her guests after dinner, telling them she had no other drawing-room."' *

Lady Rachel was perhaps the last Jacobite of her rank in Scotland; and though her pretensions were aristocratic, her manners, sentiments, and language were all apparently of the coarsest kind.

The chapter on the Revival of Letters in Scotland, the first in the book, we must leave to literary students; our present subject being rather the manners, the customs, and the illustrating social personages of the Eighteenth Century in Scotland. We now therefore turn to the judges; to whom Mr. Ramsay has afforded us a very interesting introduction. And passing Sir William Pringle, Lord Newhall, we come to Duncan Forbes of Culloden, who was as great a favourite with Mr. Ramsay as he had been with the public and the profession of his time. Born in 1685, near Inverness, heir to a small patrimony, he failed in business, took to the law, and attained its highest rank and honours. Of course he was a hard drinker, for excessive drinking was the almost universal rule in Scotland at that time. Tradition even says that at their mother's burial, he and his elder brother drank so hard that when setting out for the churchyard they forgot the corpse. But otherwise, Forbes seems to have been emphatically a good man. His great ability was universally recognized. He was not merely learned in the law, but his moral and intellectual qualities, combined with great eloquence and sufficient stimulating love of approbation, made him a personal power among men. He had the most essential quality of a judge—he secured in a remarkable degree the confidence of the public. When he spake, then justice was heard, and humanity sympathized with law. By his eloquence and address Lord Lovat was withheld from the unfortunate rebellion of 1715. This success secured for Forbes the favour of John, Duke of Argyll, and the Duke committed to him the charge of his affairs; for which responsibility, however, Forbes would take no salary; but when he came annually to pass the chamberlain's accounts 'all concerned were happy in having such a man to deal with.'

On the fall of the Sunderland Ministry, Forbes was made

* 'The invariable bowling-green, which formed the open-air drawing-room of all our old houses.'—Cockburn's 'Memorials.'

Lord

Lord Advocate; and when the riots about the Malt-tax occurred in Glasgow, he went there with troops and brought the magistrates prisoners to Edinburgh; and by fortitude, and gentleness, and candour, he overcame a formidable opposition. When Colonel Charteris was tried, and though innocent found guilty, the Lord Advocate procured his pardon; but 'with great dignity' he refused a money payment. However,—presumably with equal dignity,—he accepted the life rent of the house and ground of Stoneyhill, Musselburgh, which he occupied at vacation time as long as he lived. While still in office, in contradistinction to his Glasgow expedition, he strongly opposed the bill for punishing the Edinburgh magistrates on account of the Porteus riot.

In 1737 Forbes was made President, after Sir Hew Dalrymple's long tenure of that office. On the bench he was remarkable for dignity and for good manners. No man imputed to him improper motives or presumed to take liberties with the President. 'At no time, perhaps, was virtue more the language of the Bench and the Bar than while this accomplished man presided. He generally spoke last, and there was universal silence in the House, everybody being disposed to regard him as an oracle that never deceived.' To him it was due that the Rebellion of 1745 could be overthrown. Had he and the Duke of Argyll been trusted earlier, it might have been crushed in the bud. Yet his exertions were repaid with ingratitude and neglect:—

'Upon the Lord President's arrival at Inverness, after the battle of Culloden, Sir Everard Falkner received him at the foot of the stair, and carried him up to the Duke, who received him most graciously, and asked him to dine. Sir James being the captain on guard was of course at table. The President was in very high spirits—happy in the company of his royal master's son, and much elated with the position of public affairs. After drinking half a bottle of wine, his heart warmed, and taking hold of the bottle, he asked the Duke's permission to give a toast, which was readily granted. The President then said in a fine glow of benevolence, "Now that your Royal Highness has so happily suppressed this unnatural rebellion, allow me to drink a bumper to mercy and peace." The Duke and his military grandees drank off their glasses without saying a word, and an unsociable silence having taken place, the President soon after withdrew. Lady Mackintosh, his near neighbour, a fine woman, of great wit and spirit, was a prisoner when he arrived at Inverness. In the true spirit of chivalry, which never wages war with women, he paid this lady a visit every day. Yet he well knew how active she had been on the side of the rebels, and how she had influenced some of his neighbours. This could not be very agreeable

agreeable to the Duke, who asked the President with a sneer, "Has your Lordship been to see Lady Mackintosh this morning?" "Yes, please your Royal Highness."'

On the other hand, it should in justice be mentioned that the accounts of cruelties said to have been committed by the Duke are believed to have been much exaggerated, and were probably committed without his orders. Thus, it was said that 'the Earl of Ancrum directed a set of wretched men found in a house at Culloden the day after the battle, to be taken out and shot, as an offering to the manes of his brother Robert, who had fallen in the fight; and that the Duke was so much incensed at this barbarity that he did not speak to his lordship as long as he was in Scotland.'

At home the President was hospitable, in the simple way of those times. His conversation was particularly well informed and genial, and strictly proper; though to the last he 'drank to the verge of sobriety,' an accuracy of limit which argues much practice and special ability. 'Be that as it may, his convivial turn never made him neglect business, or forget what was due to his dignity. He was a religious man, devoting great part of Sunday to solitude and meditation, and taking a solitary airing in his coach on the sands for an hour or two'—an evidence of the impracticability of the high roads. 'Thoroughly patriotic, he was extremely popular both as an official and as a judge. And so he died universally lamented.' His statue graces the Parliament House at Edinburgh.

A contemporary, rival, and friend of Duncan Forbes was Robert Dundas, of Arniston, who succeeded him in the President's chair. There were, however, striking contrasts of temperament and character, of habit and manner, between the two men. Dundas was eloquent, but his eloquence was homely and rude; and he was persuasive, but his method was syllogistic, and his address was harsh and unpolished. His religious principles were strict but not vigorous, and his morals were, it seems, in private life of a mixed and fluctuating character. He believed in Christianity, and when he was not inclined the other way he desired 'to act up to its precepts. Such were the effects of a strict religious education. Even those that loved him least, and made least allowance for his frailties, never questioned his sincerity, but imputed the frailties to the warmth of his passions. He was a constant attendant on divine service in town and country, and was an excellent hearer. On Sunday at breakfast he said to a young lawyer, "I hope for your company to church; such as do not like that had better take themselves away."' He seems, indeed, to have been

been particularly careful for the religiousness of others, and 'was beyond measure jealous of some of the Edinburgh philosophers, who towards the end of his course, adventured to broach their novel notions.' He was fond of his bottle at home or elsewhere; and once 'when he was engaged with a very joyous company in a tavern, his coachman came at the hour appointed. Being a very bad night, he sent repeated messages without effect. At last the man, who probably liked his horses as well as his master did his company, broke into the room and said he would stay no longer. So much was the latter incensed, that he wrote a warrant of commitment to the tolbooth against the poor man, and was with great difficulty prevented from carrying it into execution.'

But at times his 'passions' took a better turn. About 1741, after he had been raised to the Presidency, 'John, Duke of Argyll, gave Lord Arniston a hint, that he would on a certain day be near Arniston; and if his Lordship would throw himself, as by chance, in his way he would dine with him. A *direct* message would in those days have been thought ill-bred. Accordingly he went a-coursing, and contrived to meet the Duke. Much kind conversation, and many professions of esteem, passed on both sides; but the judge went away without asking his Grace to dine. When he came home, his lady asked where the Duke was, for dinner was nearly ready. "My dear," said he, "the first person I saw in the coach was that scoundrel ——, and rather than let him within my door I would burn the house. But come," said he, "let this great dinner be served up in form. I asked a friend or two to dine with the Duke, and they shall certainly not be disappointed." The Duke, it was alleged, was not always choice in his company.'

Nor was Arniston always choice in his illustrations. Dining with a brother judge who re-argued cases over his bottle, 'My Lord,' said he, 'I never wish to talk on law after meals. The moment a cause is determined, I desire not to argue it over again: I would as soon converse with a —— after business was over.' He died in 1752; burnt out. He was one of the last of his order who adhered to the dialect, manners, and customs of his ancestors.

As Thomas Kennedy, of Dunure, Lord Advocate for a few months in 1714, was removed to the Exchequer Court in London, he may be passed over in this sketch of Scottish characters. He himself was courtly in the extreme, but 'his lady had all the ease and frankness that could be desired, accompanied with a dignity and a politeness that would have graced a court; and when any person in her company chanced to

to be rude, she knew how to check him without losing her temper.' Thus, 'while the Baron lived at Fountainbridge among the English Commissioners, one of them, a vulgar, half-bred man, said one day to Mrs. Kennedy at table, "Madam, your ham is stinking; order it away." She complied, and, turning to her butler, said, "Did I not order one of my own hams, made at Dalquharran, and not that nasty, rotten, stinking English one?" She had all along a vein of sprightliness, chastened by good breeding, and heightened by benignity and a sense of propriety. She was indeed an excellent specimen of the ladies of Edinburgh before they began to engraft English modes upon their own. She survived the Baron, who died in 1754, some years, retaining her pleasantry and cheerfulness to the last.' A fair pendant to Lady Rachel Drummond.

Of Hugh Dalrymple, Lord Drummore, younger son of the President, it is said that 'a stranger would have concluded him to have been some strong-minded country gentleman who had been accidentally raised to legal dignity'; which recals to English memory the late respected Sir William Erle. 'He was, perhaps, the last judge who literally rode the circuit; he himself and his servants being well mounted, and armed with pistols. He first induced the ministers to open the court with prayer, without a sermon. He had a little farm at Drummore, near Musselburgh, and he used to saunter about his fields in a short green coat and jockey cap, a dress that did not suit his great bulk. This made the country people compare him to a giant's bairn.' He also had his failings, was easily provoked, and prone to resentment, and sometimes drank too hard. But then he was 'well grounded in the doctrines of Christianity, and all along professed his belief in them.' He died in 1755.

Another remarkable Scotch judge before the '45 was Charles Erskine, Lord Tinwald, who contrasts with most of those whom we have just reviewed. He was a sober man, not given to or giving an excess of wine; and he was evidently of an amiable temper, by a test remarkably severe.

'In his absence a pragmatical gardener had made pollards of a set of limes near the house. "John," said he, calmly, "what made you mangle these trees?" "To give them better heads," answered he. "Ah! before that takes place, my head will be low." "Deil make matter, my lord! the trees will be still growing." The good man smiled and went away.'

Lord President Craigie, a good lawyer, but a weak man and unacquainted with the world, by his want of dignity and authority retarded the business of his court. His failure 'may teach Ministers of State never to place a man who is deficient

in

in point of breeding, and a stranger to the ways of the world, at the head of a Supreme Court of Justice.' As was said by one of our most sagacious lawyers, 'a judge should be a gentleman, and if he knows a little law so much the better.' As for President Craigie, he had lived long on narrow means, his family was large, his wife had neither birth nor manners, and when he rose to the head of his profession, they could not comfortably alter their style of living. His brother used to say, 'The world is much mistaken about the President. Though he loves money, he does not wish to hoard it; but his misfortune is, he does not know how to spend it like a gentleman.' A good-natured man, he was a bad accountant; 'it was a principle with him never to crave a debtor for interest, or a tenant for rent, and he would leave a thousand guineas in gold lying in his escritoires, which he neither thought of counting nor laying out.' In April, 1760, when his last hour was evidently near, one of his friends proposed to send for a clergyman; but he declined, saying 'he must have lived near fourscore years to very bad purpose indeed if he did not know how to die at a moment's notice.' 'A death-bed,' he said, 'was no time for one to make his peace with God.'

Of Patrick Grant, Lord Elchies, 'a mere lawyer,' and an impatient, severe man, it is unpleasant to read, that 'in giving his opinion upon the import of verdicts, and signing the sentence of death, there appeared a malignant smile upon his face, which shocked the spectators.' His successor was William Grant, Lord Prestongrange, 'and surely never were two very able men of the same name more different in their manners both on and off the Bench. At a time when the manners of the Court were not more than correct, he behaved with reverence to the President, and with courtesy towards his brethren and the Bar; and there was a strain of piety, compassion, and good sense in his addresses to unhappy convicts, which might have touched the hearts of the most obdurate, while it melted all who heard it.' It seems that he was somewhat penurious; but, 'as he was born and bred a gentleman, and always lived in good company, he did not, in retrenching superfluities, fall into the absurdities which persons that rise from small beginnings are apt to commit from not knowing better.'

Andrew Macdonal, Lord Bankton, was a curious, awkward-looking man, of eccentric manners even for those times. His absurdities and rudeness, indeed, seem to be his principal characteristics.

'One day, in a cause between the tailors and the mantua-makers in Perth'—a famous and historic case—'he began his speech thus: "My

"My Lord, I confess I have a great inclination for the girls." This produced a general laugh. The President, Craigie, sometimes addressed him when on the bench very indecently, "Mr. Andrew, my lord!" The other, no less rudely, would sometimes tell the President, "My Lord, that is buff" (nonsense). One day that the latter spoke disparagingly of Sir James Balfour's "practiques," the other said, "My Lord, he was a President as well as yourself, and as much thought of in his day as some other people."'

Lord Bankton was altogether an old-fashioned man, speaking the most antiquated Scotch, and was hardly the man for a drawing-room. Thus, 'when at tea with his wife, a well-bred woman, sister to Lord Prestongrange, he was heard to say, "Am I fou yet? How many cups have I drunk?"' He also was 'facetious and entertaining over a bottle, with a vein of wit and humour—perhaps not the most refined—peculiarly his own.' Good on the Bench, but better in a tavern, he was respected for his probity and honour as an odd but zealous Scotsman. He died in 1760.

To him Alexander Lockhart, Lord Covington, was in some respects a contrast, having less law and better manners. He was graceful and prepossessing in appearance, agreeable in speech, and gifted with abundant common sense. Fond of pleasure, miserably poor, and married to a beautiful wife, the pair were called 'the handsome beggars.' He was a man of no great culture, but would have been esteemed in England a first-rate Nisi Prius lawyer. He could mislead jurymen; but he was respectful to the judges, and well-bred to his brethren, always retaining the manners of a man of fashion; and we are perhaps to take some incidents of his career as mere exceptions to his courtesy. Thus, when a judge on one occasion told him 'he did not understand what he meant by a *long* hundred and a *short* hundred; after trying in vain to explain it, "Gentlemen of the jury," said he, "do you understand me?" "Perfectly," they said. "Why, then," proceeded Mr. Lockhart, "it is of less consequence whether my Lord understands me or not."' It seems, however, that he dealt freely in personalities, which is somewhat inconsistent with his reputed character; and as his reputation for personal courage was low, those who were aggrieved insulted him even to the pulling of his nose, for which he got scant satisfaction or apology. He died in 1782, aged more than fourscore, and looking back at his past life as 'no better than a guilty dream.'

Again, a contrast comes in Peter Wedderburn, Lord Chesterhall, who in his studies made jurisprudence and polite literature go hand in hand. 'He was remarkable for *speaking* proper English

lish at a time when the most zealous of our *literati* were contented with polishing their periods, and dropping their scotticisms in what they *wrote*. Yet even they who were least fond of innovations, confessed that there was nothing affected or disgusting in Mr. Wedderburn's pronunciation. Prim, pedantic, and reserved, he could not be popular; but no one of his contemporaries was more worthy of esteem. He was made judge in 1755, and his dignity upon the Bench was conspicuous among his somewhat faulty brethren. He died in about a year after taking his seat. His son became Lord Loughborough and Earl of Rosslyn.

Of Alexander Boswell, Lord Auchinleck, Mr. Ramsay had a very favourable opinion. Though slow witted, Boswell seems to have been a sensible, energetic magistrate, a careful judge, and an honourable and hospitable man. But 'he was at no pains to improve his colloquial Scots, which people of fashion, in the beginning of the century, would have considered vulgar; and he seems to have thought that dialect and pronunciation mattered little provided one spoke the language of truth and common sense;' which brings down upon him a page of remonstrance from the Laird of Ochtertyre.

Mr. Ramsay gives some curious anecdotes of Auchinleck's son, James Boswell. He headed the Douglas mob that, on the reversal by the Peers of the decision of the Court of Session, broke the judge's windows.

> 'His good father entreated the President, with tears in his eyes, to put his son in the tolbooth. Being brought before Sheriff Cockburn for examination, he was desired to tell all that happened that night *in his own way*. "After," said he, "I had communicated the glorious news to my father, who received them very coolly, I went to the Cross to see what was going on. There I overheard a group of fellows forming their plan of operations. One of them asked what sort of man the sheriff was, and whether he was to be dreaded. 'No, no,' answered another, 'he is a puppy of the President's making.'" On hearing this exordium, Mr. Cockburn went off, leaving the culprit to himself.'
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> 'At an entertainment to a very miscellaneous company of the friends of Douglas, Boswell made no scruple of recounting his feats on the night of the mob. On which Mr. Stewart Moncrieff, starting to his feet, said: "Upon my soul, Boswell, you are mad." "Sir," answered he, "swear by your sixty thousand pounds, by your ice house, by your peach and grape houses, but do not swear by what you value so little as your soul."'

It is probable that Sir Walter Scott heard from Mr. Ramsay the stories about Lord Auchinleck, which he gives in a well-known

known note to Croker's edition of 'Boswell's Johnson.' Thus, for instance, Scott relates that Lord Auchinleck called Johnson 'a dominie, mon—an auld dominie; he keeped a schŭle, and cau'd it an acaademy;' and in the present work Mr. Ramsay says that Lord Auchinleck told him that 'the great Dr. Johnson, of whom he had heard wonders, was just a dominie, and the worst-bred dominie he had ever seen.' Auchinleck died in 1782.

But Mr. Ramsay's favourite hero is Lord Kames, of whom he gives a very copious and very interesting account. Henry Home had, it seems, a fair endowment of that combination of strict conscientiousness with versatility and nimbleness of mind which goes to form the barrister-at-law, the power by whose partial and one-sided action, in habitual antagonism, justice is attained.

'When he was dining with some professors at Aberdeen, one of them asked him if he thought David Hume believed what he wrote. "I cannot," he said, "answer that question, unless you will take what happened to myself for a solution. When I was a young lawyer I had great scruples about pleading causes that were bad or not tenable; but I was told by the parties or their agents that that was not my affair. Being ready to abide by the consequences, they insisted on my doing what I could. I therefore was repersuaded, and said everything that could be urged. To my great astonishment, I sometimes prevailed when I least expected or desired it. From this I conclude that an ingenious man may *write* himself *into* any opinion he pleases."'

When at the bar he was greatly devoted to literary composition, and gradually his passion for literary fame so engrossed his thoughts that, when he was raised to the bench, it occupied too much of the time that should have been devoted to his judicial work.

'He made his clerk read only the facts, unless he liked the drawer, saying he wanted no new law. A person coming to breakfast, found him examining a process. After listening attentively to a long representation, his clerk asked if he should read still longer answers. "No," said his Lordship, "let me only hear what is said in answer to one particular point." He then dictated: "The Lord Ordinary, *in respect* of the answer, refuses this representation."'

In all things, Lord Kames was a man who, with great talents and acute discernment, thought and acted for himself. He was an ardent promoter of polite literature and of the useful arts in Scotland; and he was looked up to as an arbiter in matters of taste. He was enthusiastically fond of the English classics, in preference to those of Greece and Rome. But he chiefly prided

prided himself on his philosophical acumen, preferring metaphysical disquisitions to theological or political controversies; and this not always, it appears, with due discretion :—

'Mr. Dundas of Manour told me it was generally believed that once, when Kames was in London on business, he went, without previous introduction, to the lodgings of Dr. Berkeley, who received him with great courtesy. Without preamble, his visitor fell a-discussing certain knotty points. The good Doctor, who was a well-bred man, tried to divert the discourse, but, finding that could not be done, sat silent.'

In his later years he was very open to abundant flattery. But 'somebody having regretted this foible, Dr. Charters said that if it was necessary to flatter Lord Kames it was so far well that a person might do it with truth and a safe conscience.' The points on which he especially wished to be praised were, of course, his theories and his rural operations, the things that were not in his direct professional line. Those who were adroit threw out some slight objections, which his Lordship would, with emphasis and illumination, speedily correct, and the objectors would duly confess their complete conversion.

Apt in every mood and on every subject, grave or gay, philosophic or frivolous, each in its proper time, he was excellent company; young and old delighted in him; though when in very high spirits, his talk was not always commendable. He was a connoisseur of music and acting, and he was equally at home at the assembly and the tavern. It was said that he formerly drank hard, but later in life he was 'in general' very sober. On giving up the tavern he had supper parties at home. He was fond of patronizing young men, and of directing their studies; and in his walks he used to read lectures to his juvenile disciples. He had a succession of clever *élèves*, yet most of them sooner or later dropped the connection. Possibly the needful tribute of flattery became oppressive. Young ladies, also, were the objects of his 'philosophical' attention, telling them what books to read, and how to criticize, with the effect that they became distinctly more accomplished than their mothers and grandmothers. Yet censorious people remarked unkindly on a judge upwards of seventy accompanying girls of eighteen or nineteen to public places with all the sprightliness of an ensign of the Guards, confessing still that this unseasonable gallantry was 'consistent with the purest virtue.'

At Blair Drummond three o'clock was their dinner hour. 'Strangers or neighbours who did not bring their families were welcome without previous invitation. Formal parties were, however, coming into request; but his Lordship made them

agreeable

agreeable by breaking through form and ceremony. To the last, indeed, he had a wonderful flow of spirits and a *naïveté* peculiar to himself.' His social language was pure Scots; what he spoke on the bench 'approached to English.' The change of his Doric phrases would have spoilt his stories. He was a good storyteller of the events during his long and active life, and an inexhaustible anecdotist. 'Though in general a sober man, when he met with people to his liking that liked their bottle, he could occasionally drink hard. He was one of the very few lively persons whom liquor rendered more joyous and sprightly.'

'At his Edinburgh suppers, but not when I knew them, whisky punch was the liquor. For a number of years it was thought to be patriotism to drink it in preference to French brandy. His abhorrence of claret in his latter years is too well known to be insisted on. At the circuit table at Jedburgh, his Lordship asked Henry Erskine where he supposed D'Estaing and the French fleet in the West Indies to be. "Confined to *port*, my Lord, as we are at present." "Oh, you sly rogue!" replied Kames; "but for all that, not one drop of claret shall you have."'

Lord Kames had, when an octogenarian, remarkably good health, and his diseases were those of young or vigorous men. In the autumn of 1783 he was taken ill, but for nearly six weeks he continued on the bench, and was only confined to the house for a week before he died.

'When leaving the Court for the last time, before it rose, as he was stepping into his chair he met Boswell, whom he had not been fond of for some time, who said: "What, my Lord! are you going away already?" "What!" answered he, "would you have me stay and leave my bones at the fireside?" Calling him back, he said, "Boswell, I hope to see your good father one of these days. Have you any message to him? Shall I tell him how you are going on?"

Here we must pause. Space would fail us to tell of 'Church and Universities before 1745;' of 'Men of Genius and Taste from 1745 to 1763;' of 'Professors and Clergymen from 1745 to 1760;' and of a dozen other subjects so agreeably discoursed on in these pleasant volumes. What we have quoted will perhaps induce our readers to study still further the Ramsay Records, and to thank Mr. Allardice for his compressive editing; a work, no doubt, of great perplexity and labour, but which has been, as it appears, judiciously, and in so far as satisfaction to the public is concerned, successfully performed.

ART. III.—1. *Correspondence of Wagner and Liszt.* Translated into English, with a Preface. By Francis Hueffer. 2 vols. London, 1888.
2. *Franz Liszt.* Von L. Ramann. 2 vols. Leipzig, 1887.
3. *François Liszt. Souvenirs d'une Compatriote.* Par Janka Wohl. Paris, 1887.
4. *Wagner, sa vie et ses œuvres.* Par Adolphe Jullien. Paris, 1886.

IF immortality is measured by the amount of printer's ink shed for a man's memory, then the twin stars of the Dioscuri of modern music—Wagner and Liszt—will never set on the artistic horizon. Wagner died at Venice on February 13, 1883, Liszt at Bayreuth on July 31, 1886; and the grave had scarcely closed over either of them before the presses of Germany were teeming with obituary notices, 'reminiscences,' and other ephemeral literature, to say nothing of the heavy artillery of biographies in one or several volumes. It is stated that the books written on Wagner, both in a friendly and hostile spirit, would fill the shelves of a good-sized library, and they include, amongst other curious things, a collection of all the abusive epithets applied to him at various times, arranged in alphabetical order. Liszt, although he had many hostile critics, never excited the same amount of animosity which his great friend drew upon himself both by his artistic innovations and his combative nature; and the effusions of enthusiasm, which were lavished upon the most famous *virtuoso* the world has ever seen, would no doubt fill a stately volume. On the other hand, Liszt has not as yet been fortunate enough to find so competent a biographer as Wagner has met with in the French author M. Jullien, whose work is a perfect mine of information, and contains a very interesting collection of French, English, and German caricatures. Liszt was at all times the idol of the ladies, and a lady, Fräulein Ramann, has been the first to aspire to the position of his *vates sacer*. To that task she has brought no end of enthusiasm for her subject, and an amount of painstaking research which would do credit to any scholar of the sterner sex. At the same time she lacks the faculty of what Carlyle might have called 'vision,' which is as necessary to the biographer as to the poet. She has laboriously collected all the materials for a picture; but that picture itself remains unpainted. We hear a great deal about Liszt's triumphal progress from St. Petersburg to Madrid, from London to the furthest east of Europe. Much also is said about the purport and the supreme merits of his compositions; but the man himself remains a

shadowy outline, and this is especially fatal in the case of an artist whose personality was so strongly pronounced, and went so far to account for the magical, one might say electric, spell which he exercised over his hearers. For, as Wagner has well expressed it, it mattered very little what Liszt played, because he always played himself, in the sense that he gave the impress of his own individuality to the works of any other master. Perhaps the fault lies less with Fräulein Ramann than with the nature of her task. The best biographer of a man remains himself, and the best, or at least the most faithful, style of autobiography is not the conscious one adopted by St. Augustine, Jean Jacques Rousseau, and others in their Confessions, but the unconscious one embodied in the correspondence with a familiar friend. In the letters and *billets* penned from day to day, and sent across the street to Frau von Stein, we see a great deal more of the real Goethe than ever Düntzer, Eckermann, and Lewes have told us of him; and even the incomparable Boswell might have been surpassed if Dr. Johnson had been as voluminous a correspondent as he was an inexhaustible talker.

It is for this reason that the two volumes of correspondence between Wagner and Liszt, recently edited by the widow of the former and daughter of the latter, are of such paramount importance for the history of these two remarkable men, as well as for that of modern music generally. For here we are guided by their own hands into the very focus of their artistic aspirations and achievements. Both Wagner and Liszt led, comparatively speaking, eventful lives; but their interest always centred in their art, and as both looked upon that art very much in the same light, the intercommunication of their ideas has the charm of perfect harmony, although it lacks the excitement of a well-sustained controversy. This unanimity in matters artistic was strengthened by the fact, that these two, standing together, had the rest of the musical world against them. Wagner, almost from the beginning of his career, was an innovator and a reformer; and his operas, although by no means written 'with a purpose,' represented an entirely new type of musico-dramatic art, and therefore very naturally met with the stern opposition of those who look upon existing things as good and as final because they happen to exist. Liszt's nature was at first pliable and harmonious enough; but when once he had come in contact with the powerful individuality of his friend, he also hoisted the banner of reform, and carried Wagner's ideas, originally confined to the opera, into the field of instrumental music. In consequence, he too was savagely attacked by the critics, who, moreover, were unwilling to believe, that one who could play the piano

piano so well might also be able to write something worth listening to. Common sufferings and common strivings were, therefore, the basis of the remarkable friendship, of which this correspondence is the written memorial, and which lasted till the grave, one might almost say beyond the grave; for the last time that Liszt, already in failing health, left his room, was to witness a performance of Wagner's 'Tristan und Isolde' at Bayreuth; and in that little Bavarian town, the Mecca of the Wagnerites, he lies buried, not a mile distant from the large granite slab, without any inscription, which covers the remains of Wagner in the garden of his house Wahnfried.

Before we enter more closely into the contents of the two volumes which form the immediate subject of this article, it will be necessary to say a few words on the lives of the two correspondents before their ways met in one common point, and continued in a parallel direction for the rest of their days. Franz Liszt, born at Raiding in Hungary in October, 1811, was one of the few favourites of fortune who seem marked out for success from their earliest infancy. The offspring of a noble but impoverished Magyar family, he showed, like most musicians, a very early aptitude for his art, and made his first public appearance before the critical Viennese audience as a boy of twelve. The impression he produced on his hearers was as deep as it was instantaneous, and amongst the admirers of the young *virtuoso* was no less a person than Beethoven, who, after one of Liszt's concerts, strode on to the platform and kissed him before the audience. A more substantial benefit derived from his early successes at Vienna and Pressburg was a subscription got up by six Hungarian noblemen, which enabled the boy to continue his studies at Paris, at that time the musical centre of Europe. Although his desire to enter the Conservatoire was frustrated by a regulation, long since abandoned, which excluded students of foreign origin, Liszt continued his triumphs as a pianist in the concert-rooms and *salons* of the French metropolis. He also visited England for the first time in 1824, and played before George IV. at Windsor, being here, as elsewhere, received with the utmost enthusiasm. The papers were full of the praises of 'Master Liszt'—a denomination, by the way, which has led his biographer, Fräulein Ramann, into a curious error. That lady informs us that Liszt greatly objected to being treated as a boy, and being called '*le petit Litz*' (*sic*) by the French critics; what then was his delight when his youth was entirely ignored by the English press, which spoke of him as a finished and fully developed musician—as a master! So treacherous are the intricacies of our insular nomenclature to the intelligent foreigner!

foreigner! It would be unnecessary to follow Liszt's triumphant career through all the cities of Europe, to speak of the sword of honour which was presented to the peaceful artist by the warlike Magyars, or of the Berlin young ladies who fought for the horse-hair of the chair on which the *virtuoso* had been seated at the piano. Suffice it to say that, in the year 1841, when this correspondence begins, Liszt was by far the most famous *virtuoso* then alive, and that he lived in Paris, the observed of all observers, the idol of fashionable ladies, and the intimate friend of ecclesiastical and worldly potentates, with the single exception of Louis Philippe, upon whom he looked as a *bourgeois* and an upstart, and whom, if accounts are true, he treated with great insolence, flatly refusing to play before the Citizen-King, and thus forfeiting the Cross of the Legion of Honour graciously offered to him.

The lines which had brought Wagner to Paris about the same time had not fallen in equally pleasant places. Born at Leipsic on May 22nd, 1813, of a middle-class family, he showed as a boy no particular talent for music, or indeed for anything else. At the age of nine, Wagner entered the Kreuzschule at Dresden, where the family was then living, but his studies do not appear to have been over-successful. He lacked application. Greek, Latin, mythology, and ancient history, he mentions as his favourite subjects. In addition to this he took lessons on the pianoforte, and played overtures and other pieces by 'ear.' But he refused to practise, and soon his master gave him up as hopeless. 'He was right,' Wagner confesses, 'I have never learned to play the piano to this day.' The truth is that, like Berlioz, who could only play the guitar, and that not very well, Wagner was a *virtuoso* on the orchestra, and there is a touch of contempt for the supplementary keyed instrument in this confession. In the meantime, the boy set up for a poet on the largest scale. His study of Greek and a slight smattering of English, which he acquired for the purpose of reading Shakspeare in the original, enabled him to choose his models in the right quarter. A tremendous tragedy was the result—'a kind of compound of "Hamlet" and "King Lear,"' Wagner called it. 'The design,' he added, 'was grand in the extreme. Forty-two persons died in the course of the piece, and want of living characters compelled me to let most of them re-appear as ghosts in the last act.' He was eleven at the time. But this was not all. Wagner had an opportunity of witnessing a performance of Goethe's 'Egmont,' with the incidental music by Beethoven, and immediately he decided that his tragedy also must have a musical accompaniment—to be supplied by himself,

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it need hardly be added. He was ignorant of the rudiments of the art, but that slight deficiency might, he thought, be got over in no time. All this may seem to be very childish and absurd, but the child is father to the man, and it is certainly not without importance that the proclaimer of the poetic foundation of the art of sound should have discovered his own musical gifts through his poetic or—more significantly still—through his dramatic requirements.

That Wagner soon took to serious musical studies is sufficiently proved by the symphony written at the age of nineteen, and lost sight of for nearly half a century, when, quite by accident, the MS. was discovered and the work performed under the composer's own direction at Venice only a few weeks before his death. When this symphony was played in London last spring, amateurs and critics were astonished by a display of sound musical knowledge and by a masterly handling of the orchestra little short of marvellous in a boy, while at the same time it was generally remarked that in this case the child had not been father to the man, the symphony showing absolutely no traces of Wagner's later style, and being, indeed, entirely modelled upon the works of Beethoven's second period. Wagner became himself again only when, like the giant in the Greek fable, he trod his own ground of dramatic music, and even on that ground he had to go through a process of very gradual development before he gained an individual, and therefore in itself perfect, expression of his thoughts. His first connection with the opera took place in anything but auspicious circumstances. Being without means, he had to accept appointments as conductor of various small German theatres, and in that capacity wrote several operas, none of which achieved any success, although a revival of one of them, 'Die Feen,' is, one is sorry to think, contemplated at Munich. In 1839, we find him conductor of the German theatre at Riga, married to an actress, straitened in his circumstances, and unhappy to the verge of despair. The method adopted by him to free himself from his trouble is thoroughly characteristic of the man. He wrote the poetry and the music of a five-act opera, entitled 'Rienzi,' and designed on so large a scale, that the production at a small theatre was altogether out of the question. The libretto he sent to Scribe, with a request addressed to that prosperous and distinguished dramatist, to translate it and get it accepted for performance at the Grand Opera. This demand, coming from an entirely unknown person, remained, as might have been expected, without an answer. But, undaunted by this rebuff, Wagner determined to

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go to Paris himself to see what personal solicitation would do for him. Accordingly he embarked at Riga in the summer of 1839, and after a long and stormy voyage, during which, it is interesting to note, the first idea of his 'Flying Dutchman' was conceived, he reached Paris in the autumn of the same year, accompanied by his wife and an enormous Newfoundland dog, with whom, in his direst poverty, he refused to part. There were three mouths to feed, and little or nothing to feed them with. Disappointment lay in store for him everywhere; all attempts at having his 'Rienzi' performed proved futile, and Wagner was compelled to arrange operatic tunes for various instruments, and perform other acts of musical drudgery for the publishers, in order to ward off the actual starvation which he has described with grim humour in his novelette, 'The End of a Musician in Paris.'

It was in these circumstances that his first meeting with Liszt took place. That meeting between men placed at the opposite extremes of the scale of artistic distinction was of an anything but satisfactory kind. And how could it have been otherwise? Liszt knew nothing of Wagner, and scarcely distinguished him from the herd of starving German musicians continually laying siege to the attention of a man who was generous to a fault, and who, after having realized the largest sums ever gained by a *virtuoso*, died poor. Wagner at first felt deeply hurt by a reception which, although not unkind, was no more than polite, and saw in it determined ill-will, although later on he discovered his error. This is how he refers to the matter in an autobiographical sketch, dated 1851, by which time Liszt had become his warmest friend and admirer:—

'I met Liszt for the first time during my earliest stay in Paris, and at a period when I had renounced the hope, nay, even the wish, of a Paris reputation, and, indeed, was in a state of internal revolt against the artistic life I found there. At our meeting Liszt appeared to me the most perfect contrast to my own being and situation. In this world to which it had been my desire to fly from my narrow circumstances, Liszt had grown up from his earliest age, so as to be the object of general love and admiration at a time when I was repulsed by general coldness and want of sympathy. . . . In consequence I looked upon him with suspicion. I had no opportunity for disclosing my being and working to him, and therefore the reception I met with on his part was altogether of a superficial kind, as was indeed quite natural in a man to whom every day the most divergent impressions claimed access. But I was not in a mood to look with unprejudiced eyes for the natural cause of his behaviour, which, friendly and obliging in itself, could not but hurt me in that state of my mind. I never repeated my first call upon Liszt, and

without knowing or even wishing to know him, I was prone to look upon him as strange and adverse to my nature.'

The first letter in this collection belongs to the period here referred to; it is dated March 24, 1841, and is of the usual formal kind, asking Liszt for an interview on the strength of some common acquaintance. It is a significant fact that no reply to this letter is extant, nor probably was ever written. But although Liszt may have been too lazy or too busy to vouchsafe an answer, he thought the document itself worthy of preservation, which seems to show that, even at this early period, Wagner inspired him with some kind of interest. That vague interest was soon to ripen into something very different.

'My repeated expression of this feeling,' Wagner continues, 'was afterwards reported to Liszt, just at the time when my "Rienzi" at Dresden attracted general attention. He was surprised to find himself misunderstood with such violence by a man whom he had scarcely known, and whose acquaintance now seemed not without value to him. I am still touched at recollecting the repeated and eager attempts he made to change my opinion of him, even before he knew any of my works. He acted not from any artistic sympathy, but led by the purely human wish of discontinuing a casual disharmony between himself and another being; perhaps he also felt an infinitely tender misgiving of having really hurt me unconsciously. He who knows the terrible selfishness and insensibility of our social life, and especially in the relations of modern artists to each other, cannot but be struck with wonder, nay, delight, by the treatment I experienced from this extraordinary man.'

At the time to which the latter extract refers, the circumstances of both Liszt and Wagner had undergone a material change. Wagner's 'Rienzi' had been accepted at Dresden and performed there in October 1842, with such success, that the composer was immediately engaged as conductor of the Royal Saxon Opera, one of the leading theatres of Germany. Liszt, on the other hand, at the acme of his fame, had grown tired of the ephemeral laurels of the *virtuoso*, had left the concert platform, and settled in the small city of Weimar, his chief object being to advocate the claims of the rising musical generation by the performance of such works as were written regardless of popularity, and therefore had little chance of seeing the light of the stage. Liszt's stay at Weimar has been of infinite importance for the development of modern music. For a time, remarks a writer in 'Grove's Dictionary,' it seemed as if this small provincial city were once more to be the artistic centre of Germany, as it had been in the days of Goethe, Schiller, and Herder. From all sides musicians and amateurs flocked

flocked to Weimar, to witness the astonishing feats to which a small but excellent community of singers and instrumentalists were inspired by the genius of their leader. In this way was formed the nucleus of a group of young and enthusiastic musicians, who, whatever may be thought of their aims and achievements, were at any rate inspired by perfect devotion to music and its poetical aims. It was indeed at these Weimar gatherings that the musicians who now take the leading places in contemporary art, till then unknown to each other and divided locally and mentally, came first to a clear understanding of their powers and aspirations. How much the personal fascination of Liszt contributed to this desired end need not be said. It was at Weimar also that Liszt wrote those important compositions of sacred music and of orchestral music which have left a marked impress on the art of our epoch. But his own advancement was always a secondary consideration with Liszt. Before thinking of his own works he thought of the works of others, and amongst those others Wagner was the first. It is no exaggeration to say, and Wagner says so repeatedly in the course of this correspondence, that without the generous assistance of Liszt, his most important works would not have been performed, probably not have been written. Never indeed was a composer more in need of a generous patron than Wagner during the years over which these letters extend. It will be remembered that in an evil hour, and knowing little and caring less about politics, he joined the revolutionary movement of 1848 and 1849, which led to the flight of the Royal family from Dresden, and was finally suppressed by Prussian bayonets. It does not appear that he ever fought on the barricades; and the speech, which he delivered at a political club, and which has recently been unearthed, reads moderate enough, the fact being that Wagner looked upon political reform merely as a road towards the artistic reform of which the theatres were and are in too much need. Considering however his position at Court, his conduct had been sufficiently compromising; and the King of Saxony, not unnaturally incensed at the eccentricities of his Capellmeister, refused for a number of years to rescind the sentence of imprisonment pronounced against him. Fortunately that sentence was pronounced *in absentia*, or else Wagner might, like his friend and fellow-musician Roeckel, have spent the most active period of his life in a Saxon prison. The friend who saved him from this fate was Liszt. When his danger became imminent, Wagner quietly went to Weimar and witnessed a rehearsal of 'Tannhäuser,' which Liszt was then preparing for performance, and thence he escaped

escaped to Switzerland, furnished with the passport of one of Liszt's Weimar friends, Dr. Widmann. He settled at Zurich, where for the next twelve years he lived severed from his country and from any personal contact with the theatre, deprived also of any settled income or of the means of increasing his resources, which are generally within reach of the successful operatic composer and conductor.

The mutual position of the two friends, thus briefly sketched, should be borne in mind, to appreciate the attitude which they assume towards each other in these letters. In the matter of worldly position, Liszt was infinitely the superior of the two; his fame was European, and his position at the Weimar Court a highly honoured one. Wagner, on the other hand, was, in familiar phrase, nowhere. He had written three operas, none of which had met with real popular success, although a few devoted worshippers looked upon him as the coming man. In addition to this he was penniless, and the German Court theatres were of course not inclined to advance the fortunes of a revolutionary outlaw. Nothing, therefore, would have been more natural than for Liszt to assume the attitude of the patron and protector. Instead of this, we find that without affectation and as a matter of course he takes a subordinate position, looking up to his friend as a superior being, and only too happy to place his services and his purse at the disposal of that friend. Such self-abnegation, such freedom from vanity, are perhaps unprecedented in the history of art or literature, the more so if one considers that, by advocating the claims of Wagner, Liszt injured his own chances as a composer. He himself at one time had looked to the stage as the scene of his triumphs; but when Wagner's works taught him the real essence of dramatic music, he immediately abandoned all thought of occupying a field which his friend worked with such marked superiority of genius. In the early part of the correspondence, plans for producing an opera in Italy or France are mentioned, but these also were dropped, and Liszt's nearest approach to dramatic composition remained his cantata 'St. Elizabeth,' which has now and then been acted in costume on the stage after the manner of Handel's sacred dramas. With regard to his own compositions Liszt indeed displays a modesty which is almost touching. Such works as the Dante Symphony and the Faust Symphony, he refers to in the most occasional manner, and Wagner has every difficulty in obtaining even a sight of the scores. On the other hand, Liszt is over-joyed and generally surprised when Wagner speaks of those works with an enthusiasm, partly perhaps inspired by friendship, but none the less genuine

genuine at the time. There was indeed cause for such surprise, for Liszt's compositions, as has already been mentioned, met with many rebuffs, not only from writers in the press, but also from his most intimate friends, in whose judgment he had every reason to believe. There is perhaps no nobler passage in the whole correspondence than that in which Liszt declares that, though other people may not admire his works, he cannot withdraw his sympathy and admiration from theirs. We quote his words in full :—

'I confess candidly that when I brought my things to you at Zurich, I did not know how you would receive and like them. I have had to hear and read so much about them, that I have really no opinion on the subject, and continue to work only from persistent inner conviction, and without any claim to recognition or approval. Several of my intimate friends—for example, Joachim, and formerly Schumann and others—have shown themselves strange, doubtful, and unfavourable towards my artistic creations. I owe them no grudge on that account, and cannot retaliate, because I continue to take a sincere and comprehensive interest in their works.'

A nature so self-denying and so forbearing as that of Liszt was required to sustain a life-long friendship with Wagner, who, although full of generous impulses and, when he liked, absolutely fascinating in his personal intercourse, must have been occasionally very trying to the temper of his intimates. There was in his composition a good deal of that childlike temperament which goes to the making of great artists, and there is in these letters a continual rising and falling of the mental thermometer from the white heat of joyful enthusiasm to ever so many degrees below the zero of absolute despair. Threats of suicide abound, and the pessimism of Schopenhauer appears to him only the philosophic expression of what he himself had felt and experienced for many years. Liszt fortunately was of what Carlyle would have called the eupeptic temperament, and he speaks of Schopenhauer as "that snarling cur." He also, no doubt, had his angularities and rough sides, and Mademoiselle Janka Wohl, who knew him well, cites many *bons-mots* and somewhat malicious remarks, which, however, in her pages do not show as much point as no doubt they had when delivered by Liszt in his peculiarly impressive manner. But these rough sides he did not turn towards Wagner, whom he treats in the manner of a prudent, calm, and much forgiving mentor. 'Patience, the virtue of mules,' is a favourite expression in his letters, and that anodyne he recommends to his friend as the supreme achievement of wisdom, preached alike by Schopenhauer and by the Christian religion, in which Liszt

Liszt was a devout and implicit believer. As to Wagner's failings of temper and other faults, he is by no means blind, but looks upon them as the almost inevitable complement of genius. In answer to one of Wagner's outbursts of repentance he replies with the following remarkable sentence, which reminds one strangely of a similar expression of a similar sentiment occurring in a letter from Petrarch to Boccaccio—a pair of friends not unlike in their mutual relations to the two modern musicians. 'Above all, dearest best friend,' writes Liszt, 'do not imagine that I could place a bad construction on any utterance of yours about one man or the other. My sympathy for you and my admiration of your divine genius are surely too earnest and genuine to let me overlook their necessary consequences. You can and must not be different from what you are; and such as you are, I esteem, understand, and love you with my whole heart.'

But Liszt's friendship was not confined to good advice. When once he had recognized Wagner's genius he looked upon it as a sacred duty to make the artistic and the material interests of the possessor of that genius his own, and to that purpose he devoted his most arduous efforts. There were more particularly three respects in which his aid was most urgently required and most liberally given, and which almost as a matter of course occupy a conspicuous place in the correspondence. The first of these was Wagner's impoverished condition. When he had to fly suddenly from Dresden and escape with bare life into Switzerland, he was literally penniless. The salary from the Dresden Court was of course stopped, his few goods and chattels were laid hold upon by his Dresden creditors, and when his wife wished to join him in exile she had actually to borrow the travelling money. His only income was derived from the royalties on the performances of his operas, which in those days amounted to very little, although at the present time, when Wagner is performed in Germany more frequently than any other composer, they yield a large fortune. The composer, therefore, was compelled to rely for the necessaries of existence upon the aid of his friends, and amongst those friends Liszt was of course foremost. Unfortunately his power was not in proportion to his good intentions. He had, as we said before, realized large sums, but poor musicians, inundated Hungarian peasants, and the Beethoven monument at Bonn, had benefited much more largely by these earnings than the *virtuoso* himself, and the remainder of his fortune he had settled upon his mother and his three children. His only certain income he derived from his salary as Conductor of the Weimar Court theatre, which

amounted

amounted to rather less than 200*l*. Out of this pittance he gave bountifully to his friend ; and it is touching to see his grief when stern necessity compels him to reply to one of Wagner's demands in the negative. Those demands were by no means infrequent. On one out of many occasions he writes : 'I once more return to the question, Can you let me have the 1000 francs as a gift, and would it be possible for you to guarantee me the same annual sum for the next two years ?' The 1000 francs were forwarded in due course, but poor Liszt had to decline the responsibility for the two other years. Wagner's attitude in this matter should not be judged rashly. In later years, when he made much money, he spent even more, for he had all an artist's love of the good things of this life—richly bound books, pictures, fine furniture, and even fine clothes. But at this early period it was simply a question of life and death, and that question involved a wife, careworn and void of enthusiasm, who had gone through many sufferings with her husband, and for whose welfare he expresses the tenderest care. This is the redeeming feature of such demands as that already quoted. Apart from this, great artistic interests were at stake. Wagner knew that to carry out his vast schemes he required a certain freedom from the cares of the *res angusta domi*, and he argued not altogether unreasonably that, because the works he wrote were distinctly unpopular, and therefore unremunerative, the few who admired those works were in a manner bound to assist him as far as in them lay. The matter is put as plainly as possible in a passage from one of his letters, which may well serve to sum up this part of the question. He writes :—

'Poor and without means for bare life, without goods or heritage as I am, I should be compelled to think only of acquisition; but I have learnt nothing but my art, and that I cannot possibly use for the purpose of acquiring nowadays; I cannot seek publicity, and my artistic salvation could be brought about one day only by publicity seeking me. The public for which alone I can work is a small nucleus of individuals who constitute my whole publicity at present. To these individuals, therefore, I must turn, and put the question to them whether they love me and my art-work sufficiently to make it possible for me, as far as in them lies, to be *myself*, and to develop my activity without disturbance. These individuals are not many, and they live far from each other, but the character of their sympathy is an energetic one. Dear friend, the question with me is bare life.'

Another subject, which recurs again and again in this correspondence, is connected with Wagner's exile from Germany. Wagner was no patriot in the narrow sense of the word ; his motto

motto was 'Ubi bene, ibi patria,' and of all cities he gave the preference to Venice, with its great historic memories and its absolute freedom from the excruciating noise of carriages (the abominable penny steamboats with their shrill whistles did not in those days disturb the repose of the Grand Canal). It is, indeed, curious to read in a letter of the most German of all German composers the following passage, written immediately after his country had been opened to him again:—

'With real horror I think of Germany and of my future enterprises in that country. May God forgive me, but I discover nothing but mean and miserable things, conceit and a pretence of solid work without any real foundation; half-heartedness in everything. After all, I prefer to see "Le Pardon de Ploërmel" in Paris to seeing it in the shadow of the glorious German oak-tree. I must also confess to you that my treading once more on German soil did not produce the slightest impression upon me, except in so far as I was astonished at the insipidity and impertinence of the language I had to listen to. Believe me, we have no Fatherland; and if I am "German" it is because I carry my Germany along with me. This is fortunate, because the Mayence garrison has certainly not inspired me with enthusiasm.'

But Germany was to Wagner not only his birthplace, but also the home of his art, and to cut him off from that home was, in Othello's words, to sever him from the 'fountain from the which my current runs or else dries up.' The great German theatres were giving his operas, and the composer was not allowed to be present. Every German, as he pathetically complained, had heard 'Lohengrin,' except he who wrote it, and, what was worse, he knew that in his absence his works were exposed to the dangers which spring from the carelessness and stolid stupidity of ordinary theatrical routine. Never has youthful error been more cruelly punished than that of Wagner, who was only too willing to give every guarantee for his total abstention from political life, and who yet was prevented from making the required humble submission to the King of Saxony, by the fear of having his motives misrepresented by a hostile press. Here again Liszt had to come to the rescue. He was the friend of every German potentate: the Grand Dukes of Weimar and of Baden were his special patrons; the Prince Regent of Prussia, afterwards Emperor William, was accessible through his wife, a Weimar princess. All these Liszt interested in the Wagnerian cause. They were quite willing to admit the repentant composer to their States, but were prevented by the laws of the German Confederation from doing so without the consent of the Saxon Government. The King of Saxony was

was accordingly appealed to from the most influential quarters, but, with a severity which savoured of vindictiveness, that consent was withheld for more than thirteen years; and it was not till March 1862 that the ban was raised, and that Wagner was permitted 'to return to the kingdom of Saxony without fear of punishment.'

Even more important than all this material assistance was the encouragement which Wagner, as an artist, derived from the counsel and admiration of his trusty friend; and it is but just to say of him that, in this respect, he gave at least as much as he received. Both Liszt and Wagner were, in an intellectual sense, infinitely above the level of average musicians, who, as a rule, are too busy with the technicalities of their own art to give much time to reading or general culture. It is indeed positively astonishing to observe the range of subjects which are touched upon in this correspondence, and it is here that Wagner decidedly takes the lead, now discoursing upon the beauties of Calderon, now comparing the spirit and the legendary lore of Dante's 'Divina Commedia,' which Liszt had made the subject of a symphonic poem, with the quietism of the sacred books of the Buddhists. Liszt also was a man of decided culture, who had in Paris lived in close intimacy with men of light and leading—Victor Hugo, Alfred de Musset, Lamennais, and others. At the same time, his intellectual stamp and his aims in art were scarcely of that ideal type, which even his most persistent enemies acknowledged in Wagner. He had led the life of a virtuoso, and that life implies, even in the best of men, a certain amount of worldliness and empty show and yielding to the taste of the multitude. It is, for example, curious to see that Liszt, in a letter partly suppressed by Madame Wagner, prudently counsels his friend to tone down what he calls the 'super-ideal' tendency of 'Lohengrin,' for the sake of the weaker brethren. Wagner, it is needless to add, refused to make any such concession, and by the impetus of his bold and persistent endeavours gradually carried along his friend, whose mental development derived, no doubt, infinite benefit from this contact with a more powerful mind. On the other hand, he was able to give some valuable advice to Wagner with regard to the mere technicalities of music. This, at least, may be inferred from such outbursts of exaggerated modesty on the latter's part as the following:—

"I want music, and, Heaven knows, you are the only one who can supply me with it. As a musician, I feel perfectly mean, while I think I have discovered that you are the greatest musician of all times. This will be something new to you.'

To

To which Liszt replies:—

'Your mad injustice towards yourself in calling yourself a "miserable musician and blunderer," is a sign of your greatness. In the same sense Pascal says, "*La vraie éloquence se moque de l'éloquence.*" It is true that your greatness brings you little comfort and happiness; but where is happiness, in the narrow monotonous sense, which is absurdly given to the word? Resignation and suffering alone sustain us in this world. Let us bear our cross together in Christ—"the God whom one approaches without pride, to whom one bends the knee without despair." But I must not be tempted to needless Franciscan sermons.'

It will be seen that mutual aid, mutual encouragement, and a good deal of mutual admiration, were the keynote of this remarkable friendship.

In one respect, however, Wagner was quite unable to return the material services rendered to him. This was the propagation of his works, which, without Liszt's incessant labours, would probably have lapsed into oblivion. It was Liszt who, in 1850, produced 'Lohengrin' with all the splendour of scenery and musical perfection which the limited resources of Weimar would allow of, and who, later on, revived 'Tannhäuser' and 'The Flying Dutchman' in the same manner, thus establishing a standard and model of style which even at this date has not been surpassed. From the first-named event Wagner's fame may indeed be said to date. Weimar became a kind of focus of the new school, to which musicians flocked from all parts of the world, and from which 'Lohengrin' went forth on its triumphant progress through the civilized world, establishing almost from the first its position as the most human, most lovable, and therefore most generally appreciated, of all Wagner's operas.

While Wagner's chances of ever being allowed to return to Germany were still remote, he naturally looked out in foreign countries for the hospitality which his Fatherland refused to grant him, and there is in these letters mention of many plans for establishing a home of Wagnerian opera in Paris, London, the United States, and even the Empire of Brazil. All these schemes came to nothing, and the only practical results to which they led were the performance of 'Tannhäuser' at Paris, and Wagner's visit to this country in 1855. The fiasco of 'Tannhäuser' in Paris is a matter of history; and it is equally notorious that artistic questions had comparatively little to do with the catastrophe, the members of the Jockey Club beginning their hooting and whistling even before the curtain was raised, partly because Wagner had refused to interpolate the orthodox ballet in the second act, and partly because they wished to make

make opposition to the Emperor Napoleon, by whose special command 'Tannhäuser' had been accepted at the Grand Opera. It is almost pathetic to read in these letters the unbounded gratitude with which Wagner acknowledges the liberality and kindness shown to him by the Paris authorities,—the excellent singers who were placed at his command, the fine scenery, and the general artistic spirit in which things were done. Giving, according to his wont, the emphasis of italics to his words, he exclaims: '*Never yet has the material of an excellent performance been placed at my disposal so fully and unconditionally* as has been done at Paris for the performance of "Tannhäuser" at the Grand Opera, and I can only wish that some German prince would do the same for my new works.' Of the existence of such a generous German patron in the person of the King (then Crown Prince) of Bavaria, Wagner was at the date of this letter as little aware as of the impending catastrophe which a few weeks afterwards overthrew his Parisian castle in the air.

Wagner's visit to this country, which is of special interest to English readers, plays a conspicuous part in this correspondence, and throws some new light on an important phase of the history of the Philharmonic Society, and of English music generally. We have been able to supplement Wagner's own indications, as contained in these letters, by the statements of contemporaries, and by one or two interesting documents hitherto unpublished. The hope of seeing his works appreciated by a nation so nearly allied to the Germans as the English, seems to have been entertained by Wagner for a long time. As early as June, 1849, he writes: 'I am ready to go to London as soon as possible to do all in my power for the performance of my works;' and soon afterwards we are informed that he had fixed upon a plan of having 'Lohengrin' performed in London, and in English, even before it had been heard in the original. This is the passage alluded to:—

'Latterly I have accustomed myself to the notion of giving it to the world at first in a foreign language, and now I take up your own former idea of having it translated into English, so as to make its production in London possible. I am not afraid that this opera would not be understood by the English, and for a slight alteration I should be quite prepared. As yet, however, I do not know a single person in London. . . . Could you manage, dear friend, to write to London and to introduce my undertaking, and could you also let me know to whom to apply further?'

Liszt, as usual, was ready with his advice and his help, but he also had few connections in London, and the only person of whom

whom he could think to apply to was Mr. Chorley, the influential critic, who, by the way, took subsequently a most hostile position to Wagner when he came to England. The immediate cause of that visit arose from a different and entirely unexpected quarter. In 1854, the Philharmonic Society, which at that time occupied the leading position amongst musical institutions in England, was undergoing a serious crisis. Sir Michael Costa had resigned his post of conductor, and to find a substitute for him was an extremely difficult task. At a meeting of the directors, many names were mentioned; some suggested Lindpaintner, others Berlioz; others insisted upon appointing a musician of English birth, or at least one residing in England. At last M. Sainton, the famous violinist, who at the age of seventy-five still lives amongst us in full possession of his mental and artistic faculties, rose to his feet and named Wagner. He himself had no personal cognizance of Wagner's capacities, neither had any of the other directors; but, as M. Sainton remarked, a man who had been so much abused must have something in him. This sentiment was received with acclamation, and it was unanimously resolved that a leap in the dark should be made. The result of that resolution appears in a letter from Wagner to Liszt, which is not dated, but evidently belongs to the very early part of 1855.

'To-day I was asked, on the part of the Philharmonic Society of London, whether I should be inclined to conduct its concerts this year. I asked in return (1) Have they got a second conductor for the commonplace things? and (2) Will the orchestra have as many rehearsals as I may consider necessary? If they satisfy me as to all this, shall I accept then? If I could make a little money without disgrace, I should be pleased well enough. Write to me at once what you think of this.'

A little later, January 19th, 1855, he writes—

'I am able to-day to send you particulars about London. Mr. Anderson, treasurer of the Philharmonic Society and conductor of the Queen's band, came specially to Zürich to arrange the matter with me. I did not like the idea much, for it is not my vocation to go to London and conduct Philharmonic concerts, not even for the purpose of producing some of my compositions, as is their wish. On the other hand, I felt distinctly that it was necessary for me to turn my back once for all upon every hope and every desire of taking an active part in our own artistic life, and for that reason I accepted the hand held out to me. London is the only place in the world where I can make it possible to produce "Lohengrin" myself, while the kings and princes of Germany have something else to do than grant me my amnesty. It would please me very much if I could induce the English people next year to get up a splendid German

Opera with my works, patronized by the Court. I admit that my best introduction for that purpose will be my appointment as conductor of the Philharmonic (the old), and so I consented at last to the sale of myself, although I fetched a very low price—200*l.* for four months. I shall be in London at the beginning of March to conduct eight concerts, the first of which takes place March 12th, and the last June 25th.'

Wagner arrived in London late in February, and after staying for a short time at the house of his friend, Mr. Praeger, took rooms at 22, Portland Terrace, Regent's Park. M. Sainton relates that, one morning in February, at 9 A.M., a youthful-looking German called on him in full evening dress, in order to pay him an official visit as one of the Philharmonic directors. At first their intercourse was a little formal, and slightly impeded by Wagner's imperfect knowledge of French; but soon the ice began to thaw, and before an hour was over the two were chatting as if they had known each other for years, and from that moment they were fast friends, and remained, during Wagner's stay in London, inseparable. Wagner had few other acquaintances in London, and not being able to speak our language was practically debarred from English society. His only intercourse, apart from M. Sainton, was with Mr. Praeger, also still alive; Mr. Lüders, a musical enthusiast and intimate friend of M. Sainton; Klindworth, at that time a very young pianist; and Hector Berlioz, who was conducting the New Philharmonic Concerts at the time. For him Wagner entertained a very lively admiration, which was not altogether reciprocated by the French composer, who later on gloated over the defeat of 'Tannhäuser' in Paris in a manner little creditable to his heart. But all this was still in the distant future, and Wagner speaks of his newly-gained friend as one of the few acquisitions of his dreary London days.

'One real gain,' he writes to Liszt, 'I bring back from England—the cordial and genuine friendship which I feel for Berlioz and which we have mutually concluded. I heard a concert of the New Philharmonic under his direction, and was, it is true, little edified by his performance of Mozart's G minor Symphony, while the very imperfect execution of his "Romeo and Juliet" Symphony made me pity him. A few days afterwards we two were the only guests at Sainton's table; he was lively, and the progress in French which I have made in London permitted me to discuss with him for five hours all the problems of art, philosophy, and life, in a most fascinating conversation. In that manner I gained a deep sympathy for my new friend; he appeared to me quite different from what he had done before. We discovered suddenly that we were in reality fellow-sufferers, and I thought upon the whole I was happier than Berlioz.

After

After my last concert he and the other few friends I have in London called upon me, his wife also came. We remained together till three o'clock in the morning, and took leave with the warmest embraces.'

Berlioz, on his part, gives a description of this London episode to Liszt, in which he says, 'Wagner is splendid in his ardour, and I confess that even his violence delights me. He has something singularly attractive for me, and if we both have asperities, those asperities dovetail with each other,' accompanying the last remark by an indented line, the angles of which run in parallels.

Wagner's professional prospects appeared at first very bright. M. Sainton gives an interesting description of the first rehearsal, at which Wagner conducted the Heroic Symphony of Beethoven without book—at that time an almost unprecedented feat of memory, although since then Herr Richter and other conductors have imitated it. The orchestra and the few persons present were at once astonished and delighted at the new reading given to the familiar work, the delicacy of the *nuances* insisted upon, the intelligence and fire with which the melodies were phrased. After the rehearsal the musicians broke out into a storm of applause such as has been seldom heard in an English concert-room. Wagner himself was extremely pleased with his reception, as the following extracts will show:—

'After the first rehearsal the directors of the Philharmonic were so delighted and full of hope that they insisted upon my performing some of my compositions at the very next concert. I had to yield, and chose the pieces from "Lohengrin." . . . The orchestra, which has taken a great liking to me, is very efficient, and possesses great skill and fairly quick intelligence, but it is quite spoilt as regards expression; there is no *piano*, no *nuance*. It was astonished and delighted at my way of doing things. With two further rehearsals I hope to put it tolerably in order. But then this hope and my intercourse with the orchestra are all that attract me here; beyond this, all is indifferent and disgusting to me. The public, however, have distinguished me very much, both in receiving me and even more at the close. Curious to me was the confession of some Mendelssohnians that they had never heard and understood the overture to the "Hebrides" as well as under my direction.'

The first Philharmonic Concert took place on March 12. On the next day, most of the daily papers came out with a perfect shower of abuse, which was echoed in the weeklies, notably in the 'Athenæum,' and continued without abatement during the entire stay of Wagner in London. M. Sainton relates that, at the next rehearsal, when Wagner entered the orchestra, not a hand

hand was raised to welcome him, the musicians receiving him with absolute silence. He himself attributes this change of attitude to the influence of the press, while Wagner discovers in it the influence of Costa, 'the real master and despot of the musicians, who can dismiss and appoint them according to his will.' Probably both were right. Wagner, although, we have seen, a true and warm-hearted friend, was little conciliatory in his manner to strangers; and the asperities, of which Berlioz speaks, naturally roused the indignation of those who came in casual contact with them. He was well known to be no admirer of Italian Opera; and the Italian faction, with Costa at their head, naturally hated him. What was worse, he had written a very ill-judged pamphlet against the Jews, in which Mendelssohn and Meyerbeer were severely criticized, although by no means vulgarly abused. Meyerbeer's influence was far-reaching, and Mendelssohn was at the time the idol of the English public. We have been informed on the best authority that Wagner, when he had to conduct a work by Mendelssohn, deliberately and slowly put on a pair of white kid gloves, to indicate the formal, or one may say fashionable, character of the music; and this piece of bad taste naturally roused the ire of Mendelssohn's admirers, in the press and elsewhere. As is usual in such cases, both sides were to blame. But, at the same time, it remains a matter for regret that the influence, which a man of Wagner's genius and high artistic aims might have had on English music, was thus almost literally 'snuffed out by an article.' Altogether, Wagner's days in London were amongst the unhappiest of his eventful career, but it is interesting to observe how, even in such circumstances, he was able to forget external troubles over a subject that really laid hold of his mind. The instrumentation of 'The Walküre' was for the greater part finished at Portland Terrace, and the masterly exposition of Buddhism as distinguished from the asceticism of Dante's 'Divina Commedia,' already referred to, is dated from London.

We are assured by Mr. W. G. Cusins, Master of the Queen's music, and for a number of years conductor of the Philharmonic Society, that in spite of the attacks of the press, the Philharmonic season of 1855 was in a pecuniary sense an extremely successful one. The public were eager to see the man who excited such ire in celestial bosoms, and many of those who came to scoff remained to admire. There were at any rate two very distinguished persons, who treated Wagner with a kindness which almost moved him to tears.

'You have probably heard,' he writes to Liszt, 'how charmingly Queen Victoria behaved to me. She attended the seventh concert

with

with Prince Albert, and as they wanted to hear something of mine, I had the "Tannhäuser" overture repeated, which helped me to a little external *amende*. I really seem to have pleased the Queen. In a conversation I had with her, by her desire, after the first part of the concert, she was so kind that I was really quite touched. These two were the first people in England who dared to speak in my favour openly and undisguisedly, and if you consider that they had to deal with a political outlaw, charged with high treason and "wanted" by the police, you will think it natural that I am sincerely grateful to both.'

Before leaving this part of the subject, we must lay before our readers two interesting letters, for which we are indebted to their recipient, M. Prosper Sainton, and which show Wagner in a most amiable light—full of gratitude for the kindness that had been shown to him, looking back upon his London troubles with a certain humour, remembering old friends by their nicknames, and old stories and old jokes. We should add, by way of commentary, that the *chagrins et désagréments* mentioned in the letter refer to the secession of M. Sainton from the Philharmonic Society, which Wagner erroneously attributes to the friendship shown to him by that gentleman. The Mr. Bumpus, about whose welfare he so anxiously enquires, is the bookseller in Oxford Street, whom Wagner, of course, had never met, but whose thoroughly insular name amused him very much. The peculiar French in which these letters are written adds to their charm.

'Zurich, 19 *December*, 55.

'Cher Prospère!—C'est aujourdhui que je viens de quitter le lit de malade, que j'ai gardé pendant deux mois à l'exception de peu de jours. C'était—je crois—la maladie de Londres, longtemps cachée, qui est éclatée enfin, pour me rappeler ce que je dois à toi et à tes soins bien amicaux, sans lesquels j'aurais probablement trouvé ma mort—là, d'où je n'ai remporté maintenant qu'une certaine collection de rhumes et de catarrhs latents qui viennent de sortir enfin de leur cage. Les vapeurs de Londres s'ayant enfuiées finalement, tant de mon corps que de mon esprit, ma première occupation est de ramasser tout le français que je puisse encore trouver dans ces coins de mon pauvre cerveau, où—d'après la doctrine du professeur Praeger naissent nos facultés linguistiques: car je me sens vraiment agité et pressé à t'écrire, et à te dire, que je t'aime toujours encore, et qu'un de mes plus doux souvenirs, c'est ta connaissance et ton amitié. Le croieras-tu?—

'Pourtant je ne veux pas te cacher que ces souvenirs sont accompagnés par des regrets:—je sens que mon amitié t'a beaucoup coûté. Si je pouvais effacer quelque chose de ma conduite passée, ce seraient ces plaintes et témoignages de mécontentement que je t'ai donnés tant de fois à entendre, en récompense de ta meilleure volonté, et, surtout,

des

des chagrins et des désagréments assez affligeants, que tu devais essuyer alors toi-même, à cause de moi. . . . Te voilà maintenant payé comme tu le méritais. Et qu'est-ce que tu as gagné en échange de ce que tu as perdu? Hélas! un triste don, mon amitié, et le souvenir d'un homme mélancolique, fort souvent insupportable qui mangeait tes dîners et attaquait ta meilleure humeur par son français horrible! Voilà ta récompense! Et moi? ne devrais-je pas être mortifié par l'idée de t'avoir attirée tout cela sans te pouvoir réstituer la moindre part de ce que tu as perdu à cause de moi? Tout ce qui me console un peu, c'est la leçon que tu as reçue, et qui t'aura appris de ne t'occuper jamais, quant à l'art, que des hommes d'une trempe bien différente de la mienne. Mais comme je suis le plus âgé je te donne encore un conseil un peu grec:

Μῆνιν ἄειδε Θεά Πηληϊάδεω Ἀχιλῆος.

'Tu me comprendras!

'Eh bien! Il faut maintenant bien faire bonne mine à mauvais jeu, c'est pour cela que je te prie de demander à Lüders ce que fait Bumpus? S'il m'en peut donner de bonnes nouvelles, cela me consolera et touchera profondément. J'espère qu'il va bien? Et la sallade d'homard, et les bouteilles de soda water, qui étaient toujours si affreuses pour vous deux à voir? Et Charlemagne?—il Trovatore, et les amis guerriers d'Alira. . . .

'À la verité je t'assure que je porte un grand et vif désir d'avoir des nouvelles de votre part, mais bien larges—très larges! Entends-tu bien? Ou m'en veux-tu à présent, puisque tu as appris que ma connaissance t'a porté du malheur? Je n'y crois pas; car je sais que tu es—avant tout—excellent garçon, cœur généreux. . . .

'Allons donc! Gardons notre amitié qui m'est à moi précieux comme un sourire inattendu du destin. Espérons nous revoir un jour pour continuer ce que n'a que commencé et bravons les canailles!!

'Adieu, mon très cher Prospère! Mille saluts à Lüders et à la maison Praeger, mes parents! Je te remercie encore de tout mon cœur pour tant de bien, dont tu m'as comblé, et suis persuadé de ce que je n'en perdrai jamais le souvenir.

'Ton tout dévoué frère et ami,

'Richard Wagner.'

A second letter, addressed to M. Sainton, and also published here for the first time, is dated Bayreuth, 1875. At that time Wagner was in the zenith of his fame, and just preparing a performance of his 'Nibelungen-Ring' at the Bayreuth Theatre, erected for him by the liberality of his admirers, and of the King of Bavaria. But he had not forgotten his old London friends, and a letter from M. Sainton, which reached him in the middle of his excitement, immediately elicited the following reply:—

'Mon cher Sainton,—Tu n'avais pas besoin de me rappeler ton souvenir. J'ai dicté à ma femme ma vie entière; elle la voulait

savoir

savoir au fond. Cela est écrit, et sera legué à mon fils, pour le faire paraître après ma mort. Et quoi? Vous vous figurez de ne pas figurer dans cette vie? Diable! No. 8, Hind Street. Et Lüders? Toute votre histoire à vous deux est déposée dans ce manuscrit, depuis Helsingfors jusqu'à Toulouse (en passant Hambourg). Et puis Londres?—Charlemagne? Où as-tu le sens, mon cher?

'Eh bien! Rappelle-toi bientôt à ce qu'existe encore un certain chef-d'orchestre de l'ancienne Philharmonic (pensionné?) à Bayreuth (en Bavière, non Syrie!).

'Prends un beau jour ta chère femme, charge Lüders sur tes épaules, monte un bon *cab* à l'heure, et arrive à juste temps à Wahnfried; à une heure nous dînons (!!) souper à sept heures du soir.

'Et maintenant, trève aux Lohengrins à Londres ç'a m'a-Coste!—Mais si tu veux, apporte ton violon avec toi, et puis. Les Nibelungen feront les honneurs a vous tous.

'Force de salutations cordiales de la part de ton ancien ami,

'RICHARD WAGNER.

'Bayreuth, 4 juin 1875.'

Wagner again visited London in 1877, when he conducted some concerts at the Albert Hall, and was received by the public—as was his friend Liszt nine years later—with every sign of enthusiasm. By special command he went to Windsor, and had an audience of the Queen, and it would be interesting to know what reminiscences these two eminent persons exchanged with each other.

The correspondence of Wagner and Liszt, as far as it is published in these two volumes, breaks off with the year 1861, and Madame Wagner, according to an enterprising German interviewer, has declared that no further letters are in existence. This statement is scarcely credible, and we surmise that the lady only said that such letters were not in her possession. The friendship remained undisturbed for twenty-two years longer, and it is scarcely credible that two men, who were almost as fond of letter-writing as was Clarissa Harlowe, and who never lived in the same town for any length of time, should not have communicated with each other. What has become of the MSS.? Who is their present possessor, and for what reason does he withhold them from publicity? These are questions which German research will no doubt solve before long.

ART.

ART. IV.—1. *Act XX. of 1887 of the Governor-General's Council in India. An Act for the Protection of Wild Birds and Game.*
2. *Act VI. of 1879. An Act for the Preservation of Wild Elephants.*
3. *Shikar Sketches.* By J. Moray Brown, late 79th Cameron Highlanders. London, 1887.
4. *Letters on Sport in Eastern Bengal.* By F. B. Simson, Bengal Civil Service, retired. London, 1886.
5. *Sport in Bengal.* By Edward B. Baker, late Deputy-Inspector-General of Police, Bengal. London, 1887.

A LAW for the protection of wild birds and game has been recently enacted by the Viceroy of India and his Legislative Council. It follows generally the lines of our English Acts, in providing for a close or breeding season, during which it will be a punishable offence to possess or sell any of the protected birds, if recently killed or taken. The expression 'wild birds' is to be defined by the Governors of the different provinces, according to the requirements of the territories over which they rule. The local Governors are also empowered to apply the law to any animals of game other than birds. The enactment of this law may be said to mark a notable era in the progress of Western thought and civilization in India. If a game law had been introduced by the English conquerors of Bengal in the last century, what a subject for declamation it might have afforded to Burke and Sheridan; and what harrowing pictures might have been conjured up of the much suffering natives vainly struggling against the tyranny of strange feudal laws. But happily it is not likely that any complaints will now be preferred by the natives of India. Their sympathy has been successfully enlisted in favour of the new law, as it makes special provision for the protection of the Peafowl, which are regarded in many parts of India as sacred birds. The Act also takes under its protection many insectivorous birds, which are the true friends of the cultivators of the soil, and rescue their crops from the ravages of the innumerable tiny pests which swarm in a tropical climate. Even the odious Indian crow may come within the scope of the Act, as he hangs on the skirts of the great flights of locusts, and devours as many as he can gorge. The law hopes principally to favour such birds as the graceful egrets, and paddy-birds, and the flycatchers, which are great destroyers of grubs and insects. These are all eagerly sought and slain for the sake of their plumage, which is brightest during the breeding season. The Lieutenant-Governor of

of the Punjab reported that the European demand for the skins of insectivorous birds had done much harm. The rural population is sorry to see them destroyed; whilst the only persons interested in the trade are the exporters, and the netters and snarers employed by them.

It follows, almost necessarily, that the birds, which are commonly called game birds, have suffered severely; and perhaps their misfortunes have come home most forcibly to the feelings of the English sportsmen, who find their occupation almost gone, and their toil inadequately repaid. It was recently reported by the Commissioner of Sindh that as many as 30,000 black partridges were destroyed, in a very few days, in some of the northern districts of that province, with a view to supply the demand from Europe for their skins. The Black Partridge is the Francolin (*Francolinus vulgaris*) as known in Europe, chiefly in the North of Italy. The plumage of the cock bird is very handsome, and is an undeniable ornament to a lady's head-dress. Destruction at the rate of 30,000 birds in a week means early annihilation. Other birds can be mentioned which have fared little better than the Black Partridge. The Monal and Kalij Pheasants, which used to be common in the Himalayan valleys, have now almost disappeared. The beautiful Polyplectron, or wood-peafowl, and the Matoora Pheasant, or *Euplocamus Horsfieldi*, which were formerly among the most coveted prizes in the jungles of Eastern Bengal, have been ruthlessly persecuted for the sake of their plumage. The jungle-fowl, the aboriginal *Gallus ferrugineus* of Bengal, which afforded sport almost equal to that of ordinary pheasant-shooting in England, has been driven away from his old haunts. This is due partly to the inroads of tea-planters, who have established their tea-gardens on his favourite hills, and partly to the abundance of cheap guns, which have found their way into the hands of the native bird-slayers. In fact, almost every game-bird that has its breeding-place in India has had no peace allowed to it throughout the twelve months of the year. The migratory birds have fared better, for they take their departure from India when the cold season comes to an end. It is believed that they fly away to Lob Noor, and other large lakes in Central Asia, where they build their nests, and hatch out the young broods which are to join in the next autumnal invasion of India. Cranes, and wild geese, and ducks, and widgeon and teal, in millions, fly southwards to India about October. Snipe are to be found in very great numbers, from September to the end of February, in almost every part of India, until,

until, on some bright moonlight night in March, they take their departure as swiftly and noiselessly as they had arrived.

In Lord Dufferin's new Game Law a power has been taken to enable the Local Governments to extend the provisions of the Act to any animals of game other than birds. This may, perhaps, be looked on with suspicion by some people. But there are several kinds of game animals, such as nilghai and antelopes, which really need protection. Nor is this the first effort of Government in this direction. Nearly ten years ago, the Viceroy found himself obliged to legislate to prohibit the wanton destruction of wild elephants, and to assert the Government rights of ownership in all that might be captured, whether by its own special officers or by licensed hunters. It seemed as if the elephants of India were about to become an extinct species. The supply of newly-caught wild elephants was decreasing from year to year. The mortality among the tame elephants employed for military purposes had largely increased, especially during the protracted campaigns of the Mutiny of 1857. The elephant, though of huge strength, is of delicate constitution, and requires to be treated with much more care than it usually receives when engaged on military duties. The market value of elephants showed how seriously the supply was becoming exhausted. Their price more than doubled itself for all young and serviceable animals. Then the Government interposed, and as tame elephants do not breed in captivity, the law was passed to protect the wild elephants from being hunted for the sake of their ivory; and to require the professional hunters of elephants to take out a licence, under which the Government would have the first choice of all newly captured elephants for the wants of the Commissariat, and for other military purposes.

It has been probably too much the habit of English sportsmen in India to deplore the general decrease of the wild animals which they used to hunt. Wherever there has been a marked diminution or disappearance of the beasts of prey, it is usually due to one of three causes. The first and principal cause has been the gradual increase of cultivation throughout the country. The second cause is referable to the policy adopted by the Government of India, of giving pecuniary rewards for the extermination of wild animals and poisonous snakes; and the third cause is to be found in the assiduous endeavours of English sportsmen, during the last century, to kill as many wild beasts as they could find time and opportunity to destroy. With regard to the first cause, it is a simple fact that the clearance of the forest

forest and the spread of cultivation have been fatal, not only to the larger beasts of prey, but also to the innocent herds of deer and antelopes. Without entering into any discussion on the landed tenures of India, it is generally known that, however much the Government revenue systems may differ in each province, there is everywhere a similar amount of land-hunger among the cultivating classes. Wherever it has been possible to redeem a few acres of uncultivated land, the venturesome peasant has gone in, with his bill-hook and his plough, and has not hesitated to risk his life in protecting his little crop from the ravages of the wild beasts, which had looked on the land as a part of their own domain.

The policy, which has been pursued by the English Government in attempting to exterminate wild beasts, leaves very little reason to fear that it will permit its new Game Law to be abused, so as to encourage the growth of any noxious animals. On the contrary, if, according to the old fable of Æsop, a council of wild beasts could now be held, it would be for the animals to complain that the English Government had encroached on their rights and privileges in a manner utterly unknown to the original rulers of India. They might plead, that there is no evidence that under any Hindoo or Mahomedan dynasty was there ever a fixed tariff of rewards for the destruction of lions and tigers, of crocodiles and snakes. They might admit, that it was the practice of Oriental monarchs to make large collections of living wild animals in their menageries. The native potentates and their princesses and courtiers delighted in the fights of wild beasts; whether a tiger was pitted against a tiger, or a wild buffalo fought against a rhinoceros. The jungles were of course harried and netted to take alive the animals needed for the tyrants' pleasure. But with the English Government it has been made a systematic business to encourage the destruction of all wild beasts. A table of rewards, setting a value on the head of each tiger and other dangerous animal, hangs in every public office and market-place.

We shall now proceed to explain what has been the effect of the Government operations and its system of rewards. In a recent number of the official 'Gazette,' certain figured statements have been published with a resolution, recorded by the Viceroy of India on the 22nd November, 1887, reviewing the provincial returns, showing the measures adopted for the extermination of wild animals and poisonous snakes in British India during the year 1886. The Government paid Rs. 189,006 in rewards for the destruction of wild animals and poisonous snakes collectively;

lectively; but we shall treat of the snakes separately hereafter. The total number of human beings reported as killed by wild animals in 1886 was 2707. Some stress must be laid on the word *reported*, for it is very possible that many deaths occurred which were not reported to the police, through whose agency these statistics are collected; whilst, on the other hand, it is suspected that some cases of murder are concealed—the cause of death or disappearance being attributed to wild beasts. The total number of cattle reported as killed by wild beasts in 1886 was 55,203; but this also gives a rather inadequate idea of the true mortality amongst tame animals; for, in the first place, many must be killed whilst grazing in the jungles, whose death the poor owner never reports to the police; and the return only includes cows and oxen, and buffaloes; whilst it is incidentally mentioned that nearly 8000 sheep and goats were killed in Madras, in addition to 10,000 head of cattle.

The following table exhibits the numbers of the human victims, according to the several wild animals by which they were slain:—

Killed by wild elephants	57
„ by tigers	928
„ by leopards	194
„ by bears	113
„ by wolves	222
„ by hyænas	24
„ by other animals	1169
	2707

The account *per contra*, showing the number of wild animals destroyed, and the amount of rewards paid for their destruction, stands as follows:

	Number killed.	Rewards paid.
Wild elephants	7	.. .. Rs. 300
Tigers	1,464	48,000
Leopards	4,051	70,632
Bears	1,668	7,783
Wolves	6,725	24,138
Hyænas	1,650	6,552
Other animals	6,852	6,033
Total ..	22,417	Total 163,438

Thus it will be seen that, on the whole, the wild beasts had much the worst of the conflict. As between tigers and men unfortunately the numbers were more nearly equal; but on looking into

into the details from the different provinces, very remarkable differences appear. For instance, in Lower Bengal 580 persons were killed by tigers, but only 245 tigers were killed; whereas in the Province of Assam 81 persons were killed by tigers, whilst 436 tigers were killed. Some provinces are almost free from tigers. In the Punjab only one man was killed by a tiger, and only 4 tigers were destroyed. In the Province of Bombay only 8 persons were killed by tigers, though 97 tigers forfeited their lives. It will have been observed that 1169 of the deaths are attributed to 'other unspecified animals'; whilst 6852 animals coming under this indefinite heading were killed. From some of the details which have been given, particularly in Bengal, it appears that jackals take the highest place in this class; and it is probable that many more young children are carried off by jackals than the returns show. A woman, whose hut is on the outskirts of a village surrounded by trees and low brushwood, may go over to a neighbour's house to borrow a little rice or some fire-wood. Her absence may be but for a minute, but when she returns, the little child that she left playing at her door has disappeared. No cry was heard, for the jackal seized the child by the back of the neck, and death was instantaneous. The men of the village are away at their daily work in the fields, and before the afflicted woman can summon her neighbours to the rescue, every morsel of her missing child has been devoured by the jackal and its hungry whelps.

With regard to the unspecified 6852 wild animals which killed 1169 persons, some almost comic particulars have been given in the reports of the different provinces. For instance, in Madras they include wild boars, bisons, mad jackals and crocodiles. In Bombay the list embraces scorpions, mad dogs, mad camels, mad jackals, wild hogs, stray dogs and bulls. In Bengal they consist of wild boars, buffaloes, crocodiles, mad dogs, sharks, moles, oxen, pigs, scorpions, wasps, and koias. We regret that we are not acquainted with the last named animal, the koia: and it is rather a novelty to find wasps entered as wild beasts. The mole was fatal to one of our greatest English monarchs, and therefore may have acquired high rank and dignity in the eyes of the educated native clerk by whom the return was most probably compiled: whilst the same authority professes to distinguish between alligators and crocodiles; and it is an addition to zoological knowledge when a shark is classified as a wild beast. The statistical compiler has also noted a difference between wild boars, boars, and pigs.

The number of cattle killed by wild beasts in 1886 was 55,023. They were destroyed as follows:—

By tigers	23,769
By leopards	22,275
By bears	758
By wolves	4,265
By hyænas	1,312
By other animals	2,644

As regards poisonous snakes, it was hardly to be expected that among the Hindoos any systematic action should have been taken for their destruction. To the Hindoo the snake is the representative of a deity. A native finding a cobra in his house would be more disposed to propitiate it with a bowl of milk than to strike it with a stick. But the English Government of India has taken a different view of its duties as regards venomous snakes. The deaths attributed to the bite of a snake were so numerous, that about thirty years ago, when Sir Frederick Halliday was Lieut.-Governor of Bengal, he first authorized the grant of a small reward for the dead body of every venomous snake that was produced before the magistrate of a district. In some districts the proffered reward had but little effect; in others the pecuniary inducement was so tempting to the poorer classes, that almost the whole community took to snake-hunting. They brought in the dead snakes by thousands, so that the magistrate of one district complained that he could not carry on his ordinary duty on account of the stench from the putrid bodies. Finally, a financial difficulty arose, as the demands for the rewards were found to have exceeded the small sum which had been tentatively provided in the annual Budget estimates. So Lord Canning and his financial advisers decided that, having regard to the empty coffers of the public Treasury, it would be expedient to allow the snakes to remain undisturbed in their natural haunts.

When the financial state of the country improved, the Supreme Government permitted some of the local administrators to resume the practice of offering rewards for killing venomous snakes. The number of persons killed by snakes in India is appalling. The returns for 1886 show that 22,134 human beings perished from snake-bite. On the other hand, the number of cattle killed by snakes is returned at 2514. The serpent is therefore specially the mortal enemy of man in India; and death from the bite of a snake comes to be regarded as an ordinary incident in human life. The Province of Bengal holds a bad pre-eminence in the bills of mortality from snake-bite, as the death of

of 10,388 persons, which is nearly half the total for the whole of India, is attributed to this cause. The figures are as follows:—

	Deaths.
Madras	1,492
Bombay	1,206
Bengal	10,388
N. W. Provinces and Oude	6,538
Punjab	984
Central Provinces	869
Burmah	182
Assam	254

On the opposite side of the account, it is stated that 417,596 snakes were destroyed, and that Rs. 25,360 were paid by Government as rewards for their destruction. But considerable inconsistency prevails in different provinces, both as to the diligence with which the snakes are persecuted, and in the sums paid as rewards in killing them. In Madras only 255 snakes were destroyed, and no rewards were paid. In Bombay they killed 266,921 snakes, and paid rewards amounting to Rs. 6527 for them. In Bengal 31,284 snakes were destroyed, and rewards of Rs. 3889 were paid. In the North-West Provinces and Oude the slaughter of 26,636 snakes cost Rs. 3299, and in the Punjab 85,715 snakes were destroyed at a cost of Rs. 10,506. In Burmah 2097 snakes were killed, but only Rs. 3 were paid as rewards.

In Madras they lost 1492 lives from snake-bite; but they killed only 255 snakes, and paid no rewards! In Bombay 1206 persons were bitten, and 266,921 snakes were killed, and Rs. 6727 were paid in rewards. Yet in 1886 the rate of mortality from snake-bite was higher in Bombay than in Madras in 1885. In the Punjab the deaths from snake-bite increased from 686 in 1885 to 928 in 1886; but they killed 47,000 snakes in the former year, and 85,000 in the latter year. It certainly becomes rather difficult to say whether it is best to continue to give rewards for killing snakes, or to revert to Lord Canning's policy of masterly non-interference, leaving the snakes undisturbed in their natural haunts. It seems very possible that, where the snakes are systematically hunted and caught, some of their pursuers are fatally bitten; and, on the other hand, it has been officially suggested, that when rewards are freely given for killing snakes, some of the ingenuous natives deliberately breed them, and live upon the profits derived from this new kind of stock. The number of cattle killed by snakes is so small, that some instruction is derivable from it. It is certain that cattle must be greatly exposed to attack from snakes whilst grazing in the jungles:

jungles: the snakes, doubtless, avoid the cattle; and similarly any snake will try to get out of a man's way if it can do so, with the exception of the ophiophagus, who is credited with the habit of attacking men. The mortality from snake-bite in Bengal is also much larger among women than among men. They are usually bitten in the early morning, when they go out unseen before daylight, either to fetch wood from the faggot-stack, or for some other domestic purpose. During the rainy season, when nearly all the rice-fields are under water, the snakes take refuge on the higher plots of ground on which the villages are built, and they hide themselves in the little wood-stacks and granaries in the courtyards of the houses; whilst, not unfrequently, they take up their abode in the house itself, where they are allowed to dwell with impunity, and sometimes fed with milk; until, on some unlucky day, the wife treads accidentally on the snake in the dark, and it turns upon her and bites her. From the bite of a full-grown cobra death ensues in a very few minutes; and the natives have no such remedies at hand as English science might use, but they put a vain faith in the fanciful charms and incantations recommended by their priests.

If the system of Government rewards and the continual extension of cultivation are to be regarded as two of the principal causes for the decrease in the number of wild beasts in India, the third cause of it is to be recognized in the incessant warfare which has been carried on against them by the English conquerors of the country. From the earliest days of British rule there have been a series of sportsmen who have devoted themselves to the pursuit of wild beasts, and there are not a few of them who have put on record the wondrous feats which they and their friends performed. It would be difficult to give a complete and exhaustive list of these writers; but we will endeavour to mention some of the principal authorities among them. It does not always follow that the hand, which can most skilfully wield the rifle or the spear, is most successful in using the pen or pencil to describe or portray the incidents that occurred. It sometimes happens that the old sportsman, when he attempts in his study to recount the tales, of which merely the dry facts are recorded in his sporting diary, permits his imagination to give a colour and warmth to his narrative, which make some of his readers incredulous. But, if we may venture to borrow an expression from the Bishop of Chester's Lectures on Modern History—'they may be entitled to the sympathy of those who know how easy it is, in matters where head and heart are alike engaged, to disparage truth by unintentional exaggeration.'

A book

A book styled 'Oriental Field Sports' was published by Captain Thomas Williamson, of the Bengal army, in the early part of the present century, a second edition of it having been called for in 1819. It contains a vivid description of the sports in which he took part with his contemporaries, and also of the habits of the European community in Bengal at that period. The illustrations are quaint and interesting. But the author states that he has known three sentries to be carried off by tigers in one night from the camp of his regiment while on the march; and he tells such astonishing tales of the number of tigers to be seen within no great distance of Calcutta, that we do not care to shock the faith of modern readers, and will pass on to other writers.

Another of the older and most popular works on Indian sport was 'The Old Forest-Ranger,' which was introduced to the public about fifty years ago by Major Walter Campbell. In order to give a zest to his sporting adventures in the Nilghiri hills of Madras, Major Campbell worked them up into the form of a romance, with a pretty heroine and a youthful hero. The book was also well illustrated; and many young hearts may have beaten more quickly at the sight of the picture where the helpless heroine finds her hero struggling in the clutches of an infuriated bear. In later life Major Campbell published another volume, in which he described the sporting adventures of himself and his brother, in the ordinary form of narrative: but somehow the reader misses the romantic history of the heroine and the quaint anecdotes of the old Scotch doctor, which enlivened the pages of 'The Old Forest-Ranger.'

We must pass by without any detailed notice such standard books as Lieut.-Col. Gordon Cummings's 'Scenes in Camp and Jungle,' published in 1871, and Captain Baldwin's 'Large and Small Game of Bengal,' which will be useful to sportsmen in any part of India. There is an illustrated work called 'Tiger-Shooting in India,' by Captain Price, which gives much information regarding the hunting-grounds of the Bombay Presidency. The more recent publications of Colonel Barras of the Bombay army will be found of interest to those who wish to kill tigers and panthers in Western India. An older book by Major H. Shakespeare is also an instructive guide as to the Central Provinces. In more modern times, we come to Mr. Sanderson's experiences of fourteen years among Indian big game in Madras and Bengal; whilst amongst the most recent sporting publications are Mr. J. Moray Brown's 'Shikar Sketches, with Notes on Indian Field Sports;' Mr. Frank Simson's 'Letters on Sport in Eastern Bengal;' and Mr. Edward Baker's work, entitled

entitled 'Sport in Bengal,' meaning the provinces which are under the rule of the Lieut.-Governor of Bengal. It is to these last three books that we propose to invite particular attention.

The work of Mr. Moray Brown, formerly of the 79th Cameron Highlanders, contains an account of many stirring incidents in which he took part, chiefly in Western and Central India. He was a sportsman of the Western school, and was wont to shoot his tigers on foot, and to spear his wild boars with the long Bombay spear. Some of the sporting adventures which he describes occurred more than ten years ago; but they are narrated with much freshness and vigour. It is needless to dwell on his feats in hog-hunting; for though he professes the greatest admiration for it, especially in contrast with fox-hunting, he was badly mounted: and the man, who has not a good horse under him, can seldom enjoy this sport to the best advantage. He was fortunate in some of his adventures with bison, and several kinds of large deer; but when he comes to tiger-shooting, his enthusiasm rises to the highest point. Although he shot nearly all his tigers on foot, or from a safe position on the forked branch of a tree, it is satisfactory to observe that he was always very careful of the lives of the native beaters who accompanied him, and he writes emphatically on the duty of the sportsman to protect them. He says:—

'If the tiger be wounded only, the beaters should never be sent in to beat again. It is not fair to send in a lot of poor half-naked wretches, armed only with sticks, to beat out a furious and enraged animal suffering from the agonies of a wound and a burning sun. If not on the score of humanity, self-interest alone should prevent sportsmen taking this course; for if one of the beaters be either killed or wounded, the news of the catastrophe will travel through the district, and he will have much difficulty in getting beaters in the future, and any fresh information about other tigers. Besides, I think myself that any man who goes in for tiger-shooting should make up his mind to consider it a point of honour to follow up, even alone if necessary, any tiger that he may wound, and follow him up until he either bags him or loses him, for a wounded tiger often takes heavy toll of human lives when left behind.'

It is difficult to select the most interesting out of the many anecdotes which Mr. Moray Brown relates of his personal encounters with 'the feline race,' as he calls them. In describing his first meeting with a tiger on foot, at a few yards distance, he says that he was in what is commonly termed 'a blue funk.' His hand shook, and his heart beat, as he raised his rifle and took aim at the tiger's shoulder. 'She was,' he writes, 'not more than some twenty yards from me, and answered my shot by

by spinning round and round, growling and biting at the wound, and tumbling about in a confused manner. Another shot, however, settled her, and I did just about feel thankful.'

But it is not every tiger that can be killed so easily. The following narrative shows how tenacious of life a tiger is, and what a dangerous antagonist he may be :—

'The tiger turned up at the very end of the beat and trotted down a small ravine towards R., who fired and hit, turning the tiger back into high grass, amongst which he disappeared. It was impossible to "walk him up," so having posted markers in trees, we set fire to the grass, which we succeeded in burning, all round a triangular patch in the fork between two ravines. Although the markers saw him move, he refused to leave this, so, R. and B. being posted in trees, H. and I went round to protect the beaters whilst firing this last remaining cover. In doing so I saw the tiger lying down under a bush, and fired. With several roars, and after some delay, during which the tiger appeared to be tumbling about in the grass, he galloped past R. and B., who emptied their rifles without stopping him. We then all joined together, and followed up in the direction he had gone, not very sanguine, as the tiger was apparently not very hard hit; the ground was jungly, and the grass high. However, H. soon saw him moving slowly through the grass, and fired. This was too much for him, and with a roar he charged straight at us, the long grass only showing his head as he galloped over the thirty yards of ground between us. Six shots met him *en route*, mostly hitting him about the head and neck. H. fired his last shot almost in the brute's face, slightly checking and turning him; but, recovering, he, after clearing our flank, turned in on H. (who was backing with empty rifle round the others), and was on the point of springing on him, when I fired the last remaining barrel left among us, and bowled him over. This shows what determination some of these brutes possess, not to be stopped or even turned for a moment by four determined men in line, armed with the best of rifles; and yet, although hit all over the head, chest, and neck, as subsequent examination proved, he still came on, and very nearly made good his charge. Anyhow, he died as a tiger ought to die—tracked, met face to face, and fought on his own ground by four sportsmen, and not done to death by that low villainous system of poisoning, which, alas! I heard subsequently was the means of destroying many another tiger in India.'

But we must leave this gallant Western sportsman and his companions, and turn to the books of Mr. Frank Simson and Mr. Edward Baker, which contain quite an encyclopædia of sporting experience, and practical advice to sportsmen in Bengal. Mr. Simson's book has the advantage of being well illustrated; whilst the unfortunate death of Mr. Edward Baker, before the publication of his book was completed, has deprived it of some finishing touches, and also of the pictures by his own

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hand with which he had hoped to enhance its interest. Both these disciples of Nimrod devoted themselves to the chase whenever opportunity offered. Mr. Simson was a member of the Bengal Civil Service, and held high office throughout a distinguished and useful career. He reminds us of the character given by Peter of Blois, when describing Henry II. of England as a great huntsman. 'He has always in his hand bows and arrows, swords and hunting-spears, save when he is busy in Council with his books.' So it was with Mr. Simson. Whenever he could make for himself a few hours of leisure, or take advantage of an authorized official holiday, he was busy with his guns and rifles; whilst his hunting-spears, fashioned according to a pattern of his own invention, were always kept bright and sharp. He was a diligent student of the standard sporting authorities, such as Hawker on shooting, and Beckford on hunting; and having a considerable knowledge of zoology and ornithology, he often contributed valuable specimens and information to the professed literary writers on those subjects. He could afford to keep a private stud of valuable elephants and horses; and he had enlisted in his service a faithful native henchman, who became a perfect tracker and an effective shot. This intelligent person was ever on the alert, roaming in the jungles, and acquiring information regarding the wild beasts and birds of the locality, until his master could get away from the duties of his office to operate according to the information received.

Mr. Edward Baker was also a good sportsman, and by a singular turn of fortune he was able to combine his official functions with the indulgence of his propensity for shooting and hunting. For many years he was employed in the superintendence of Government salt manufacture, which was carried on along the coast of the Bay of Bengal. Salt could only be advantageously made where there was an uncultivated tract of country, partly covered with high reeds and tamarisk bushes, and stunted trees and coarse grass, which was the natural home of tigers and wild buffaloes, and wild boars and deer. The labourers engaged in the salt manufacture were liable to the attacks of these wild animals, by day and by night, so that it was one of the first duties of Mr. Superintendent Baker to try and destroy them and check their ravages. Afterwards he joined the Police force, and was speedily promoted to be a Deputy Inspector-General; in which capacity, as the title imports, he was principally employed on inspection duty. As the police stations, which are situated near jungles abounding with wild beasts, are usually most remote from local supervision, the Deputy Inspector-General made it his special care that they should

should be visited in the course of his official tours; so that he was again able to combine his duty with his propensity for sport. In the course of some thirty years he acquired a very large experience of the best hunting-grounds in Bengal, and accumulated a large collection of the trophies of the chase.

We can only refer briefly to some of the principal wild animals of Bengal, to show how they were successfully hunted by such sportsmen as Mr. Simson and Mr. Baker; and their companions. Precedence may be given to the tiger. Next come the rhinoceros and the wild buffalo, and after them we have the bears and leopards or panthers, and wild boars, hyænas, and wolves. This rich catalogue stands in remarkable contrast to the tiny list of our English wild animals, as given by Nimrod in his famous article on the Chase, when he wrote that 'the wolf, the bear, and the boar were the favourite beasts of Venery with our ancestors.' With regard to tigers, it is safe to take Mr. Simson as the leading authority. He does not say how many he killed with his own gun, or in company with friends. He mentions the names of two sporting indigo-planters whom he knew. One of them had killed between four hundred and five hundred tigers; whilst the other had killed above a thousand tigers before Mr. Simson met him. In writing as to the size of tigers, he states that no tiger which he killed measured more than eleven feet from snout to tail, when properly measured. The conclusion at which Sir Joseph Fayrer arrived, after comparing the accounts given by many experienced sportsmen, was that any tiger over ten feet is very large, and that although eleven and even twelve feet have been recorded occasionally, such a size is exceptional.

Mr. Simson took the field against tigers with every necessary precaution to ensure success. His elephants were staunch; his howdahs were strong but light, and he saw that they fitted on the elephants' backs as carefully as a foxhunter looks to the saddling of his horses. His guns and rifles were the best procurable. He was a first-rate shot, and could fire from an elephant in motion with as much precision as most men can shoot on foot. With an array of twelve elephants and two trusted companions in their separate howdahs, the order to advance is given, and the line is soon almost lost to sight in the high grass and light bushes. Presently the warning note of some experienced elephant gives the sign that she has winded a tiger. It is hardly possible to give a detailed account of a tiger-hunt. There is much variety of incident, but there is something identical in every case. There is the rush of some large beast, and a hasty shot, followed by a savage growl. In another

another moment the head and paws of a tiger may be seen clawing at an elephant's trunk, but the angry beast soon drops off. Then more shots follow. Modern guns and bullets are too much for the tiger. A shout of triumph proclaims that the tiger is down. He cannot move or rise; but his cruel eyes gleam with fury, and in his agony he seizes his own fore-paw in his sharp teeth. Another final shot, and the tiger lies dead on the ground. His body is presently hoisted on to one of the pad elephants; and the line, having re-formed, pursues its march in search of more tigers.

But we will let Mr. Simson narrate in his own words the incidents of one of his best days of sport when shooting on the banks of the Berhampooter River with two companions. He writes thus:—

'We got proper news of tigers on the 28th of February. Their footmarks were very numerous, but the jungle was just as high as an elephant's head. It was easy to beat and get through, but difficult to see in. Evidently we were close to tigers, my unerring elephant said so plainly; still we beat a splendid patch and saw nothing. B. seeing a number of men standing by the river side, went off to speak to them, whilst I and L. resolved to beat back through the jungle. We suddenly came on a lot of tigers. It was difficult to get good shots at them, and they roared and dodged about in different directions. B. came hurrying back, but I think we had disposed of two before his arrival. We turned out a third tiger before B., who planted a ball in time, which had a most curiously ludicrous effect. The tiger could not raise his head from the ground, but kept spinning round and round, his head in the centre, his hind-quarters and tail high in the air. He kept up this teetotum kind of game for some time, till we fired again and stopped it. There were no more tigers in this jungle, so we had to pad these three, which took a long time. Then we made a beautiful line, to beat the next jungle. The three elephants, each with a tiger on the pad, looked lovely. I wish an artist could have depicted the party about a quarter of an hour afterwards, when an active tiger bounded over the top of the jungle with loud roar and arched back, tail up, and ears laid back. He jumped high in the air. This was merely to enable him to see what was going on. In his next bound he was right on the head of my old elephant, "Evening Star." He did not pull the elephant down, and the mahout struck the tiger on the head with all his force with his iron elephant goad; this made him let go, and as he moved off we fired, and he was killed. This was number four; but there was another yet. We beat steadily on, and after some delay got our fifth tiger. I never shot five tigers in a day at any other time, though I have killed three in a day more than once.'

It has been said that there is no more danger in shooting a tiger from a howdah on an elephant's back than there would be

be in shooting from the roof of a house. The tales told by Mr. Simson show that this may be so, when all goes well, and the jungle is light, the ground firm and level, and there are no trees in the way. But a position of seemingly perfect safety may suddenly become one of much danger. The elephant's fore-feet sink deep in some rotten soil, and the animal's head comes to the ground, whilst the sportsman in the howdah with his guns is in imminent danger of being pitched out. Or the converse may happen, when the elephants' hind legs give way and it is brought into a sitting position, which brings the gentleman in the howdah, with his guns, into a very inconvenient angle. Or in the ardour of pursuit the elephant may have been urged to follow a wounded tiger into the deep bed of a water-course, from which the tiger suddenly emerges and gains the high bank on a level with the sportsman in his howdah. And even the staunchest elephants have been known to give way to panic. Mr. Simson gives a most interesting account of an adventure, when he and his companion, with his best elephants, were all routed by several tigers, who fairly drove them off the field for a time. But we will let him tell his own story.

'Before we had gone one hundred yards into the jungle two tigers attacked the line with great uproar. A panic at once seized the elephants and they all bolted, and we were driven clean out of the jungle without firing a shot. We reformed line and went at them again; we had the greatest number of elephants in the centre; then L. was on the right and I was on the left. A second time we were attacked and disgracefully routed. We now altered our tactics. Seeing that the tigers came always at the centre of the line, L. and I took our howdah elephants in the centre, and arranged the beating-elephants on each side, and in this formation we advanced to the third attack. The tigers behaved exactly as before; but we both managed to fire at them as they came towards us. My elephant was round in an instant, and in full retreat; but the tiger singled her out and gave chase. I managed to steady myself in the howdah, with my face to the tail, and in this way got an easy shot just as the tiger was rising to strike the elephant behind, and I put in a mortal bullet. I saw the tiger roll over and over; and though we were all running off at the tip-top speed elephants could get up, I gave a cheer to L., and shouted out that one of the tigers was done for. The whole body of elephants fled far into the plain.

'Not only had my elephant misbehaved greatly, but it seemed to me that her mahout too had lost his courage, and did not exert himself to keep her steady. A cowardly mahout makes a cowardly elephant; so I resolved to put my howdah on an old and well-trained elephant called "Lucky," whose mahout was also exceedingly plucky. This arrangement having been carried out, we again entered the jungle, L. and I going side by side in the centre of the line. Before we

we reached the middle of the patch we came upon the body of the dead tiger, which rather startled the already nervous elephants; but we went on, and when we came across the other tiger, my elephant at any rate was steady, and we wounded him, and were not routed this time. When next the tiger was roused up and began to show fight, we were able to get a better view of him, and he was soon rolled over dead. There were more patches of jungle to be beaten, and in one of these we turned up a tiger. He came slap at me open-mouthed; but the mahout held "Lucky" firmly, and my first shot, at about twenty paces off, struck the tiger on the nose, shattered the lower jaw, and rendered him powerless to bite, so we had little difficulty in killing him. I believe that these tigers had always lived on the island where we found them. I consider that they had never been interfered with, and that they had no fear of man; and that tigers, found in places where they have been long allowed to prey on animals without being attacked and disturbed, are much more ready to fight than those which have been often harassed by shooting parties and native shikarees.'

If Mr. Simson was great as a slayer of tigers, he held a still higher position as unquestionably the best man of his time against wild boars. Of these dangerous animals he had killed more than a thousand with his own spear. He tells of his boyish delight when the first boar fell to his right hand, when he had but recently arrived in India. And after the lapse of many years he gives a glowing account of a great day of hog-hunting with the lamented Viceroy, Lord Mayo, who was seldom happier than when he could spare a few hours from his official labours to join Mr. Simson in a hunt along the reedy banks of the Pudda. Fourteen large boars were speared by them in one morning. And it is not the least merit of Mr. Simson's book that he tries to teach young sportsmen how they ought to ride after a hog, and deliver their spear effectively, so as to protect their gallant horses against the furious charge, and sharp-cutting tusks of a desperate boar. The wild boar is the bravest of all animals, and if he makes good his charge at a horse, he is sure to deal out fearful wounds with his tusks before the rider can extricate himself and his steed from the encounter. Mr. Simson is able to say that, after he had learnt from his mentor, Mr. Cockburn, how a boar should be ridden at and speared, he never had any of his horses wounded, so long as he kept his instructions in mind.

Mr. Simson has devoted two chapters of his book to snakes. He notices the fortunate fact, that no Englishmen were ever bitten by snakes within his experience, although many natives were killed by them from time to time. He cites the authority of Sir Joseph Fayrer, that a cobra's fang is harmless if it has

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to pass through a piece of good English boot-leather. The poisonous venom is expended on the outside of the boot; whilst two plies of good broadcloth, or a layer of broadcloth lined with silk, are an almost equal safeguard. He holds no doubtful opinion regarding the deadly character of the bite from a cobra. He writes emphatically that if the poison of a vigorous cobra has been injected into a man, that man will surely die in a very short time. He says that he studied snakes as much as he could, and foolishly learnt to catch cobras. He was nearly bitten once when looking for bird's-nests. He gave up bird's-nesting in India from that moment; and shortly afterwards he made a vow to catch no more cobras with his own hands. He describes some fights that he saw between cobras and a mungoose (a sort of ichneumon), in which the latter came off victorious, not because it was invulnerable or poison-proof, but simply because it was too quick for the snake. He has seen pigs catch and eat snakes, but he declines to certify that the snakes were cobras. He was familiar with the snake-king, the ophiophagus. He once shot one that was thirteen feet long. He had another one brought to his house, that he might see it feed on a cobra. The cobra writhed and struggled and bit, but was soon overpowered, and gradually began to disappear head foremost down the larger snake's throat, until it was entirely swallowed. 'This entertainment,' he remarks gravely, 'took up more than half-an-hour.'

We now turn to Mr. Edward Baker's book. He, too, had many stirring adventures with tigers and wild boars: but it was with wild buffaloes that he had the greatest success, and he far surpassed anything that Mr. Simson could ever accomplish in the pursuit of the rhinoceros. A great many days of Mr. Baker's life were spent in hunting wild buffaloes, and he usually attacked them on foot, which is very dangerous work. The structure of the wild buffalo's head and horns is such, that the brain and the neck are well protected against bullets; whilst it is seldom that a fatal wound can be inflicted on the body, so as to prevent the animal from charging. Mr. Baker sometimes shot them from an elephant, and occasionally he attacked them on horseback, and on one occasion he chased a large buffalo into a broad river, in which he followed it in a small canoe, eventually killing it, after a narrow escape from death or drowning, as the huge beast nearly knocked him out of the boat by a sweep of its horns. Mr. Baker tells of the death of many hundred buffaloes that fell to his rifle: and he must have conferred a great boon on the agricultural community by destroying such numbers. He was fortunate in being able to shoot

rhinoceros

rhinoceros from his howdah-elephant on the reedy marshes which flank the course of the river Berhampooter in Assam. Of course it is a great triumph to kill a rhinoceros: but there are many blank days, and many long weary pursuits, through reeds much higher than the elephant, whilst the rhinoceros keeps moving on ahead, just out of sight, though not quite out of hearing. There are many parts in the hard hide of a rhinoceros which are not proof against the bullets of modern rifles. Mr. Baker also went on foot after the rhinoceros in the Sunderbans on the face of the Bay of Bengal. The country is full of tigers, rhinoceros and deer, and wild hogs, but there are no human habitations. Mr. Baker gives a heart-stirring account of his sport one morning, when he killed two large rhinoceros, a tiger, and a large python; but we will let him tell his story in his own words, as regards the rhinoceros.

'On the margin of a broad mud hole stood a huge rhinoceros, gravely watching two of his companions who were enjoying the mud-bath from which he had recently emerged. They were fully two hundred yards distant from us, too far a shot at so tough a customer. Backing out, I made a sweep round through the bushes, not altogether unmindful of the possibility of a tiger being an interested spectator of my movements, and wriggled my way to a position within sixty paces of the mud hole, the wind being favourable to me, and the broadside of the rhinoceros bearing almost directly on me. As soon as my breathing had settled down to its normal state, my big rifle was directed to the animal's neck, but my aim was rapidly changed to a spot a little behind the shoulder, and the bullet told truly with a loud smack. On feeling the shot, the rhinoceros threw up his head with a grunt, and glared round for the enemy who had struck him, and before his position was changed, a second bullet hit him on almost the same spot, and brought him on his knees with a groan. He was up again instantly, and dashed into the woods with blood spurting from his mouth. At the report of the first shot, the other two rhinoceros rose from the mire, but paused on failing to discover aught on which to vent their wrath; and then seeing or scenting the smoke, galloped off after their leader, the larger of the two receiving from my second rifle one ball in the fore-ribs and a second in the head. I reloaded as fast as possible, and followed on the broad trail, and before I had gone fifty yards, a loud crash announced the fall of one rhinoceros, and I almost stumbled over its huge carcase lying in the death agony. Dashing on upon the bloody trail for another hundred yards, I came to the bank of a narrow creek, just as one animal was disappearing in the wood on the opposite bank, whilst the other was rising out of the water, struggling to extricate itself from the deep and sticky mud. A shot planted in the middle of the back, over the loins, followed by another just behind the head, caused the stricken beast to plunge forward stone-dead, its foreparts on the land, and the hind-quarters in the tidal water in the creek. The natives

natives with me, who had never before seen a rhinoceros, gazed with awe as they walked round and examined the strange form and monstrous bulk of the fallen beasts.'

There is a great temptation to relate some more of the exciting anecdotes which Mr. Baker tells, especially of his adventures with bears, leopards, and other minor wild animals. But it is necessary to resist the temptation. The old sportsman is often too much inclined to dwell so much on his own mighty feats that he becomes tedious and wearisome. We have endeavoured to state the case impartially as between the Government and the native public in India, and the wild beasts, including snakes. For, as Mr. Simson writes, 'though the killing of snakes might not be regarded as sport, it was a good thing to do.' Concerning the poor birds, whose ornamental plumage has attracted the ruthless destroyer, there can be little doubt that the protection of the Indian Government has been rightly bestowed on them. With regard to the Government measures for the extermination of wild animals and poisonous snakes, it may be that more effectual supervision and direction would lead to better results. It seems that there will be little need to protect any animals of game, save wild elephants and some kinds of deer, for a long time to come. And the English sportsman may still find an ample field for the exercise of his skill and courage in the territories of Bengal and Assam, and the Central Provinces and Madras, when he finds that it has been left to the native professionals and trappers to destroy upwards of a thousand tigers in a single year, and that year was 1886.

Art. V.—*Aus meinem Leben und aus meiner Zeit.* Von Ernst II., Herzog von Sachsen-Coburg-Gotha. Erster Band. Berlin, 1887. (*Memoirs of my Life and of my Time.* By Ernest II., Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. Vol. I. Berlin, 1887.)

IT is unfortunate for the historian that Royal memoirs are not more plentiful. It is also unfortunate for the Royal personages themselves. There was a time indeed when history might have been thought to be little else than a biography of kings. The histories of England and France are still taught in reigns, and the majority of the monarchs of both countries have had a strong individuality which justifies the stamping of their features on the current coin of the realm. But in these days of constitutional monarchy this is no longer the case. The fierce light which once beat upon the throne is now turned towards the Prime Minister, and the diadem reposes in comparative gloom. Yet the monarch may be the most important part of the machine of government. It is generally supposed that Italy was made by Cavour, yet we are told that Victor Emmanuel would have done as much with any other minister. It is the fashion to represent George III. as the obstinate opponent of his wiser councillors, a blunderer into desperate courses, a stupid stickler for costly and unsubstantial shadows. If the first King of Italy had left memoirs which could be published, and if the voluminous correspondence of the third Hanoverian could be brought to light, we might find that one was the far-seeing creator of a new country, and the other more laborious, more honest, and more painstaking than any of his servants. It is difficult to publish Royal memoirs in their entirety. The comity, which suppresses diplomatic correspondence for at least two generations, is even stricter between sovereigns than between nations. Sir Theodore Martin's 'Life of the Prince Consort' is a most valuable contribution to contemporary history, but what has been left unsaid is probably far more important than what has been related. We ought therefore to be grateful to the Duke of Saxe-Coburg for giving us these records of his life and times. They have occupied many years of conscientious labour. They are based, he tells us, not only on personal recollections, but on documents and correspondence which cannot be assailed. They are written in an admirable style, clear, finished, and pointed. The volume before us extends to the year 1850, and covers a period which must be familiar to many who are now alive. It is said that a second volume was recalled immediately after publication, as containing revelations which only maturity could render discreet.

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The Duke, indeed, was well situated as an observer of European vicissitudes. Sovereign of a small State connected with, but not involved in, the high politics of the rival German Courts, he would at once be acquainted with the secrets of affairs, and be able to pronounce an independent judgment upon them. Besides this, he was a member of the great Coburg family, which seemed at one time destined to give sovereigns to half Europe. His father's youngest brother was King of the Belgians, while his own brother Albert, so near to him in age as to be almost a twin, held the position of Prince Consort in England, for which their uncle had at one time been destined. His cousin was Prince Consort of Portugal. Duke Ernest was connected by alliances with Würtemberg, Baden, Russia, France, and Austria. His close connection with Portugal admitted him to the intimacy of Donna Maria da Gloria, who gave her confidence to few. But the salient interest of the book lies in the letters of the Prince Consort, and in the light thrown on his character and opinions. We suspect that this might have been furnished us in greater abundance had it not been for imposed reticence. The narrative, as might be expected, is mainly connected with the complicated struggles for German unity, a subject which must always be obscure and difficult to the English student. We will endeavour to place before our readers the principal lessons of the book, confining ourselves, as space requires, to a few points of special interest.

The two brothers, the Duke tells us, were similarly constituted both in body and mind. Albert was from his earliest childhood the more popular of the two, and enjoyed the petting which his weaker health appeared to invite. This want of bodily strength, evidences of which are visible throughout his early life, brought him eventually to an untimely grave. The two brothers were placed, when very young, under a private tutor named Florschütz, who watched over them with most tender anxiety. He was a man of wide knowledge, especially in History, and was in advance of the education of his age. The Princes learnt Latin, Chemistry, Natural History, and Physics; the absence of Greek was compensated for by translations, and by an extended study of modern languages. At the same time they did not begin to speak English and French until they had acquired a complete mastery over their native German. Their love of the Fatherland was strengthened by the study of the poetry of the Middle Ages, at that time less well known than now; their religious training was earnest but liberal.

When their school education was at an end, there was some difficulty

difficulty in arranging for the continuation of their studies, and it was not customary at that time for reigning princes in Germany to go to a University. They were, by a happy decision, sent to their uncle Leopold, in Brussels, where they could enjoy the best teaching and society under the direction of the most experienced statesman in Europe. Their settlement in the Belgian capital was preceded by a visit to London, during which they were the guests of the Duchess of Kent at Kensington Palace. Any idea of a future alliance between the two cousins, Albert and Victoria, if it had occurred to the mother and uncle, was carefully concealed from the children. William IV., who desired a Dutch alliance for his niece, did not treat the Princes with any particular consideration. He invited them one day to Windsor, and went to sleep during dinner. They came into contact with the prominent persons of the day, among others with Disraeli, who appeared to the Duke a vain young Jew of Radical opinions. The Court of the Citizen King formed a strong contrast to the society of London. Louis Philippe charmed the Princes by his thorough knowledge of German, and by the astounding memory which retained the events of his chequered life. Only a difference of religion prevented an alliance between Prince Ernest and Princess Clementine, who afterwards married his cousin August.

In June 1836 the two brothers settled down to their studies in a little villa on the Boulevard de l'Observatoire at Brussels. Florschütz was still at their side; but they were to be prepared both for society and for government. Their most influential teacher was Quetelet, at that time forty years of age, a mathematician, an astronomer, and a statesman, who applied with remarkable skill abstract calculations to the phenomena of society and politics. It would be difficult to overrate the effect which the cold and accurate mind of Quetelet had over the enthusiastic temperament of Prince Albert. Quetelet's great work, 'Du Système Sociale et des lois qui le régissent,' published in 1848, was dedicated to his Royal pupil. The *salon* of the young students was crowded with men of letters. Among them was Charles de Brouckere, the famous financier, head of the National Bank. Here also they made the acquaintance of Van de Weyer, who was holding for a time the seals of the Home Office, and Van Praet, the private secretary of the King. The Duke tells us that the devotion to the study of art which was so remarkable in the Prince Consort was first given to him in Brussels. The influence of the Prince upon English art has been so profound, that we are apt to imagine that it occupied a larger portion of his mind than was really the case. A statesman

man and a man of letters, art and music attracted him only in due proportion. He worked in England on the field most readily open to him, and a longer life would have developed opportunities of wider scope. Had the Prince Consort lived, the progress of English education would have been advanced by twenty years. The military training of the young men was made easier by the fact, that the armies of Belgium and Holland, which had recently been in conflict, were still massed in warlike array in opposite camps. Brussels was also at this time the refuge for Italian Carbonari, as it became at a later period for the adherents of Queen Christina. Conservative Germany heard, with some astonishment, that the young princes of a reigning house associated with such dangerous characters as Arrivabene and Silvio Pellico. The opinions of the young men took a decidedly Liberal turn, and Prince Albert could say of himself with truth, 'I did not go over from the Tories to the Whigs; but when I awoke and looked about me, I found that I was a Whig.'

The nine months' sojourn of the Princes in Brussels made them only more anxious to drink knowledge at the fountain-head, and with great difficulty they obtained permission to matriculate at the University of Bonn. Here they gave themselves up with passionate enthusiasm to hearing lectures and filling note-books, a weakness of the German mind which the phlegmatic Englishman regards with astonishment and dismay. They attended nearly all the courses in the faculty of law, heard Fichte, the worthy son of an illustrious father, in philosophy, Schlegel in literature, and others not less competent in history, finance, art, and French. They studied anatomy and physics, music and thorough bass. They rode and they fenced, and the Duke tells us that he was presented with a sword of honour at a prize duel. It appears from the early years of the Prince Consort (p. 143, *n.* 1, and p. 172) that Prince Albert carried off a similar distinction. A year and a half was spent in this fruitful and happy toil. If a statesman requires a good education for the exercising of his functions, a sovereign needs it still more, and Germany may congratulate herself that the example set by the Saxon Princes of working as ordinary students has been largely followed, and has happily spread into England.

In the autumn of 1837, the brothers travelled over Switzerland and the Italian lakes on foot, and reached Venice in October. According to the authority of the Duke, which does not, however, agree with the English account, no serious mention was made of the marriage of Queen Victoria to her cousin until March 1838. The brothers were now separated. Prince Albert spent a winter in

in Italy, while the future Duke went to Dresden to perfect himself in military studies. Dresden was indeed at this time the home of the Muses. King Friedrich August was a distinguished traveller and botanist. His brother, Prince John, was one of the first Dante scholars in Europe. The translation and commentary published under the name of Philalethes, in many respects the best of a vast number, was at this time approaching completion, and the future King lectured on his favourite poet to a select audience. The two Devrients and Schröder were the stars of the Dresden Theatre, while Mendelssohn and Schumann were not far off at Leipzig. Under these happy auspices the young Prince attained his majority.

The Duke informs us that the postponement of Queen Victoria's marriage, for which the Queen expresses her regret in the Life of her husband, was the work of her governess, Countess Lehzen, who wished to preserve her influence over her pupil as long as possible. The time, however, had now come when the wish of so many hearts was to be carried out. The two brothers travelled together to England in October 1839, and we learn from these Memoirs some interesting details about the betrothal which followed. The Duke complains of the weakness of the Ministry, which had not the courage to propose to Parliament that his brother should receive the title of King Consort. We can now see that such a position would have been resented by the nation, and might have exposed its occupier to an amount of jealousy which would have impaired his opportunities of influence. Undoubtedly it would have been better for the Prince if he could have made himself more acceptable to the English aristocracy. In the following February the two brothers returned for the wedding. The only new circumstance recorded, is that in his passage through London the Prince was driven by side streets, while masses of expectant crowds were waiting for him in the main thoroughfares. After the marriage the Duke stayed with his brother for three months, and witnessed a daily growth of affection in the Royal pair, which was the more remarkable from the differences of their characters. 'Victoria,' he writes on March 2nd, 'is consistent with herself; she is always a loving, attentive, and tender wife to Albert, and seeks to discover his most trifling wishes.' At the same time, he could observe how difficult it was for his brother to understand the English people and to make himself understood by them. As they were riding together during the last days of their visit, and talking of these difficulties, Prince Albert said to his brother, 'When you are gone I shall have no one to whom I can speak unrestrainedly on these subjects. An English-man

man does not understand or comprehend these things, and sees in them only the arrogant censoriousness of a foreigner.' The Duke thinks that the choice of Mr. Anson as Secretary, notwithstanding his many good qualities, was not a happy one, from his low opinion of everything German. This naturally increased the Prince's isolation, and he had no one to fall back upon but Baron Stockmar. Whatever position and influence the Prince Consort afterwards acquired in England was due to his own qualities and efforts, and had to be won step by step.

In 1840 Prince Ernest made a journey to Portugal and Spain, being, as he tells us, probably the first German Prince who ever visited the Peninsula as a tourist. Dona Maria da Gloria, Queen of Portugal, after the death of her first husband the Duke of Leuchtenberg, had married Prince Ferdinand of Saxe-Coburg, the first cousin of the Duke. The court of Dona Maria and the King Consort presented to the traveller a picture of peace and prosperity. The troubles of the civil war were forgotten. Dom Fernando, a young man of twenty-four, had now settled down in his position. Prince Ernest writes to his brother how agreeable he is able to make himself, and how skilful he is in entertaining the company at Court. Perhaps some friendly advice may here lurk between the lines. Of Dona Maria he gives a more favourable account than is usually received. He ascribes her apparent shyness to deliberate purpose, and contrasts her silence in the presence of the Court with her unrestrained loquacity in the family circle. He portrays her as full of insight and originality. It is generally believed that the outset of Dom Fernando's career was embarrassed by a German Camarilla, of whom Dietz, the King's former tutor, was the head. The Duke contradicts this, and attributes the cleanliness and security of the capital, as well as improvement in agriculture, to Saxon influence. At the same time the King's position was a secure one. He received every one in audience before the Queen, and visitors paid their respects first to him.

The Duke's experience in Spain offered a strong contrast to this peaceful scene. On arriving in the harbour of Barcelona the travellers were not received with any signs of respect, but were kept waiting three hours before their luggage was examined. They found that the town had been declared in a state of siege by Espartero, the head of the Exaltados party, who were endeavouring to return to power. Towards evening they were conducted into a large but unfurnished palace, with many apologies for delay. At this time the Queen was a prisoner in her palace. On the morning of the following day Espartero called, covered from head to foot with gold lace. In

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the afternoon the Duke drove in a miserable carriage, to visit the Queen Regent and her two daughters. He found them surrounded by every sign of squalor and poverty. The Queen summed up her conversation with the words: 'I am the most miserable woman in the world.' Two days later there was a review of troops in honour of the Duke, and Espartero asked him if he would persuade the Queen to show herself at the balcony of her palace-prison whilst the soldiers marched by. With great difficulty the Queen consented to witness the parade of the very army, which had just defeated her troops and was keeping her a prisoner. The submission was of little use to the humbled sovereign. On September 16, 1840, Espartero entered Madrid in triumph, and a month later Queen Christina abdicated, and sought refuge in France.

In 1840 the Duke married, not Princess Marie of Prussia, as had at first been intended, but Princess Alexandrina of Baden. In 1844, by the sudden death of his father, he succeeded to the throne. In March he received a visit from his brother Albert, and after so long an absence could form an independent judgment of his character, which is highly interesting to us. The Prince Consort, he says, was by no means so decided a supporter of constitutional government as the Duke himself. He desired to maintain the patriarchal system customary in the small German Duchies, and was opposed to any sharp division between public and domestic affairs. He remarks, that the letters and speeches of his brother give only a one-sided picture of his distinguished but very peculiar character, and do not sufficiently exhibit its contrasts and oppositions. He represents him as uniting a gentle amiability of disposition to a severely critical judgment, a self-sacrificing warmth of heart to a coldness which was repellent to many, a devotion for humanity in the abstract to a contempt for individuals; to benefit mankind he could be severe to men. This critical mood showed itself equally in politics, art, and science. He was by nature an enemy of all half truths and of hollow phrases. The seriousness with which he regarded the business of life impaired the natural cheerfulness of his character. The Duke is inclined to ascribe this change to the influence of English surroundings, a country in which pleasure is always taken more or less sadly; but he comes to the conclusion, that the real cause of it lay in the presence of Baron Stockmar, who was established at Windsor as an adviser to the Royal pair. It has often happened that the private physicians of princes have played an important part in politics. Baron Stockmar is a striking figure in that series of notabilities which extends from Olivier le Dain

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to Doctor Evans. He occupied, the Duke tells us, in the Coburg family the position of the Greek Chorus, being a constant and trustworthy adviser, but not a responsible minister. He had also a strong influence over the English Court, and from the pages of these Memoirs we find him to be a more important political personage than we should have expected.

The years between 1845 and 1848 were occupied by the constitutional struggles which culminated in the outbreak of the later year. The Duke was from his position intimately acquainted with all the twists and turns of that secular rivalry which eventually placed Prussia at the head of Germany. From him we can learn much about the enigmatical character of Frederick William IV., whose medieval mysticisms and wavering whims of genius were so long an obstacle to the steady development of the German people. Metternich was opposed to the establishment of any constitution whatever in Prussia. The King elaborated a constitution which was quite unfit for the age. Prince Albert, who, in an interesting letter now for the first time published, entreated the King to prevent if possible the destruction of the Hessian constitution, as a violence done to the common good faith of princes, had it also in his mind to place Prussia at the head of the Liberal movement in Germany. Among the forerunners of Prince Bismarck, who was eventually to determine this long contest, was General Radowitz, to whom the Duke ascribes an important share in the unification of Germany. He was, the Duke informs us, a figure out of the Middle Ages, a soldier politician and a fighting bishop, a man of great knowledge and wide reading. He possessed a memory scarcely inferior to Lord Macaulay's. He could read a moderate-size book in an afternoon, and repeat nearly every sentence in it by heart, with the page on which it was to be found. In conversation he quoted from books to an extent which appeared incredible, but on examination he was nearly always found to be exact. He was, as might be expected, something of a *doctrinaire*, and was rather a teacher than a man of action; he was more useful as a critic or adviser than as a leader. Whilst the States-General were sitting at Berlin in the autumn of 1847, he pressed upon the King the necessity of securing the freedom of the press, the publication of debates in the February assembly, measures for the army of Germany and the interest of trade.

In the discussion of these questions of high policy Prince Albert took a more considerable share than would appear from the pages of his life. They were mooted during the visit of the Prince to Coburg and Gotha in 1845, where a large number of

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German princes were assembled to meet the Queen of England. They were the subject of conversations between the brothers in the following year, and they formed the groundwork of a correspondence between Prince Albert and the King of Prussia, which was communicated not only to Duke Ernest and the Prince of Leiningen, but to Stockmar and Bunsen. Prince Albert found himself in little agreement with the limited and eccentric views which were imposed upon Frederick William IV. by the stress of his own character and of his territorial and family connections. The Prince took his stand upon the two fundamental principles of securing at once the unity of Germany and a popular government in its component provinces. Of this Germany, Prussia was to be the head, and yet Austria was not to be excluded from it. To effect this combination was an operation of consummate delicacy, made more difficult by the resolve of Frederick William that his only function was to hold the stirrup for the Emperor of Austria. Yet Austria was quite unable, financially, morally, or politically, to take the lead. Just at this time the system of Metternich suffered three serious blows. The incorporation of Cracow into the Monarchy produced an outbreak which strained the resources of Austria almost to breaking. The election of Pope Pius IX. raised the flag of Italian liberty with an authority which could not be overlooked, while the war of the Sonderbund in Switzerland covered the policy of the Austrian Chancellor with discredit. In the meantime a negociation which might have led to a European war was occupying the attention of the two brothers.

The question of the Spanish Marriages has been treated in Sir Theodore Martin's 'Life of the Prince Consort' with more than ordinary completeness. It is not necessary to relate again the whole dreary story, but the Duke's Memoirs throw some light on points which have hitherto been obscure. The eagerness of Guizot and Louis Philippe to contract an alliance between the Courts of Spain and France recals the family compacts of an earlier age. The Duke's second journey to the Peninsula took place in the spring of 1846. No sooner had he landed at Barcelona than he heard from M. Lesseps, then the Consul-General of France, of the fall of Narvaez which had just occurred. Six years before, in the same city, the Duke had witnessed the humiliation of Queen Christina before Espartero. He now saw her tread a devoted and enlightened minister into the dust. Prince Albert had some reason for writing to his brother that he would soon be regarded as a family spectre, since revolution, deposition, assassination, and slaughter, seemed always to follow in his train. The Duke is

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of opinion that Queen Christina only desired an Orleanist marriage, in order to get back to Spain with the assistance of Louis Philippe, and that when that object was accomplished in 1844, she would have preferred to have given her daughter's hand to her brother, the Duke of Trapani, the youngest of the twelve children of Francis I. Undoubtedly the best husband for the young Queen would have been a Coburg; but Lord Palmerston, who had his own reasons for disliking Coburgs, represented this as an alliance in the French interest, and supported the candidature of Don Enrique, the Duke of Seville, the second son of Don Francisco de Paula, the brother of Don Carlos. Queen Christina was strongly opposed to Don Enrique, because of his connection with the Progresistas, whom she held in abhorrence. His elder brother, Don Francisco de Assisi, was even more distasteful to her, because she knew that a union with him must be without hope of posterity. It is indeed terrible to think that, in an enlightened age, such a marriage could have been seriously thought of.

The Duke, who was a strong supporter of the Coburg marriage, thinks that the English Ministers were outwitted at Eu. It was there arranged, as we learn from the Life of the Prince Consort, that the marriage of the Duke of Montpensier with the Queen's sister should not take place until the Queen herself should be married and have children. The price of the surrender of an Orleanist alliance with the Queen was the promise of England to support a Bourbon alliance, and this ought not to have been conceded. The letter of Queen Christina to the Duke, dated May 2, 1846, which is printed in full, acknowledges the Queen's desire to unite her daughter with the Count of Trapani, but declares that the alliance which would best secure the happiness both of her child and of the nation would be a marriage with Prince Leopold of Coburg. She asked the Duke to use his influence with the English Court to secure her daughter a free choice in this matter. The Duke expressed to Queen Christina a hope that her desire might be accomplished, while he sent copies of the letter both to his brother and to King Leopold. Prince Albert replied on May 26 that he could not do what the Duke wished, that the Queen and himself were pledged to promote a Bourbon marriage on condition that Louis Philippe refrained from putting forward any of his own sons; of course, if the Spanish Court declared that a Bourbon alliance was impossible, the Queen might then be free to marry whom she pleased, but England could have nothing to with the matter; the best chance for a Coburg marriage was to secure the support of Louis Philippe.

Philippe. The unfortunate Queen of Spain had to wait long for a definite answer.

Lord Palmerston had succeeded Lord Aberdeen, and our own Queen was for some time after the birth of the Princess Helena unable to attend to public affairs. On August 5, Prince Albert sent to his brother a draught of the answer to be given to Queen Christina, which had been drawn up by the Queen, the Prince, and the King of the Belgians. It took away all hope of a Coburg marriage, alleging the determination of Louis Philippe that the Queen of Spain should marry a Bourbon, and the impolicy and, indeed, the impossibility of resisting this determination by anything short of the positive resolution of the Spanish nation. The result was not long in coming. The efforts of Lord Palmerston in favour of Don Enrique only strengthened the anxiety of Guizot to support his brother. On August 29, the simultaneous betrothal of the Duke of Cadiz to the Queen of Spain, and of the Duke of Montpensier to her sister, was formally announced. As we learn from the Life of the Prince Consort, the Queen was deeply wounded at this breach of faith. Prince Albert wrote to his brother on Dec. 17:—

'Nothing can be more faithless than the policy announced by the French Court. It is a paltry triumph to have duped a friend, especially when he is the only one you possess. The poor Queen, up to the last moment, clung to the marriage with Leopold, and only gave it up when Bulwer declared that he could not support it, and must take the side of Don Enrique, who, as a Bourbon, had the approval of France. Bresson had adroitly used their ill-temper to put forward Don Francisco, and concluded the betrothal of Montpensier to the Infanta.'

King Leopold threw the whole blame of failure on Lord Palmerston's support of Don Enrique. The marriage was fatal to both dynasties. The new King Consort only lived a few months with his wife, and at no long interval the House of Orleans was driven from the throne of France.

The Duke, on arriving at Lisbon, found the situation even more troubled than in Spain. A civil war was raging in the streets of the capital, yet Dona Maria rode about peacefully in the suburbs, and was received with enthusiasm by the populace. Whilst storming columns were attacking Fort Almada, the royal family drank tea on the terrace of Belem, and the band of the frigate sent to secure their safety played a waltz of Strauss. The Queen appeared to regard the conflict as an exhibition of fireworks, but the King Consort took it more seriously. Duke Ernest ascribes the Queen's attitude not to indifference, but to

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a sense of being above party; and he believes that, when English intervention had favoured the Septembrists and had driven the German Camarilla from the country, the royal family were more involved in party quarrels, and reigned with less dignity and less peace. The King of the Belgians complained to his nephew, that the English were behaving shamefully, and that they would now ruin Ferdinand as before they had ruined Leopold. Lord Palmerston's policy, even though it generally made for freedom, was not uninfluenced by temper and personal antipathy.

The Duke has something to tell us about the fall of Louis Philippe. He thinks it a pity that the King of the French could never work with Thiers. Some years later, Thiers said himself to the Duke, 'King Louis Philippe would never take the trouble to understand me.' Indeed, his dislike amounted to aversion. The death of the Duke of Orleans was a terrible blow to his father's position. It deprived the King of his wisest adviser. Prince Joinville and the Duc d'Aumale were in Africa, and Louis Philippe was thrown back upon the female members of his family, who were clerical and reactionary. It is but little known that a lively correspondence took place between Louis Philippe and the King of the Belgians, on the request, that King Leopold should undertake the guardianship of the children of the Duke of Orleans. Perhaps there was some idea of the eventual union of Belgium with France. King Leopold refused, and said of his father-in-law that the good old gentleman must eat his soup himself. A little resolution might have saved the Monarchy at the last moment, but the King had a keen recollection of the Terror of 1793. He had been reading Lamartine's 'Girondins' aloud to his family, supplementing the book by personal recollections, and the ladies dreaded a recurrence of the scenes of horror which were so vividly present to his own mind. Thus, although the army was firm and faithful, resolution failed in the supreme crisis. The King repeated again and again, 'I have seen bloodshed enough.' He told the Duke at Richmond, in 1849, as he strode up and down the room in passionate excitement, 'I will explain all. My ministers deceived me as to the situation. It is the ambition of M. Thiers which brought about the fall of the throne.'

The outbreak of 1848, although it was long expected, took every one by surprise. The King of the Belgians was one of the few who anticipated that Louis Philippe would be driven out like Charles X. The revolution was marked by the universality of its eruption, by wild hopes on one side, and by

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abject despair and incompetence on the other. There existed at this time a close connection between England and Prussia, a set-off against the alliance between France and Austria which disfigured the last years of Louis Philippe. To this connection Russia sought to attach herself in order to bring about the isolation of England. The friendship between the two Powers was, however, endangered by the sympathy felt in England for the aspirations of Italy. Frederick William could do nothing which was likely to shake the authority of Austria in Venetia and the Milanese, and he had a pious horror of Italian conspirators. Duke Ernest was in England when the royal fugitives arrived from France. He met the Duc de Nemours on his landing at Dover, and the Queen sent a special train to bring him to London.

The Duke returned to his own dominions at the beginning of March, and soon found himself face to face with a miniature revolution. He met the disturbances in Coburg and Gotha with mingled firmness and conciliation. The tragedy of 1848 was not altogether without its comic side. One day in May, as the Duke was driving from Gotha to Coburg, he was met by a carriage which contained the whole executive government, three in number, of a little Thuringian town called Cella St. Blasii. They were in the greatest excitement; they were driven out by the revolution, and were seeking refuge in Gotha. The Duke determined to visit Cella in person, but the government was far too much frightened to accompany him. On arriving at the town, he found several hundred persons assembled in the market-place, while speeches were being made from the public fountain in the middle. The Duke entered an inn, persuaded the half-tipsy landlord to give him a large room, and provided himself with a clerk. He declared himself ready to hear complaints, and the hall was soon filled with artisans and shopkeepers, who shouted around him. He told them that they must send a deputation. After an hour's interval a deputation of fifty made its appearance, who proceeded to bring numerous irregular charges against the Ducal officials. The Duke replied that the charges must be laid in regular form before the ministry of Gotha, and that in the meantime the executive officers must be restored to their places. Some slight hesitation was removed by the threat that, unless this were done, a regiment of soldiers would be quartered at Cella at the expense of the inhabitants. Thirty citizens were found to sign a paper guaranteeing the personal safety of the officials. The grievances, when placed on paper, were found to be very insignificant, and a year later, when the Duke desired to remove these very officials, he re-

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ceived an ardent appeal in their favour. Stockmar wrote to the Duke, that he was glad to see that the personal influence of sovereigns was not altogether dead in Germany.

The Duke was also able to assist others who were weaker than himself. In July he was informed that the Ducal family in Altenburg was in the greatest personal danger. He immediately took his place in a second-class railway carriage and arrived at Altenburg unrecognized. The landlord of the inn assured him that Altenburg was on the threshold of great events, that the Duke was a prisoner, and cut off from all communication with the external world. When asked by whom, mine host replied, 'He is in the power of the Provisional government, and is under the surveillance of the national guard.' 'Is it possible,' asked the Duke, 'to penetrate into the palace?' 'Quite impossible,' was the answer. The Lord High Steward was also said to be a prisoner in his house. The Duke determined to call upon the High Steward, and found the door protected by an unmilitary-looking national guard with a halberd in his hand, who in broad Altenburg *patois* told him that he could not enter. The Duke pushed the man gently aside, and walked into the house. He found the High Steward in a state of the deepest alarm. He dared not conduct the Duke into the presence of his sovereign, for it would be certain death to any one making the attempt. The road to the castle, which is situated upon a height, was barred by two large barricades occupied by soldiers, who allowed no one to pass. The Duke luckily arrived at the moment when they were relieving guard, and telling the officer in command who he was, was admitted to the palace, the visit of a neighbouring sovereign having been apparently overlooked in the orders of the day. The Duke thought it as well to hint, what was entirely without foundation, that there was a body of troops in the neighbourhood who were prepared to attack if he were forcibly detained. The Duke of Altenburg and his family were in a state of deepest dejection. With great difficulty Duke Ernest persuaded them to invite the leader of the Democratic party to Court. He had been appointed Minister, but had been kept at arm's length. To receive him into Ducal society was regarded as the culminating point of human degradation. By the help of Duke Ernest everything was satisfactorily arranged. The hated Minister, Seckendorf, resigned 'from motives of ill-health;' Krutsiger, the Democrat, did the honours at the railway station when the Duke started back on his homeward journey.

Among the various projects for the reconstitution of Germany at

at this time, was one for establishing a Kingdom of Thuringia, which would unite the Saxon Duchies under the presidency of Weimar. Duke Ernest was naturally averse to an arrangement which would subordinate his own Duchies to a rival. With his accustomed activity he travelled from *Residenz* to *Residenz*, and succeeded in collecting a meeting of Thuringian delegates on July 22, 1848, under his own presidency, at Gotha. The machinations of Weimar were foiled, but republican agitators had to be put down by force. The Duke led his troops in person against the barricades in Finsterbergen, and took twenty or thirty prisoners, who were afterwards severely punished. Prince Albert was as strongly opposed to a Thuringian kingdom as his brother. He considered that it would make the confusion of Germany even worse confounded, and he thought that the pretensions of Weimar to stand at its head were baseless. At the same time he was in favour of some unity of action between the Saxon Duchies, and he welcomed the conference at Gotha as a step in this direction, which should be repeated every three years. Duke Ernest could now write to his uncle in Belgium that he enjoys for his own part in Germany an influence and popularity of which he never could have dreamed; that he has reached unconsciously, and without any seeking for it, the doubtful honour of a popular leader.

'The position,' he says, 'is an unfortunate and an insecure one, but it gives me the power to render great services to the cause of Germany, and to serve the interest of the common weal with the postponement of my own. Yet, although I have been able to assist my cousins in various ways, they are jealous of my position.'

Prince Albert regarded the German movement for independence almost with enthusiasm, and this optimistic spirit is shown in letters which are quoted by the Duke. He writes, on March 14, 1848:—

'The outlook in Germany is indeed troubled, but I am not without the hope that, when the first outbreak is over, and certain things which have been neglected by the Government are duly performed, a clearer knowledge of what is right will succeed. The proofs of attachment to the princes and their families are not to be despised, and the strivings towards German unity are worthy of all praise.'

A week later he writes to his uncle Leopold:—

'Since I last wrote to you a new catastrophe has taken place, and that in Vienna. Metternich is wandering about a fugitive. Terrible as such a description of a long over-strained system must be, and much as excesses are to be feared, yet I see in this event the salvation both of Germany and Italy. In Germany it will restore to the princes the confidence of their peoples. They will no longer be induced

induced by secret influences to play false, to concede much, and then to withdraw it secretly. It will place the King of Prussia again on his own feet, and will remove the impossibility of uniting constitutional and absolute States in one federation for a common political purpose. All pretext for Austrian aggression in Italy will fall to the ground. What is now taking place in Berlin is very important; unfortunately news has arrived of a conflict in the streets. God grant that the King has at least proved victorious in the streets. The influence of Metternich upon Germany is now passed, and we have seen the last of this pressure upon Governments and this jealousy on the part of the people. I imagine that the new state of things will be constituted as follows:—Provincial parliaments in Bohemia, Moravia, the Tyrol, Austria, Carinthia, Styria, Venice, Lombardy; a general diet in Vienna, after the model of that in Prussia; a definite modern constitution in Hungary; a German league organized on a Democratic basis; the Presidency given to Austria and Prussia alternately with certain executive prerogative; a Customs union for the whole of Germany. When this is organized and found to be successful, an imitation of the same kind of constitution in Italy, an Italian League, a Customs union which will include Austria with its Italian provinces. In this manner Austria, as a powerful State, would form the centre of gravity between the two Leagues, and would be a common member for the union of both. In this manner the whole of Central Europe would be united into a single Conservative mass, which would keep the Asiatic barbarians in due bounds, and also the Gauls, those restless disturbers of peace. This would be a modern constitutional and industrial realization of the mediæval idea of the Holy Roman Empire.'

Unfortunately this rose-coloured picture was too good to be realized. The disintegration of Austria was more serious than Prince Albert imagined. There was a danger of the whole empire breaking up into a number of independent kingdoms and nationalities. The very existence of the monarchy was more than doubtful, and Austrian funds and paper money suffered a depreciation worse than any which had been heard of in Europe since the wars of Napoleon. The system of Metternich had been strained too far. While the aged Chancellor was engaged in extinguishing revolutionary movements in Europe, he almost overlooked the fact, that the Court of Vienna itself was in the greatest danger. The Emperor Ferdinand himself was entirely incapable of governing, and his place was taken by a triumvirate consisting of Metternich, Kolowrat, and Archduke Lewis. This regency had never been authorized, either by law, by parliament, or by any public Act. The existence of the regency was very little known, although the monarch was not capable even of writing his name. There was no difficulty in overthrowing a government of this kind.

Prince

Prince Albert appears to have maintained his belief in the political ability of the King of Prussia long after others had lost it. He considered him as the best leader of the movement towards united Germany. He thought that his brother the Prince of Prussia was much to be pitied; that there was no reason why he should be under a cloud, since he was really in sympathy with reform. However, the conferences held at Berlin for the creation of a new constitution had but little effect, and public attention was soon removed to Frankfort. The Duke prints in full a sketch drawn up by Prince Albert for a new constitution of Germany, dated Buckingham Palace, March 28th, of which it will be interesting to give an abstract. He lays down that the problem is how to convert Germany from a loose confederacy into a close federation. The different peoples, states, dynasties, and crowns, of which Germany is composed, must be all united. At the same time the individuality of each portion must be preserved, and the existing rights of the crowns and dynasties must be secured. For this purpose the princes of the German League, together with the four burgomasters of the free towns, are to form a House of Princes, and are to choose from among themselves a German Emperor, either for life or for a term of years. The parliaments of the different German provinces are to elect from each of their two chambers representatives for an Imperial Diet in proportion to the population and the importance of each State. An Imperial Court of Justice is to be formed, presided over by an irremovable chancellor, consisting of representatives of the law faculties of German Universities. This court is to decide all questions between sovereigns and parliaments, as well as questions of succession and regency. The Emperor is to have considerable power, but his ministers are to be responsible to Parliament. A Chamber of Commerce and a Council of War are to decide upon the matters which naturally come under their jurisdiction. They will form, with the Diet, three Imperial chambers. The House of Princes is to possess a veto upon the Diet, and upon the nomination of ministers. Its members are to have a proportional vote, and are to be represented by proxy. The Diet is to meet every three years. Its members are to sit and discuss together. It is to contain about fifty members in the first chamber, and one hundred and fifty in the second. The King of Prussia regarded this project as the best that he had yet seen, but he expressed his disagreement with it on important points. A temporary Emperor would be a monstrosity. If the head were elected for a number of years he must bear another title. He proposed himself a different solution of the difficulty. The

Emperor

Emperor of Austria should remain the acknowledged head of the German nation. The elected ruler, call him what you will —perhaps King of the Germans—should be chosen at Frankfort, and his election confirmed by the Emperor. This would serve to keep the two rival German powers in unity.

The committee of seventeen, of whom Dahlmann was the ruling spirit, drew up in April a scheme of a very different character. It proposed a republic, after the American model, with a President and a single chamber. Prince Albert strongly disapproved of this. Writing from Osborne on April 11th, he expressed the view, that Frankfort ought not to be the capital of Germany. It was too much under the influence of the south German rabble, and much too close to the French frontier; Nuremberg would make a much better centre. But he treated the whole scheme with contempt. He said that his own plan provided at least that commons should remain commons, peers peers, and sovereigns sovereigns; whereas to mix up together Kings, Electors, Grand Dukes and ordinary deputies together in one chamber was horrible and impossible. Duke Ernest complains that his brother looked at these matters too exclusively from a Prussian point of view, being under the joint influence of Bunsen and the Prince of Prussia. It is difficult to resist the inference, that the Duke's ambition was excited by these plans with hopes of personal aggrandizement, which were inconsistent with the acknowledged headship of Prussia. He might himself hope to be, if not an elected Emperor, at least a King of Germany. This is not the only trace of personal vanity to be found in these Memoirs.

When the National Assembly was opened at Frankfort, Baron Stockmar was sent to represent Saxe-Coburg-Gotha; but he was able to produce but little effect on the course of events, and became more silent and more reserved than ever. Prince Albert wrote to his brother, that some one had sent him a pocket-handkerchief from Frankfort in the German colours, black, red and gold, so that he could now blow his nose in accordance with the spirit of the age. When the rivalry between Austria and Prussia could no longer be appeased, and the idea of a triad or triple presidency of the federation did not command assent, Archduke John of Austria was placed at the head of the league with the title Reichverweser or Imperial Vicar. None of the deputies at Frankfort were personally acquainted with him, but they believed him to be an honest man and a democrat, partly because he had married the daughter of a Styrian postmaster. He soon received the nickname of 'John Lackland.' Duke Ernest went to meet the new Viceroy at Gotha, and received from

from him the impression, that he was not very thoroughly acquainted with German affairs. The incompetence of the National Assembly was clearly seen when it began to meddle with foreign policy. The truce which had been concluded between Prussia and Denmark at Malmö on August 26th, 1848, with the authority of the Imperial Vicar, was brought before the National Assembly for confirmation. It was vehemently opposed not only by the Left, but by the Right Centre under Dahlmann, and was negatived by a small majority. The Leiningen Ministry was overthrown, and Dahlmann was unable to form a new one. Just at that crisis the Duke arrived at Frankfort, and was present at the debates which followed. He writes to his brother that the Ministry has no life, the National Assembly no cohesion, and that the Vicar inspires no confidence.

A few days later the revolution broke out in violence. A crowd stormed the entrance of St. Paul's Church in which the Assembly was sitting, and obnoxious members were compelled to retire by a side entrance. On September 18th there was firing in the streets, and Von Meyern wrote to the Duke that his cigar had been put out by a musket-ball whilst he was standing on the balcony of his hotel. Lichnowsky and Auerswald were mortally wounded. The barricades at the entrance to the Zeil were battered by cannon and stormed by troops. Prince Albert wrote, on hearing of the murders:—

'Although I have hitherto cared little for Lichnowsky's policy, yet I have always admired his eloquence as a speaker and his political courage, a gift far less common than any other in our time. For these reasons his end has deeply affected me. I hope that the rebels will now be treated with severity, or else no stone will be left upon another, and the misery will be terrible.'

By the end of the year the National Assembly had nearly completed the new Imperial Constitution, and the only question which remained was the form which should be given to the personal crown of the edifice. It was at last determined to elect an Emperor, and the choice fell upon the King of Prussia. Even before this the Duke had written to the King to press him to accept the offer if it should be made to him. Gagern, Stockmar, Bunsen, and Dahlmann, threw their influence into the same scale. The history of the King's refusal is well known. The Duke attributed it to three causes: the efforts of foreign diplomacy, the intrigues of the Court parties at Vienna and Berlin, and the inherent tendency of Prussia to remain within its own limits of activity. Austria, with the help of Hanover, did her best to

to stifle the project in its germ. Even without these opposing forces it would have been difficult for Prussia to accept. The decision to have an Emperor at all was finally carried by only four votes, and when Frederick William was chosen, only a third of the original Assembly was present, so that he would have been the emperor of a Rump. The centre of the struggle had passed to other fields, and both the offer and the refusal were not without their ludicrous sides. 'What is to become of the poor nation,' wrote Prince Albert, 'when the King of Prussia has thrown the Emperor of Germany into the water just as he was going to stand upon his legs.'

A large portion of the Duke's Memoirs is naturally taken up with the affairs of Schleswig-Holstein, a country in which he gained his first laurels, and earned his chief title to be considered a man of action. It is needless to relate the complicated history of the Duchies of the Elbe. The constitutional disputes between Denmark and Holstein, which eventually led to war, broke out on the accession of Frederick VII., January 20th, 1848. This king was a very singular character. He was of a phlegmatic description, and had no energy either of mind or body. He was in the habit of telling most extraordinary stories to the courtiers who surrounded him, and they were obliged to feign belief to the word of the King. He narrated battles which had never been fought, as if he had himself taken part in them. His adventures were a mixture of Sir John Falstaff and Alexander the Great. He had been divorced from two wives and had married a third morganatically. In March, a provisional government was formed in Kiel, and a few corps were levied to defend the Duchies. The University was ransacked to find ambassadors for the new State. Professors exchanged their long coats for gold-embroidered uniforms, and assumed diplomatic functions in Berlin, Frankfort and Hanover. Eventually war was put a stop to by the intervention of Lord Palmerston. It was agreed that North Schleswig should go to Denmark, and that South Schleswig should join the German confederation under its own dukes. Unfortunately the matter was too remote and intricate for English public opinion to comprehend. Prince Albert writes to his brother that he is afraid that Englishmen will instinctively take the side of Denmark. In June followed the truce of Malmö, of which we have spoken above.

The truce, which produced such disastrous results in the streets of Frankfort, came to an end in March 1849. All attempts to bring about peace in the meantime had failed. The provisional governors, established by the truce, laid down their office, and the imperial troops again marched into Schleswig with

with the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha at their head. No sooner had he arrived on the scene of action than he became aware that General von Prittwitz, who commanded the Prussian army, was not likely to treat him with much respect, or to afford him a very hearty co-operation. The Duke set himself to guard the coast from the danger of a landing. He had not long to wait for the enemy. On April 4th, he was informed that a Danish ship-of-the-line, the 'Christian the Eighth,' together with nine other vessels, were in the harbour of Eckernförde, which was barricaded by the frigate, 'Gesion,' outside. Preparations to resist a debarkation of troops were made during the night, and batteries were erected on the beach. In the early morning of April 5th, the 'Christian the Eighth' and the 'Gesion,' with the steamboats 'Geiser' and 'Hekla,' were seen to approach the shore, and soon afterwards the battle began. Two of the ships lay only four hundred paces from the battery which they were attacking. It needed every exertion to prevent a landing. At half-past one the fire of the ships ceased, and a flag of truce was sent offering that the ships should retire if the fire of the allies was stopped. This only led to a cessation of two hours, and at four the conflict was resumed. During the interval a new battery had been constructed on the sand hills, which did terrible execution. At half-past six Captain Paludan expressed his desire to capitulate, having previously hauled down his flag. The shore was crowded by soldiers and citizens mingled in an enthusiasm of delight. Captain Müller, who had commanded the Nassau battery to which the victory was mainly due, forgetful of military discipline, threw himself upon the Duke's neck.

The Danes appeared to take their defeat very coolly. All the crews were carried off from the ships and made prisoners, more than a thousand in number. Scarcely had this been accomplished, when the 'Christian the Eighth' blew up and strewed the harbour with its fragments. Strange to say, scarcely a life was lost. Count Wedell Jarlsberg had a marvellous escape. He was serving as a Norwegian volunteer in the Danish fleet, and had asked permission to return to the ship after he had been made prisoner, in order to secure some important papers. No sooner had he reached the vessel than the explosion followed. He was shot out far into the sea, and escaped unhurt. He swam to land and surrendered himself in accordance with his parole, and afterwards attained a high rank in the Swedish Navy. The victory of Eckernförde was indeed a brilliant success for the German cause. Not only was the result far beyond what could have been expected, so that Prince Albert compared his brother

to

to a sportsman who had gone out snipe shooting, and had brought down a stag of fourteen points; but it had united Prussians, Bavarians, Hanoverians, Würtembergers, Northern and Southern Germans, in a common cause against a common foe.

The position of Duke Ernest in Schleswig naturally gave him an excellent opportunity of becoming thoroughly acquainted with the principle actors in the drama. The reigning Duke Christian and his brother Frederick, afterwards Count of Noer, are represented as amiable characters, chivalrous, honourable and trustworthy, but strict in their opinions, and obstinate and defensive in their rights. They were anything but popular in their own country, and the property of the Count of Noer was devastated by the peasantry, who took advantage of the confusion which attends a war. The Duke was a well-educated statesman; but his brother, though an accomplished man, was not gifted with popular qualities. He was especially disliked by the Liberals and by the Danes, and the more so, as he became gradually recognized as the leader of the Augustenburg party. The principal administrators of the Duchies were Beseler, a political *dilettante*, and Count Reventlow, an idealist. In spite of the differences of their characters, they appeared to have worked well enough together. Some of the chief difficulties of the provisional government arose from the hostility of the English. Duke Ernest invoked the assistance of his English relations. Prince Albert did not give much comfort. He ascribed the delays in making peace to the intrigues of Russia, and to the devotion of the English people to the Danish cause, while Lord Palmerston sorely needed some new successes to make up for the reverses which he had suffered.

It is strange that the English did not feel a greater interest in the independence of the cradle of their race, with which it had so many sympathies and so much similarity. Duke Ernest writes to his brother in June, that he is quite in love with the people, that they are the best natured and the most amiable whom he had hitherto found in Germany. Schleswig-Holstein, he says, is a German England; not only the appearance of the country, but the manners and customs are entirely English, with the notable exception that there is no poverty. This arises from the fact that there are no towns or manufactures, and that the land is the property of the people. Drunkenness is unknown, Sunday is as quiet as in England, there are but few churches and those at long distances, but the standard of morality is very high. The interval of inaction was spent pleasantly by the commander of the allied army. The Duchess

 joined

joined him from Gotha, and the numerous minor royalties present in the army, including our own Prince Christian, then a lad of eighteen, gave opportunity for agreeable society.

Immediately after the battle of Eckernförde, General von Prittwitz had been ordered to act vigorously on the offensive before the effects of diplomacy could interfere with his operations. The lines of Düppel were stormed on April 13th by the Saxons and Bavarians. The Danes were in full retreat. The conquest of Jutland, which could have been easily accomplished by the united armies, would have put an end to the war; but the Government of Berlin had no intention of executing so vigorous a policy. Bonin, who commanded the troops of Schleswig-Holstein, took Kolding, the frontier fortress of Jutland, by storm on April 23rd; but Von Prittwitz did not march into the province till a fortnight later. Even then, while Bonin was advancing upon Fredericia, the Prussians kept aloof from the scene of action, and appeared anxious to avoid all serious conflict with the Danes until diplomacy had done its work. It gradually became evident that the statesmen at Berlin were looking forward to a repulse at Fredericia, which might make it more easy to crush the aspirations of the Duchies towards independence. Bunsen, the German Ambassador in London, and Lord Palmerston, cannot be exempted from blame, although it is possible that they may have considered it of great importance that the Duchies should work out their own salvation by themselves. There is no doubt that the Queen and Prince Albert had strong sympathies with the Duchies. Lord Palmerston, who was impatient of the interruption caused to English trade, went so far as to propose that England should definitely declare that, if the war were not concluded by the first of July, she would take the side of Denmark. This step was only prevented by the opposition of the Queen, who insisted on this country maintaining a line of strict impartiality.

On July 6th, Bonin's army was repulsed from Fredericia, and four days later a truce between the belligerents was agreed upon at Berlin, and preliminaries were arranged by which Schleswig should be separated from Holstein, and placed under a different government. This was to destroy the hopes of the House of Augustenburg, and to violate fundamental compacts. The deposed Princes turned to England for assistance. The Duke wished to plead his cause in person at London; but he could not make the journey without first receiving an invitation, which it was impossible for the English sovereign to give. His brother desired to submit his conduct to a court of honour composed of English gentlemen. The Queen had no other

other course open but to refer the request to Lord Palmerston, who answered officially that it could not be complied with. Duke Ernest took a final farewell of his little army on July 29th. At Altona he was obliged to repress the discontent of the population by force. He proceeded to Berlin, and visited the King of Prussia at Sans Souci. Frederick William IV. did not make the slightest reference to the affairs of Schleswig; but asked him where he had come from, and why he had been so long absent. On his return to Gotha, the Duke found that he was more popular than ever.

The ghost of the Schleswig-Holstein question was not laid by silence. It continued to disturb Europe for many years longer, until the long-protracted rivalry between Prussia and Austria was at length determined. After peace had been signed between Prussia and Denmark on July 2nd, 1850, the war still continued between Denmark and the Duchies. The Danes gained a decisive victory at Idsted on July 25th, and on August 2nd the London protocol declared that the possessions of the King of Denmark were to be maintained in their integrity. This was signed by England, France, Russia, and Sweden, and was acceded to by Austria three weeks later. With regard to the secret history of the protocol, the Duke supplies information which confirms the view maintained in the memoirs of Count Vitzthum. Just at this time, Lord Palmerston was engaged in one of the most striking manifestations of his 'Civis Romanus' policy. To avenge the attack of the populace on Don Pacifico at Athens, a fleet of fifteen English ships had been sent to the harbour of Salamis. The English Minister was recalled from Athens, and an embargo was laid on Athenian ships of commerce, whilst France and Russia protested in vain. Lord Palmerston rescued himself from disaster by a brilliant speech in Parliament; but he would not have done so unless a private arrangement had been previously made with Brunnow, the Russian Ambassador, that the affair should have no international consequences. The price paid for this submission was the independence of the Duchies. Prince Albert writes to his brother on August 9th:—

'The poor Schleswigers must atone for everything, even for the sins of our angel of a Foreign Minister, who, by means of the protocol, has purchased at the cost of Germany the friendship of Russia and France which he had trifled away, and so has been able to conclude the Greek business. Germany quite deserves to be despised by foreigners, but woe to them who have to atone for the guilt. "All guilt repays itself on earth," says the harper in Wilhelm Meister.'

After this account of the Schleswig-Holstein episode, the

 Duke

Duke returns to the main stream of German history. There was, of course, a certain party who believed that the Duke of Saxe-Coburg was the only person who could save the Empire, and it is not improbable that the Duke himself was of the same opinion. During the terrible events of May 1849, the Duke was in his camp at Gettorf, but he heard of the sufferings of his Royal cousins from trustworthy sources. The Saxon Royal family, fugitives from Dresden, were blockaded in the fortress of Königstein, the town itself being in the hands of the insurgents. The inner rooms of the castle were turned into powder magazines, and the Royal *suite* had to be lodged in cells intended for prisoners. They heard every cannon-shot that was directed against the capital. With what delight did they at last see, through a telescope, the white flag hoisted on the cathedral spire, which showed that the city had surrendered. The next sufferer was the Grand Duke of Baden, the Duke of Coburg's father-in-law. The rising of May 1849, was followed by the 'League of the three Kings,' which Coburg and Gotha were invited to join. Prince Albert, writing from Windsor Castle on June 5th, 1849, urged his brother not to lose a moment in accepting the offer. The constitutional organization of Germany, under the leadership of Prussia, was the only means of resisting the red republic either in France or Germany. These same views were repeated throughout the last six months of the year. Writing on December 26th, Prince Albert says:—

'I consider that the strict maintenance of the Prussian alliance is a vital question for the small German States, and I am delighted that you are so zealous in the same cause. The behaviour of Saxony and Hanover is beyond everything despicable and dishonourable. On the side of Saxony it is, politically speaking, very stupid, for she has the greatest need of reconstructing herself by adhesion to a strong Whole, and this is impossible without Prussia. All that is demanded of these mighty Kings is to give up their special diplomacy, which has hitherto brought them more shame than honour, and, though maintained at great expense, has no influence on European politics; to surrender the command of the fleet, which they had never possessed, and the command of the army in time of war, which was a part of the old federal constitution. For these objects they condemn Germany to new revolutions and to perpetual weakness.'

The most serious opponent of this new League was Metternich, who sent Prokesch-Osten to Berlin to counteract it as far as possible. He covered all idea of a close federation with ridicule, describing it as a phantom—a spirit without a body—an empty sound of no utility except to serve as a mask for a Prussian lustre of conquest. Metternich did his best to bring over King Leopold

Leopold to his opinions, but that well-seasoned statesmen was too wary for him. The antagonism between Prussia and Austria became every day more serious.

Another plan of Metternich's was to set up an interim Government in Frankfort, after the departure of the Vicar-General, under the joint control of Austria and Prussia. This led to the breaking up of the League of the three Kings under the arrangement between them. A Diet was to be summoned at Erfurt to revise and complete the Constitution, but the various members of the League fell off one by one. By the influence of Austria the feelings of Bavaria and Würtemburg towards Prussia were embittered. Hanover formally deserted the combination, and, together with Saxony, sent no deputies to the Congress. Indeed, these petty monarchies came very near to making a League of the four Kings amongst themselves, which would perhaps have united Austria and Prussia in opposition to them. Prince Albert clung firmly to the idea that Prussia must be the basis of any durable German League, and that Austria could not be depended upon to form the kernel of such a combination, being essentially anti-German, anti-Catholic, and anti-Liberal.

The Erfurt Congress met in March 1850, within the walls of the ancient Thuringian capital, which had seen so many similar assemblies, of which the most brilliant had been the strange galaxy of kings gathered at the feet of the First Napoleon. Simson, the President of the Congress, reminded the members that Ludwig, King of the Germans, had held a Diet in the same town just a thousand years before. The battle of the closer and looser federations was fought here as it had been at Frankfort. The direction of the Prussian party was in the hands of the gifted Radowitz. The meeting was generally of a Conservative character. The Radical opposition was not represented. Reactionary Princes offered the opposition which might have been expected, and, as Prince Albert said, like Pharaoh, hardened their hearts after each plague. In order to remove these difficulties, Duke Ernest proposed to summon a Congress of Princes to Gotha, with the King of Prussia at their head. This plan was highly approved of by Prince Albert; but the meeting place was changed to Berlin. The Congress was nearly wrecked by the demand of the Elector of Hesse to bring his detested Minister, Hassenpflug, on the scene. The Duke of Brunswick told him plainly that he had nearly been driven out himself, and that he wished the other Princes to suffer the same fate. Indeed, this fatal adviser succeeded in breaking up the union from within, and reduced the conclusions of the Congress almost to a nullity. Prince Albert was bitterly disappointed at the smallness

smallness of the result, but urged his brother not to lose heart; to go on fighting for the good cause, and to save everything that could be saved.

The next six months witnessed the gradual fall of Prussia from her position of supremacy till she had reached the lowest point of her abasement at Olmütz. A few days after the close of the Congress of Princes, an attempt was made upon the King's life. He was fortunately only wounded in the arm; but it was obvious that the crime was the outcome of serious political combinations. Two republican and socialistic German societies existed at this time in London. The inner circle, called 'The Blindfolded,' numbered from eighteen to twenty, seven of them were now in Germany, and four in Berlin itself. Austria summoned a new meeting of the League at Frankfort, which Prussia refused to attend, so that the two Powers stood opposite to each other with threatening mien, and a war between them seemed inevitable. Matters were made worse by the attitude of Hassenpflug in Hesse. A dispute about supply ended in the suspension of the Hessian constitution. The country was proclaimed in a state of siege, which was afterwards changed into a military dictatorship. The seat of government was removed from one place to another. The people offered a passive and constitutional resistance, but Hassenpflug remained obstinate. These events were a terrible blow to the hopes both of Prince Albert and of the King of Prussia. It was obvious that some intervention was necessary, but who should intervene? An army of Austrians and Bavarians prepared to invade Hesse to put down the disturbance. Prussia, regarding this as an attack upon her rights, marched another army to the Hessian frontier. The south and north German troops stood close to each other at Fulda, and on November 8th, by a 'misunderstanding,' came into conflict at Bronzell. Prince Albert recognized the conflict as one between despotism and constitutional freedom, and he warned Prussia not to appear as desirous for her own aggrandisement, which she had sought too often in times past, but to take her position as the representative of the liberal and united Germany.

When Duke Ernest visited Berlin on November 23rd, the crisis had reached its highest point. He found great enthusiasm for a war with Austria, a feeling that this alone would rescue Germany and Prussia from the hands of her rival. He gives a graphic description of the imminent danger of an immediate conflict, and of the dramatic suddenness with which the situation was changed. On November 24th, Austria presented an ultimatum, which demanded that the Prussian troops should

evacuate

evacuate Cassel in twenty-four hours. The next morning a council of ministers was summoned in the Palace of Bellevue, and in the afternoon the opinion prevailed that war was certain. The Duke of Saxe-Coburg was informed that he was to command the contingent of the union. The following day everything was changed. The Belgian Ambassador brought the Duke word, by the command of King Leopold, that Prussia had determined to submit to the last demands of Austria. The only matter in dispute was the form which the submission should take. The Duke, hoping to receive trustworthy information, took his leave of the King on the ground that he must return home in order to make preparations for war in his own dominions; the King said nothing about peace, and at dinner talked of the inspection of tents and waggons as if a campaign were in prospect. A private interview with the King did nothing to solve the mystery, and it was only at the tea-table of the Queen that the Duke heard for the first time of the meeting which was to take place immediately at Olmütz. No one seemed to have an idea that the acceptance of the Austrian proposals under the mediation of Russia would be received throughout Germany as a humiliation and as a deathblow to German unity, or that the name of Olmütz would be a byeword to posterity.

Strange, indeed, was the character of Frederick William IV. He was gifted with every talent except the power of making use of them. Two natures struggled within him for mastery. His actions were often in sharp contradiction to his words. He was as learned as a professor; he corresponded on equal terms with Humboldt and Ranke on the one hand, and with Dahlmann and Arndt on the other. He was an artist and an art critic of a high order; he painted virgins one day and devils the next with equal perfection, and with such mastery that the admirers of the one could not imagine that he could draw the other. He was a good soldier, a statesman of chivalrous ideals, but he had not that steadiness and persistency of purpose which can alone accomplish great results in practical politics. Devoted as he was to the cause of German unity, he did more than any one else to delay its accomplishment.

With Olmütz the first volume of the Duke's 'Memoirs' comes to an end. We hope that the history of the succeeding years, which will be of more abundant interest, will not be long delayed.

ART.

ART. VI.—1. *The Constitutional History of England.* By W. Stubbs, D.D. 3 vols. Oxford, 1875–1878.
2. *Chronicle of Convocation.* (*National Society.*) London, 1866–1887.
3. *The Student's English Church History.* By G. G. Perry, Canon of Lincoln. 3 vols. London, 1878–1887.
4. *Acts of the Church*, 1831–1885. By J. W. Joyce, Prebendary of Hereford. London, 1886.

THE origin of Convocation is hidden in the mists which surround the early history of the country. We find as a matter of fact in the earliest records we possess, that there were assemblies of ecclesiastics to determine upon the affairs of the Church, but of whom these assemblies were composed our knowledge is somewhat hazy. We have evidence that in Saxon times ecclesiastics were summoned with the chief laymen to take part in the Councils of the Heptarchic kingdoms, and we likewise know that they were a component part of the National Assembly after England had been united under one king. We know also that there were 'strictly ecclesiastical Councils that contented themselves with ecclesiastical legislation. They passed canons in which any interference with secular law or custom is wisely avoided.' * At that time Church and State were regarded as the same body looked at from different sides, and there was not that jealousy of lay interference in what could be constructionally regarded as ecclesiastical affairs which we find a few centuries later.

After the Norman Conquest a much clearer line of demarcation was drawn between matters ecclesiastical and civil; this was shown by changes in the Courts of Law, the Bishop's Court for the trial of ecclesiastical cases being separated from the Shire or Hundred Court: and it also became apparent in the matters treated of in the great Council of the nation, and in the Synods of the Church. We must not look to this period for any accurately defined rules respecting the persons to be summoned to Parliament or to Convocation. Events were gradually moulding both the one and the other, and we look in vain for consistency in the classes of persons below the first rank, lay or ecclesiastical, summoned to either assembly, or in the business transacted in them. The 14th clause of the Great Charter provides that all who hold in chief under the Crown shall be summoned to the National Assembly for the assessment of extraordinary aids and scutages, as well as the Archbishops,

* Stubbs's 'Constitutional History,' i. 230, 231.

Bishops,

Bishops, Abbots, Earls, and greater Barons. In some of these assemblies * the Clergy of inferior dignity formed an appreciable part of the Council, and we are told that the presence of a large number of Deans and Archdeacons is mentioned on some special occasions; but how far they were summoned as a matter of right, or as a matter of convenience, is not expressed.

Towards the end of the thirteenth century the great Council of the nation began to assume more of the aspect which it has since retained. The principle of representation came gradually to be systematically acted upon. 'As early as the close of John's reign there are indications of the approaching change in the summons of "four discreet Knights" from every county.' And it was no doubt the need of fresh support which was felt by both parties in the conflict of the succeeding reign that 'the writs of Earl Simon ordered the choice of Knights in each shire for his famous Parliament in 1265.' 'The same financial reasons existed for desiring the presence of borough representatives in the Great Council as existed in the case of the shires; but it was the genius of Earl Simon which first broke through the older constitutional tradition, and summoned two burgesses from each town to the Parliament of 1265.' It needed thirty years to accustom the inhabitants of the boroughs to this innovation. They resented the cost and trouble of furnishing representatives, and the scanty numbers and irregularity of attendance on the part of their representatives proved their dislike to the burden which had been placed upon them. 'Of the 165 who were summoned by Edward I., more than a third ceased to send representatives after a single compliance with the royal summons; some refusing to make a return to the sheriff; others purchasing charters of exemption from the troublesome privilege.' † In 1295, in spite of obstacles, representation was secured, and the boroughs from that time have continuously sent members.

It is necessary to remind our readers of the manner in which Parliament came to assume its present position, because towards the end of the reign of Edward I., there is the commencement of a clearing-up of the relations of the Clergy to Parliament, and their own assembly, and changes were made relative to the summoning and accepted position of Convocation, which are still matters of controversy, and which have a practical influence upon the course to be pursued. That King was not infrequently in sore difficulties for money to carry on his wars

* Stubbs' 'Constitutional History,' i. 569, 570.
† Green's 'History of the English People,' i., 354, 356, 357.

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in France and Scotland, and in order to obtain it he sought the assistance of Parliaments more regularly elected and assembled than had previously been the case. Possibly from a feeling that it was more easy to squeeze the Clergy than his lay subjects, or from the greater influence which they possessed in the nation, his design was to secure a large representation of the Clergy in Parliament.

We now turn to the struggle at the end of the reign of Edward I., from which some desire to date the origin of Convocation as it now exists, whilst others hold that it is a continuation of the ecclesiastical assemblies which previously existed. We shall best place before our readers the argument in favour of the Edwardian origin of Convocation by quoting the words of Lord Selborne, in a Memorandum on the subject which he prepared at the request of Mr. Gladstone (then Prime Minister), and which was subsequently communicated to the Convocation of Canterbury, which Convocation alone it affected; whilst on the other side we purpose to quote from the Report of a Committee of the same Convocation in reply to this Memorandum.

Lord Selborne, adopting the line of argument followed by Archbishop Wake, says:—

'Eleven years afterwards began the struggle between the King and the Clergy, which continued from A.D. 1293 (22 Edward I.) to A.D. 1315 (9 Edward II.), and finally resulted in the establishment of the Convocations upon their present footing. The first of a numerous series of writs, addressed by the King to all the Diocesan Archbishops and Bishops of both Provinces, commanding them to attend as a kind of "Third Estate" in Parliament with their Deans, &c., and Archdeacons, and "the whole Clergy" of each diocese—the Deans, &c., and Archdeacons in person, the Chapters by one, and the Clergy by two, Proctors—was issued in 1293, when the King wanted a supply for his war in Gascony. The Clergy violently resented this, as an invasion of their liberties, alleging that they could not lawfully be summoned to such a General Assembly by the order of the King, or by any other authority than that of the Metropolitan; and that they were prohibited by a then recent Bull of Pope Boniface VIII. from contributing anything out of the goods of the Church to the use of any secular prince. The King outlawed the Clergy and seized their goods; and Archbishop Winchelsey (A.D. 1297–8) held a Convocation for the maintenance of the rights of the Church under the Great and Forest Charters, &c., and fulminated excommunication against all (not excepting the King) who should invade their rights. The King's writs, though still issued, were either not at all, or only imperfectly obeyed. The first important modification took place A.D. 1311, and was repeated again in 1313. In the former of these, on a prorogation of Parliament, writs were sent by the King to each

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of the Metropolitans, as such, commanding them to summon, for the day and place to which the Parliament stood prorogued, their Deans, &c., "ac totum Clerum vestræ diœcesis, totiusque Provinciæ;" the Deans, &c., in person, "dictaque capitula et clerus per procuratores sufficientes habentes plenam potestatem ab eisdem capitulis et clero his qui in Parliamento prædicto ordinari contigerit consentiendi."

'Here the particular way in which "totus clerus" was to be represented was not mentioned; but there would be no doubt that the same method was intended as in the other forms of Royal writ down to that time issued. In 1313 (and again in 1315) a writ of the same kind was issued to each Metropolitan, not held upon a prorogation, but upon the first summoning of a Parliament. The King wanted supplies for the expedition against Robert Bruce. Each Primate was ordered to summon his Suffragans, and the Deans, Priors of Collegiate Churches, Archdeacons, Abbots exempt and not exempt of his Province, and the Chapters by one Proctor only, "et totum Clerum cujusque Diœcesis ejusdem Provinciæ per duos," to attend the meeting of Parliament in Westminster on the 17th of May, 1314, "super competenti auxilio a clero provinciæ vestræ nobis impendendo."

'Here we have the inception of the form of "Parliamentary" writ still issued by the Metropolitans; and how it came to pass that what was meant to be done in Parliament was in fact done in two Provincial Convocations, appears from the protests made by the Clergy against this form of writ on the 20th May, 1314, and again in the following year ("Parliamentary Writs, Edward II.," pp. 124, 139), and from the two earliest "Convocation" writs (9 Edward II., A.D. 1315, and 13 Edward II., A.D. 1318, "Parliamentary Writs, Edward II.," pp. 158, 196) for which the proceedings already mentioned in 1282 were very nearly precedents.' *

The Clergy strongly objected to the form of summons, holding as of right that the King passed the limits of his authority by commanding their attendance at a lay assembly, and apparently falling back upon the ancient custom by which they had been summoned by the Archbishops, acting through their Diocesan Bishops, to attend the Assemblies to which they were bidden. The form of summons was therefore somewhat modified; and the compromise arrived at 'from the King's point of view' † was to regard the change 'as a supplement to the Parliamentary writs for the completion (by adjournment from the Parliament to the Provincial Convocations) of that business of the King which it had been found impossible to transact in Parliament, because of the unwillingness of the Clergy to come there; and from the point of view of the Clergy, as a concession to the

* Report on Election of Proctors (No. 189), 1881, pp. 41, 42.

† Ibid., p. 43.

objections

objections which they had taken to attendance under the King's order in Parliament.' But as the part of the writ described as the Præmunientes Writ was not disused, and the Clergy are still summoned to attend Convocation, by what may be termed the Parliamentary form, it is contended that Convocation must owe its origin to the time when that form was first adopted.

The contention, that Convocation owes its origin to Edward I., and is quite a different body from the Convocations or Synods previously assembled, rests mainly upon this argument; but for proof that the Assembly to which the Clergy withdrew, after refusing to sit with the laity in Parliament, was something altogether different from the Synods in which they had been previously gathered, we look in vain. It does not seem a strained inference to suppose, that the Clergy would object as strongly to meet in an Assembly now devised for the first time, as they would to forming part of the lower House of Parliament; at all events, we cannot imagine their consenting thus to form an Assembly quite different from their old one without some protests, but of any such protest we have no record. Whilst if the Convocations to which they withdrew were the ancient Assemblies, in which they had been accustomed to discuss the affairs of the Church, and nothing can be adduced to show that the cognizance of such affairs was withdrawn from them, it is difficult to see how it can be said that these Convocations then came first into existence, because they were required to tax the Clergy, and with a view to that were summoned by a new form of writ. And yet as a matter of fact the dispute has turned upon the language of the writ by which they were summoned, not upon the novelty of the Assembly in which they were gathered. There are, however, two other points of material interest alleged by Lord Selborne in favour of the view which he has championed that should be mentioned. The first is drawn from the Act of Submission (25 Henry VIII. c. 19), which provides that—

'no Canon, Constitution or Ordinance shall be made or put in execution within this realm, by the authority of the Convocation of the Clergy, which shall be contrariant or repugnant (*inter alia*) to any of the customs of the realm.'

The other point is thus stated by Lord Selborne:

'Furthermore, unless it can be made out that the representation of the Capitular and Parochial Clergy in Convocation by their elected Proctors, is an incident of that Assembly in respect of its purely Ecclesiastical, and not of its mixed or political character; it would seem to follow, from the nature of a Canon or Constitution

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Ecclesiastical (which can only be made by a Provincial Synod, concerning matters properly Ecclesiastical), that the representation of the Clergy cannot be altered in that way.' *

With respect to this last point the facts seem tolerably clear. Convocation existed before the time of the Parliamentary scheme of Edward I.,† but as has been shown with regard to the Lower House of Parliament, as well as to that of Convocation, there was developed a more fixed system of electing members in his reign than had previously existed. But as giving members to the boroughs, and a more settled number of representatives to the counties, did not alter the purposes for which Parliament was summoned, or make it a different body from that which had previously existed, no more did a fixed system of representation of the inferior Clergy change the character of Convocation, or justify the assertion that it then originated. Then, beside this, in consequence of the fixed determination of the Clergy, they were allowed to consider what subsidies they would pay to the King in their own Assemblies rather than in the Parliament in which he wished them to take their seats, but this left other matters as they were before. The whole subsequent history of Convocation shows that its Synodical character was never lost. What was done by it before the Reformation, during the Reformation, and since that time, proves this. Whilst it is obvious that since Convocation lost the power of taxing the Clergy, it has necessarily ceased to possess anything but an ecclesiastical character. Before its long slumber, the disputes were chiefly on questions of order and procedure, when they travelled beyond ecclesiastical questions, and not about matters affecting the State. Its discussions since its revival have been confined to strictly ecclesiastical subjects, and have only dealt with matters before Parliament, so far as they affect the interests of the Church. Moreover, Convocation is clearly regarded by the Prayer-book as a Synod, or the Church's legislative assembly. In the preface to the Constitutions and Canons Ecclesiastical of 1603 there is recited the summons by the Archbishop of Canterbury, under direction of a writ from King James I., to the various members of Convocation, to 'confer, treat, debate, consider, consult, and agree upon such canons, orders, ordinances, and constitutions, as they should think necessary, fit, and convenient, for the honour and service of Almighty God, the good and quiet of the Church, and the better government thereof;' and this Assembly is indifferently described in this preface as 'the Convocation of Canterbury,'

* Report of Committee of Convocation, p. 38.

† Report, p. 9.

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and 'their Synod.' Moreover, the persons summoned were the members of Convocation, and if a Synod had been something quite distinct, care would have been taken to secure other members to make the difference clear. Beside this, the 139th Canon enacts, 'Whosoever shall hereafter affirm, that the sacred Synod of this nation, in the Name of Christ, and by the King's authority assembled, is not the true Church of England by representation, let him be excommunicated, and not restored until he repent, and publicly revoke that his wicked error.' And not only since the reign of James I., but for many years before that time, what Synod has the Church of England known but Convocation? And if no such record exists, are we to believe that the Church of England had no Synod? Would not such a conclusion be a direct denial of the words quoted above from the Canons? Further, if Convocation is not an Ecclesiastical Synod, how came the Crown to submit to it the Prayer-book, not only at the last revision in 1662, in order that it might suggest what alterations might be needed in the Prayer-book as it existed before the Great Rebellion, but on previous occasions?

There is another point with respect to the representation of the inferior Clergy in Convocation which it may be well to notice. We quote from the report of the Committee of Convocation,

'It is stated in the 'Memorandum' that "the first known instance of representation of the inferior Clergy *for any purpose* by elected Proctors is Archbishop Peckham's precept for the attendance of Proctors (according to one copy *two at least*, according to another *two or one*) from the Clergy of every diocese in a congregation which that Archbishop proposed to hold at the time of the Parliament of 7 Edward I., which met at Westminster on the 30th October, 1279." Your Committee cannot accept this statement as historically accurate. It is very plainly related in documents to which all may have access, that the inferior Clergy appeared by representatives in the Parliament of Michaelmas 1255, and that their Proctors then protested against the taxation attempted to be levied upon them by the King, aided by the Pope's Legate. At the same time the Proctors of the Clergy of the dioceses of Lincoln and Lichfield made complaint of certain *gravamina*, which they desired to have remedied. The general principle at that time urged by the Proctors of the Parochial Clergy, and with apparent success, viz. that when it is a question of committing any one to an obligation the express consent of the person obliged is necessary, may not improbably have led to the representative system of the inferior Clergy in Convocation. In the Convocations summoned by Archbishop Boniface in 1257 and 1258 it is certain that the inferior Clergy were represented, only in this case the Proctors were the Archdeacons,

Archdeacons, to whom the Clergy were to give letters empowering them to act on their behalf. But the most distinct contradiction to the assertion, "that the first known instance of representation of the inferior Clergy for any purpose by elected Proctors is Archbishop Peckham's precept," is furnished by Archbishop Robert Kilwarby's Writ of Summons in 1277. This writ, which has been overlooked in the Memorandum, is printed in Wilkins (Concil. II. 30). An original entry in the register of the diocese of Worcester also supplies us with an authentic copy of it.' *

The Report of the Committee further contends that Convocations and Provincial Synods are identical, *i.e.* that the Provincial Synod was a Convocation, and the Convocation was a Provincial Synod. For they are designated by the same name. They transacted the same business. They were composed of the same elements. They were called by the same authority.† It would be tedious to give the arguments in favour of each of these theses; and we content ourselves with stating what is contended for; only adding that, if the present Convocations have any characteristics of Parliamentary origin beyond the terms of the writ by which their members are summoned to attend, we do not know what they are.

The Act of Submission wrung by Henry VIII. from the Clergy made this difference in the position of Convocation. From that time forward they promised *in verbo sacerdotii*,

'never to enact, put in force, promulge, or execute any new canons, or constitution provincial, or any new ordinance provincial, or synodal in our Convocation or Synod, in time coming (which Convocation is, always hath been, and must be assembled, only by your high commandment or writ), unless your Highness, by your royal assent, shall license us to assemble our Convocation, and to make, promulge, and execute such constitutions and ordinances as shall be made in the same, and thereto give your royal assent and authority.' ‡

This so far abridged the spiritual power of the Archbishops and of Convocation, that the former could no longer under any circumstances summon Convocation to meet without royal authority, which they had very rarely done before the passing of this Act; whilst the latter had to obtain letters of business from the Crown previous to their passing any Canon or Constitution, and the formal assent of the Crown to such Canon or Constitution before it became binding. These conditions continue, and Convocation has never sought in any way to evade or escape from them.

Our object is to speak of the construction of Convocation,

* Report, pp. 4, 5. † Ibid. p. 10.
‡ Lathbury, 'History of Convocation,' p. 114.

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what it is and what it might do, and not to attempt to enumerate what it has done in preparing or assenting to the various offices in the Book of Common Prayer, in influencing legislation affecting the Church, in protecting the purity of the faith from assaults of various kinds which have been made upon it, or in promoting the extension of the Church or the influence of her ministrations. We have therefore but little to say concerning the long interval which elapsed between the passing of the Act of Submission in 1532 and the silencing of Convocation in 1717. The chief thing to be noted in the interval was the silent surrender by the Clergy of the power to tax themselves. Collier, in his 'Ecclesiastical History,' thus sets forth what was done and the reasons that led to it:—

'Some of the Bishops and Clergy began to think this customary method of taxing themselves somewhat burthensome; they thought, it is possible, the expectations of the Court might be set too high upon them this way; and that the Commons were often discontented, unless they overcharged themselves, and swelled their subsidies beyond a reasonable proportion. How well these jealousies were founded, I shall not examine; but, it is supposed, the being apprehensive of such inconveniences brought Archbishop Sheldon and some other leading Prelates into a concert with the Lord Chancellor Hyde, the Lord Treasurer, and some other of the Ministry. And now at a consultation it was concluded the Clergy should silently waive the custom of taxing their own body, and suffer themselves to be included in the Money Bills prepared by the Commons; and to encourage their assent to this cession, two of their four subsidies were to be remitted; and over and above they had the promise of a clause for saving their ancient rights. This security was accordingly given, and a very clear comprehensive proviso inserted in the statute for this purpose.' *

And so the Clergy consented, without murmur or complaint, or any formal discussion or decision in Convocation, in 166[illegible] to allow Convocation, which Lord Selborne approvingly quotes Archbishop Wake in describing it as a body which 'though it sometimes did other business, was yet assembled properly for a civil or State end,' † to be deprived of the only function which could give it such a character, whilst two years before it had had long and earnest debates about the services in the Prayer-book, which certainly must be regarded as of an exclusively ecclesiastical character.

After the Convocations had lost the power of taxing the Clergy, the writs to assemble were continued as heretofore, but during the remainder of the reign of Charles II. their meetings

* Vol. viii. p. 465. † Report, p. 39.

became

became less regular, as did those of the Houses of Parliament. After the Revolution of 1688 there soon arose discord between the Upper and Lower Houses of Convocation. The deprivation of Sancroft, Archbishop of Canterbury, and five of his comprovincial Bishops was resented by the Lower House: for although its members had taken the oath of allegiance and had so retained their benefices, whilst the Archbishop and Bishops had been deprived of their Bishoprics for refusing to swear allegiance to King William III., there can be no doubt that the sympathies of the inferior Clergy were much more with the Non-juring Bishops than with those whom the King appointed to fill their Sees. The feeling of estrangement between the two Houses gave rise to a long series of unseemly disputes. It would be impossible to justify either side in these quarrels. Questions were raised about the origin of Convocation, when Atterbury, afterwards Bishop of Rochester, and Wake, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, championed different sides. The latter insisted upon the view of the position of Convocation now advocated by Lord Selborne, whilst the former contended for the legal right of Convocation to be summoned whenever Parliament assembled. The controversy was embittered by the strongly opposed political views of the two eminent men by whom it was carried on, and by the unconciliatory language in which they indulged, after the fashion of the time. Beside this, there was a standing dispute between the Upper and Lower Houses as to whether Convocation had a right to assemble when Parliament was not sitting, and also whether Convocation could even consider matters which it might eventually wish to legislate about by a Canon without having previously received letters of business from the Crown. Nothing could more clearly illustrate the temper of the times than this last-named subject of contention. Both parties to the dispute agreed that the legal steps necessary for enacting a Canon were letters of business from the Crown, formally assenting to their preparing the precise words which it was proposed to enact, and the subsequent assent by the Crown to the words when actually agreed upon. Therefore to quarrel about the right of Convocation to consider whether it was desirable to seek for such authority was practically to deprive it of the power of consulting together concerning the needs of the Church. It is no wonder, therefore, that in such an unsatisfactory state of things advantage was taken of the first favourable opportunity presented by Convocation for suspending its meetings. In May 1717, the Lower House of the Southern Convocation made a representation to the Upper House, complaining of the doctrines

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taught by Dr. Hoadly (then Bishop of Bangor) in his books entitled 'The Nature of the Kingdom of Christianity,' and 'Preservation against the principles of the Non-Jurors.'* That Bishop was a great favourite of the Whig Ministry of the day, and in the reaction from the High Church tendencies, which had been apparent in the reign of Queen Anne, there seemed to be the desired opportunity of silencing a Church authority that had threatened to be troublesome, and which in the then temper of the popular mind could be quietly disposed of without raising a clamour. Prorogation therefore succeeded prorogation, and although the Houses were duly summoned, they were allowed to transact no business beyond agreeing occasionally upon a formal address to the Crown.

It was not till 1852 that the Southern, and not till 1861 that the Northern, Convocation was permitted to meet again for the despatch of business. They had met in the previous years, but it was only formally, and no business was allowed to be transacted, as it was held by the Archbishops and their advisers that no discussions could be permitted without the issue of letters of business by the Crown; and so rigidly was all business excluded, that petitions for the redress of grievances were not allowed to be presented. This erroneous view was corrected by an elaborate opinion given by Dr. (afterwards Sir Robert) Phillimore, Sir F. Thesiger, the Attorney-General, and Sir W. Page Wood (afterwards Lord Hatherley), who 'held that Convocation was not competent to debate upon or to promulge Canons without the Royal License, but that it can consider any address to the Crown for license of debate, or any other matter without its members incurring the penalties of the Act of *præmunire*.' These lawyers practically showed that the Royal License is not necessary for preliminary discussions concerning the need for a Canon, but only for its being framed or *promulged*: 'they also showed that if Convocation were silent, it was silent by its own act, and not from any special bar of legal authority which must be removed before it could speak.' This opinion greatly strengthened the feeling which had been for some years growing in the Church, that it was essential for her well-being that her Ecclesiastical Assembly should be again allowed to consider her wants and the best way of providing for them, and that the time had come for the Clergy to assert their right to be heard in Convocation. This feeling, though extensively held, was far from being general; those who had a real belief in the corporate life of the Church naturally

* Perry's 'Student's English Church History,' iii. 301.

felt

felt that it was essential for such life to exhibit itself, as it only could do when its members acted together through an Assembly which could be regarded as the mouthpiece of the Church; whilst those, who limited their view of religious vitality to the spiritual condition of the individual members of whom the Church is composed, were naturally indifferent about the matter, or dreaded that a claim of authority might be made for the utterances of what professed to be the Church of England by representation. Although the Convocations have met regularly for more than a quarter of a century, this difference of view still continues to some extent, though in a much less virulent and extended form than was common at the earlier period.

The great change of opinion with respect to representation during the last sixty years has no doubt exerted considerable influence on men's minds with respect to the constitution of Convocation. In one sense, the Lower House has always been regarded as a representative assembly; but it was representative of interests rather than of individuals. The great body of the Parochial Clergy had a very slender representation in comparison with the Abbeys and Cathedrals, but then these latter possessed the wealth of the Church, and in so far as Convocation had to impose taxes on the Clergy, it was only fair that those by whom the burden had mainly to be borne, should have the chief voice in determining what the burden should be. Whilst on the other hand, if Convocation was to be regarded as the Synod of the Church, it was to be expected that a larger amount of learning, and therefore of fitness to determine the questions which would have to be considered, would be possessed by those in higher positions, who have more leisure and opportunity for study than could generally be found amongst the Parochial Clergy; and besides this, the dignitaries of the Church must be presumed to have been chosen for their high offices on account of their superior sagacity and attainments. It has therefore followed that by far the larger portion of the members are now nominated either by the Crown or by the Bishops, as they are the patrons of the offices of dignity whose occupants are *ex officio* members of Convocation. Till quite lately this was not felt to be a grievance, and would not have been supposed to militate against Convocation being regarded as representative of the opinions of the Clergy. But such is not now the case. The idea seems to have taken possession of people's minds, that unless they have the power of expressing their personal opinions by voting for or against the person sent to represent them, he cannot be regarded as their representative; there has consequently been a demand for a

reform in the Lower House of the Southern Convocation ever since it was allowed to assemble for the transaction of business. And when the constitution of the Lower House and the popular feeling about representation are taken into account, this can surprise no one. That House now consists of 24 Deans, of whom 20 are nominated by the Crown, and 4 by the (Welsh) Bishops; of the Provost of Eton, likewise nominated by the Crown; of 63 Archdeacons nominated by the Bishops; of 24 Proctors elected by the Cathedral Chapters, in some cases the Prebendaries joining with the Deans and Residentiary Canons in the election, and so forming a constituency of 30 to 40 electors, in others the election being made by the Dean and Residentiary Canons; and of 48 Proctors for the Clergy, some of these are elected by all the Clergy of the Diocese; others by the beneficed Clergy of the Archdeaconry; and in some cases, where there are more than two Archdeaconries, one Proctor is elected by each Archdeaconry, and then the number is reduced to two, either by the Bishop of the diocese or by an arrangement amongst the elected Proctors themselves. The House, therefore, consists of 88 *ex officio* members, of 24 members elected by comparatively small constituencies, and of 48 representatives of the whole of the Parochial Incumbents.

The plan of reform proposed by the Lower House is of a very conservative character, and from the first the same principle on which to improve the representation has been advocated, though it has been altered in some of its details, and, throughout, the question has never assumed in the least a party character. For the most part during recent years every solution in connection with it has been passed by a unanimous vote of the Lower House. Convocation has always wished to retain the nominated members, as it recognizes the great advantage which it derives from having amongst its members the learning and wisdom of the men who have been selected to occupy the dignified positions of the Church; many of whom would probably not be elected by popular constituencies, though their learning and experience make them invaluable counsellors. All that the Lower House desires is to increase the number of Proctors elected by the Parochial Clergy, so as to secure for them a more adequate representation; and it would be glad to extend the suffrage to licensed curates of a certain standing. The position of a licensed curate, as the word is now understood, was unknown when the present qualification for voting was arranged. This change, therefore, might be open to some of the objections against a reform of Convocation alleged by Lord Selborne, and therefore on this last point Convoca-

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tion is less disposed to insist, as it would certainly introduce a new principle into the elections by making ordination and not the tenure of a benefice the qualification for the suffrage, and therefore there would be much more ground for contending that such a change could not be made without an Act of Parliament. It is well to note, that that is the reason why this change is less insisted upon by the Lower House of Convocation, and not any dislike on the part of the beneficed clergy to the unbeneficed sharing the suffrage with them. The plan proposed is to raise the number of elected Proctors from 48 to 104, so that there would still be left a majority of votes with the nominated members and the representatives of Cathedral Chapters, as they number 112. It would apportion the number of representatives, so far as possible, to the number of Clergy, and it would in all cases take the Archdeaconry as the constituency to elect. At the end of 1883 there were in the province of Canterbury 10,798 incumbents, and 4123 curates, so that 104 representatives would give one to about 145 clergymen regularly officiating in the diocese. At present it matters not whether a diocese is large or small, it is equally represented by two Proctors. Such an anomaly would be severely felt in matters Parliamentary, and the inequality would be patent to any one if the county of Rutland and the county of York each sent two representatives to the Imperial Legislature. Is the anomaly so much less when the diocese of London, with its 476 incumbents, and 512 curates, and three millions of inhabitants, has the same number of representatives as the diocese of Bangor, with its 141 incumbents and 60 curates, and less than a quarter of a million of inhabitants; or as the diocese of Hereford, with 343 incumbents, 67 curates, and a population about the same as that of the diocese of Bangor? There is, moreover, this further difference, that in the diocese of London the number of clergy and people is annually increasing, whilst in the country dioceses named it remains stationary, if it does not decrease. By the change proposed, the diocese of London would have 7 representatives, Bangor 2, and Hereford 3. The Archdeaconry was preferred to the diocese as the unit for representation, because it was thought that less party spirit would be provoked, if the area of representation was more limited; inasmuch as the candidates would be personally better known to the electors, so that the reputation for learning, judgment, high moral character, devotion to their profession, and thorough knowledge of all that pertained to it would carry more weight; whilst in a larger area the candidates would be only imperfectly known to electors living in another county, in many instances at a great distance from

from them, and having no personal relations or intercourse with them, and so party considerations would have more influence. This consideration derives increased importance from the recent decision in the case of Tristram *v.* the Archbishop of York, as that seems to exclude the candidature of men, however eminent and well known to the Church, living outside the area to be represented, by asserting the principle, that no clergyman is eligible for election to Convocation who is not beneficed in the constituency which he seeks to represent ; or rather that seems to be its practical bearing, the actual decision being that the Courts of law declined to review the Archbishop's decision about an election to Convocation, and the Archbishop had so decided a case. In the province of York the elected Proctors are, relatively to the number of nominated Proctors, far more numerous than in that of Canterbury, as each Archdeaconry sends two representatives to the Provincial Synod. It has been sometimes supposed that such a system might be advantageously introduced into the Convocation of Canterbury, but this is a mistake. Some small dioceses have more Archdeaconries than large ones, whilst the size of Archdeaconries varies immensely. Thus London has two Archdeaconries, whilst St. David's has four, so that under the plan pursued in the northern province, St. David's, with its 358 incumbents and 93 curates, would have eight representatives elected by the Parochial Clergy ; whilst London, with its 476 incumbents and 512 curates, would have four. This difference is sufficiently striking ; but when we take into account the population and the circumstances of the two dioceses, the anomaly becomes much more manifest.

Those who desire to see an improvement in the representation were encouraged to think, that there could be no constitutional or legal impediment which might not be overcome, inasmuch as changes had been made from time to time. For example, they thought that it could not be more difficult to add to the number of Proctors which the Parochial Clergy of each diocese should elect, than to increase the number of dioceses which should elect Proctors. They also said, Why should it be in the power of the Bishops, with the consent of the Ecclesiastical Commission, to enlarge the number of Archdeaconries whose occupants should have seats in Convocation, and Convocation, with the consent of the Crown, not be able to add to the number of Proctors to be elected by those Archdeaconries? The number of nominated members already preponderates greatly over that of the elected, and yet no objection was raised to the still further enlargement of the preponderating element ; and those interested could not see why a different rule should be

be applied to the element which all seemed to agree ought to be increased. And yet, whilst no objection was raised to the new dioceses of Truro, St. Alban's, and Southwell sending Proctors to Convocation, and to the new Archdeacons of Oakham, Kingston-on-Thames, Southwark, Bodmin, Cirencester, and Isle of Wight having seats there, legal and constitutional objections have been urged against such populous dioceses as London and Rochester having a larger number of representatives elected by the Parochial Clergy.

We must now speak of the controversy which has been carried on during the last thirty years respecting a reform in the representation of the Lower House of Convocation, and of the grounds on which opposition to such a reform is made to rest. One of the first acts of the Convocation which met in 1854 was to appoint a joint committee of the two Houses to 'consider whether any, and if any, what, reforms in the constitution of Convocation were expedient to enable it to treat with the full confidence of the Church of such matters as Her Majesty might be pleased to submit to its deliberations,'* and to secure as accurate information as possible. They stated a case on which they desired an opinion from Sir R. Bethell (afterwards Lord Westbury) and Sir R. Phillimore. That opinion was as follows:—

'The writ to the Archbishop respecting the assembling of Convocation orders his Grace to summon the Clergy, and is silent as to the manner and mode of their representation. It would seem that the mode of representation has varied at different times and in different ways, and among them by the omission or addition of Proctors. Nevertheless it appears to us that it would not now be competent to put a construction upon the word *Clerus*, or Clergy, so as thereby to enlarge the constituency beyond the limits assigned to it by usage, without the consent and ratification of the Crown. We are of opinion that it would be competent to Convocation, having obtained the licence of the Crown, to discuss the question of the alteration of their Representative body, and to make a Canon enlarging it; and that such Canon, if it subsequently obtained the approbation of the Crown, would be sufficient to effect, legally, a new representation of the Clergy in Convocation.' †

Encouraged by this opinion, attempts were made by the Lower House to enlarge the representation. And:—

'In 1865 an address from the Convocation of Canterbury was presented to the Queen, suggesting "that there was no reason to doubt that it would be lawful for the Convocation with the Royal Assent and Licence to make the needful constitution," and praying "for such

* Perry's 'English Church History,' iii. 329.

† Report of a Committee of Convocation (No. 189), p. 27.

assent

assent and licence to make a constitution, ordering that for the future the Proctors for the Parochial Clergy be elected directly by the Beneficed Clergy of each diocese; and that each diocese of the province return the number of Proctors for the Parochial Clergy allotted to it in a schedule thereto annexed, whereby the number of Proctors returned by election of the beneficed clergy would equal in number the privileged members, and those elected by the capitular bodies." This address was referred by the Crown to the then law officers (Sir R. Palmer (now Lord Selborne), Sir Robert Collier and Sir Robert Phillimore. Their report upon it (dated August 1865) was communicated by the Secretary of State to the then Archbishop of Canterbury, and by his Grace to Convocation. It was to the effect that the law officers had been "unable to discover" from the reign of Edward I. to that of her present Majesty "a single instance in which any question relating to the representation of the Clergy in Convocation had been made the subject of a Provincial Constitution or Canon; that "the present mode of electing and constituting the Lower House of Convocation," in each of the two provinces, "had subsisted without any alteration which they were able to trace for upwards of 300 years," and that after a careful consideration of the questions submitted to them, and of the principles of constitutional and common law which they conceived to be applicable, they were led to the conclusion that Her Majesty's Government could not safely or properly be advised that any alteration in the present constitution of Convocation could be legally effected without the authority of Parliament. Sir R. Phillimore, therefore, when consulted officially in 1865, as one of the law officers of the Crown, saw reason to change the opinion which he had expressed when privately consulted ten years before.'*

When this opinion was communicated to Convocation, its members demurred to the conclusions arrived at; they saw no reason why they should be prevented from making a constitution to amend the representation of the Lower House, with the proper assent and licence of the Crown. For a new state of things had arisen which called for such amendment, whilst in the previous period such had not been the case, therefore there could be no reason for denying their request because there was no direct precedent during the period named. And if, as the law officers of the Crown urged, there was no precedent to show that Convocation had made a Canon to alter its own constitution, it was much more certain that Parliament had never attempted to legislate on the subject. Moreover, if reference was made to an antecedent period, when, owing to other causes, there had been good reason for making changes in the representation, then such changes had been made by the

* Report of a Committee of Convocation (No. 189), pp. 36, 37.

Archbishop

Archbishop on his own authority. Besides this, if nothing could be done in England for which no precedent could be found, it is clear that Parliament could never have reformed itself as it did; for originally, and for centuries, the Crown issued its writs in the manner which to it seemed best, and yet no constitutional objection was urged against a reform in the representation being effected by an Act of Parliament. In like manner the Archbishops had issued their writs for a long time, directing who should be summoned to Convocation; but that was no reason why, in the present altered state of things, Convocation, with the consent of the Crown, should not alter some of the details affecting its representation. These pleas were, however, urged in vain.

It is unnecessary to record further debates in Convocation on the subject until we come to the year 1880. On the assembling of a new Convocation after the general election in that year, the two Houses in their customary address to the Crown inserted this paragraph :—

'It has been represented to us that our Convocation might better discharge its duties if some addition were made to its number of Proctors in the Lower House, and we desire to bring this subject under the consideration of your Majesty.' *

This was referred by Mr. Gladstone (then Prime Minister) to Lord Selborne (then Lord Chancellor), who reviewed the case in a Memorandum to which we have repeatedly called attention in this article. The special point on which Lord Selborne insisted as the ground for refusing the request of Convocation (adopting the words of Archbishop Wake) was, that our present Convocation, 'though it be a true provincial meeting of the Clergy, and is in that respect an ecclesiastical assembly, was yet originally designed for State purposes, and convened by our Princes, not for matters of doctrine or discipline, but to counsel and assist them in the difficult and urgent necessities of the Church and Realm.'† Having dealt with this point in examining the origin of Convocation, it is unnecessary to say more on the subject.

There is, however, a point raised by Lord Selborne in his Memorandum, to which we have already called attention, but to which it is necessary again to refer. It is where he quotes from the Act of Submission of the Clergy in the reign of Henry VIII. (25 Hen. VIII. c. 19): 'That no Canon, Constitution or Ordinance shall be made or put in execution within this Realm by the authority of Convocation of the

* 'Chronicle of Convocation,' 1880, p. 27. † Report of Convocation, p. 39.

Clergy

Clergy which shall be contrariant or repugnant (*inter alia*) to any of the customs of the Realm.'* And he argues that to allow Convocation to amend its representation would be a violation of this law. To this the Committee of Convocation replies:—

'It is alleged that a Canon increasing the number of diocesan representatives in Convocation would be a Canon contrariant or repugnant to the customs of the Realm, custom having rigidly fixed the number of Clergy Proctors for each diocese as two. To this it may be answered that it seems altogether unreasonable to interpret custom as stereotyping the number of Clergy Proctors, a thing which had been altered again and again; the summons having been sometimes for three or four, sometimes for one, sometimes for the Rural Deans, together with the elected Proctors, sometimes for two from English dioceses and one from Welsh. It appears to your Committee that "custom," if it be taken to refer to this subject at all, must be taken as referring to *the constituent elements* of Convocation, and not to the *number* of each constituent element. For instance, it might be a contradiction of "custom" if Convocation were to pass a Canon that from henceforth no Clergy Proctors should be elected, or no Archdeacons or Deans should be members of Convocation; but it would be a very great straining of "custom" to suppose that it prohibited an increase in the number of an element already existing and customary.' †

Or it might have been added, that it would be 'contrariant or repugnant to custom' if the laity were admitted into Convocation, as that body has always been regarded by statute, as well as by custom, to be an exclusively ecclesiastical assembly.

As a possible way of obtaining the desired reform, it will have been noticed that Lord Selborne suggested that it could only be effected by Parliament, and legally by no other means. To such a solution we should have thought that all right-minded Churchmen would object. At a time when our opponents are so fond of taunting us with being an Act of Parliament Church, to suppose that the Church's Synod should seek for a Parliamentary basis on which to rest its authority would seem to be almost suicidal. Moreover, to exchange an origin in the far-off centuries, at a period so remote as not even to be recorded in history, for one which dated from almost the last decade of the nineteenth century, would be indeed a degradation, which it is impossible to contemplate calmly. We are therefore not surprised at the resolution of the Committee of Convocation;—

'Your Committee therefore, in conclusion, would declare their unanimous judgment, that it would be far wiser for the Lower House

* Report of Convocation, p. 38. † Ibid. p. 8.

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of Convocation of Canterbury to continue as it is than to request or accept the aid of Parliament, even in order to secure the much desired increase of representation therein of the Parochial Clergy.'*

This view has the support of what was written by Mr. Gladstone on the subject in 1854, when there was a proposal to ask for a Royal Commission to enquire into the manner in which an improvement of the representation in Convocation might be effected. The Commission was supposed to be intended to pave the way for an Act of Parliament to carry out what it suggested.† Mr. Gladstone writes:—

'Why should the reform of Convocation be considered by a Commission rather than by the two Houses themselves, acting in concert by delegations, joint committees, or whatever be most in form? I do not like the idea that the assembled Clergy should give their countenance to a form of proceeding which is at the very best but half constitutional, and which may become in circumstances not remote, extremely dangerous.'

And it is well to remember, that what Parliament can create, it can modify in the act of creation to any extent that it pleases, so that the Convocation moulded by its debates would probably be something very different to the Convocation whose decisions concerning faith and ritual Churchmen have hitherto regarded as authoritative. Moreover, what Parliament can create, it can destroy; so that Convocation resting for its title to existence on the provisions of an Act of Parliament would seem to hold its life upon the condition, that it should be subservient to the power which called it into being: and this would be the very perfection of Erastianism.

It is well to remember the special reason alleged by those who are most eager for a reform of the representation of the Parochial Clergy in Convocation. It is not that they are dissatisfied with the present House, or that they think the interests of the Church are not properly cared for by its members, or that ecclesiastical questions are insufficiently discussed: their motive is nothing of this kind; it is that they feel the necessity for assimilating the representative principle in its application to the Lower House of Convocation, so far as may be, to the manner in which it is understood with reference to the House of Commons. Until this is done, those who dislike the decisions at which Convocation may arrive will find an excuse for not paying any regard or deference to them in the assertion, that the Clergy are not properly represented. On

* Report of Convocation, p. 26. † 'Life of Bishop Wilberforce,' ii. 144.

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the other hand, those who oppose the reform of Convocation are not infrequently the very persons who most ardently advocate reforms of a similar character in the House of Commons, and so it would seem that their objection arises not from dislike of the principle advocated, but from a fear that if the reform were made, Convocation would become more influential than they wish it to be, and so advance the interests of the Church to a greater extent than they desire.

It should be remembered by every one who considers the question, that in all living bodies there must frequently arise the need for adjusting institutions inherited from the past to the wants of the present. Principles remain unalterably the same: the truths of the Gospel are now what they were in the days of the Apostles; but the manner of expressing them has at times to be varied in order to meet errors and misunderstandings which are apt to creep in during the lapse of time. Novel questions arise affecting doctrine and discipline, and the decision of them affects material interests, which cause them to be brought before Courts of Law. The principles on which those Courts arrive at their conclusions must often be very different from those which would influence Church Synods. Lawyers would be bound by the letter; Church Synods by the spirit: lawyers would have to conform to precedent, whilst Synods would have to consider the truth of what was brought into question, and its conformity with the general teaching of the Church and its authorized formularies. Moreover there are practical difficulties which have to be faced, and which are met and overcome much more wisely and effectually when the wisdom of the whole Church unites in common counsel, than when the several parts are left to undertake independent action. As matters of the kind, we would mention the need for a great expansion in the provisions for religious worship which has been experienced during the last century, owing to the sudden and rapid increase in the population; important as this question is, its solution was practically left for a long time to the enthusiasm of isolated individuals. This led to the work being well done when there were earnest people to give time and money to effect what was required, and to its not being done at all when there were none such in the locality. Latterly, owing in a great measure to the Reports of Committees of Convocation and to debates in Convocation, the need for more united action on the part of Churchmen has come to be realized, and has led to more systematic work in several dioceses; but still there is need for more organic effort co-extensive with the Church. What is true concerning the provision of churches is also true

of

of all that relates to the government of the Church. Since Convocation began to speak on behalf of the Church, steps have been successfully taken for an increase in the number of Bishops, and for a better division of dioceses; but until Convocation was allowed to speak, nothing was done; and now the subject is being taken up with a vigour which demands wise and well-considered counsels on the part of those in authority to protect the Church from rash and excessive alterations, or serious mistakes will be made. Then there was the question of Clergy discipline; of providing for the retirement of clergymen when too old and infirm to minister effectively, or when, for other reasons, it was desirable that they should be superseded, or their work supplemented by a coadjutor. Until these questions were mooted in Convocation, it was difficult for those in authority to move, as they could not foresee the light in which the Clergy would regard their proposals, or in what way those proposals could best be made. To mention only one more matter, and that is popular education. This subject has sprung into the greatest prominence during the last half century, and it would have been well for both Church and country if more systematic efforts could have been made by the Church at an earlier period. Much was done under the inspiring influence of the National Society; very much more would have been done if the Church's Synod had been in existence to secure general action. For practically each parish was a unit doing what it could for the people within its own borders; in many cases those immediately interested at the cost of considerable sacrifice of time and money doing all that was needed; in others doing nothing at all. There was lacking a constraining voice of authority to make men feel that the whole Church was interested in what was being done in each individual parish, and so urging and helping the Clergy everywhere to do what was required to give a good secular, and a definite religious, education to all the children who were willing to receive it.

If further argument or illustration was needed to prove the pressing requirement for united action on the part of the Church in Synods, trusted, respected, and looked up to by her children, it would be found in the manifold attacks by which her institutions and inheritance have been, and are being, assailed. Her foes recognize that in union is strength, and so the various bodies of Nonconformists have banded themselves together in Unions and Associations to an extent previously unknown. Unfettered by the State, and by appeals to precedents, and the fears of lawyers and statesmen, their central institutions have been adapted from time to time to meet the emergencies of the day, and to judge

judge from the printed debates, they appear to have been nearly as much occupied with consideration of attacks upon the Church's privileges, prerogatives, and possessions, as with devising means for strengthening their own organizations; and whilst their failure to recognize the corporate life of their several sects, as Churchmen regard the corporate life of the Church, exposes them to schisms and splits amongst themselves, they seem to experience no hindrance in uniting their forces for the injury or subversion of the Church. It would be ungrateful, however, not to recognize how much has been done on the part of Churchmen, both to defend the great interests entrusted to their care, to strengthen the influence of the Church in the country, and to further in every way in their power the spiritual and temporal welfare of the people of the land. But we believe that this work could be more effectually performed by a more united front being shown to her enemies, and by the efforts to promote the good of her children, being organized and directed by the Church's Synods instead of so many of them being entrusted to the action of independent societies. And as Church Congresses and Diocesan Conferences have brought together men of different schools of thought, and done much to promote kindly feeling and friendly co-operation, so gradually, but certainly, the Church's Convocation will obtain the respect it claims when men are convinced that it fairly represents the whole Church. We do therefore sincerely regret that the fears of politicians should conjure up apprehensions of possible dangers, and, as a consequence, that technical objections should be raised, and pressed by able men filling important positions, which threaten to delay, if not altogether to hinder the changes in the constitution of the Southern Convocation which are needed to give the required authority to the conclusions at which it may arrive.

In speaking as we have done of the hindrances to the development of the Church's Synod, we must not be supposed to be reflecting upon, or objecting to, the Church's relations to the State. Such is far from our intention. We believe that much good results from those relations; what we object to is the unfair exercise by the State of the power which it can exert over the Church. If the Church were to use her influence to cripple the power of the State, or to hinder the development of anything which might tend to its good, or further the temporal well-being of its subjects, she would be justly blamed. Why should not the same judgment be meted out to the State, when from any cause it refuses to recognize its responsibility of furthering, or at all events, of not hindering the Church from making such improvements

improvements in her system as may tend to the increase of her influence, and the promotion of those good objects for which she exists? We wish to see the Church strengthened, but then it is upon existing lines, and not by her assuming an independence not accorded to her by law.

At the present time it is only too obvious that some legislation about Church matters is urgently needed. We refer specially to the Church Courts, which certainly stand in a very anomalous position. As our readers are no doubt aware, the Church Courts were placed upon their present footing by recent legislation, in which the Church's Synods had no part. These Courts have to decide upon all disputed questions of doctrine and discipline, and it is an old adage, that with whom rests the interpretation of a law, with him practically rests the making of the law; and so it must be, unless there be a legislature in the rear which is able to determine what shall be the rule for the future, and so to set matters right, except in the immediate case which has been adjudicated upon. This is certainly the case in temporal matters. If the Courts of Law enforce some obsolete statute in a way contrary to the feeling of the day, Parliament steps in and repeals the statute, and so brings the law into conformity with what is now recognized to be just. The rule does not apply to the Established Church of Scotland, as there the Courts of Law refuse to investigate the merits of the case when an appeal relating to doctrine or discipline is brought before them, on the ground that they have nothing to do with it. All that they will consider is whether the Church Courts have duly observed the required formalities of the law. With Dissenting bodies in England the case is different. The appeals respecting them turn upon the construction of title-deeds, which set forth the doctrines to be preached and the discipline to be observed in the particular chapel; there is no reference in them to the doctrines or discipline of a corporate body. If the Synods of the Church of England had the power of so far reviewing the decisions of the Courts of Law, that for the future their resolutions should be held to declare what is the doctrine and the rule of discipline of the Church of England, it would be, comparatively speaking, a matter of small importance what the Courts decided, as their decisions would only affect the particular cases under review, and could not be cited as expressing finally the mind of the Church on the subject. A particular defendant might be acquitted or condemned unjustly, but if the Church had the recognized power of reviewing the decision in her Synods, so that for the future her judgment, and not that of the Courts, should be held to represent the doctrine of the

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Church, there would be comparatively little difficulty in settling the question. But as matters now stand, this cannot be done. Law Courts pronounce decisions affirming that such and such is the doctrine or ritual of the Church, and though such decisions might be in the very teeth of the Church's formularies as understood by theologians, they would become the law of the land, and so practically the law of the Church, and by them every cause affecting the same questions would be judged by the Courts. We are not now saying that such have been the decisions given; we are only endeavouring to show how matters stand. It is obvious that when our Lord founded the Church, He left the direction of its affairs, the determining of the doctrines it was to teach, and the instrumentalities it was to employ, to those who were to rule in its assemblies. The consequence of this having been in a measure set aside amongst us is that matters have arrived at something very like a dead-lock; clergymen are accused, rightly or wrongly (with that we are not concerned), of teaching unsound doctrine, or practising unlawful ritual, and they refuse to appear or defend themselves in the Courts, on the ground that it would be dishonouring the Great Head of the Church to recognize that such questions could be decided in temporal Courts, which have received no authority from the Church to adjudicate on such matters. And on the other side, it is tolerably certain that, as the difficulty is now felt on the side of many of the Clergy, it will be, nay, it has been, felt on the side of some of the Bishops, and from a like conviction they have refused to prosecute offenders against the Church's doctrine or discipline. It is obvious that for such a state of things to continue might be disastrous, as it might encourage law-breakers to set aside all authority, whilst those to whom the enforcement of the law is entrusted might feel unable to employ the only instrument by which wrong-doers could be restrained from their evil practices.

The question has been still further complicated by the Report of the Committee on Ecclesiastical Courts. That Report tends towards sustaining the objections of those who reject the authority of existing Courts, though it fails to make proposals of which they approve. This would be a matter of small moment if the Church's Synods were generally recognized as having the power to speak in the name of the Church. For their assent given to proposals for the re-organization of the Ecclesiastical Courts would give them that authority, which it is now affirmed they do not possess. We are satisfied from the tone and temper uniformly exhibited by the Convocations, that their members would be most anxious to approve of any propositions

propositions respecting Ecclesiastical Courts which were not contrariant to the principles they are pledged to uphold. In the interests, therefore, of good order in the Church, and of the preservation of that union of Church and State which the Radical organizations of the day are anxious to destroy, it is important that Convocation should be placed in a position to speak in the name of the Church, and in such a manner that those who dislike what it ordains may not be able to question that it speaks in the name of the Church of England.

There is a feeling abroad that Convocation is jealous of the influence of the laity in Church matters. Considering the great power which the laity possess in nominating to all the chief offices in the Church, which no one has ever seriously proposed to diminish, it would be foolish to attach any weight to such a supposition. Moreover, there is other evidence that such is far from being the case; all that is contended for by those who seek to uphold the Church's position is that what the Church Universal has ever regarded as having been entrusted by the great Head of the Church to the Bishops and Clergy shall be left in the hands to which He has committed it, as it would be a surrender of duty and responsibility for them to do otherwise. The constitution of a Lay House to be in constant communication with the House of Convocation, proved the more than willingness of the Clergy to consult with their lay brethren on all that concerns the interests of the Church. It has unfortunately been the aim of those who do not value the principles on which the Church of England rests, and the position that it holds in the country, to sow dissension between the clerical and lay members of that body, and endeavour to gain their ends by continually crying out against all that they can, by any stretch of language, describe as clerical intolerance, or clerical love of power. We hope that many who have been misled by their unwarranted assertions are beginning to see through them, that sounder views now prevail in the Church, and that its members are really endeavouring to promote its welfare by strengthening the bonds of union amongst themselves, and carefully considering how the Church of England can best be strengthened to resist assaults from within and without. We are satisfied that the best and truest way of accomplishing this is by remaining true to the principles which the Church of this land has substantially held from the beginning, which were to some extent overshadowed by accretions that were swept away at the Reformation, but which need to be boldly asserted if the Church of England is to retain the high place she holds in Christendom.

Art. VII.—1. *Hübner (Baron Von)—Through the British Empire.* 2 vols. London, 1885.
2. *Statutes of Queensland, New South Wales, Victoria, South Australia, Tasmania and New Zealand.*
3. *Articles and Letters in the 'Times' on the Chinese Question in Australia, May and June,* 1888.

IN the chapters with which Baron Von Hübner concludes his entertaining and most suggestive work descriptive of a tour through the British Empire, the author states some of the problems which he sees in the near future for British statesmen in connection with our vast and scattered Empire. One of the shadows which he perceives on the bright picture of the future of the Australasian Colonies is that projected on the canvas by the Chinese. The last war with China he regards as an event of incalculable importance, because it destroyed the real, great 'Chinese Wall,' which from time immemorial had separated four hundred millions of souls from the rest of mankind. The object was to open China to Europeans; but the result has been that the world has been opened to Chinese. The number of European travellers in China has not increased greatly since 1860, while the Chinese have 'poured headlong through the opened gates of their prison,' and for twenty-five years have been flooding three quarters of the globe. 'They, too, are colonists; but after their own fashion. With wonderful natural gifts, but, as far as intellectual pursuits are concerned, inferior to the Caucasian, active and extremely sober; a born merchant, and, as such, of proverbial honesty, an excellent cultivator, a first-rate gardener, a first-class cook, unsurpassed as a handicraftsman, the Chinese competes with the white man wherever he meets him, and is checking, conquering, and ousting him, not indeed by force, but with the weapons of labour and thrift. The secret of his success is easy to detect. Thanks to his qualities, his physical constitution, and his habits, he is able to do everything, within the limits I have mentioned, at half-price.' Baron Von Hübner then glances at the recent 'conquests' of the Chinese, in the foreign trade of China itself, in the Straits Settlements, in Lower Burmah, throughout the Malay Archipelago, the Sandwich Islands, the United States and Australia, and declares that the continual advance of the race frightens him, for a combination of the colonists of all European nations will scarcely suffice to arrest, with the weapons of industry and the cultivation of the soil, the vast hordes which this enormous body, called the Middle Kingdom, never ceases to pour from its populous loins. Will this displacement of popula-tion

tion stop of its own accord? Will this constant drain, due to an ever-increasing tide of emigration, end by drying up the sources of life in the heart even of a nation that counts 100,000,000 more souls than all the populations of Europe combined? We cannot say. No one can penetrate the mysteries of Providence. But what we cannot help seeing are two enormous overflowing reservoirs. Two rivers are issuing from them; the white river and the yellow river, the one fertilizing the lands through which it runs with the seeds of Christian civilization, and the other threatening to destroy them. Already at several points these rivers are meeting, dashing against each other and contending for the mastery. What will be the final issue? The twentieth century will inscribe it in its annals.

This is the language, not of an Australian or American politician catching at a party advantage or anxious to gain a cheer; it is the sober judgment of an eminent Austrian statesman and diplomatist, who had just travelled through almost every part of the British Empire, and who surveys the problems which it presents with a friendly and sympathetic eye. Problems of this nature, unfortunately, do not bide men's convenience, and the task of dealing with the ever-flowing emigration of Chinese cannot be relegated to the twentieth century. It is here now and will not be denied. Our Australian kinsmen, having done as much as they believed they could within the powers granted to them by the Imperial Legislature to restrict and repress the tide of Chinese immigration, now declare that these powers are insufficient for the purpose, and are crying aloud for the aid of the British Government to enable those Anglo-Saxon communities flourishing under the Southern Cross to preserve their 'type of nationality,' and to save them from the misfortune of having in their midst a large number of a race which could not mix with them socially or politically;* and the question of the day is how, and to what extent, can this aid best be rendered. The people of this country are in a great measure relieved from the necessity of examining into the nature and extent of the Australian objections to the present Chinese immigration; the only question for us, and for the Imperial Government, is whether there is a genuine and widespread feeling in Australia on the subject. If so, and we think there can be no doubt that there is, then it is our duty to supplement the powers of the Australians, where these are insufficient to deal with the question, and to aid them by every reasonable and proper method. For we

* Letter from the Sydney correspondent of the 'Times,' dated April 12, 1888.

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have given to the Australian Colonies the fullest measure of self-government consistent with a due regard for Imperial duties and interests; they are not only the best, they are in fact the only, judges of what is necessary for themselves in a matter of this description, and, once it is made clear that their minds are definitely and decidedly made up that a particular policy is the best for them, it appears to us beyond question, always saving the interests of the Empire at large, that it is our duty to aid them to the utmost of our power. How this aid may be given in the present case we shall discuss later on.

In the industrial, and, on the whole, peaceful contest between the white and yellow races, then, the latter appear to be winning; and the United States and Australia are seeking to raise the barriers between the Chinese and the rest of the world which were thrown down by the wars of 1842, 1857, and 1860. We are like a magician, whose incantations have raised an evil spirit, but who does not know how to lay it again. The reasons for this success of the Chinese are not far to seek. In the first place, the numbers that emigrate, though not so enormous as is usually believed, are still very great compared with the emigrants of all other nationalities, and appear still greater by reason of their inveterate habit of collecting in clusters in certain centres, rather than spreading about over the country as European emigrants usually do. This gregariousness, though natural enough amongst men of the same race in a strange land and amongst a strange people, has the effect of making their numbers appear greater than they really are. But the main cause of the industrial victory of the Chinese is their untiring and marvellous industry—an industry which, great at all times, is excited to the highest pitch by a burning desire to return home to the fatherland at the earliest possible moment. The Chinese abroad daily feels himself an exile and a wanderer. His wife and family never accompany him. He is unable to perform those periodical duties and ceremonies at the family shrine and the ancestral graves, which are the most sacred of all duties in his eyes, and he has ever before him the horror of dying and being buried away from his native land. In the words of Mr. Medhurst, he goes from a country where, to his ideas, learning and civilization reign, and where all his dearest interests and prejudices are found, to lands where comparative ignorance and barbarity prevail, and where the extremes of a tropical or frozen region are to be exchanged for a mild and temperate climate. Add to this, no females leave the country, and consequently all the tender attachments that bind heart to heart must be burst asunder, and perhaps for

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ever.* Hence the extraordinary industry with which the emigrant toils, in order that he may return to enjoy the remainder of his days at home. Of him it may be said with literal truth that he hastes to rise up early, and late takes his rest, and eats the bread of carefulness. He knows no weekly rest. From year's end to year's end he toils patiently and unremittingly, save for a few days at the period of his new year. In addition he is sober, well behaved, and works for less than half the wages of his white competitor. His success is, therefore, no matter for surprise.

But although, in the view we take of the duty of this country to the Australians, it is unnecessary to discuss the propriety or wisdom of the decision at which they appear to have arrived in regard to the Chinese immigration, it may be well to point out that, even if Chinese continued to arrive in the Australasian Colonies at the same rate as they have done hitherto, there is no reason for panic or for precipitancy, either on the part of the Australians or of the Home Government. According to the report of Mr. Gillies, the Prime Minister of Victoria, to the Governor,† the total number of Chinese that arrived in Victoria in the twenty-five years from 1861 to 1886 was only 15,000, or an average of about 600 a year, and of these a large number who have accumulated sufficient wealth leave every year. Moreover there are some considerations, connected with the population of China and its distribution, which are not usually taken into account by those who fear that the world is witnessing a new and overwhelming Mongolian invasion. The population of the Chinese Empire is popularly supposed to be so dense that immigration on an enormous scale is absolutely necessary for subsistence. In certain parts of the country the density is indeed very great, but taking China as a whole, this is far from being the case. China proper, including the eighteen provinces north and south of the great Yangtsze waterway, has a population which may be taken at about 360,000,000. The most recent official statistics give the number at 390,000,000.‡ Dr. Wells Williams devotes a chapter of his well-known work § to an elaborate examination of various censuses and estimates of the population of China, and arrives at the conclusion, that the Census of 1812, which gives the number at 362,000,000, is a tolerably accurate one, and that, owing to wars, rebellions, and

* Medhurst, 'China: Its State and Prospects,' p. 24. Quoted in Williams's 'Middle Kingdom,' vol. i. pp. 278–9.
† The 'Times,' June 2, 1888.
‡ These will be found summarized in the 'Times' of October 2, 1887.
§ 'The Middle Kingdom,' vol. i. chap. 5.

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famines, there are 25,000,000 less now, which gives a population of about 340,000,000. Sir Richard Temple, in an ingenious investigation of Chinese statistics by the light of the averages of the Indian Census, shows, that the former are not extravagant or incredible; for applying the various Indian averages to China, he obtains a population of 282,000,000.* Now the area of China Proper is given at about 1,300,000 square miles, which, even with the population given by the Census of 1812, would be 268 persons to the square mile. The average for Great Britain by the last Census was 289; for Italy, 249; for Germany and Japan, 213; and for Bengal, 440 to the square mile. But in the nine eastern provinces of China, which include two-fifths of the whole area, and the most fertile land in the Empire, the average is 458 persons to the square mile, while in the remaining three-fifths it is only 154.† Hence, from a bare comparison of the population statistics, it would appear that China Proper is not the abnormally overcrowded country popularly supposed. It is not so thickly populated as this country; the average density is very little more than that of Italy, and not much more than half that of Bengal. But when we come, with Dr. Williams's aid, to examine the Chinese system of cultivation and the food supply, it will become still more apparent that China Proper is ample for its population. Without burdening this article with the various statistics on which his calculations are based, we may say that he estimates the area of cultivated land in China at 650,000,000 of acres, or an average of $1\frac{4}{5}$ acres to every inhabitant; in France, the average is $1\frac{2}{3}$.

In European countries, it is true, manufactures afford to large numbers of the population a livelihood which is to a great extent denied to the Chinese; but, on the other hand, the methods of cultivation and the daily food of the latter give them advantages which do not exist in Western countries. In the first place, there are no cultivated pastures or meadows in China; almost the whole of the cultivated soil is employed in raising food for man. 'There is not, so far as is known, a single acre of land sown with grass-seed, and therefore almost no human labour is devoted to raising food for animals, which will not also serve to sustain man.' In many provinces animals are rare, goods being transported by boats and men. Such animal food as is used, mainly fish, is obtained at the expense of the least possible amount of cultivated soil, while the space occupied for roads and pleasure grounds is insignificant. The

* 'Journal of the Statistical Society,' vol. xlviii. p. 1.
† 'The Middle Kingdom,' vol. i. p. 272.

amount

amount of land actually cultivated for the food of man in China is enormously greater in proportion than that of any Western country, and moreover, more than three-fourths of this area, under a genial and equable climate, provides two crops annually, and the Loess regions of the north-west, three. Little or no land lies fallow, for constant manuring and turning of the soil obviates the necessity for repose. In this way the available area for food production, and the amount of food produced from a given area are very greatly increased by Chinese agricultural methods. Again, we in Western countries have no conception of the extent to which fish is utilized by the Chinese. 'The coasts, rivers, estuaries, and lakes are covered with fishing-boats; the spawn of fish is cultivated and reared, even fields are often converted into pools in the winter season and stocked with fish, and the tanks dug for irrigation usually contain fish.' After an investigation occupying many pages, Dr. Wells Williams arrives at the conclusion, that it is clear China 'is abundantly able to support the population ascribed to it, even with all the drawbacks known to exist, and that, taking the highest estimate to be true, and considering the mode of living, the average population on a square mile in China is less than in several European countries.' *

We have hitherto spoken only of China Proper, but this forms only a third of the area of the Chinese Empire. To the north and west lie the vast regions of Manchuria, Mongolia, Thibet, and Eastern Turkestan, stretching from the mouth of the Amour to the borders of Afghanistan and nearly to the Oxus. These contain double the superficial area of the eighteen provinces, and although considerable districts, especially in Mongolia, are unfit for the habitation of man, the greater part of this enormous area is quite suited for colonization and cultivation. In these the Chinese population has ample room for expansion. At present Manchuria absorbs large numbers of emigrants from the thickly populated northern provinces, but no real emigration has ever taken place between the crowded districts along the Yangtsze and the Central Plain and Chinese Turkestan. The distances are so great, and the means of communication so defective, that emigration on a large scale must be the work of time and circumstances. Enough has been said, however, to show that China Proper is capable of producing food for its population, and that the Chinese Empire has abundant area for the distribution of that population. It offers its inhabitants ample scope for expansion. Emigration, then, is

* 'The Middle Kingdom,' vol. i. p. 277.

not

not a necessity for China, in the sense that it was a necessity at one time for Ireland, or that it is now for Lewis, and the Chinese is not led, as other peoples are, by a natural disposition to wander abroad. His own country affords him ample field for development and expansion after his own manner and with no violence to his habits and traditions. The world, as yet, has nothing to fear from a serious Mongolian invasion.

The view which we have endeavoured to state here at some length is that of one of the most influential Chinese statesmen, one of the very few who possesses an adequate acquaintance with foreign nations. In a very remarkable article published by the Marquis Tsêng, late Chinese Minister to England and Russia, shortly before his departure from Europe, he referred to this subject with undiplomatic clearness.* After stating that China has none of the land-hunger of some other nations, he observes that, 'contrary to what is generally believed in Europe, she is under no necessity of finding in other lands an outlet for a surplus population.' It is true that considerable numbers of Chinese have emigrated to Cuba, Peru, and the United States, and the British Colonies; but this the Marquis Tsêng attributes to the poverty and ruin in which large areas of the country were plunged by the Taiping and Mahommedan rebellions, and not to any difficulty in finding the means of subsistence in ordinary conditions. 'In her wide domains there is room and to spare for all her teeming population. What China wants is not emigration, but a proper organization for the equable distribution of population. In China Proper—particularly in those places which were the seats of the Taiping rebellion—much land has gone out of cultivation, whilst in Manchuria, Mongolia, and Chinese Turkestan, there are immense tracts of country which have never felt the touch of the husbandman.' Thus the conclusion to which an impartial enquirer is led by consideration of the population, area, and methods of cultivation in China, is precisely that of this eminent Chinese statesman, and is that emigration is not a necessity to that country, that she has 'room and to spare for all her teeming population.' But the Marquis Tsêng goes farther than this; he tells us it is the desire of the Chinese Government that their people should stay at home, and this not only for economical, but for military reasons. It is indispensable that the immense outlying territories of Manchuria, Mongolia and Eastern Turkestan should be colonized. 'And, recognizing this, the Imperial Government have of late been encouraging a centrifugal move-

* The 'Asiatic Quarterly Review,' vol. iii. p. 1.

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ment of the population in certain thickly inhabited portions of the Empire;' but besides the occupation of waste lands, there are other agencies to absorb an overflow of population which may exist in certain provinces. Another and more permanent one will soon arise in the demand for labour in factories, mines, and railways; hitherto these have contributed nothing to the support of the country, and if they are developed to only a tithe of the extent to which they exist in England and Belgium, the number of mouths they would feed would be enormous. 'These considerations will explain the indifference with which the Chinese Government have received the advances which at different times, and by various Powers, have been made to induce China to take an active part in promoting immigration and engagements for the supply of labour.' But even had these reasons not existed, says the Marquis Tsêng, China would have been chary of encouraging her subjects to go to countries 'where legislation seems only to be made a scourge for their especial benefit, and where justice and international comity exist for everybody, bond or free, except the men of Han.'

In another part of the same article the Ambassador reverted to this subject, to which, evidently, he attached a good deal of importance, and in sketching out the general lines of the foreign policy of China in the immediate future, he said that the outrageous treatment of Chinese in some foreign countries 'has been as disgraceful to the Governments in whose jurisdiction it was perpetrated as to the Government whose indifference to the sufferings of its subjects residing abroad invited it.' But, he observes, a Commission has been appointed by the Chinese Government to visit and report on the condition of Chinese subjects in foreign countries, and he hopes this manifestation of interest on the part of their rulers may ameliorate the treatment of Chinese abroad. The results of this Commission we shall see presently; meanwhile, the statements which have been either printed in full or abstracted here establish two facts, which are vital to the discussion of the question of Chinese emigration to Australia or any other part of the world: the first is, that emigration is not necessary to China; the second, that the Chinese Government will not only not encourage their people to go abroad, but prefer very much that they should remain at home, and distribute themselves more equally over the Chinese Empire. The statesman, who laid down these propositions, is at the present moment a member, undoubtedly one of the most powerful members, of the Foreign Board at Pekin, through which all the foreign business of the Empire is conducted. Probably this statement of the views of the Chinese Government will account for what

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to many was hitherto unaccountable, viz. the treaties for restricting and prohibiting Chinese immigration procured by the United States in 1880, and again during the present year. These were granted simply for the asking, apparently without money and without price, save a small sum as compensation to the families of the Chinese killed and to the injured, in recent anti-Chinese riots in the United States. But, although China does not want her people to go abroad, it would be a mistake to think that she is wholly indifferent to their fate when they are there. There has indeed hitherto been no well-considered, sustained, and systematic, protection extended to them; but whenever their wrongs have been brought directly and clearly to the notice of the Government, measures have always been taken for their relief. This was the case in Cuba and Peru, and now a Commission is engaged in investigating their condition in Burmah and the Malay Archipelago. Within the last year or two the subject has engaged more attention in China than it has ever done before; public opinion of a certain kind, especially in the Southern provinces from whence most of the emigrants go, is being excited; and, even if they were inclined to be indifferent to their wrongs, the Chinese Government could not now venture to leave them unredressed.

Having established these two important points; first, that there is no probability or reason for an overwhelming Chinese emigration, and that the Chinese Government are indifferent, if not hostile, to the emigration of their people, we may proceed to examine the subject as it specially concerns our Australian Colonies. The climate of all these Colonies is suitable to the Chinese, while that of Northern Queensland and the Northern Territory of South Australia is specially suited to emigrants from Southern China. But in truth the average Chinese is at home in any reasonably temperate climate, for his own country offers almost every extreme of heat and cold. Early in the present century the Chinese had taken a long step towards Australia, for they had commenced emigrating to Singapore, and spreading over Java and the other islands of the Malay Archipelago. But their attention appears to have been first drawn to Australia, as it was to California, by the discovery of gold. In 1853 a broad stream of Chinese commenced to set in towards Melbourne;* in 1854 there were 2000 in Victoria, and in 1859 they had increased to 42,000. A poll-tax, which was imposed about this time, moderated the influx, so that in 1863 the number was reduced to 20,000,

* Report of the Prime Minister of Victoria to the Governor in reply to a letter of the Chinese Minister.—The 'Times,' June 2.

and

and the poll-tax was then removed. In 1881 the other Colonies took alarm at a projected importation of coolies to Western Australia, which was felt to be opening the doors of the whole continent; and the poll-tax was at once re-imposed in Victoria and the neighbouring Colonies. But, although, owing to its peculiar circumstances arising out of the gold fever of 1851, Victorian restrictive legislation against China is more than thirty years old, in the other Colonies it may be said to belong wholly to the last ten years or thereabout. The nature and scope of the Anti-Chinese legislation are but little understood in this country; and we propose accordingly to devote a little space to showing exactly what the Colonial laws on the subject are. They are scattered over numerous volumes of Colonial Statutes which are almost inaccessible here. In Queensland, the principal Act was passed in 1877, and is described as intended 'to regulate the immigration of Chinese, and to make provision against their becoming a charge upon the Colony,' and the preamble further explains this by setting out, that it is expedient 'to obtain security for the payment of any expenses that may be incurred in respect of such immigrants, and of any fines or penalties imposed upon them,' not, be it observed, to restrict or prohibit Chinese immigration, but to provide that, if the immigrants become chargeable to the Colony as prisoners, paupers, lunatics, &c., there should be a fund to meet such charge paid by or on behalf of the immigrants themselves. A law to secure such an object as this is clearly quite within the right and power of a legislature, which has authority to make domestic laws, provided that it does not, by discriminating against the subjects of a particular friendly Power and against them only, sin against international law or Treaty rights. The Act goes on to provide that the word 'Chinese' shall mean 'any native of the Chinese Empire or its dependencies not born of British parents.' Masters of vessels arriving in ports of Queensland with Chinese on board must give a full list of these to the principal officer of the Customs; the number of Chinese passengers must not exceed one for every ten registered tons of the vessel, and the master must pay the sum of 10*l.* for each passenger before the latter can be permitted to land. Chinese arriving otherwise than by sea must pay a like sum. Chinese leaving the Colony within three years of the date of their arrival are to receive this amount back again, provided they can show that in the meantime they have not, in any way by sickness or crime, become a charge upon the revenue. This section, however, was repealed by an Act of 1884 (47 Vict. No. 14), which also diminished the number of Chinese passengers

passengers which a ship could carry to one for every fifty tons, and increased the poll-tax from 10*l.* to 30*l.* Another Queensland Act, directed mainly against Chinese, but expressed to apply to all Asiatic or African aliens (31 Vict. No. 28), provided that no aliens of this class should be entitled to be naturalized as British subjects, unless they were married, with their wives residing in the Colony, and unless they shall have resided there for three years. An Act of 1878, regulating claims in gold fields, orders that Asiatic and African aliens shall be incapable of acquiring mining rights in new gold fields.

We next come to New South Wales, and the one Act on the subject of Chinese immigration on the Statute Book of this Colony (45 Vict. No. 11), which was passed on December 6th, 1881, is frankly described at the outset as intended 'to restrict the influx of Chinese into New South Wales.' It provides that no vessel is to carry more than one Chinese for every 100 tons burden, and the poll-tax is 10*l.* Chinese who resided in the Colony at the time the Act was passed, those who have been naturalized as British subjects, and officials, are exempted, as also are the crews of vessels. There is no suggestion, either in the preamble to this Act, or in any of its clauses, that it is necessary to provide against the Chinese immigrants becoming a charge on the Colonial revenue; nor is there any provision that the tax is ever to be repaid. This was made law in the first Queensland Act; but an early opportunity was taken of repealing this particular section. Victorian legislation on the subject of the Chinese consists of four or five Acts; the last is dated December 24th, 1881, and makes the poll-tax 10*l.*; the limit as to passengers is one for every 100 tons. In South Australia (44 and 45 Vict. No. 213, November 18th, 1881) we again meet with the preamble, stating that it is necessary 'to obtain security for the payment of any expenses that may be incurred in respect of such immigrants.' Here the tax is also 10*l.*, and the number of passengers which may be carried one for every ten tons. An additional provision in this Act is that all Chinese entering the Colony must either be, or produce a certificate of having been, vaccinated. The Act does not apply to the vast northern territory of South Australia, where no white man can work. There the Chinese have liberty to settle within a distance of a thousand miles from the sea-coast; but the arrangement here appears to be unsatisfactory to the other Colonies, as it is believed that all Australia is in danger, if Chinese are allowed to land in any part of it. Indeed, the epidemic of anti-Chinese legislation in 1881 was due to the fear that distant Western

Western Australia was about to import Chinese labour. In Victoria the tax is also 10*l.* a head, and the limit is one emigrant for every 100 tons; in Tasmania the provisions are the same, and there is in addition one relating to compulsory vaccination. The New Zealand Act, which was passed at the same time (45 Vict. No. 47), was 'reserved for the signification of Her Majesty's pleasure' by the Governor, and is accordingly not in force. The poll-tax there is 10*l.*, and not more than one Chinese passenger can be carried for every ten tons of the vessel's burden. Breaches of the different provisions are punishable by heavy penalties, including forfeiture of the vessel; but it is to be observed, that all the duties and all the punishments fall not on the intending immigrant, but on the master and owner of the vessel. All that is required of the immigrant is that he shall pay the poll-tax, or cause it to be paid for him; there is no power in any of the statutes to send back to China immigrants who tender the amount of the poll-tax, even though their number may be far in excess of the limit. If a vessel brings, for instance, to Sydney, two Chinese passengers for every 100 tons in place of one, the master is liable to heavy fines for the number so brought in excess; but the passengers themselves cannot legally be prevented landing if they pay the tax. The law holds the master wholly to blame, and absolves the passenger. This is obviously equitable and proper; for the passenger has no means of knowing the law of the place he is going to respecting number; he cannot tell whether a vessel about to visit perhaps half-a-dozen Australian ports has more passengers than she ought to carry; he does not even know how many passengers there are on board, and if he had knowledge of any or all these details, if he knew the law was going to be broken, he would be utterly powerless to prevent it. Hence the duty of obedience in this, as in all similar cases, is thrown upon the captain of the vessel, and the immigrant lands scot-free, save for the poll-tax. The bearing of this provision of the law on the present phase of the Chinese question will be seen presently, when we come to examine the recent Acts of the New South Wales Administration.

On the whole, the Australian Colonies have no reason to blush either for their legislative Acts relating to Chinese immigrants, or for the conduct of their people towards the Chinese. There has been much violent and pernicious nonsense talked of late at certain Trades' Councils and Congresses; but the Chinese Government have no reason to complain of acts of cruelty or violence to their subjects in Australia, similar to those which took place in Cuba, Peru, and recently in the Pacific States of America.

America. Lord Carnarvon was perfectly justified in observing, during the course of the recent debate in the House of Lords,* that, compared with other parts of the world, 'the treatment of the Chinese in Australia has been of a mild and satisfactory character,' and this is the opinion of the Chinese officials themselves. In Canada, also, the restrictive Act (49 Vict. ch. 67) is of a most humane character, and indeed the whole of our Colonial legislation, up to the present, is free from any marks of haste, violence, or injustice. The Acts are sober, humane, guarded in their language and provisions.

It may be said that the present phase of the subject has arisen directly out of the report of a Commission, sent abroad by the Chinese Government last year to investigate the condition and treatment of Chinese immigrants in various British, Dutch, and Spanish Colonies; for it was in consequence of the statements then made that the Chinese Minister in London in December last addressed a communication to Lord Salisbury, drawing attention to the Statutes in force in the Australian Colonies imposing a discriminating tax on Chinese subjects; and pointing out that, as this was levied on Chinese alone, and not on other foreign immigrants as well, it was not in accordance with the Treaty rights of Chinese or the rules governing intercourse between friendly nations. This document, which was in substance, if not in form, in the nature of a protest, was sent out to all the Colonies for their replies. About the same time came news of a great influx of Chinese into the northern parts of Australia, which created much alarm in the other Colonies. Sir Henry Parkes, the Premier of New South Wales, described the attitude of that Colony in a memorandum which was telegraphed home by Lord Carington, and which was published by Mr. Henniker Heaton,† the Member for Canterbury, in the 'Times' of May 17. Into the reasons given by Sir Henry Parkes for holding that the Chinese are undesirable colonists amongst what he happily calls 'the Australian section of the British people,' we need not enter here, for, as we have already said, the Australians are not simply the best, they are the only, judges of what is good for themselves in this matter, whether their reasons may be sound or the reverse. We heartily agree with Lord Carnarvon when he stated in the House of Lords that, although he was disposed

* The 'Times,' June 9.

† In mentioning this gentleman's name, we cannot refrain from expressing our sense of the great services which he has rendered to the Empire, in interpreting and explaining to the British public the wants and wishes of our kinsmen of Australia. These unofficial and unbought services have deservedly earned for him the highly honourable *sobriquet* of 'Member for Australia.'

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to uphold treaty rights to the utmost, nothing would ever induce him to run the risk of peopling the Australian Colonies with Mongols, instead of with Anglo-Saxons.

Sir Henry Parkes appeals to the Home Government to obtain for Australia a treaty similar to that which the United States had just succeeded in obtaining from China, and concludes as follows:—'The matter is too grave and urgent to admit of long delay. However desirable it may be to avoid irritation and conflict of interests which may arise from local legislation of a drastic character, if protection cannot be afforded as now sought, the Australian Parliaments must act from the force of public opinion in devising measures to defend the Colonies from consequences which they cannot relax in their efforts to avert.' This document, in which we cannot doubt that Australian feeling was adequately represented, was penned some time in April, and from it the Imperial Government were justified in believing that sufficient time would be given for opening and carrying on negociations with China. Such negociations would necessarily take time; treaties between two great Powers ten thousand miles apart, on subjects of this nature, cannot be brought to a conclusion in a few days, or even a few weeks. In the first place it would be necessary to obtain from all the Australian Colonies a distinct and formal statement of what they wanted, of the 'irreducible minimum' with which alone they would be content. It is quite obvious that Her Majesty's Government could not begin negociations with China on the request of a single Colony of the group; all the others had to be consulted, for the treaty, to be of any practical value, must be one to satisfy the whole of the Australian Colonies. Thus the very first step would be a congress to arrange a programme for the Imperial Government; then would follow negociation, with its inevitable delays, its references backwards and forwards between London and Pekin and London and Australia, so that many weeks would necessarily elapse before a treaty or convention could be in sight. All this cannot but have been well known to Sir Henry Parkes; indeed, he must have known that, at the outset, Lord Knutsford was requested by the Victorian Government to take no steps until despatches then on their way should reach him. Yet, within a few weeks of his communication, we find Sir Henry Parkes introducing into the New South Wales Legislature an anti-Chinese Act of the 'drastic character,' which he threatened only in the event of 'long delay' and 'if protection cannot be afforded as now sought.' He gave the British Government no opportunity of even hearing the opinion and views of the other Colonies before plunging recklessly

lessly into legislation which would render any negociation impossible at the time, and difficult ever after. He induced the Lower House to suspend its Standing Orders, and to pass in a few hours a violent Bill which was an act of defiance to China, with whom he had just been urging the Home Government to negociate.

We have said this act of Sir Henry Parkes rendered negociation at the time impossible. These are the words of Lord Knutsford in the House of Lords (the 'Times,' June 9th):—'There was a sudden panic, great alarm, and, as a consequence, some hasty legislation. That I regret, because it made any opening of negociations with the Chinese Government at the time impossible. It certainly would have been useless to begin negociations then,' and Lord Carnarvon acknowledged that 'the Chinese Government might complain, and perhaps with some justice, of the precipitancy which has characterized the action of the authorities of New South Wales.' But Sir Henry Parkes did much more than render negociations 'impossible' by the precipitancy of his legislation; he broke the laws of his own Colony, he set at nought the obligations of treaties and of international comity, in order that a few score Chinese might not enter New South Wales. The 'panic,' to which Lord Knutsford referred, was produced by the appearance of a few vessels from Hongkong in Sydney harbour, having on board about 400 Chinese, all of whom do not appear to have intended landing in New South Wales. Some, indeed, appear to have been on their way to the Melbourne Exhibition. Sir Henry Parkes by main force prevented these men from landing, although they left China on the faith of Imperial treaties and of the existing laws of New South Wales. When the Upper House refused to allow his Bill, which he made retrospective, so as to meet the case of the unfortunate Chinese then in the harbour, to be rushed through regardless of form after the manner of the Lower House, the Chinese found time to apply to the Courts and obtain writs of *habeas corpus*. Some of them were even actually returning to the Colony from a visit to China; others held naturalization papers as British subjects, and were therefore entitled by the laws of New South Wales itself to enter the Colony without paying the poll-tax; others had the right to enter on paying the tax. But, as we have shown from an examination of the New South Wales law, there was no power whatever in the Colonial Executive to prevent a single Chinese from landing who was ready to pay the tax, however great the number may have been. The remedy was against the master of the vessel, not against the innocent and helpless passengers.

passengers. A large number of the latter were released by order of the Court, but a considerable number were forced to return to China by the way they came.

This, then, is the state of affairs prepared by Sir Henry Parkes for Lord Salisbury; the laws of New South Wales are broken by the New South Wales Executive, the forms by which legislation are hedged about are swept away, and an Act of a 'drastic character' is carried through Parliament, all against Chinese; and this is thought a favourable prelude to opening negociations with the Chinese Government for a treaty to prohibit labour-emigration to Australia altogether. The Chinese may well say that treaties with us are of no value; we break or observe them as may suit our own convenience: and the other Australian Colonies have only to follow Sir Henry Parkes's example in order to solve the problem their own way. There is no need of treaties when the parties to them will not observe them. New Zealand, and Tasmania also, we believe, in their own way showed how little common-sense, common justice, and the ordinary forms of procedure, stand in the way when the treatment of Chinese is concerned. Fearing, as they said, that the Chinese, who were in suspense in Sydney Harbour, would be taken to another Colony, they forthwith declared the ports of China 'infected.' There was no pretence of infection in Chinese ports, no foul bills of health, no official reports from Consuls or Ministers, no shadow of ground for this abuse of the forms of sanitary legislation. Their own laws were put aside, their forms perverted, their rules and regulations set at nought, in order that a few score innocent, hunted Chinese labourers might not find a refuge on their shores. And with all these facts, all this injustice and violence, all this frantic persecution of a few Chinese, as well known in Pekin as it is in London, Lord Salisbury is to ask the Chinese Government to do him the favour of entering into negociations for a treaty which will be pleasing to the Australians, and, amongst others, to the authorities responsible for this treatment of some unprotected and helpless Chinese subjects who did nothing unlawful, and whose one sin was that they belonged to the Chinese race. We have not concealed our general sympathy with the Australians in their desire to be allowed to work out their own destiny without let or hindrance, and especially without the introduction of an alien civilization such as that of China; we hope and believe that they will be successful in their present efforts to restrict largely the immigration of Chinese. We have not hesitated to express in the clearest terms our belief that, while they are the only judges of what is

 best

best for themselves in this matter, it is the duty of the Imperial Government to aid them with all its power to realize their wishes. We feel free therefore to say, that the action of the New South Wales Government and of that of New Zealand, in dealing with the 400 Chinese who arrived in Sydney in the last days of April and May, was scandalous; it was discreditable to their intelligence, to their sense of justice, and to their humanity. Nor has it even the merit of success. The large majority of the Chinese are now in New South Wales, and those who were sent back have been promised compensation. Whether this be so or not, we believe we are correct in stating, that compensation will be demanded, if the returned emigrants are not compensated already.

The statutes to restrict Chinese immigration to the Australian Colonies to which we have referred at some length above, and the action of the New South Wales Executive recently, are wholly opposed to the rights given to Chinese by treaties and by international law. The Chinese Government do not claim that their subjects are in a more favourable position towards the domestic law of the Colonies than others; they ask for no exceptionally favourable treatment, they do not allege that the treaties between China and Great Britain give Chinese any kind of advantage in the dominions of the Queen-Empress: what they do say is, that Chinese have the same rights, no more, no less, than the subjects of other countries, and that no country at peace and in friendship with them has the right to pass laws to the detriment of Chinese subjects, which impose heavy liabilities on them and on no other class of the foreign population. The right of any independent community to pass what laws it thinks desirable for its own welfare, consistent with treaties, is not and cannot be denied; what is denied by the Chinese is the right of the Australian Colonies to legislate against Chinese subjects and against them alone; to impose a heavy poll-tax on Chinese immigrants and not on the immigrants from other foreign countries, to deny to the Chinese the rights that are given to the subjects and citizens of other Powers; or to make any difference between their treatment and that accorded to other foreigners resorting to Australia. China objects, in fact, to the discriminate treatment of her subjects, and protests that it is contrary to international rights and usages, and is inconsistent with the 'peace and amity' existing between the two countries. She does not claim the right to interfere with the Colonies in the general treatment of foreign immigrants; that is a question for the Australians to settle for themselves, according to their own conceptions of the requirements of the case, and in this general

general treatment Chinese must participate. If it happens to affect them more unfavourably than other foreigners, this is an incident which cannot be helped; they have no cause for complaint, as long as they are put on the same footing as the subjects of other foreign nations. In the Chinese view, then, all the restrictive Statutes passed by the Australian Colonies are violations of the rights secured to the Chinese people by treaty and by international law. They point out that no European nation would venture, unless it desired war, to make such laws against the subjects of another nation. Thus Prince Bismarck, desiring recently to restrict the entrance of certain Frenchmen into Alsace-Lorraine, whom he suspected of intriguing and causing trouble there, made stringent passport regulations in order to keep them out. But he did not apply these regulations to Frenchmen only; it is true they were, in fact, made for Frenchmen, and the German Chancellor had no desire to impede the free travel in the provinces of Englishmen, Austrians, Italians, or Spaniards; nevertheless, he requires these to submit to the same regulations. His net is a large one; it catches those he does not want as well as those he does; and the reason of this is, that were it otherwise, did the regulations apply to Frenchmen *eo nomine*, and to them only, it would be an act of hostility to France. Similarly, the United States are constantly sending back to Liverpool, and other European ports, pauper immigrants who have been taken to Boston, New York, or Baltimore. This is in pursuance of a general law applying to all nations, and all immigrants, not to the British or Germans, or Russians alone. Neither the German nor United States Governments, in fact, discriminate; their laws and regulations in the cases we have cited are of universal application; particular persons or classes, or nationalities, may happen to be hit harder by them than others; but this is merely an incident of all legislation, of whatever character it may be.

The objection of the Chinese Government, then, being to the discriminative character of the legislation in the Australian Colonies—discrimination which they regard as a breach of their international rights, and unfriendly, not to say hostile to them—not to the legislation itself, if it were applied to all foreigners, and not to Chinese alone, the question arises, Is it not possible for the Australians to secure all they want by legislation which would be free from the Chinese objections? In other words, if Australian draftsmen can produce a general scheme for dealing with the emigration of foreign labourers generally, the effect of which will be to keep out Chinese labourers, the Australian object will be secured, while the

 Chinese

Chinese hostility to the present Acts will be removed. As we have already pointed out, if the Chinese Government are not opposed to the emigration of their subjects, they are at least quite indifferent whether it goes on or not. Whether they are right or wrong, they believe they have ample room for their own people within their own dominions. It is, therefore, not a matter in which their interests or that of their country, as they view them, are in the smallest degree concerned; it is a question of national dignity, sentiment, and feeling. They are annoyed that the subjects of China should be treated in a manner in which the subjects of no other country are treated, and it is this feeling that has to be allayed before the question can be satisfactorily dealt with. Remove the discrimination, and that object is secured. Australian hostility, apparently, is directed not against Chinese in general, but against the influx of large numbers of Chinese labourers. Indeed no other class of the population but labourers would emigrate in such numbers. Hence, as we understand it, there is no general objection to Chinese merchants, or men with capital, settling in the Colonies; the objection is to the men who, when they arrive, have no means, and have practically nothing but their muscles and their indestructible energy to aid them. To all intents and purposes they are paupers when they land. This is the class which the Australians desire to exclude because of its numbers, and surely it should be within the skill of a capable parliamentary draftsman to draw up a Bill which would be sufficient to exclude this class altogether. The number of foreigners who would be excluded by it would be very small, while the Chinese would be nine-tenths, probably a still greater proportion, of those now emigrating to Australia.

This, we have the best authority for saying, is a solution of the question to which the Chinese Government would have no objection to offer; in our view of international rights and duties, and of the practice of independent nations, they could have none. If this cannot be done, if Australian and British parliamentary experts cannot draw up a scheme for a statute, which may be Imperial or local, by which Chinese labourers are excluded from Australasian Colonies without discrimination against them, then it appears that recourse must be had to negociation with China, and for this course Lord Knutsford expressed a preference in the House of Lords. It is to be observed, however, that when his Lordship did so, he was not fully acquainted with the nature of the Chinese objections to the present legislation, nor did he appear to have had present to his mind the possibility of meeting these by domestic legislation

without

without the necessity of having recourse to diplomatic negociations. It is, of course, beyond question that, where it is desired to alter in any respect a situation created by treaty and resting on treaty rights, this can only be done by treaty. The suggestion for a general scheme of immigration discussed above would, if carried out, be affected in no degree by our treaty relations with China, nor would it affect them. The right of domestic legislation is not touched by these treaties.

But legislation such as now exists, an Act such as that introduced recently by Sir Henry Parkes into the Legislature of New South Wales, is opposed to the treaty and international rights of Chinese in the Queen's dominions. There can, we think, be no doubt in the mind of any unprejudiced person, that the first Article of the Treaty of Nankin of 1842, coupled with the sixth Article of the Treaty of Pekin of 1860, and looked at in the light of the circumstances of the time, was intended to give Chinese full rights to emigrate to and reside in the Queen's dominions.* The barriers of Chinese exclusion were broken down, and the treaties, which gave British subjects the right to reside and trade in China under certain conditions, gave Chinese the right to go abroad to British possessions, and promised them the same security for their persons and property while residing there that are given to the subjects of other nations. But even were there no treaties, the Chinese could claim this right of residence and trade under the ordinary rules of international law that govern the intercourse of friendly nations; and if, therefore, we cannot meet the difficulty by putting all immigrant foreigners, Chinese included, on a level, if it is necessary to treat Chinese exceptionally—as we have said already, we do not believe it is—we must obtain the consent of the Chinese Government for that purpose. In other words, we must negociate a treaty similar to that lately concluded by the United States. There are many reasons why, if it be at all possible, we should avoid having to make a new treaty with China. The Chinese will scarcely grant us such a treaty for nothing. We shall probably have to pay for it, and that in a way in which the Australians can help us but little. It is possible, for example, that the Chinese may require us to abandon, for a time at least, that clause in the Chefoo Convention which gives British subjects the right to navigate the Upper Yangtze as far as Chung-king, thus opening the vast and populous province of Sze-chuen to foreign trade. At this moment they are hesitating to grant the final permit to a

* The subject is discussed at some length in the 'Times' of June 11, and is referred to in Lord Carnarvon's speech in the House of Lords on June 8.

steamer

steamer specially constructed for the purpose of making this voyage, and are making numerous excuses with a view to induce the British not to insist at present on the exercise of this right. Or, again, they may seek to get the Sikkim difficulty settled, in a way which would suit them but would be very distasteful to Indian statesmen, in return for the treaty; or the Burmah frontier arrangements may occur to them as opening a suitable opportunity of getting a *quid pro quo*. Hence, if a treaty can be avoided, it would be desirable to find another method, and this is a very strong reason for adopting that of a general scheme for dealing with immigration which would be free from the objections the Chinese make to the present Colonial legislation, viz. that it discriminates against Chinese subjects.

The new American treaty, which would probably be a model for ourselves if we negociate a treaty on the same subject, is of sufficient importance to deserve a few words. It has not yet been ratified, and many Chinese of eminent position regard it as an ignominious arrangement in that it permits of the exceptional treatment of Chinese, and because it is a treaty which no other country in the world but China would be asked to sign; whether this feeling is sufficiently strong and general in Pekin to prevent ratification is not known at the moment of writing. The first Article provides that for a period of twenty-five years, dating from ratification, no Chinese except those specified in the next Article, shall be allowed to come to the United States. The exceptions contained in the second Article are:—(1) Labourers returning from China to the United States who have property or debts there amounting to one thousand dollars, or who have lawful wives, children, or parents in the United States, and who before leaving the territory of the latter have received a certificate from the Collector of Customs of their district stating that they are entitled to return under the treaty, provided they return within a year after leaving.

(2) The treaty is not to affect the rights of officials, teachers, students, merchants, travellers, and no one except labourers. All other Chinese, possessing certificates issued by Consuls of the United States at the ports from which they come, have the right of travel accorded to ordinary travellers. We can see no reason why, if the British Government should decide to enter upon negociations for a similar treaty in regard to Australia, they should not get it, unless, indeed, the public opinion of China, such as it is, should move the Government to refuse ratification of the American Treaty. But, as we have already said, the question can be solved by ordinary domestic legislation without,

without, as we hold, inviting the aid or intervention of the Government of China.

Meanwhile there is one most important point connected with the subject. Have we, as matters now stand, done our best, or done what is well within our powers and rights, to aid the Australians in restricting Chinese immigration? We confidently answer, that the Government have not done so. This immigration is no doubt Chinese, in the sense that the immigrants are people of the Chinese race; but it is not immigration from Chinese territory to Australia; it is immigration from British territory to British territory. The immigrants go, not from China, but from the British ports of Hongkong and Singapore to Australia, so that the British Government have their hands on the source of the whole difficulty. The immigrants are collected in China by British agents, brought down to Hongkong, and there shipped off to Brisbane, Sydney, Melbourne, or elsewhere, as the case may be, greatly to the profit of certain local merchants and ship-owners. The vessels conveying them usually call at Singapore, and here more emigrants are shipped. Have the British authorities cast about for some method of restricting this wholesale transfer from one part of the British dominions to another part? They have only to stop or impede the traffic at Hongkong or Singapore in order to afford a partial satisfaction, to say the very least, to the Australians. The emigrant vessels, even those which convey coolies to the United States in the heyday of the traffic to San Francisco, all sail from Hongkong. Can nothing be done here, at the head and source of the traffic? The answer is that, when this was tried by a Governor a few years ago, local interests in the trade were too strong, and Downing Street disallowed an ordinance having restriction for its object. But now that the subject must be treated effectually at last, it would be obviously prudent to see what we can do ourselves before having recourse to the delicate and costly machinery of diplomacy. Had a restrictive Act been passed in Hongkong ten years ago—an Act, for example, prohibiting vessels carrying more than a certain number of Chinese labourers in proportion to the tonnage, such as one to every ten, thirty, or a hundred tons, as the case might be—the anti-Chinese agitation in Australia would probably have been deferred for many years, if, indeed, it would ever have broken out. We believe that ordinances of this kind in Hongkong and the Straits Settlements would even now—ordinances, be it remembered, which would not touch Imperial treaties, inasmuch as they would apply to British vessels or vessels sailing from and to British harbours only—go far to satisfy the Australians; for the

the danger of landing Chinese in remote parts of the Continent, or, indeed, anywhere on British territory, would be largely diminished. If the Government proceeded to carry out measures of this kind, the opposition of considerable local interests must be expected; but in any case, however the question may be settled, the interest dependent on the shipping of large numbers of Chinese coolies to Australia must suffer. It may be said that, if Hongkong and Singapore are closed to the trade, it will merely emigrate to Canton, Swatow, or some other part in Southern China. But this will not be the case. Large numbers of Chinese cannot be collected in a Chinese port for purposes of emigration without attracting the attention of the authorities, who are never pleased to see their people leaving. In Hongkong the emigrants are collected from the surrounding mainland in twos, threes, or perhaps tens at a time, so that their departure from Chinese ports is not in sufficient numbers to attract serious attention. On the mainland there are innumerable obstacles in the way; in Hongkong there are none; and therefore we are not impressed with the danger that to stop the trade in Hongkong would be to transfer it elsewhere. But, as matters have been for some years past, we have been offered the strange spectacle of one part of the British Empire doing all it can, and it would appear much more than it had a right to do, to keep out Chinese coolies, while another part of the same Empire was doing all it could to pour them in, the Imperial Government standing by and allowing a Crown Colony to frustrate the efforts of a self-governing Colony.

To conclude, we have, we trust, made it clear that the danger of an overwhelming influx of Chinese into Australia is chimerical. There is no reason to believe that, under the most favourable circumstances, the present rate of emigration would be greatly exceeded, and if there is a stream away from China, there is also the stream to China of returning emigrants. Indeed, one of the charges against the Chinese is that they are bad citizens, for they never make their home abroad, but invariably return to their own country. It is also clear that emigration is not a necessity, as is generally supposed, for the Chinese Empire; on the contrary, there is ample room in China for all her children, and, what is equally important, the Chinese Government are persuaded of this, and if not actually hostile to emigration, they are at least quite indifferent to it. These facts should mitigate greatly the alarm felt, in Australia and elsewhere, respecting the so-called Mongolian invasion. We have seen also that what the Chinese Government object to is, not the prevention of Chinese emigration to Australia, so much as the manner

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in which it is being done at present. They object to the existing legislation as being discriminative against Chinese, and therefore contrary to international law and comity—a slight and an offence to China, in which no Power with a due regard for its own dignity could acquiesce. If the Australians can solve the question by domestic legislation in such a manner as to get rid of the discriminating character of the present laws, China will have no objection to offer. If this cannot be done, there is still the possibility which we have suggested of arresting the stream of emigrants at its sources, namely, Hongkong and Singapore, by local legislation. Last of all, if both these, singly or in combination, fail, we must have recourse to negociations with China for a treaty to restrict or prohibit immigration into Australia. The objections to undertaking a diplomatic solution of the question are many. The chief is that we may have to meet in return demands which it would be embarrassing to grant and equally embarrassing to refuse. Besides this, the task of opening negociations now have been rendered exceedingly difficult—Lord Knutsford said impossible—by the injudicious acts of the New South Wales Government in their treatment of the coolies who arrived in Sydney in May by the 'Afghan' and other vessels from Hongkong, as well as by the 'drastic legislation' introduced thereupon by Sir Henry Parkes into the Assembly. These things have been treasured up in the Chinese mind, and will be produced for the confusion of our Minister in Pekin when the time comes. This frantic haste and precipitancy were not only ridiculously out of proportion to the alleged impending danger, but were deplorable, in that they aggravate and embitter a situation already by no means free from difficulty. But although we hold that the danger of Australian civilization ever becoming of the Mongolian and not of the Anglo-Saxon type is a dream, we are quite clear that the Australians are the proper and only persons to settle for themselves whether they will have large numbers of Chinese labourers or not. The Australians having decided that the immigration of the Chinese is not beneficial to their country, it is the duty of the Imperial Government to aid them in every possible way in obtaining their wishes. How this may best be done we have already discussed, and for our own part we cannot entertain a doubt that Her Majesty's Government will secure a solution of the question which, while entirely satisfactory to the Australians, will be consistent with the dignity and interests of the whole Empire.

ART.

ART. VIII.—1. *Fifty Years Ago.* By Walter Besant. London, 1888.
2. *London.* By Charles Knight. London, 1841–44.
3. *Fifty Years' National Progress.* By Michael G. Mulhall. London, 1887.

THE general use of the denary scale of notation has been productive of results not at first sight derivable from the fact that we count by tens, not by fives, as there is reason to suppose the Greeks did at some remote period of their history,* or by dozens, as some of our ancestors appear to have done. Of these results one of the most remarkable is this, that History is divided into arbitrary periods of one hundred years, and that we ascribe peculiar properties to each century as a separate entity, while, in fact, it is most difficult to draw any hard and fast line of division between century and century, in respect of what are usually taken to be the special characteristics of each. We talk of Evolution as a Nineteenth Century doctrine, while in truth its first preachers, Lamarck and Erasmus Darwin, belonged, so far as their work was concerned, entirely to the Eighteenth Century. We look at the French Revolution as the most remarkable historical event in the eighteenth century, when the fact is that its principal results have occurred in the century in which we live, and are sure to be followed by other results in centuries to come.

If, however, the century be only an arbitrary division of time, the half-century has something to say for itself, when we consider how prominent the Jubilee appears in Mosaic and Catholic Theology, and how nearly it coincides with the ordinary span of the active life of manhood; while at the present moment it possesses a personal interest of an exceptional character in the fact, that our Queen has just attained her semi-centenary of sovereignty. A natural consequence of this fact has been that the Press has teemed with Jubilee literature, and of that literature one form has been an attempt to compare the state and condition of our country, as it existed at the beginning of the Reign, with that state and condition as it exists at present.

The author of the Platonic Ode sketches the course of Human Life as a journey through a day of continually diminishing brilliancy, soon obscured by the shade of the prison-house, and losing towards its close the celestial brilliancy of its opening hours.

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* *πεμπάζετ' ὀρθῶς ἐκβολὰς ψήφων, ξένοι.*—Æschylus, *Eumenides*, 748.

'Heaven

'Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing boy,
But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,
He sees it in his joy;
The youth, who daily further from the East
Must travel, still is Nature's priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended;
At length the man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day.'

Let us hope that the life of the nation differs from the life of the individual, and that even in what for a nation is a brief period of its existence,—a short stage in a long journey,—we may be able, without undue optimism, to trace fewer shadows in the picture, brighter tints in the landscape.

Mr. Besant, the title of whose book stands as the heading of this article, is evidently of this opinion. 'Fifty Years Ago' is an enlargement of articles originally contributed to 'The Graphic.' So our Author tells us, saying first that it was his desire 'to present a picture of society in this country, as it was when the Queen ascended the throne.' He does not, however, confine himself to the picture he proposes to present, for he gives us a chapter on 'Great Britain, Ireland, and the Colonies,' another on the events of the year in which Her Majesty began her reign; another, and a very interesting one, on the London of 1837;—a chapter, by another contributor, on 'Law and Justice,' and a conclusion, which to some of our readers may not be a very satisfactory one.

The interest of the book is considerably enhanced by more than a hundred illustrations; comprising portraits, mostly taken from the Fraser Gallery; characteristic sketches of the Postman, the Fireman, the Hackney Coachman, &c. &c.; views of well-known buildings and private houses, and pictures of remarkable places such as old Charing Cross, and of remarkable events such as the Queen's first Council.

Writers, who, like Mr. Besant, strive after effect more than after accuracy, are too apt to accentuate their statements at the risk of giving a one-sided picture of the facts or events they describe. We give the following quotation as an example:—

'In the year 1837, . . . we were still, to all intents and purposes, in the eighteenth century. As yet the country was untouched by that American influence which is now filling all peoples with new ideas. Rank was still held in the ancient reverence; religion was still that of the eighteenth-century church; the rights of labour were not

not yet recognized; there were no trades' unions; there were no railways to speak of; nobody travelled except the rich; their own country was unknown to the people; the majority of the country people could not read or write; the good old discipline of Father Stick and his children, Cat o' Nine-Tails, Rope's-end, Strap, Birch, Ferule and Cane, was wholesomely maintained; landlords, manufacturers, and employers of all kinds, did what they pleased with their own; and the Blue Ribbon was unheard of.'

We venture to affirm that hardly one of these statements is absolutely correct, and that some of them are entirely untrue. If, by American influence, our author means a tendency towards what are usually known as republican doctrines, we reply that those doctrines had been preached, both in England and in France, for more than half a century; they had created the Radical party in England, and stimulated to the utmost the revolutionary movement in France. As to reverence for rank, the generation which had just passed the Reform Bill of 1832 can hardly be supposed to have been as much imbued with reverence for rank, as the generation which is said to have hung Lord Ferrers with a silken halter. So far from religion being that of the eighteenth-century church, the Oxford movement was fully at work, and the first four volumes of the 'Tracts for the Times' had been published. The phrase, 'rights of labour,' is so vague that it is impossible to be certain of its meaning, but on the humanitarian side, at all events, the question was being discussed by Lord Ashley and others; while, so far as Trades' Unions were concerned, it is a commonplace of history that they had existed many years before 1837. True, there were hardly any railways, and there was very little travelling except among the rich; very small opportunities of instruction among the poor, and great brutalities in secondary punishment. Landlords, manufacturers, and employers were, no doubt, more arbitrary in their conduct to their dependents than they are at present; but the Duke of Newcastle's celebrated *mot* about doing what he liked with his own had excited popular antipathy, and even brought on a debate in Parliament eight years before 1837, and Thomas Drummond's immortal phrase as to the duties and rights of property occurs in a document which bears date in the spring of 1838. Last of all,—if the Blue Ribbon was unheard of, Temperance agents had been at work, and Father Mathew effected his greatest triumphs within a year or two of the Queen's accession.

Mr. Besant is happily not always so inaccurate as he shows himself in the passage we have quoted, and he must be allowed to have good reason for saying that the 'country was crammed full

full of abuses, and that the Ship of State, to outsiders, seemed as if she were about to capsize and founder.' In place of this shipwreck, he gives us, in a few pages, a sketch of the development which has taken place in this country, in her dependencies, and in that other English-speaking race across the Atlantic, during the last half-century. It is indeed marvellous! The population half as large again, as Mr. Besant puts it, but really increased from 26 to 37 millions; that of the great towns doubled, or more than doubled. 'The public fortune,' as Mr. Mulhall * terms it, increased 124 per cent., or from 4100 to 9210 millions sterling, this computation not including the first two years of the reign. Railways, of which in 1840 there were only 840 miles, with a capital of 24 millions, had risen in 1885 to a mileage of 19,170, and to a capital of 816 millions, carrying in that year 770 millions of passengers. As to our shipping, the carrying power in 1840 was 3,430,000 tons; in 1885, 22,770,000 tons. The annual amount of the product of our cotton mills has increased from 1445 millions of yards of cotton cloth in 1840, to 5244 millions in 1885, and textile manufactures have doubled their consumption of fibre in the same time; the consumption of jute alone—a new industry—being now more than half as much as the consumption of cotton, wool, flax, and hemp in 1840.

The increase of our Colonial Empire is as remarkable as the statistics which we have just given. Our author puts it thus:—

'As regards the extent of the British Empire, there has been a very little contraction and an enormous extension. We have given up the Ionian Islands to gratify the sentiment of Mr. Gladstone,† and we have acquired Cyprus, . . . We have taken possession of Aden, . . . In Hindostan, which in 1837 was still partially ruled by a number of native princes, the flag of Great Britain now reigns supreme; the whole of Burmah is now British Burmah; . . . Hong Kong, which hardly appears in Arrowsmith's Atlas of 1840,‡ is now a stronghold of the British Empire. Borneo, then wholly unknown, belongs partially to us; New Guinea is partly ours; Fiji is ours. For the greatest change of all, however, we must look at the maps of Australia and New Zealand. In the former, even the coast had not been completely surveyed; Melbourne was as yet but a little unimportant township. Between Melbourne and Botany Bay, there

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* 'Fifty Years' National Progress,' p. 16.

† 'Lord Palmerston, . . . in 1862 cordially agreed to hand over all the Ionian Islands to the new kingdom of Greece if the Greeks would choose a king approved of by England, which they accordingly did. The neutrality of the islands was, however, to be declared by the Great Powers, and the fortifications of Corfu demolished, both of which conditions were observed.'—Ashley's 'Life of Lord Palmerston,' i. 269.

‡ Nor, for the matter of that, in Black's Atlas four years later.

was not a single village, settlement or plantation. To New South Wales, the population of which was about 150,000, convicts were still sent out.* The map of New Zealand . . . shows not a single town or English settlement upon it! Fifty years ago that great colony was not even founded! . . . In North America the whole of the North-West Territory . . . was left to Indians, trappers, buffaloes (now almost extinct), bears, and rattlesnakes. South Africa shows the Cape Colony and nothing else, . . . There are now, scattered over the whole of the British Empire, fifty millions of people speaking the Anglo-Saxon tongue. In fifty years' time there will be two hundred millions, . . . with another two hundred millions in the States. If the English-speaking races should decide to unite in a vast confederacy, all the other Powers on the earth combined will not be able to do them an injury.' †

In this quotation there may be a certain amount of what our cousins call 'spread-eagleism,' but it is in the main true, although any one who dared to prophesy what has actually taken place would have had but little honour in his own country. The extract from the Annual Register which we have given in a note shows the view which was taken of our Colonial Empire in 1837, and long since that time we have had a school of politicians who looked persistently on our Colonies as a burthen and not as a constantly increasing source of strength to the Empire.

'The year 1837, except for the death of the old King and the accession of the young Queen, was a tolerably insignificant year.' Perhaps so, but our author rather appears to forget the *raison d'être* of his book. If there was nothing worth recording except these two events, it would have been hardly worth while to write a book about it. At the same time no future change of sovereignty in this country can by any possibility be so great a change as that from an old man, steeped in the fashions and traditions and conduct of the eighteenth century—a man whose phraseology, nay, whose very pronunciation was of the old

* 'By a census taken in November 1836 . . . the British population amounted to 77,096, of which 27,831 were prisoners.'—'Annual Register' for 1837, p. 251.

† The 'Annual Register' of 1837 contains a curious extract from a report of a Committee of the House of Commons on transportation:—

'In old communities where there is a comparative want of employment . . . the amount of crime is not a perfectly sure test of the moral state of society. . . . But in new communities . . . crimes so numerous and so atrocious as those perpetrated in New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land, truly indicate the depth of moral depravity. . . . Let it be supposed that the 17,000 offenders who last year were tried and convicted in this country for various offences . . . had all been condemned for capital crimes; that 7000 of them had been executed, and the remainder transported for life; that . . . 120,000 other offenders had been convicted for minor offences,—forgery, sheep-stealing, and the like,—then, in proportion to their respective populations, the state of crime and punishment in England and New South Wales would have been precisely the same.'

world,

world,*—to a young woman, only just eighteen years of age, who had lived a quiet and retired life, almost as far removed from Courts as if she had not been destined to pass the rest of her time as the most prominent figure in a Court which is Imperial in India, Royal in the British Isles, and exercises supreme dominion over continents, islands and colonies, in every quarter of the globe.

But there are other events in 1837 to which our author hardly attaches due importance. The establishment of steam communication between England and India by way of the Red Sea, is, in its 'sequelæ,' one of the most important events of the century. If this communication had not existed at the time of the Mutiny, who can say what would have been the result? Should we have held our own, or would Nana Sahib and the Delhi Princes have resumed their sway? To this 'premier pas' we owe the Suez Canal as well as its imperfect analogue which is intended to divide North and South America, and the political results of which it is impossible to predict, or even imagine. And to this 'premier pas' also, we owe the Egyptian complication, Tel-el-Kebir, and Khartoum. Verily, the substitution of the mattock for the sword does not always produce those peaceable results which have been ascribed to that proceeding.

Among the remarkable events of 1837, Mr. Besant notices a murder which excited particular interest at the time from the ghastly method which the murderer adopted in order, as he hoped, effectually to conceal his crime. If we read the account of Greenacre, the murderer's, execution as described in the Annual Register of the year, we shall see cause to rejoice in the late and much-needed reform of what at that time was a hideous orgie:—

'At an early hour on the 1st of May, the Old Bailey, and the space around the angles of Newgate, were thronged with a clamorous multitude, including almost as many women as men, and . . . persons of every grade in society. . . . There were not at any time of the night less than 2000 people in the street. . . . The interval was spent in jokes and amusements. On Greenacre's appearance, he was greeted with a storm of terrific yells and hisses, mingled with groans, cheers, and other expressions of reproach, revenge, hatred, and contumely.'

* There are comparatively few persons now alive who remember some of the little peculiarities of pronunciation which were probably a survival of the fashions of the Restoration, *e.g.*, obleeged for obliged, Roome for Rome, goold for gold, Rooshia and Prooshia for Russia and Prussia, Brummagem for Birmingham. The writer heard William the Fourth pronounce the word obliged as obleeged, in a King's speech; and Lord John Russell say goold for gold.

It

It took a good many more such scenes before the process was altered, but, thank God! that sight will never again be seen by an English mob.

Mr. Besant has an interesting chapter on the extent of London in 1837. He says it

'may be easily understood by drawing on the map a line a little above the south side of the Regent's Park. This line must be prolonged west, until it strikes the Edgware Road, and eastward until it strikes the Regent's Canal, after which it follows the Canal until it falls into the Regent's Canal Docks. London's western boundary is the lower end of the Edgware Road, Park Lane, and a line drawn from Hyde Park Corner to Westminster Bridge. The river is its southern boundary, but if you wish to include the Borough, there will be a narrow fringe on the south side. This was the whole of London proper.'

In other words, the London of the present day is an agglomeration of new cities, clustered round the old one. At the beginning of the reign, Chelsea was divided from Brompton by fields. So was Brompton from Kensington. There were only scattered houses between Holland House and Kensington Gardens, and outside Holland House was open country. Bayswater was a mere line of houses skirting the Uxbridge Road, and between Bayswater and Paddington came Kensington Gravel Pits. At Maida Hill the houses ceased altogether along the Edgware Road till we came to Kilburn—then a mere village. Other fields extended to the west end of Hampstead; between Hampstead and Highgate, fields again. Hornsey, Stoke Newington, Hackney, Stratford,* Bromley, Limehouse, all separate villages, divided by fields. On the right bank of the Thames, Greenwich was divided by market-gardens from Deptford, and Deptford from Rotherhithe. New Cross was a fringe of houses with a curious Welsh quarter inhabited by market-garden labourers. They brought their religion with them, and had a room, not far off, for Welsh services. Going further west, Peckham and Camberwell were not much more than frontages, backed up by meadows and market-gardens. To the south of the new road which joined Camberwell to Kennington there were fields reaching to Stockwell on the south, and to Kennington on the west. This completes the southern semicircle—all now absorbed in London.

* Mr. Besant boldly says there was no 'Stratford;' Chaucer says there was:

> 'And French she spake ful fayre and fetisly,
> After the scole of Stratford atte bowe,
> For French of Paris was to hire unknowe.'
>
> *Prologue to* 'Canterbury Tales.'

The

The increase in the number of churches in London and the suburbs is as remarkable as the increase of the population. At the time of the Great Fire there were about 140 churches in London and the suburbs, including such places as Battersea, Deptford, Fulham, Rotherhithe, Stratford, Wandsworth, &c. Of these about 90 were burnt. Wren rebuilt 50, so that at the beginning of the last century there must have been about 100 churches standing, to which, in the course of the century, were added what are called Queen Anne's churches, and a certain number of chapels-of-ease. We believe, however, that at the beginning of the reign there were not 200 churches in London and the suburbs. In 1876 there were 800, and there are now upwards of 1000. Of these churches, very few are older than the Reformation. St. Saviour's Southwark, St. Bartholomew the Great, and St. Margaret's Westminster, are perhaps the most remarkable of them. St. Saviour's felt the heavy hand of the restorer just before the commencement of the present reign; St. Bartholomew's has been reserved for a better fate, and is now a most favourable specimen of what can be done in the way of legitimate restoration; St. Margaret's Westminster likewise. Those who remember the old House of Commons Gallery at St. Margaret's, lined with green baize and glittering with rows of brass-headed nails, may well rejoice in the change. Charles Knight, in his chapter on the churches of London, tells a curious story of the East window of St. Margaret's:—

'It was made by the orders of the magistrates of Dort, in Holland, as a suitable present to Henry VII. for the chapel erected for him in the Abbey; . . . Henry dying before it was completed, the window fell into the hands of the Abbot of Waltham, who kept it in his church till the Dissolution. . . . The last Abbot of Waltham saved it from destruction by sending it to New Hall in Wiltshire, from whence it was purchased, with the seat, by Thomas Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, whose son sold them to General Monk. The war against all such superstitious exhibitions of artistic skill was now raging hotly, and Monk knew there was no chance of his window escaping except by its strict concealment; accordingly he buried it. At the Restoration it was restored to the chapel at New Hall. Again danger threatened it: the chapel was destroyed by a new possessor, who, however, hoping to sell the window to some church, preserved it, cased it up, and after some time sold it to Mr. Conyers for his chapel at Epping; by this gentleman's son it was finally sold, in the last century, to the committee for repairing and beautifying St. Margaret's.'

While on the subject of churches, let us say a word about churchyards. No one who is not old enough to remember the

 præ-Palmerstonian

præ-Palmerstonian times of intramural interment can have any idea of what a London graveyard was. The writer remembers the state of the wall which divided Holborn from the churchyard of St. Giles's. It reeked with foul and noisome drainage which perpetually showed itself in nauseous drippings from the soil, the churchyard being several feet above the level of the footpath.

If churches have enormously multiplied, there is another class of buildings of which, in 1837, there were numerous examples, both in London itself and in every suburb, which has entirely disappeared;—we mean the Turnpike. Mr. Besant enumerates twenty-four, and this list does not include the toll-gates on the bridges. With the turnpikes, the sharp-eyed turnpike-man, not seldom a member of the tribes of Israel, with his short white apron and its pockets for halfpence and tickets, has likewise disappeared. The turnpikes were let by tender, and were sometimes capital bargains for their holders. Mr. Robert Hanbury, of Poles, in Hertfordshire, used to tell a story about a clever young Hebrew who kept the gate in the Lea Bridge Road. There was a London banker, who used in riding or driving to his place of business to pass through this gate day by day, and who, of course, had a nodding acquaintance with the turnpike-man. One day, much to his surprise, his toll-gathering friend asked to borrow some three or four hundred pounds, to enable him to tender for a lease of the gate at which he stood. The banker had so favourable a notion of his friend's honesty that he lent the money, which was duly repaid. Some years afterwards a panic occurred which, among other banks, was supposed to have imperilled that of our friend the traveller by the Lea Bridge Road. During this panic a stranger called at the bank in question, and proposed to pay in a sum of 10,000*l.* The cashier hesitated, and referred the would-be depositor to his master, who sat anxiously watching the course of events in his back parlour. He recognized his old friend of the toll-gate, who, since the loan, had prospered and made a fortune by good management of his copper *viaticums.* The offer was declined with thanks, but in answer to enquiries the banker was told by his free-handed visitor that the loan of years back had laid the foundation of his fortune, and that he wished, believing a pecuniary necessity existed, to repay past kindness in the way in which it was likely to be most fully appreciated. Those who are acquainted with the proprietorship of the newspaper press will probably find no difficulty in identifying one of the actors in this little drama, if not in his own person at least in the persons of his descendants; and we close

close our story with the expression of a belief, in which we are sure our readers will join, that it is creditable alike to all the parties concerned in the transaction.

Our author adopts a simple though efficacious plan of comparison between the outward appearance of things and places in London, in 1837 and 1887. He personalizes the two epochs, and sends them walking arm-in-arm down the Strand. First, however, he dresses Eighty-seven in the habiliments of Thirty-seven. A swallow-tailed coat, a satin stock with a double breastpin, trousers with straps under the feet;—it was once a controversy at the University of Cambridge, which was most unbecoming, to appear in straps without trousers, or in trousers without straps;—shirt-cuffs turned back over the coat-sleeve, a custom of which one example remained in the House of Commons as late as the Parliament of 1847, in the person of Mr. Grantley Berkeley; gloves *in*, not *on* the hand,—and a cane.

Our limits do not allow us to follow this curious pair in their walk down the Strand, but we must be permitted to express a doubt whether they really did meet an ancient gentleman in powdered hair and pigtail, quite so late in the century as 1837. Very rare examples of this fashion were to be seen in the country; the writer remembers one as late as 1840 or 1841, but in London, surely not. Hessian boots, black and drab shorts, and low quartered shoes, all disappeared about the same time—about 1830. We can recal a pair of drab shorts worn as part of a walking dress, with low quartered shoes and white-cotton stockings, nearly as late as 1829 or 30; but it must be observed that the wearer was *born on London Bridge*, the houses on which were pulled down about 1757. There was one pair of breeches with gaiters in the House of Commons as late as 1862, on the person of Sir Charles Burrell, who sat for Shoreham in fourteen consecutive Parliaments, from 1806 till his death in the year above mentioned.

Among other remarkable street characters, our author gives us a sketch of the Duke of Wellington. 'Do you see that thin, spare gentleman in the cloak, riding slowly along the street, followed by a mounted servant? The people all take off their hats respectfully to him, and country folk gaze upon him curiously. That is the Duke. There is only one Duke to the ordinary Briton. It is the Duke with the hook-nose—the Iron Duke—the Duke of Wellington.' This description of the Duke omits one remarkable peculiarity, his white duck trousers, which appeared every year with military punctuality on the 1st of May. His servant always carried an umbrella, which, if

an umbrella-maker of the time in Cockspur Street is to be believed, had a short dagger concealed in the point.*

Some of our author's street heroes we cannot recognize. He speaks of the ruffling captain who was no doubt 'an old Peninsular.' Surely the twenty-four years which had elapsed in 1837 since the end of the Peninsular war must have made havoc with such ruffling captains. Thurtell, who was hanged for the murder of Weare in 1822, is said to have boasted of the way in which he had slain and robbed a wounded Frenchman during the Peninsular campaign. Perhaps Mr. Besant has a confused recollection of this story, and has generalized from insufficient data. Mr. Besant's 'ruffling Captain' reminds us of one great change which has taken place, if not in public morals at least in public manners during the present reign. Half a century ago gentlemen did not swear round a dinner table in the presence of ladies, but they were only too ready to make up for lost time by profane volubility after the ladies had departed. At public schools, unless we are misinformed, swearing is unusual nowadays. Far into the century the Church boys mostly swore, and if an unfortunate Nonconformist succeeded in interpolating himself into such orthodox society and presumed to question the propriety of its usages, he was apt to be told that he was no better than they, for if Dissenters did not swear, they lied. Swearing, like drink, has become the vice of the lower orders. May we hope that, now their betters have ceased to set them the bad example, they also may gradually give up the practice?

In Cruikshank's drawing of the Last Cabriolet Driver with his skeleton waistcoat, reproduced from 'Sketches by Boz' at p. 49 of Mr. Besant's book, there is a curious inaccuracy. That worthy is represented as sitting with his feet planted against the dash-board, whereas he had a separate footboard to plant his feet upon, so that if his horse fell, he simply ran off his seat and was ready in a moment to sit on the horse's head in the approved fashion. The apron which protected the passengers was solid, but did not extend so far as the cabman's seat.

One of the most interesting parts of the volume consists in the reproduction of several of Cruikshank's etchings. We have noticed one; there is another which is a marvel of drawing, though alas! as in all Cruikshank's work, there is an absolute want of beauty in the faces and forms: we mean Fleet Street on

* An umbrella thus armed was shown to the writer about the time of the Duke's death in 1852, and alleged to be one which the Duke's groom was in the habit of carrying when he followed his master on horseback.

the

the day of proclaiming the Queen. His Beadle, too, or rather pair of Beadles, is inimitable. One such character we remember who came to a sad end. It was a very hot day, and they were beating the bounds of Camberwell parish; and not only did they 'bump' the boys against the parish posts, but they bumped the Beadle, and to such effect, that what with the heat, and what with the ginger-beer, and what with the bumping in his gorgeous livery of gold and red velvet facings, the poor Beadle went home and died.

Our author of course notices the introduction of gas for public lighting, which took place 'in the twenties'; but he omits, so far as we can see, to mention the enormous increase in the use of another illuminant—petroleum. Under four millions and a half of gallons of petroleum were imported in 1868; in 1883, seventy millions of gallons, or, on an average, two gallons a year for every man, woman, and child in the British Isles. This importation and use of cheap light is a silent and very little noticed revolution. But it is a revolution none the less, and one of a most beneficent kind; it is, in fact, the most powerful ally of the Schoolmaster. Any one who considers what the lighting of the houses of the working class was twenty years ago, and what it is now, will have no difficulty in acknowledging the truth of our assertion.

Closely connected with the illuminant is the means of getting a light. It has been reserved for this century to substitute the lucifer-match for the tinder-box. The generation is rapidly passing away for whom the first sound of the morning was the click-click of the flint and steel, and the first smell, that produced by the brimstone match.

'Where is that party now?'

A tinder-box is as scarce as the Great Auk's egg, and an attempt to tax lucifers has had political effect enough to shatter a Ministry. 'Ex luce lucellum' was a tempting phrase for a Chancellor of the Exchequer who had not forgotten his Latin, but those who were in the Government of 1872 will remember that the results of classical quotation are not always all that can be desired.

We cannot help thinking that our author has been a good deal influenced in his description of the 'horribly noisy' state of the streets, notably Fleet Street, by the work of the contemporary caricaturists. Our strong impression is that the streets are more noisy now than they were in 1837. We can remember a time, not many years before 1837, in which the carriages of ladies bent on shopping at the great linen-drapers and

and silk merchants of Ludgate Hill—Ellis's, Harvey's, and Everington's,—used to stand by the hour together at the doors of those shops, with no sense of public inconvenience from the obstruction. In those days, the Star Cambridge Coach, which left the Belle Sauvage Yard in Ludgate Hill about 4 P.M., threaded all the streets between its starting-point and Shoreditch Church, at a trot; and with no precautions to ensure a clear road except a coach-porter who ran along the pavement, and signalled to old Joe Walton at difficult corners. As to 'a coachman fighting a ticket porter' being a daily spectacle, the writer, who in those days or rather earlier, passed through Fleet Street perpetually on his way to and from King's College, never saw such a thing. In the earlier years of the century such things may have happened, but not 'Fifty Years Ago.' Moreover the roar, whatever there was, ceased in the evening, now it goes on far into the night. There is a story about a sentinel at Kensington having been accused of sleeping on his post, and having defended himself on the ground that he was awake and heard St. Paul's clock strike *thirteen*, in which he was corroborated by another sentry at the Tower. Would that be possible nowadays? Fifty years ago the striking of St. Paul's clock was audible three or four miles off in a still night. Is that so now?

One more subject for notice and we must pass on;—Exeter Change. Fifty years ago it had just disappeared, and, with the lions in the Tower, had been supplanted by the Zoological Gardens. But it was a quaint place while it lasted, and it was the scene of a curious piece of slaughter. Chuny, an elephant who had somehow or other been lifted up into a first-floor in the Strand, and who was one of the attractions of Exeter Change, went mad, and had to be killed. It was before the days of strychnine and express rifles, so the best which Mr. Cross, who kept the menagerie, could do, was to send for a file of soldiers from the Tower, who by assiduous pounding with Brown Bess succeeded at last in slaughtering the monster. The affair created great curiosity, and one of the first illustrated broadsheets published in London was a lithograph engraving of Chuny, stamping and struggling behind the big uprights which formed the front of his den, and the soldiers loading and firing through the bars.

Mr. Besant devotes some sixty pages to a comparison of the social state of England at the beginning of the reign with that which exists at present. We are inclined to believe that in some respects he exaggerates and in other respects minimizes differences. To compare the working class, or the middle class, or the upper class as they exist at present with the same classes half

half a century ago, is not a matter of statistics. The annual number of gallons of gin consumed in the two periods is no certain test of the increase or decrease of sobriety. Prize-fights may have ceased—by-the-bye our author seems rather to regret them—and yet there may be more general brutality. Red drugget and 'God save the Queen' may be more *de rigueur* at concerts graced by Royalty than they were in 1837, and yet there may be no more real respect for the reigning Family, or for the principle of a limited Monarchy. At the same time we cannot deny that sobriety has increased, and that loyalty in a fashion has increased likewise. It is now, as we all know, not uncommon to see a considerable proportion of persons round a dinner-table drinking nothing but water, or its teetotal equivalents, while the custom of passing the bottle after dinner seems likely to be exchanged for the custom of passing the cigarettes. The old stories of four-bottle men and six-bottle men seem absolutely incredible, even if the bottles were pints, and the wine the weakest Gladstone claret. There was, however, a custom, which lingered on in some houses, of a six-o'clock dinner, followed by a supper at midnight, the interval having been more or less occupied at the whist-table. Old Colonel Sibthorp, the man who was before his age in the matter of beards, and behind it in everything else, is said to have adhered to this custom to the last. At Court, nevertheless, soon after the beginning of the reign, the hours seem to have been pretty much what they are at present.* There is, however, one very marked difference between the dinner of 1837 and the dinner of to-day. In Chaucer's time, the Squire—the Knight's son—is described as courteous, lowly, and serviceable, and as one who

'Carf before his fader at the table.'

In the last century, this work is said to have been mostly done by the ladies of the family. But at the beginning of the reign, as our author tells us, 'except in great houses, where the meat and game was carved by the butler, everything was carved on the table. The host sat behind the haunch of mutton, and "helped" with zeal; the guests took the ducks, the turkey, the hare and the fowls, and did their part, conscious of critical eyes.' This fashion lasted till about 1847, when it was gradually supplanted by what was in those days called 'Dîner à la Russe.' If the Muscovite could only be satisfied with gastronomic victories like this, it would be better for the world, and perhaps not worse for the Russian Empire! Anyhow, the Russian dinner

* 'Life of Lord Campbell,' vol. ii. p. 220.

has

has triumphed, and dissection as applied to articles of food has ceased to be a polite art. There is, however, another meal, which since the beginning of the reign has grown up into a real and important institution—the Five o'Clock Tea. The Muse of History is silent as to its origin, though it is said to have made its first, or at all events one of its earliest appearances at Belvoir Castle, under the auspices of the reigning Duchess, not, however, of Rutland, but of Bedford, and not in the Belvoir drawing-room, but in the room which she occupied as a visitor at the house. We may, however, look lower, and remember that in some parts of England, notably in the Eastern Counties, the labourers have a meal which goes by the name of 'fours,' and which occupies nearly the same relation to the two substantial meals of dinner and supper, that Five o'Clock Tea occupies to luncheon and dinner in the higher ranks. There can be no doubt that the cause of temperance is sensibly advanced by this new habit. The pernicious habit of 'nipping,' which people are so much tempted to indulge in on returning home from hunting or shooting, has yielded to a great extent in presence of the more attractive and innocent 'pick-me-up'—a cup of tea.

The question whether people are more or less loyal nowadays than they were fifty years ago is one which hardly admits of profitable discussion. Our author observes, in emphatic italics,—

'The whole of those men who in this generation maintain the greatness of our country in the ways where alone greatness is desirable or memorable, except in arms, the only men of this generation whose memories will live and adorn the Victorian era, are strangers to the Court.'

Not altogether; for they get their share of the honours which it rests with the Court to bestow. If, however, they were less strangers, would the country benefit? The Court, or, to speak more plainly, the Sovereign, exists as the fountain of honour and dignity, as the guardian of public morals, as the official representative of the country in regard to foreign nations, as the head of the law and of the Church; and we doubt whether, if the intercourse between the Court and the people were more familiar, some of the chief objects of a limited monarchy might not fail to be carried out as well as they are at present. Loyalty, like the lion which accompanies Britannia, is not rampant in Britain; but when the opportunity arises, loyalty is ever ready to show itself active and energetic.

Mr. Besant has not added much to our knowledge of Parliamentary life as it was in 1837. He takes no notice at all of the House of Lords, and what he has to say of the House of Commons

Commons is mostly borrowed from a book written many years ago by a man who was first a reporter in the gallery and then editor of a daily paper which still exists, and which, during his editorship, acted as a kind of jackal to the leading low church periodical of the day. And yet, the contrast between the Parliament of fifty years ago and the Parliament of to-day is perhaps as marked as any other contrast which Mr. Besant puts before his readers. The material House is changed, the electors are changed, the procedure is changed, and there are now only three persons in the House of Commons who were members of the House that was elected in 1837. At that time the House met in a temporary building, which, though having no claims to architectural beauty, was in other respects, and particularly in respect of the facility with which the speakers could make themselves heard, very superior to the present House of Commons, and perhaps even to the old St. Stephen's Chapel, with its brass chandeliers and its wax candles, whose light could be seen from old Westminster Bridge, through the partially modernized east window behind the Speaker's chair, and the smoke of which used to stream up through the ventilators round which ladies sat to listen to debates, and which in fact formed the only Ladies' Gallery.

Perhaps there are not many members of the present House who are aware of the acoustic difficulties which affected the building in which they disport their eloquence. When its auditory qualities were first tried, the flat ceiling which forms the present roof did not exist; the roof was of the ordinary pointed character, with windows of the same kind, the tracery of which still exists outside, the lower lights being all that remains below the present roof, which cuts the original windows in half. It was found that nothing could be worse for hearing than the House was with its original roof. There were doors opening into the lobbies from the tops of the present gangways, and when those doors were shut it was easier to hear in the lobbies, close outside those doors, than in the House itself. So the roof was lowered, the gangway doors done away with, and that modicum of acoustic power attained which still exists.

To give a complete account of the electoral system in all its detail would be to write a History of England for the Victorian era, but we may just touch on one point to which our author has not referred, the increase in the number of the constituents. In 1835 there were 839,000 electors; in 1871, 2[illegible]; in 1885, 5,716,000; being respectively, 33 pe[illegible] inhabitants, 81 per thousand, and 160 per thousand

it is remembered that the electors are all adult males, it will be evident that the nominal 160 per thousand of the whole population is immediately reduced to *less than* 500 in respect of the female half (or rather more than half) of the population, and, in respect of the males under age, to something like 600 per thousand, out of which however have to be deducted the plural votes. The proportion of voters to population, if we go back to a period only five years before the commencement of the present reign, was ludicrously less than is the case at present; for instance, that which is now the smallest constituency in England, had, before 1832, only 36 voters; now, with a population increased by not more than seven-tenths, it has upwards of 2200 voters.

The present Parliament is the twelfth of Queen Victoria. Of those who sat in the House of Commons in the first of those twelve parliaments only three (as we have before observed) remain in the twelfth—Mr. Talbot, Mr. Villiers and Mr. Gladstone. Our author has borrowed from what is perhaps not a very trustworthy source,* notices of Macaulay, Palmerston, Lord John Russell, O'Connell, Bulwer, D'Israeli, and Mr. Gladstone, but he does nothing more than name Sir Robert Peel, Lord Stanley, Cobbett, Hobhouse, Sir Francis Burdett, Hume, and Roebuck. Still less has he noticed any of those characters, remarkable in one way or another, who rose, flourished, and disappeared, in the interval between 1837 and 1887. Let us look down the pages of history, *ancient* history it would now be called, and pick out just a few names worthy of notice, but which scarcely came into the purview of Mr. Besant's scheme, as some of them at all events had not come into political existence at the commencement of the reign.

Not 'attaining unto the first three,' but a conspicuous object in the Whig Administrations, was Sir George Grey. His shapely figure, his eminently handsome face, and his charming manner, endeared him to both sides alike. His readiness and resource made him invaluable as a counsellor, and if the Front Bench was at fault, as all Front Benches will sometimes be, he was always to be seen ready with quick whispered advice to suggest the right course or the prudent answer. Perhaps he was never seen to greater advantage than on the evening of the 10th of April, 1848. The anxieties of the Home Secretary on that day must have risen to fever height, and it was evident that Sir George Grey was brimming over with suppressed passion when the debate of the evening began. He had to

* Grant's 'Random Recollections.'

speak,

speak, and no one who saw him could well forget the haughty manner in which he drew himself up and poured forth rebuke and objurgation on the head of the culprit of the day, not Fergus O'Connor, but Smith O'Brien. Sir George Grey's failing was volubility. His ideas seemed to flow faster than utterance, but on this occasion, excitement—passion in the nobler sense of the word—just checked his words enough to raise volubility into eloquence. His speech was an oration 'In Catilinam.'

There was a curious incident in that night's proceedings which we do not remember to have seen noticed, except in the 'Times' report of the debate. Fergus, who had been tolerably hustled in the morning, and who among other misfortunes had fallen into the hands of pickpockets and lost his watch, was well aware that 'more than forty' of his political opponents had sworn that, if the House were attacked by the Chartists, he should be the first victim. He was bound to be in his place, —he usually sat above the gangway at the end of the front Opposition bench, and there he was; but when the Division came, fright, fatigue, and excitement, had been too much for a brain which was probably not then a healthy one; he was left in the house fast asleep, and had to be awakened by the tellers and led up to the table, as is usual in such cases, in order to hear the question put for his sole benefit by Mr. Speaker, and to announce which way he intended to vote. Not long afterwards, the craze, which had no doubt been exasperated by excitement, developed itself. He used to wander about the lobbies and sit down and help himself to the food or drink of members in the refreshment rooms. At last, as a crowning act of insanity, he offered his snuff-box to the Chairman of Committees in the middle of a debate. He was removed by the officers of the House, and handed over to the custody of his relatives. He died a few months afterwards.

The seat on the third row next below the gangway is not unfrequently the refuge, or perhaps the stronghold, of advocates of lost causes. That seat was held for many years by a man who was an ideal representative of the impracticable, but who, if his sentiments sometimes provoked a smile from his own political friends, as well as something more from his political opponents, was held in kindly estimation by both sides alike. Mr. Newdegate entered Parliament in 1841, and retained the same seat till the year 1885—forty-four years. He retired from Parliamentary life at the General Election in that year, and died a few months afterwards. Free Trade he, of course, opposed as a country gentleman, but his chief hostility was shown

shown to anything which had even the smallest affinity to 'the Man of Sin.' Nunneries, confessionals, territorial titles of Roman Catholic prelates—these were his aversion; and it is impossible to describe the mournful grandeur with which he used to open his snuff-box, take a preliminary pinch, fold and unfold the sombre bandanna, and launch into a jeremiad as to the prospects of Protestantism, more dismal than any ever uttered by the rivers of Babylon. He was said, we know not whether truly or not, to have commanded a regiment of Yeomanry, whose uniform being rifle-green, and whose aim being not altogether without elements of risk to those within range, was known by the name of The Mournful and Dangerous, an epithet which some graceless Irishman in the House of Commons transferred from the gallant warriors to their not less gallant but very dolorous commander.

As hostile to Popery as Mr. Newdegate, but differing from him in one respect, as being rather a champion of a new-found creed than of a lost cause, the name of Henry Drummond will arouse in some minds the recollection of a very remarkable man, who, with something of what the Scotch call 'a bee in the bonnet,' possessed a great amount of witty eloquence, quoted his Horace like an old Etonian, and having been in Parliament in his youth,* brought back, after more than thirty years' absence, some of the traditions of that unreformed House which was called the best club in Europe. In the House of Commons he was better known as a free-lance whose hand was against every man, than as a speculative theologian or a devoted Tory. His speeches were generally *bizarre*, but never dull, and there was a certain refinement about them, and a certain delicacy in his rapier-thrusts, not often reproduced in the pages of Hansard, although it always attracted attention and fascinated the listener.

There could hardly be a greater contrast than the contrast between Henry Drummond and Joseph Hume. Opposite to one another they generally sat, and their characters were as opposite as their seats. The one, the incarnation of wit and genius; the other, the plodding critic, who suffered no Estimate to pass unchallenged. At a time when the national expenditure amounted to not more than fifty millions annually, Joseph Hume kept a staff of clerks at his own expense to analyse and summarize its extravagance; now that this national expenditure has doubled, the Estimates pass swiftly through the House with hardly a voice—since the voice of 'Peter' is no longer heard—to denounce their dimensions. Joseph Hume was ever on the

* M.P. for Plympton Earle, 1810-1813.

watch,

watch, and no Parliamentary head of a Department could avoid his criticisms. There he sat, night after night; he established a practice of economy, and even though he has no actual and personal successor, his mantle has in some sort descended upon the whole House, and many Members of Parliament, who hardly ever heard of his name, are influenced by the principles of which he was the earliest and most earnest evangelist. He possessed a vast knowledge of all economical subjects, he was a sort of walking Statistical Abstract, and whatever knowledge he was possessed of, he imparted in the most friendly spirit to all enquirers. His style of speaking, on any but economic subjects, was most peculiar. Hardly ever did he end an oral sentence, but when he had uttered as much of it as made it intelligible he used to leave the few last words unspoken, and take up the sentence next in order, assuming apparently that the audience would be attentive enough to supply the missing words and accompany the speaker. Joseph Hume was the son of a poor widow who kept a shop in Montrose. The story goes that it was a crockery shop, and that the Lord Panmure of the period, now somewhere about a century ago, smashed her brittle wares in a drunken frolic, and then, by way of amends, procured her boy a berth as surgeon's assistant on board an East Indiaman. Be this as it may, he returned from India with a fortune, some time before 1812, in which year he entered Parliament, where he sat for various places until his death in 1855; a most useful public servant, unsalaried, but indefatigable.

It seldom happens that the House of Commons is without a member who fills the *rôle* and discharges the functions of the jester of a monarch of the Middle Ages. For many of the earlier years of the reign, this post was held by Colonel Sibthorp. Always occupying the same place, decked with watch-chains and lockets, dangling a double eye-glass in his hand,—the only man with a beard except Mr. Muntz, the Radical member for Birmingham,—looking upon the Conservative side as one-eyed politicians, and on the Whigs and Radicals as entirely beneath his notice, he let no opportunity slip for uttering satirical remarks, sometimes launched against one party, sometimes against the other. He was never weary of taking up his parable, and the burden of that parable usually was, that there was only one wise man in the House, and that man Colonel Sibthorp.

His place was filled by a worthy successor, a man of a higher range of intellect, and a man who, if he could have been persuaded to look upon politics as anything more than a game, and

and on eloquence as anything above a 'tour de force,' might have filled a conspicuous place in the annals of his country. Ralph Bernal Osborne inherited from his Jewish ancestors a power of voice which is not usually granted to the Aryan races. That voice, it is said, was heard at the distance of nearly a mile from the hustings at Brentford when he stood, and came in, for Middlesex. In the House of Commons, whenever he spoke, it rang through the benches like the sound of a trumpet. And the trumpet gave no uncertain sound, for no speech of his but contained some witticism which clung to the memories of his hearers, and was often repeated in after years as 'one of the best things Bernal Osborne ever said.' It was whispered indeed that those *mots* were sometimes the offspring of the midnight oil;—such, perhaps, was his celebrated comparison of that grim old waverer, Sir James Graham, in his gangway corner seat behind Lord John Russell, as

> 'The sweet little cherub that sits up aloft,
> To keep watch o'er the soul of poor Jack.'

But there were many jokes which must have been *impromptu*, and, take him for all in all, he was, perhaps, the wittiest speaker, so far, in the Victorian Parliaments.

It is not only for queer characters that we have to look in the House of Commons as it has existed for the last fifty years. We find there the representatives of great and original movements—the Manchester school, which has revolutionized commerce, and the Humanitarian school, which has brought rich and poor into so much nearer contiguity. The life of Cobden has been written by a man of the first literary ability, and we do not presume to add a line to his narrative. But we may be permitted to say a word, not as to the politician, but as to the man. No one who remembers Cobden can have lost sight of the conspicuous gentleness of his character, the mild way in which he used to welcome young members of Parliament, particularly when they came from agricultural districts, the interest he used to evince as to the state of crops and the promises for harvest. His method of speaking, too, should not be forgotten, —the curious nervousness which he displayed before rising, and the wonderful power of concentration while he spoke. His eloquence was called, by a great judge of speech, 'unadorned.' It was not only unadorned, but it was, so to speak, reduced to a skeleton. The argument, whatever it was, was put into the narrowest possible compass, into purely logical form, clearly stated, and then left to be filled up in the minds of the hearers. It was permitted to Mr. Cobden to survive almost all that

personal

personal hostility with which he had been regarded at an earlier period of his course. The House of Commons is not often given to the melting mood, but on the day on which his death was announced there was an exhibition of feeling within those walls such as is rarely seen in a public assembly. The grief of a strong-minded man is always peculiarly touching, and on that occasion no one who saw it can forget the piteous tone of lamentation in which that grief was expressed by the dead man's nearest friend.

The great Freetrader lived and died in the House of Commons. The great Philanthropist had long been a member of the other Assembly, and when he passed away, only three years since, there were few who remembered the old battles which he, as Lord Ashley, had fought and won, forty years before, in the cause of humanity, although, till the last few months, one of his allies, who had thrown all the energy of an enthusiastic youth into the struggle, still remained, somewhat bowed and blanched by age, on the front bench of the House of Commons. As a lover of his species, there is no man whose memory will last longer or more green than Lord Shaftesbury's. As a Churchman there is not much to be said for him. At one time he had considerable influence in the Episcopal arrangements of a Liberal Government. Those arrangements were not satisfactory, and if a *Parliamentum indoctum* is regarded with disrespect, a Bishop's Bench is not likely to be much honoured when its occupants are only imperfectly acquainted with the Greek Testament. We may, however, forget the narrow-minded bigotry of his opinions while we remember what debts of gratitude are owing to him by the factory child, the little miner, the waif and stray of London back-slums, courts, and alleys, the costermonger, and even the costermonger's donkey.

The Parliaments of the Queen have had as members three remarkable writers of fiction. Of these, two were eminent members of Conservative administrations, and are rather to be noticed in the history of the reign than in a paper like the present. One there was, however, of whom we wish to say a word—the creator of the character of Tittlebat Titmouse.

Samuel Warren's 'Passages from the Diary of a Late Physician,' as they appeared in successive numbers of 'Blackwood's Magazine,' in the years 1830 to 1836, were the literary excitement of the time; and when the 'Passages' extended over more than one monthly issue, as some of the later ones did extend, the interest as to what was to come next was almost national, and probably suggested to a great writer, who began to be known soon after, the form of story which he adopted, which

which is now known as the 'monthly serial.' Warren kept up his popularity in his novel of 'Ten Thousand a Year,' and had some credit as a writer on legal subjects. His parliamentary career was not brilliant, only extending through three or four Sessions. He was noticed mostly for a habit he had of gliding round the House and 'conferring,' as it was called, first with one member, then with another. After his elevation to a quasi-judicial office, that of Master in Lunacy, he had an opportunity of distinguishing himself in the Windham trial, of which he hardly availed himself. He was remembered in the House of Commons by a sort of funeral oration, in which he solemnly took leave of a body of which he believed himself to be one of the brightest ornaments.

If the One Man One Vote proposal be ever adopted, it will be a matter of curiosity to watch what effect it will have on University constituencies. The probability is that it will largely diminish their numbers, as almost every member of the Senates of Oxford and Cambridge has other electoral interests more pressing and dearer than a University vote. Up to the present time it must be confessed that politics have had more to do with the selection of University candidates than either literature or science; but when the electors are mostly resident members of the University, it is very possible that literature and science may re-assert their claims. Still there are and have been exceptions to the rule. The junior (present) representative of Cambridge University is a distinguished mathematician, and succeeds a man whose career at school and college was a brilliant one, who was made LL.D. 'propter merita' at Cambridge, and who was enough of an architect to be President of the Institute of British Architects, and enough of a literary man to be a Trustee of the British Museum. Mr. Beresford-Hope had no enemies in the House of Commons. He was a good Churchman without inflaming the wrath of the Nonconformists, and a good Tory without being an object of hatred to the Radicals. Though he owned the 'Saturday Review,' we may be sure he did not write the articles which have given it an alliterative epithet the reverse of complimentary. Though he once provoked the gibes of a great master of satirical speech, that great master made amends by creating him a Privy Councillor. If his jokes fell flat, as they sometimes did, on the ear of the House of Commons, there was one person who always enjoyed them, and whose smiles, when those jokes were on their way, not unfrequently announced that the act of parturition would be speedily accomplished. He was, in many respects, very much of a character; what he was in youth, such

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he continued to the end; there was something childlike in his amiability, an amiability which created a feeling akin to attachment in many who might otherwise have been influenced towards him by no stronger impulse than the feeling of friendship.

Mr. Besant's chapter on 'School and University' does not seem to present any very new matters for consideration, but in some respects his statements are not so accurate as might be wished. For instance, the statement, that no one could be matriculated at the English Universities without signing the Thirty-nine Articles, is not altogether true. At Oxford the matriculator subscribed the Thirty-nine Articles and also swore to observe three articles of the 36th Canon.* At Cambridge the subscription took place not at matriculation, but before taking the B.A. degree, when, by the bye, the curious old Registrar, before whom the ceremony was performed, took considerable pains to explain to the 'signataries' that their act was not much more than a form. Before 1837, however, the battle of Subscription had begun, and Maurice had published that remarkable pamphlet, which was the most ingenious defence that a brain of unequalled subtlety could invent for a practice, which has long since been numbered with the things that have been.†

There is one distinction which Mr. Besant does not draw between the Universities of fifty years ago and the Universities as they are at present; a distinction which is owing in some large measure to the man whom we have just mentioned, who, besides writing 'Subscription no Bondage,' founded the Queen's College. The higher education of women has now become a fact of the largest significance. The 'girl graduate with her golden hair' has been nearly, and before long will be completely, realized at Oxford and at Cambridge. It was a curious sight last year, in the garden of Lambeth Palace, to see the fathers of the Church leaving the congenial society of their brother ecclesiastics to pay homage to the pleasant young lady, who had just succeeded in showing Cambridge questionists that classical distinction was not a monopoly of the stronger sex. Before long, the winners of similar distinction will no doubt be too numerous for such notice; but we may look upon the development of the higher education of women as one of the most

* "Quotquot in matriculam Universitatis redigendi accedunt . . . Articulis Fidei et Religionis subscribant; et de agnoscendo Primatu Regiæ Majestatis, corporale juramentum præstent."—Oxford University Statutes.

† Surely Mr. Besant errs in asserting that subscription to the Articles has been the rule at King's College, London.

 healthy

healthy and encouraging signs of confirmed and extended national prosperity.

The substitution of the restaurant for the tavern, which forms the subject of our author's next chapter, appears to us to be somewhat of a distinction without a difference, although, perhaps, it may be urged, that of these two kinds of houses of refreshment the first has to do with eating rather than drinking, the second with drinking rather than eating. At the same time, it should be remembered that the legal title of a publican is 'a licensed victualler,' not a dealer in drink. It is rather the club than the restaurant which has supplanted the tavern, and of this our author's statistics give the most convincing proof:—

'There were twenty-five clubs in all (in 1835), and, as many men had more than one club, and the average membership was under a thousand, there were not more than 20,000 men altogether who belonged to clubs. There are now at least 120,000, with nearly a hundred clubs; . . . besides these, there are now about sixty second class clubs, together with a great many clubs which exist for special purposes.'

To these must be added the clubs which exist in almost every county town, as well as in all the great industrial and commercial centres of the land.

Mr. Besant's catalogue of the literary persons, who flourished at the beginning of the reign, is open to some criticism. It is true he mentions Dickens, though he misdates the appearance of the 'Pickwick Papers' by a year—they began in 1836; and it is not easy to understand why he fixes upon Hood as the most eminent of the authors who were flourishing in 'the thirties.' Hood, it is true, wrote three very beautiful poems— 'We watched her breathing through the night,' 'The Song of the Shirt,' and 'The Bridge of Sighs,' besides plenty of what may be called squib literature, but he has no claim to be put at the head of a list which ought to contain Carlyle, not to speak of Tennyson, whose earlier poems—and are they not in some sense his best?—were published before 1840. As to the Laureate, we may just observe, that the beardless portrait of him which appears among Mr. Besant's illustrations is not by Sir Thomas Lawrence, who died in 1830, when Lord Tennyson was only twenty-one, but by Samuel Laurence, an artist whose heads of Archbishop Trench and of Maurice possess considerable merit, and whose genial presence lingers in the memory of many surviving friends.

It is natural, having talked of books, to talk of newspapers, and Mr. Besant gives us a list which may be perused with interest;

terest; but he hardly points out, as he might have done, the great difference which exists in the subject-matter of the newspapers at present as compared with the subject-matter of fifty years ago. No book now appears of even passing interest which is not noticed in one or other of the London daily papers; nay, more than noticed,—reviewed in true literary style. No new play, no opera, is produced which does not call forth criticism, and sometimes criticism of the highest order. As to news, the change is more remarkable still; but that is only one development of the electric telegraph, to which also is to be ascribed a complete revolution in the usages of trade, in which it is to be observed that the 'middleman' has in most cases suffered much, and in some cases has been entirely obliterated. Diplomacy, too, so to speak, is never safe. The 'tape' is constantly running from all the capitals of Europe, and it is now no longer *nulla dies*, but *nullum temporis momentum*, which is *sine lineâ*. How different from the year 1848, when the Lord Ebrington of the day rushed into the House of Commons with an early copy of 'The Globe,' containing an account of the outbreak at Paris the day before; on which Lord Palmerston, being asked on the Friday if he had any later information, replied that his latest despatches from Paris were dated at half-past six on Wednesday evening. Nowadays there is hardly a petty village in the country which does not know by 10 A.M. what has happened all over the world up to 10 P.M. the evening before.

Mr. Besant devotes a few pages to what he calls The Sportsman, beginning by expressing his regrets that the prize ring is no longer a national institution, and his opinion that the decay of the prize ring 'has been followed by a great decay of national pluck and pugnacity, and therefore naturally by a decay of national enterprise.'

This sounds very much like nonsense, and what follows like very mischievous nonsense:—

'We may fairly congratulate ourselves, therefore, that the noble art of self-defence is reviving, and promises to become as great and favourite a sport as before. Let all our boys be taught to fight. Fifty years ago there was not a day in a public school when there was not a fight between two of the boys; there was not a day when there was not a street fight; did not the mail-coach drivers who accompanied Mr. Samuel Weller on a memorable occasion leave behind them one of their number to fight a street porter in Fleet Street? . . . It was a disgrace not to be able to fight. Let all our boys be taught again and encouraged to fight. . . . Let there be no nonsense listened to about brutality. The world belongs to the men who can fight.'

If Mr. Besant thinks the art of self-defence a noble art, we should advise him to go to a prize-fight, and see what sort of company he finds there. Fifty years ago, as he acknowledges, 'a prize-fight was accompanied by every kind of blackguardism and villainy.' Does he think things are better now? It is just a century, as we find from a note in Windham's Memoirs, since that not very precise gentleman, the Prince of Wales of that time, announced his intention of attending no more prize-fights, and the world has gone on, since then, only in so zigzag a fashion that we find our author, one of the great moralists of the present time, mixing up war and prize-fighting and giving utterance to a sentiment like this, 'The world belongs to the men who can fight'!

Mr. Besant's chapter on Sport consists mostly of extracts from comic annuals, and takes no notice whatever of the very remarkable changes which the last half-century has witnessed in the construction of guns, and in the methods and objects of sport. It is not much more than fifty years since the long-disused method of explosion by copper-caps was introduced, in something like its ultimate form, by Joseph Manton. The 'Encyclopædia Metropolitana,' published in 1836, has a long description of the art of forming gun-flints, and gives elaborate plates of flint-locks as used in muskets, together with statements of the comparative failures in forty rounds of ball cartridges fired from six muskets, by two kinds of percussion caps or plugs, and by the old flint and steel. Our readers will be amused to know, that in heavy rain one kind of percussion cap failed once in 16 times, the percussion plug on which Joe Manton prided himself failed once only in 120 times, while the instrument of war with which we won the Battle of Waterloo failed once in 3½ times nearly. In fine weather the proportions of failure were once in 43, once in 300, and once in 13 times. It is announced by the writer of the article we have referred to, that 'at present the percussion lock has not been introduced into the British Army, but . . . it is probable such may be soon the case.' The fire at the Tower Armoury in 1841 had, we believe, a great deal to do with the actual change, but it was to sportsmen that we are indebted both for the change from flint-locks to percussion, and for the still more important change from muzzle-loading to breech-loading. The 'choke-bore' is of course not applicable to rifles, or to any gun which fires bullets which fit the breech, but it has no doubt considerably increased the killing power and distance of ordinary shot guns.

Nearly contemporaneous with breech-loaders is the practice of

of 'driving;' applied first to grouse, and then to partridges. In the case of grouse, it has had a most beneficial effect on the bag, and at the same time on the quantity of grouse bred in a given space. It is in fact a method which ensures the slaughter of the 'old cocks,' and, as is well known, the older the paterfamilias, the larger the circle which he appropriates to himself and his family, so that it is most important to prevent the 'old cocks' from living too long; and as they wax shyer every year of their lives, they are usually the first to 'come over' in a 'drive,' when all the guns are full, and so run a greater risk than the others of paying the penalty of their own crafty conduct.

Since the beginning of the reign, Scotland has become the playground of Englishmen. Red deer, grouse, and salmon, have been rendered accessible by the introduction of railways, and it would be hard to estimate to what extent the rental of Scotland has increased in consequence. The 'Encyclopædia Metropolitana'* does not even mention red deer, and in its article 'Cervus' only observes that they are still found in a wild state in the Highlands. As to deer forests, as a matter of commerce, they had not been heard of, and Poulett Scrope's book on Wild Sports, published in 1838, does not, we believe, speak of them except as the adjuncts of great Highland estates: we are, however, told by the authority quoted above, that 'the Highland chiefs were accustomed formerly to hunt the red deer,' but that 'these hunting parties were found too frequently to be made for political purposes, and as such they were prohibited by Act of Parliament'! Nowadays, it is not the chiefs but the crofters who hunt the red deer, though not exactly for political purposes.

The mention of guns used for the purposes of sport reminds us of another kind of weapon, used for a much graver object. While we have had one if not two revolutions in the construction of what our ancestors used to call 'fowling-pieces,' there have been the most extraordinary changes in the construction of the artilleryman's cannon and the soldier's musket. There was an annual dinner of the Foremen Engineers the other day, at which Major-General Maitland made a speech, describing those changes in a very graphic way. In replying for the army, he said that

'fifty years ago, the heaviest gun cost £150, and each round cost about 30*s*. The heaviest gun now costs about £20,000, and each round cost nearly £200, to say nothing of wear and tear' (which is

* Article 'Scotland,' published 1830.

enormous).

enormous). 'A heavy gun, designed by himself and made at the Royal Gun Factory, had been fired at Shoeburyness. It was a 22-ton gun. A shot of 380lb. was fired with a range of 21,000 yards, which was just twelve miles. It would be seen that long ranges were very serious things. There would be no difficulty in bombarding the Cannon Street Hotel from Woolwich, and a warship might bombard a seaport or a watering-place, and yet, owing to the curvature of the earth, not be seen.'

The General went on to speak of the new magazine rifle, which, he said, would be in the hands of the troops in a few days. This rifle, he said, might be loaded and, we presume, fired, eight times in a few seconds; somewhat different from old Brown Bess, which, it used to be said, required to fire away the weight of a man in bullets, for every enemy killed. We need hardly observe, that these changes in the attack involve corresponding changes in the defence, and that fortifications which were once perfectly efficient have now in many cases become mere mockeries and delusions.

As we draw towards the end of Mr. Besant's book, we become more and more convinced that the comic portions are not the most successful portions of the volume. His account of the condition of the workers, particularly the women and children workers in factories and mines, is full of melancholy interest. We have heard and read the story over and over again, but it never tires. Children of six years old, kept for twelve hours together on the watch to open a door for coal trucks to pass and repass, allowed a candle, which soon went out, so that for the greater part of their long working day they were in darkness; women pushing or dragging the coal trucks, clad in nothing but a pair of short trousers, with a belt round the waist, and a chain attached to the truck they had to drag through galleries so low as to oblige the workers to go on all-fours: such was the state of the mines, fifty years since. The factories were, it is true, under some regulation, but one result of the earlier Factory Regulation Acts was to drive the children into the mines. It was not till 1841 that the little sweep got protected by an Act of Parliament.

Mr. Besant's penultimate chapter, contributed by a legal friend, is on the subject of Law and Justice, and contains in a few pages a very interesting summary of the changes which have taken place in the Statute Book during the Victorian era.

'Five thousand three hundred and forty-four enactments have been added . . . since the Queen came to the throne. . . . All our procedure—equitable, legal, and criminal—much of the substance of equity, law, and justice, as we understand the words, is gone. "Law"

"Law" had a different meaning fifty years ago; "equity" hardly any meaning at all' (except with reference to procedure); '"justice" had an ugly sound.'

We need hardly observe that the home of Law is no longer Westminster Hall; that the Lord Chancellor at present hardly ever presides over the Court of Chancery; that the County Courts have made possible the recovery of small debts; that divorce has ceased to be 'the luxury of the wealthy;' that the whole administration of the criminal law has been altered; that the list of capital offences has been reduced to almost the smallest possible number; that barbarous punishments, such as hanging in chains, have been done away with; and that the spread of education and good feeling has enormously improved the procedure of the subordinate tribunals.

The limits of this article will not permit us to enlarge on this part of the subject. In truth, the changes in our legal procedure are facts of common knowledge. We would therefore confine ourselves to the observation, that the chapter on Law and Justice is very well worth reading, as a popular exposition of a matter which, more or less, must interest all men; and that there is one consideration which must force itself on every one, which is, that under all the circumstances, with the delays of Chancery and the fictions and formalities of the Courts of Law, one wonders how anybody could harden his heart to a suit in Chancery, or an action at Common Law.

It is, no doubt, a very interesting task to trace the changes in manners, in customs, in dress, in deportment, which characterize the period of time of which we have been speaking; and not less so, the improvements in art, the spread of discovery in all the departments of human knowledge, the march of philosophical thought and of religious enquiry. Still more interesting is it to follow the progress of morals, and to determine how far social improvement has accompanied clearer views of right and wrong. And this, not only in our own country, but in all those countries which own England as their origin, and which we may rejoice to believe are ever drawing nearer and nearer in thought and feeling and affection to the race from which they spring. It is only of late years that we have heard the phrase—now so common—the English-speaking races; but consider what that phrase implies! It is not only that for purposes of intercommunication we have a common tongue, but that for purposes of mental culture we have a common literature, and that literature the most extended and expansive in the world. Say what we like about education, and the facilities it affords, there can be no real union of nations which speak diverse

tongues.

tongues. The educated classes may in a sense unite—a German scholar may read English books or English newspapers—but how are the classes who only know their mother tongues to unite? In the States of the American Union, the great majority of the immigrants not of British origin are Germans, as in South America they are Italians. Why is this? Surely on account of the affinity of the German language to English, and of the Italian to Spanish; and the natural tendency which the colonist shows to adopt the *cy pres* principle, and, where he cannot find his own language, to put up with what is nearest in likeness. It happens, then, that beside native, that is, British colonists, the States have a vast immigration from all parts of Germany, and these strangers soon adopt the language of the majority, though perhaps somewhat in Hans Breitmann's fashion. All this tends to increase the numbers of the English-speaking race, and to enhance the influence of the English language and literature. Taking into account the native population of these islands, of Australia and Oceania, of Canada, and, greatest of all, of the United States, we already number something near one hundred millions. What our numbers will be by the middle of the next century it is of course impossible to foresee; but of this we may be sure, that the old European nations will by that time have been left far behind, both in numbers and influence, while we may hope that the power we shall, as a Confederation, then possess will be exerted in the interests of universal peace.*

Perhaps we should have to go back to the times of Wesley and Whitefield, if we wished to trace to its source the moral improvement, which we may surely say we see in the nineteenth as compared with the eighteenth century. But there can be little doubt that the practical reforms, which have taken effect within the last fifty or sixty years, have been the result of an improve-

* This may not be an inappropriate place to introduce an extract from one of the daily newspapers of a recent date as an illustration of the increase of the means of communication between England and the United States, which has taken place during the last fifty years.

'*An Atlantic Jubilee.*—A few days ago the 50th anniversary occurred of what must be regarded as one of the decisive events in the world's history. On April 21st, 1838, the two steamships "Sirius" and "Great Western" arrived in New York Harbour from England, being the first steamers that crossed the Atlantic. The "Sirius" sailed from Queenstown on April 4th; the "Great Western" from Bristol on April 8th. Both arrived at New York on the same day, the latter vessel being behind the other by only a few hours. New York papers of the time gave vivid descriptions of the enthusiasm with which the vessels were received, and the crowds which witnessed their arrival. Captain Roberts, who commanded the "Sirius" on this eventful voyage, was three years later transferred to the ill-fated "President," which was lost on her first voyage out, without leaving the faintest trace of her fate.'

ment in theoretical views of morality. First we began as a nation to see what was our duty in the paths of morality, and then we applied the principles we had grasped to practical conclusions. First, for example, we investigated the duty of the State to individuals in the matter of crime and punishment, and then we supported Sir Samuel Romilly in the reform of the criminal code and capital punishments. First we got a clear view of the spiritual duties of the clergy, and then we abolished pluralities, enforced the residence of parsons, and brought within reasonable bounds the emoluments of the higher clergy. First we became aware of the debasing effects of domestic and prædial slavery, and then we abolished the traffic in human flesh, whether native or imported.

Let us hope that this moral enlightenment may continue to increase; that the national conscience may be more completely awakened; and that the one great commandment, which enforces love to our neighbour, may be more perfectly understood and more universally practised.

ART. IX.—*Speeches in the House of Lords on the Constitution of the House*, 1888.

THOSE who amuse themselves with watching their friends' characters can hardly fail to have been frequently struck with this—that a large amount of very regrettable conduct is due, not to the external circumstances by which the persons in question have been influenced, but to an internal conception which these persons have formed of themselves. They have painted an imaginary portrait of their own positions, dispositions, and abilities; and are constantly modifying, and distorting, the dictates of their natural common-sense, in order that they may bring them into harmony with this gratuitous standard of error. The unhappy youth who considers himself a genius or a statesman, the unhappy young lady who considers herself like a pre-Raphaelite picture, are proverbial for the tricks they play with their manner and their personal appearance. A classical case is that of Miss Lydia Languish, who was anxious to starve because comfort would not be characteristic of her: and there are few whose daily experience will not supply them with other instances.

But this malady is by no means confined to individuals. It operates on a scale far larger and more disastrous; and often in its most virulent form it seizes on political parties, or at least

least on certain of the sections of which political parties are composed. Thus, there is one clique of extreme reformers, familiar enough to all of us, who

> 'Having been praised for bluntness do effect
> A saucy roughness, and constrain the garb
> Quite from their nature;'

and again another, which conceives itself to be philosophic, nourished on romances of ideas and of logical consistency, and perhaps best typified by Mr. John Morley, who is the very Lydia Languish of Radicalism. This is the section which revels in a severe horror at anomalies, and has schooled itself to shy at them as a horse shies at a wheelbarrow. It is proud of mistaking for realities idols of 'irresistible tendencies,' of 'stern resolves of democracies,' of 'waves of opinions,' of 'results in the end inevitable'—all of which have the same relation to facts that dreams had in the philosophic system of Lucretius;* and are about as like life as the descriptions in Miss Lydia Languish's novels.

We are not, however, insisting on this point, with a view to exposing the faults and foibles of our opponents. We have merely dwelt upon them for the sake of arresting our readers' attention, of fixing it for a moment on what is so patent and deplorable in others, and then turning round and applying the same criticism to ourselves.

The malady we speak of, indeed, is peculiar to no one party. It is not a party that is liable to it, but it is human nature generally. In different constitutions, however, it produces different symptoms; and whereas, when it attacks Radicals it produces a fantastic activity, when it attacks Conservatives it produces a fantastic hesitation. What we speak of is no slight matter: it is a grave and a frequent danger.

Political parties are forces in the world, they have a human vigour and life in them, not only because they endorse certain logical doctrines, but because they possess certain likes, dislikes, and prejudices; because their imagination works in a certain way, and because they conceive of themselves as having some special mission. It is therefore of the very highest importance, that their conception of themselves should be sober and accurate; that they should not bewilder and mislead themselves by any fanciful self-portraiture; nor indulge in any vagaries of self-

* According to Lucretius, dreams were composed of emanations from, or hollow figures of, things that had actually existed and been done—"phantom husks," as Lord Tennyson calls them; which, drifted through the air, became distorted and intertangled with each other, and entering the brain of the sleeper were mistaken by him for realities.

confidence

confidence or self-pity, of weakness or of obstinacy, which spring from their conceiving themselves in some unreal position.

This, however, is what, too frequently, the Conservative party do, or at least certain sections of it; and, if they could once free themselves from the dominion of this kind of error, they would find themselves not only stronger, but in healthier and more confident spirits, better prepared, in short, in every way to serve and to preserve the institutions which have so profound a hold upon their sympathies.

The kind of error, the kind of self-deception we allude to, depends mainly on a deficiency in the education and discipline of the imagination. The things, which Conservatives are distinctively desirous to conserve, have about them this special characteristic, that their external aspect is imposing and venerable, and is full, in all its details, of august or endearing associations. And here, for Conservatism, is a source not only of strength, but of danger. Seen in the mellow light of history, and the traditions even of our fathers and our grandfathers, the older portions of our political and social structure appear in themselves so attractive, that they divert the attention from the life to which they are related, and from the relation they held, and were preserved, because they did hold to it; and thus the idea they produce in the mind of many is often imperfect in exact proportion to its vividness.

The nation at large they regard as some constant quantity, as a body with the same needs, and the same capacities, capable of subsisting in health under the same treatment, and only changed by the growth of perverted ideas, and the influence of designing demagogues. Accordingly, whenever they see an institution modified, or some particular form of class-influence waning, they conceive the change to be twice as great as it really is; indeed, they often imagine a change, when there has virtually been none at all. They feel as a mother might, who, insensible to the succession of seasons, was to see her children discarding their winter jackets in the summer; or as an engineer might, who, ignorant of the invention of gunpowder, saw nothing in the progress of fortification, but a destruction of towers and turrets. In short, they regard our social and political constitution as an ancient castle, which, because it has protected and defended us in the past, they take for granted can protect and defend us still; and thus, when any reconstruction of any part is advocated, in order to meet the conditions of modern warfare, they feel bound to prevent or at least to bewail the change, as though to change something of its ancient appearance might not be the one way to perpetuate its ancient strength.

This

This is the temper amongst Conservatives, which Radical politicians exult in. It at once damps the spirits and weakens the judgment of their opponents, and invests themselves with the prestige of a vastly exaggerated strength, and of victories which are not victories at all, or which they have had small share in winning. We are by no means saying, that Radical politicians and their ideas are not responsible for a great number of changes, some of which have actually been accomplished, whilst more are anticipated or threatened. On the contrary, we shall be never weary of asserting, that the majority of such changes as Mr. Morley would consider inevitable, have been caused in this way, that they are entirely gratuitous misfortunes, and that they might, by knowledge, resolution, and the guidance of masterly statesmanship, be not only averted before the event, but reversed or remedied after it. But we do say, that there is a mass of apparent changes, which many are aghast at as portentous triumphs of Radicalism, and which Radicals themselves claim as their own proudest achievements, which have really their origin outside politics altogether, and are substantially not changes at all.

Let us take, for instance, the case of the gradual extension of the franchise. There are numbers of Conservatives, and there are numbers of Radicals, who misconceive this event in precisely the same way. The historical picture, which presents itself to their imagination, is that of a multitude who in the earlier years of the century were contemptuously shut out from all share in politics, and who have conquered by fighting a position that was denied them then. The only difference between the view of the Conservative and the Radical is this; that the former regard the people as a horde of rebellious intruders, who have forced their way into a place which they never ought to occupy at all; whilst the latter regard them as men who, by their own noble exertions, have vindicated their right to a place which they ought to have occupied always. They neither of them realize, when they are speaking of the people of to-day, and contrasting them with the people of fifty years ago, that the same word *people* means two widely different things; and that it is not that a class has achieved for itself towards the end of the century a power which was denied it at the beginning, but that towards the end of the century the place of that class has been taken by a class which at the beginning had virtually no existence. Indeed, speaking broadly, and with certain necessary reservations, we may say, that the facts of the case are the precise opposite of what they seem to be; and that, instead of the same people having won for themselves a different franchise,

franchise, we have the same franchise adapting itself to a different people.

And something similar holds good of nearly all those formal changes, which are so frequently taken to mark the advance of Radicalism. Some of them, no doubt, may be more radical than others; but they are none of them so radical as they at first sight appear to be. When, for instance, we see men of business, men whose position was formerly looked down upon, occupying places at once in politics and society, some of us are inclined to say that our aristocratic fastidiousness is departed, and to picture the horror of our grandfathers, could they see what things had come to: whereas the truth of the matter is far more nearly this, not that the aristocratic classes have lowered their standard, but that these men of business have come up to it; and the chances are that our grandfathers, if they found themselves under our conditions, instead of being horrified at what we do, would themselves have done just the same.

In a word, the essence of all formal institutions consists in their relations to the social life surrounding them; and for those who would really preserve them the important question is, not whether the form is constant, but whether this relation is constant. The form, as they see, changes; but before that alarms them, they must see whether the social life has not been changing also. Possibly all this, as we state it, will strike the reader as obvious; but we have the strongest reasons for knowing, that it is not superfluous to urge it. The events of our political history are on all sides studied with eagerness; they are written in a hundred text-books. But what is not realized, what the text-books do not insist upon, is that our political history can only be properly understood, by studying along with it our social and our economic history, of which indeed it is in a great measure an adumbration. Our social history cannot be said to be unwritten; there are many books which convey some general ideas of it; but these general ideas are so partial and unsystematic, that they confuse the mind quite as much as they enlighten it; whilst as to our economic history, which is really at the root of the social, there is, for the political student, no history whatever.

We make these observations, not with any desire to inflict on our readers a vague philosophic sermon; but because the truth of them at the present moment is specially borne home to us, by a question which, though it has long been talked and thought about, is for the first time beginning to assume a practical aspect. We mean the reform of the House of Lords.

In

In the way in which this question has now been brought forward, there is much on which we may congratulate ourselves, much which may reassure us. The initiative is being taken by Peers and by future Peers themselves; and whatever we may think of the details of their various schemes and criticisms, there are certain points about all of them which are in the highest degree admirable and valuable. They are conceived in a spirit strikingly free from obstinate prejudice on the one hand, and flighty conciliation on the other. There is a genial and dignified fairness in the way in which they take account of the faults of the Upper Chamber; and an equally genial and an equally dignified fairness in the way in which they defend, or aim at defending, its main traditional characteristics. Indeed, one of the most signal proofs, which that Chamber has ever given of how fully it deserves to be perpetuated, is to be found in the temper in which it has approached the question of its own reformation.

Nor is this temper confined to the Peers themselves. In all quarters, if we except the extreme Radicals, this question has been handled with a surprising calmness and moderation. One thing, however, seems to us to have been wanting; and that is a sufficiently clear appreciation of the position of the House of Lords, as connected with the social and economic condition of the country, and of the way in which its power, and its fitness for power, depends upon that connection. It is this want that we shall now attempt to remedy; and the facts which, for that purpose, we shall have to dwell upon, are mainly facts which, though their significance has been overlooked, are themselves recognized as indubitable, the moment our attention is directed to them.

We will begin then with remarking upon a point which, in argument at least, is very often forgotten, though to all whom it immediately concerns, in practical life it is obvious; and that is that the Lords, except in an official sense, are no more a class of themselves than the Commons are or used to be. Socially speaking, a class can never be made out of a body, which admits to itself only one man out of a family, which few of its members enter till some way advanced in years, and from which half of its members' friends and most of their relations are excluded. The Lords are not a class; they are a very different thing, they are the representatives of a class; and that is a class which, as we shall show presently, has, or has had, its roots in every parish in England, and is, or has been, associated with every development of our national life. The confusion of mind as to this point, which prevails amongst many people, is largely due

due to false analogies from the Continent, and the ambiguous use of certain Continental words. In France, for instance, the class that was called *noble* was really a social class, a self-contained society; and the same may be said with reference to other European countries; but the few hundred individuals, whom we call nobles in England, in no way correspond to the class of nobles abroad, though no doubt they may find their counterparts included in it. We can all remember the smile of amusement caused, when the Tichborne Claimant was spoken of as the 'unfortunate nobleman'; but had the Claimant been what the persons who so described him assumed he was, on the Continent the phrase would have been strictly accurate. At every Court in Europe a family like that of the Tichbornes would at once be recognized as of the most undoubted and purest nobility; and its members might, in many places, and at Vienna especially, find themselves admitted to privileges from which many of our Peers would be excluded. And the same observation is applicable to families far less illustrious.

'The greater part of the English nobility,' says Walter Savage Landor, 'have neither power nor title. Even those who are noble by right of possession, the hereditary lords of manors with large estates attached to them, claim no titles at home or abroad. Hence in all foreign countries the English gentleman is placed below his rank, which naturally and necessarily is far higher than that of your slipshod counts and lottery-office marquises, whose gamekeepers, with their high plumes, cocked hats, and hilts of rapiers, have no other occupation than to stand behind the carriage, if the rotten plank will bear them; whose game is the wren and the red-breast, and whose beat is across the market. And,' he adds presently, 'it is a remarkable proof of moderation in some, and of contemptuousness in others, that they do not openly claim from their king, or assume without such intervention, the titles arising from landed wealth.'

The truth of the matter is contained in these last words. The English nobility, in any but a technical sense, has had for its distinguishing mark, up to the present time, not hereditary titles, but hereditary landed wealth; and has consisted, properly speaking, not of the peerage, but of the landed families, with the peerage as a conspicuous part of them. Of course, as we said just now, custom makes it ridiculous to apply the term *noble* to any mere country gentleman; but the average baron in France, when the nobles possessed all their privileges, was in social position, in wealth, and in political influence, less than an equal to the smallest English Squire. Part of what we have said has been said often before. It is almost a commonplace with a certain class of writers to observe, that the English nobility and the

the Continental *noblesse* are different; but such writers almost invariably proceed to say, that we have no equivalent in England to the Continental *noblesse* at all. The last person to repeat this is Professor Freeman, and he does so with emphasis in one of the articles now before us. 'The most thorough-going democrat,' he says, 'may thank God that we have a House of Lords, when he remembers that it is the existence of the peerage, which has saved us from the curse of a Continental nobility.' * Now putting aside any questions raised by the word 'curse,' what we wish to point out is, that the peerage has not saved us from this; but that we have had, and have, precisely such a nobility in the great body of our territorial families generally. We do not mean to say, that it is a facsimile of the nobilities of the Continent; on the contrary, it differs from them in many most important ways; but still substantially the one is the equivalent of the other; and their likeness is quite close enough to make a comparison of their differences one of the best means of estimating the true character of the former.

We may begin then by observing that the English aristocracy —for this is a better word to use than either *noblesse* or *nobility* —is far more complex in its constitution than the aristocracies of the Continent; that whilst in some ways it is less, in other ways it is more exclusive; and that whilst it has fewer privileges, it has or has had more power. The aristocrats of the Continent, if we except the heads of families, and we need not except all of them, are in many respects aristocrats *de jure*, rather than *de facto*. The aristocrats of England must, broadly speaking, be both. The way in which on the Continent, titles and titular prefixes descend, has served to mark off, as members of a particular class, a number of persons whose circumstances in no way justify the distinction, persons who not only cannot support any aristocratic splendour, but who cannot preserve any vital aristocratic tradition: thus a large part of the aristocratic classes abroad have, at least from the popular point of view, only escaped being an invidious sham, in so far as their privileges have made them a popular burden. The brilliant society of Paris in the last century was not the French aristocracy, but only the fashionable French aristocracy. The fashionable section might have been reckoned by hundreds; the aristocracy, as a whole, numbered between one and two hundred thousand.

In England the case has been widely different. The scarcity

* 'The House of Lords and the County Councils;' 'Fortnightly Review,' May, 1888.

of

of titles, and the limitation of hereditary privileges, have kept the aristocracy in dependence on actual facts, and in substantial correspondence with them. Whilst on the one hand admission into its ranks has been easier than it has been abroad, exclusion has been easier also; and if social facts have made it liberal in regard to the one, they have also made it ruthless in regard to the other. If it accepts many whom other aristocracies would reject, it rejects more whom other aristocracies would retain. For each new family that is established and recognized, there are numerous collaterals of old families, who cease to be aristocratic altogether, and by marriage and occupations, manners and habits of thought, gradually but surely pass into other ranks of society. Thus whilst, as compared with Continental aristocracies, the English aristocracy has been less of a distinct class at its borders, it has been equally distinct and far more flourishing at its centre.

It will be observed that we frequently say *has been* rather than *is*, because society at present is in a state of transition, and we are deferring our consideration of what its changes consist in, till we have examined the condition of things by reference to which these changes are estimated. We repeat then, that our aristocracy has been always a distinct class at its centre. Let us examine a little more closely how this central portion has been constituted; that portion to which all the new elements have been assimilated, and for want of assimilation to which, old elements have been continually discarded. With regard to this portion we can speak plainly enough. Its basis has been, like that of other aristocracies, birth and territorial wealth; but unlike other aristocracies, it has ignored the first unless it had some connection with the second. Given, however, the wealth, either as vested in the head of a family, or as indirectly reflecting consequence on its members, birth, though appraised with less pedantry than on the Continent, has been equally valued, and in some ways even more influential. Prior to the reign of Charles I., official cognizance was taken of it by the Government; and heralds were sent on periodical visitations through the counties, who inspected the arms—the distinctive badge of *noblesse*—of all families who bore them, made notes of the descent of such as had a right to them, defaced the shields of all such as had not, and registered the names of these last in a list under the head of '*Ignobiles*.' Two centuries and a half ago these visitations ceased; but there is no indication that the importance of birth was declining. It rather shows it to have been so vitally recognized, that it was quite able to take care of itself. Indeed we may say, that in no

 country

country in the world has respect for ancestry, and the consciousness of it, had a more powerful and a nobler effect on an aristocracy than it has in England. It has not produced a mere barren sense of pride, which holds its possessors aloof from the nation generally; it has shown itself mainly in the perpetuation of a body of traditions, which have been to their possessors from the cradle an education in public usefulness, and in manly personal character.

It has been often said that the English aristocracy is modern, the bulk of the old aristocracy having been destroyed during the Wars of the Roses. No statement could be more misleading. The Wars of the Roses did but cut down the tallest shoots; the majority of the others they left, and the stem was even more fruitful for the pruning. A few names will suffice to explain our meaning; and they shall be names which were illustrious long before the Wars of the Roses. In the East—in Lincolnshire and Kent—are the Dymokes and the Derings; in the South, the Tichbornes; in the West, the Lutterels, the Aclands, the Champernownes, the Tremaynes, and the Bassets; on the Welsh border are the Cholmondelleys, the Leghs, the Egertons; there are the Townleys in Lancashire, the Scropes in Yorkshire—two illustrious names out of many; there are the Musgraves and the Curwens in Cumberland; in Northumberland are the Lambtons. These are but a few examples which we take as they occur to our memory. One or two of these families have now, or have had in them, peerages; but these peerages are quite of a recent date, and have been the consequence, not the cause, of the nobility of the families they were given to. If then, not misled by the ambiguity of the term *noble*, we consider what really was the extent of the English aristocracy, we shall see that the Wars of the Roses caused no breach in its continuity; and that, though many of the older families have since that event disappeared, yet the bulk of them survived it quite long enough to impart to the new families their character, their traditions, and their prestige, which the wealth of these last rather magnified than altered.

The best way to estimate the extent of the class we speak of, is to look at the education, the position, at the manner of life, and at the houses of families that are obviously typical of it. Let us begin with the houses and their surroundings. The greatest of these, by descriptions and pictures at least, are familiar to the general public; and are national monuments, as much as private possessions. Such, for instance, are the castles of Arundel and Warwick, and more especially of Raby and Berkeley. Of such houses most are the seats of Peers; but by no

no means all of them. Dunster, Chirk, and Hurstmonceaux (this last only within very late times a ruin)—all of them the ancestral homes of untitled families, are baronial castles of the first order and dignity, and in every way worthy being classed with those first mentioned. If we pass from castles to dwellings of a later period, still confining ourselves to those of the first celebrity, we may compare to Hatfield Bramshill in Hampshire —which, though built for a prince of the blood-royal, has been for two hundred and fifty years the appropriate home of a race of country gentlemen. Whilst, when we come to houses whose names are less widely known, we shall find those of even the most powerful Peers still less distinguishable from those of the richer commoners. Montacute, near Yeovil, the cradle of the Phelips family, is an Elizabethan mansion of which any Peer might be proud; the Champernownes, of Dartington in Devon, have for four hundred years been successors to the halls built by the Dukes of Exeter; Vale Royal was the home of the Cholmondelleys long before they dreamed of a peerage; whilst, if we were asked to name a really noble English home, which was not so antique as to be a mere archæological curiosity, nor so vast or so historically celebrated as to form a specimen of itself, but which embodied in the completest and the most dignified form, the position, the life, or the character, of the traditional aristocracy of England, we should name Lyme Park, the seat of the Leghs in Cheshire.

Of these houses we have mentioned not one is modern; even the latest is a reconstruction of a house that was far earlier; and thus they are all of them the spontaneous expressions and self-embodiments of our aristocratic life, during its most flourishing and powerful period. Any foreigner passing on a series of visits from such houses as these, to the houses of English Peers, would have been able to detect no distinctive difference whatsoever, except the absence in the former of a coronet on the spoons and plates. The education, the manners, the prejudices, the views of life, and the society, he would encounter, would be in both cases the same. There would be the same relationship between the families and the people at large surrounding them, between the Hall and the village. Similar parks and woods would extend on every side of him, touching or dividing the farms, in friendly but dignified neighbourhood, and breathing the very spirit of a class naturally and healthily predominant. He would find that titled or untitled, the heads of the various houses, in their respective neighbourhoods, fulfilled the same public offices; and all this life he would find permeated by,

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and reposing on, the same sense of an immemorial past behind it, of which it was the natural and the unchallenged perpetuation.

And what the richer territorial families were on a large scale, that, so far, at least as the rest of the people were concerned, the poorer families were on a smaller scale. The poorer squires, in days when travelling was difficult, were no doubt provincial both in their life and manners; their alliances were restricted; they were strange to the world of London; they were unknown, and therefore unconsidered beyond their immediate neighbourhoods. But judged by any standards except those of culture or fashion, their position was essentially the same as that of their more important brethren; it was simply a smaller edition of it—just as the sovereign rank of some petty Continental prince is a miniature edition of the sovereign rank of an emperor. By the more polished and the more prominent their intimacy may have been little sought. A man like Horace Walpole would have derived small pleasure from the conversation of a Squire Western; and there was, as indeed there is still, a considerable practical gulf between families whose connections and friendships are formed in London, and those whose connections or friendships are limited to their own counties. But inferior as the latter may have been at the dinner-table or in the assembly-room, it was a personal inferiority rather than an inferiority of rank. Their parks, their houses, their establishments, though smaller, were of the same character. They had the same pride of lineage, and the same justification for that pride; indeed, the provincialism of their alliances tended, as would be said on the Continent, to keep their blood more purely noble than that of many of their superiors who had aggrandized themselves by marrying money; and more important still, whatever may have been their relations to those of their own class, their relation to the other classes, with whom they came in contact, was identical with that of their most illustrious counterparts. The territorial influence of the great Peer may have been wide; that of the obscure manorial lord may have been narrow; but within their respective areas of influence the position of each was the same. Naturally, and in virtue of the unceasing education of centuries, the people around them, and connected with them, spontaneously recognized this, and paid, without question, a similar respect to each.

Thus, for all purposes other than those of frequent internal intercourse, this territorial aristocracy, from its greatest to its obscurest members, has formed one compact and homogeneous class

class—everywhere present throughout the length and breadth of the land, and everywhere fulfilling unquestioned the same functions. It has led public opinion, it has enforced public order, it has administered public money; it has given the constituencies their candidates, and the parishes their clergymen; it has patronized the arts, it has been the pioneer of progressive agriculture. Pictures of its members adorn all our county buildings; their hatchments darkened the walls of all our churches; their monuments occupied as much room as the congregations; and the congregations in winter derived their sole material warmth from the genial fire that flickered in the squire's pew.

Such then has been the nucleus of the English territorial aristocracy—an aristocracy not merely technical, but in the fullest and most vital sense practical; depending on facts far more than on titles, and having its roots in the character of the people, rather than in the favour of the King. Now aristocracies, like many other bodies, wound or irritate other things in contact with them, not because their substance is solid, but because their edges are sharp and hard. The English aristocracy has been and is powerful and popular, because its edges have been neither, because instead of simply resting on, or pushing against, other classes, at every point of contact it has been welded into them. And this has been accomplished mainly in four ways, by its freedom in the matter of marriage, by the pursuits of its younger branches, by the way in which new families have been admitted into it, and last, but not least, by the mysterious influence of *fashion*, which has rendered the society of London at once the most liberal and the most exclusive in the world.

As to the matter of marriage, it has always been held in England, quite otherwise than on the Continent, that the husband communicates his rank to the inferior wife, instead of the inferior wife vitiating the rank of the husband. In Germany nobody could be completely noble till after four generations of unsullied descent; that is to say, his sixteen great-great-grandparents must have all of them been people who could show their coats-of-arms; and at any moment a man with any number of *quartiers*, by marrying a woman with none, could reduce his son to the condition of a *novus homo*, entitled only to bear the paternal shield, and with the whole fabric of the family *noblesse* to be built up again from the beginning. But in England a *mésalliance* had no such definite consequences; it may have been a family scandal, or a domestic annoyance; or, again, given

given certain qualities in the lady concerned, such as great wealth, or charm, or beauty, it may have been not an annoyance, but a triumph. But even in the most unfortunate of such cases, when the wife may have been wholly unqualified for the position to which she has been elevated, and when society has inflicted on her a full sense of her insufficiency, no disability, unless it has been a purely personal one, has been passed on to her children. Thus the heads of our territorial houses have continually married outside their own proper class; the collateral members have done so with even greater frequency; and as estates and peerages are constantly passing to these last, the territorial aristocracy is connected with other classes all along the line.

But not only have the landed families taken wives out of other classes; their younger branches have shared the pursuits of other classes. It is no new thing for the most important amongst them to have members who were actively connected with commerce. This was one of the first facts with regard to the English aristocracy which struck Voltaire when he visited this country. Sir Walter Scott was drawing no fancy picture when he represented the two brothers, Sir Hildebrand and William Osbaldistone, the one as feudal *seigneur* of the most unambiguous type, the other the head of a commercial firm in London; and those familiar with the histories of our old families know how many of their pedigrees contain records of parallel cases.

And now we come to another point. Not only did members of aristocratic families connect themselves with commerce, but commercial men were continually founding aristocratic families. They bought landed properties, they established themselves as country gentlemen, and gradually, through intermarriages, and a similarity of pursuits, of fortunes, and of education, these new families were assimilated by the society into which they had entered, and in the course of a few generations were indistinguishable from the old. That this should have been so has been at once a cause and a result of the extraordinary vigour and vitality of the aristocratic class in England. Instead of being changed in character by these additions from without, it completely impressed its own character upon them. The sense of family, prevalent in it, was so strong, that the mere prospect of a long line of descendants, had on the founder of a new house an effect like that produced by the consciousness of a line of ancestors: whilst as to his children, it was singular with what freedom it welcomed them, how soon, by accepting them

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as equals, it stamped them with its own likeness, and having by education made them partners in its present, made them by marriage soon partners in its past. It welcomed and received the new-comers thus, not because it was weak, but because it was strong. For the strength of an aristocracy can be better tested by the confidence with which it receives new blood, than by the jealousy with which it excludes it. Nor was the advantage confined to one side. The aristocracy gained from its new members an equivalent for what it gave them. It gained a constant influx of wealth, to make up for what in other quarters it was losing. Whilst the impoverished were silently disappearing from its ranks, the enriched were silently taking their vacant places. In fact, the English aristocracy may be compared to the vat of wine at Heidelberg, from which periodically so much was drawn off, whilst so much new was added, and which thus retained, as it were in perpetual youth, all the finest qualities of extreme age. The success of this process, alike in wines and aristocracies, depends of course on the properties borne by what, within a given period, is added and drawn off, to what remains. And we may certainly say, with regard to the English aristocracy, that the right proportion has been singularly well maintained.

Lastly, we come to the relationships with other classes established by the aristocracy through the influence of metropolitan fashion. The nucleus of the fashionable world, the constantly preponderating element in it, has always been the greater territorial families; but, if we except the greatest of these, who kept their position with little effort or difficulty, the fashionable world has been singularly republican in its constitution; its honours have not coincided with hereditary rank or riches; nor have they themselves been hereditary. They have been the reward of personal merit, and have belonged only to the individuals who have earned them. We are not writing a criticism on fashionable life; so we need not enquire particularly into the qualities which have been requisite for success in it. It will be enough to observe that, whilst birth and breeding have as a rule been necessary to develop them and make them available, there has always been a number of exceptional cases, in which the place of birth and breeding has been supplied by exceptional talent; and the same principle of selection, which, when applied to people of family, often makes one of lower rank more fashionable than one of higher, may lift one of no family socially over the heads of both. It is not, however, necessary to insist on this exact result. All we are concerned to point out is this, that whatever their particular position in the fashionable world

world may have been, a position of some sort in it has been always occupied by persons whose sole qualification has been their own personal talent. And in this way the genius, the culture, the science, the art, the literature, the philosophy, of the nation in general, have had a certain number of representatives absorbed into the world of fashion, and have through that been associated with the territorial aristocracy as a whole.

In this way the territorial aristocracy has not only been the greatest and most ubiquitous power in the country, but it has also allied itself with every power that might rival it; and instead of rivals it has converted them into respectful friends. And now we are in a position to realize the position of the House of Lords. It is of this great and ubiquitous body that the Lords have been the representatives, and of which they have constituted a kind of Standing Committee. They have spoken not only or even mainly in their own name; they have spoken in the name of the whole landed interest, and of the most successful representatives of every other interest as well. The influence exercised by the Peers at Westminster has had, for its main moral and material basis, the influence, the wealth, the experience, the wisdom or the prejudices, which in innumerable castles, courts, or manor-houses, have garrisoned every corner of the country; and instead of its being true, as Professor Freeman has said, that our Nobility has saved us from a *noblesse*, it would be much nearer the mark to say, that it is our *noblesse* that has given us our Nobility.

And here we pause to remark on one very important point. Professor Freeman, in the article we have referred to, lays far too much stress on what is called the historical side of the question; and what we mean when we say this is, that the side of the question, which is commonly called historical, is not only not its only historical side, but the side which is least important. Definite incidents, and definite changes in the past, which in many men's minds make up the sum of history, no doubt explain something of the position of the House of Lords; but what has mainly influenced it has been the mass of those collateral circumstances which constitute at any given time the social life of the nation. Its power has always depended, and can have depended only on its relations to these; and if, as these circumstances altered, its power constantly survived, it was only because the basis of this power was being constantly shifted. Thus in examining its position during any of those periods sufficiently like our own to make a comparison serviceable, we are concerned indirectly only with the archæology of its origin; and we must seek our explanation

nation of it, not in the causes that have initiated it, but in the causes that have modified and maintained it.*

If then the power of the House of Lords has been due to its representing an aristocracy far larger than itself, our next question naturally is, on what has depended the power of the aristocracy thus represented? It would be impossible to answer this question completely without entering into a large number of details; but the most important part of the answer may be broadly stated thus. In the first place—to this point we shall again refer presently—the landed aristocracy were formerly the only great class possessing wealth and leisure combined, and free to devote their lives to the various arts of government; and wealth having begun to place them in this exceptional position before they had lost the authority they derived from feudalism, their power, by the time that its old foundation had crumbled, had already been established without a struggle on a new. But wealth and leisure would not have sufficed alone to perpetuate their possessors as a strong governing body. It was necessary that there should also have been the precise conditions in the inherited structure of society, and the habits of its various classes, which should stimulate or even force the wealthy to give their leisure to the affairs of the people, and make the people naturally submit to their authority. But on the part of the wealthy there was still another thing needed, and a thing more important still; and that was not only the will to govern, but a character and capacities that should specially qualify them to do so. If the English aristocracy had not possessed these, their power would have left them as it left the aristocracy in France; and it would never have been anything like so great as it has been, if they had not possessed them in a very eminent degree.

We are well aware that many people besides Radicals sneer at any belief in the hereditary ability of a class. They maintain that exceptional talents are rarely seen, and never can be counted on, to descend even for a single generation; it is therefore, they argue, a mere superstition to suppose that a whole collection of families can be found to transmit them for centuries. And yet in spite of this, we have no hesitation in repeating, that the English landed aristocracy, numerous as

* Professor Freeman shows himself aware of the truth of this. Thus he speaks of the House of Lords as 'one of those institutions which have come into being in the way in which institutions do come into being; and then ages after, is attacked and defended on grounds which in its earlier ages were never thought of.' If instead of saying 'defended on grounds,' he had said 'rested on foundations,' the sentence would have been equally true and more instructive.

it has been, and long as it has lasted, has as a rule constantly transmitted to its members, not only an exceptional position, but exceptional personal characteristics.

This paradox only sounds a paradox because of the partial way—the perversely partial way—in which the whole question of heredity has been almost invariably treated. An assumption is generally made, when this question is argued, which in the ordinary conduct of life would be at once scouted as ridiculous; and that is the assumption, that the character and the capacities of a man are already settled for him the moment he comes into the world; or, in other words, that at the very second of time in which he is first a physiologically separate being, the hereditary connection of his character with that of his parents ceases. Mr. Frank Hill, and Mr. Galton, who is quoted by him in a recent article on The House of Lords, are good examples of men under the dominion of this error. 'As regards the House of Lords,' writes Mr. Hill, 'Mr. Galton is very explicit. "I cannot," he says, "think of any claim to respect put forward in modern days so entirely an imposture as that made by a Peer *on ground of descent*, who has neither been nobly educated,* *nor has any eminent kinsman within three degrees*."' And this view Mr. Hill himself endorses.

Now such persons, if interrogated as to their views on education, would probably admit, that the character and the abilities of an adult, as practically available for the purposes of practical life, are, in most cases, the result of the circumstances that have succeeded birth, quite as much as of the circumstances that have preceded it; and that however various may be the congenital qualities of human beings as infants, a similar education will impose on all of them a certain amount of very important similarity. But they fail to perceive, at least in this connection, that education begins the instant a boy is born; that it is confined not merely to intentional instruction and training, but comprises any influence, however slight or early, the aspects of his home, the manner in which he is treated, the views on various subjects which he hourly imbibes unconsciously; and later on, the expectations which he finds are formed of him, the positions he finds awaiting him, the business he is called on to transact, and the personal interest, if such there be, which he finds surrounding him without any effort of his own, and which are connected

* Mr. Hill and Mr. Galton both speak of education and family traditions; but any one who will read Mr. Hill's article will see that he treats them as questions apart from, and not inseparably connected with, the problem of heredity. The article referred to appeared in 'The Nineteenth Century,' April, 1888.

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as closely with him as if they were a second body. Such persons, we say, as Mr. Hill—and he represents well and favourably the ordinary controversialist—entirely fail to realize all this; and they fail to realize the all-important fact that education, in many cases, is hereditary just as truly as actual life is; and that descent is responsible for the qualities that education produces, just as truly as it is for the qualities whose origin is wholly physiological.

Or if this be not sufficiently clear, let us express it a little differently, and translate it into the terms of science. Let us say that the formed character is the result of two things; the original capabilities of the organism, physiologically derived from its parents, and the special development of these which has been produced by its subsequent environment.

Now, in the case of nearly every human existence, except, perhaps, that of foundlings or children who are adopted, the organism inherits a part, at least, of its environment from its parents; and whatever characteristics this environment has produced are in the fullest and most practical sense hereditary.

But this is not all. We are quite prepared to concede, that it is not safe to calculate on the special qualities, which distinguished parents have, being repeated at birth in the organism of the child; but supposing the organism in question to be simply of the average kind, there is one thing on which it is safe to calculate; and that is, that if its environment be the same as that of its parents, it will in time repeat the qualities which their environment had developed in them. We need but think of a village of hereditary sailors or fishermen, to realize this fact and convince ourselves of the truth of it; and we could easily recal, if needed, any number of kindred instances. This descent by environment we may call social heredity, and the descent by blood we may call physiological heredity; and we may say boldly and without fear of contradiction, that the transmission of character is as certain and calculable by the one, as it is capricious and incalculable by the other.

The peculiar fitness for power, then, on the part of the English aristocracy, has been hereditary in them mainly in virtue of their social descent; and if we consider the qualities ordinarily required for governing, we shall see at once that they are precisely the qualities which common-sense tells us are produced by an exceptional environment, without the presence of anything exceptional in the organism. Writers, such as Mr. Frank Hill, when they speak of ability, assume that it must necessarily be something of the nature of genius, that it must have about it something original. In philosophy, in science,

science, and the arts, this is no doubt true; it is true also with regard to political problems when some rare issue is at stake, beset with rare difficulties. But with regard to the ordinary course of political and social life, it is not true at all. Genius and originality here would be dangerous rather than otherwise; and, even at the best, would be altogether superfluous. What is wanted is not a class with innately exceptional minds, but with average minds developed in an exceptional way. We want that firmness and confidence in managing men, which come naturally from early habits of managing them; we want that even and sober temper which belongs to those who possess power without having had to struggle for it; we want that tact and consideration for others, specially fostered by an unquestioned superiority of position; we want a wide experience of affairs and men, of lord and pauper, of farmer, labourer, and tradesmen, which the English landed aristocracy have all their lives had forced on them; above all we want the ordinary common-sense of mankind, made specially robust, balanced, and kept in trustworthy order, by the necessary operation of constant adventitious interests.

We may again observe, that it is not every kind of aristocratic environment that produces these governing qualities. The requisite environment must be of a special kind. It is enough to say that it has existed in England; and that, as a general rule, it has not existed on the Continent. In England, in fact, the practical wisdom of the aristocracy has been a garden variety of a plant that has grown wild amongst the people; and the authority of the aristocracy has neither been imposed from above, nor delegated from below; but it has been, if we may abruptly change our metaphor, a natural secretion formed by the social body.

Now if this has been the case with the landed aristocracy generally, it has been the case in a special way with the Peers, whom we may call a secretion of a secretion. The Peers, though they have not comprehended the whole of the greater landowners—many of the untitled families having been greater than many titled—have been all of them landowners of very considerable magnitude; and have, in virtue of their official and titular rank, in a special way been under the public eye. The ordinary country gentlemen, no matter how well known in their own neighbourhood and certain social circles, have been too numerous, and too much like one another, to have been known even by name to the great mass of the public. But the Peers have been country gentlemen specially singled out, exposed to the public view by every circumstance of

of their position, and so few in number that the fortune and the family of each have been a matter of more or less public notoriety. Thus, whilst their environment, as country gentlemen, has been of the kind that produces certain governing qualities, their position as Peers has been a sort of advertisement of that fact to the public, and also a guarantee that this environment will be perpetuated in the family, and endow their successors with qualities presumably similar. If it was a good thing for the country that the aristocracy, as such, should have been represented in the Government at all, it is impossible to conceive a more perfect mode of representing them than by means of an hereditary peerage. Peerages, whilst an honour to the families possessing them, were not an insult to the others. Thus the silent and spontaneous election of the aristocratic representatives by birth occasioned no jealousy, and obviated all public agitation: and since the things to be represented were not individual ideas or opinions, but the temper and judgment produced by a certain common position, the Peers, whose position was in this respect eminently typical, were the most trustworthy representatives that could possibly have been desired. It was not necessary that they should be great geniuses; the essential qualification was, that they should be great country gentlemen. And in practice this system has worked even better than in theory. For whilst the constitution of the House of Lords has secured a senate whose members, on the average, have been specially fitted for their position, their number has been quite large enough to yield a constant minority who, beyond this average fitness, have had marked original talents; and the leadership of parties, and the conduct of business in the House, has been mainly in the hands of these.

And now let us pass on to another question. The position we have ascribed to the House of Lords we have thus far spoken of as if it were a thing of the past. Let us now enquire how far it really is so; how much it has changed, when it began to change, and if it is possible or desirable to make it again what it once was. The palmy period of the House of Lords is said to have extended generally from the earlier part of the sixteenth century to the earlier part of the nineteenth, to have begun with Henry VIII., and closed with the first Reform Bill. But within this period we are told that we must distinguish another, beginning with William and Mary, and closing with the administration of Pitt; that these are the limits within which the House reached its highest power and consideration, and from which the legendary ideas of its dignity are still derived; and that, though it received no outward blow before

before the first Reform Bill, a change in its character had been begun nearly fifty years previously.

Now that there is some truth in this, it is impossible to deny; but it is a truth, which for practical purposes is little better than a falsehood: for in the first place it has been greatly exaggerated, and in the second place entirely misinterpreted. We have already pointed out how misleading is the popular assertion, that the old nobility were exterminated during the Wars of the Roses, and that our subsequent aristocratic system was the creation of a Tudor autocrat, just as St. Petersburg was the creation of a Czar. Equally misleading are the assertions commonly made with regard to the peerages of Pitt. To judge from the language now used and accepted as to this point, we could imagine that Pitt had completely, or at least markedly, changed the House of Lords in its main social characteristic, that he had invaded it with men of a new kind of breeding, with new manners, new prejudices, and unheard-of social positions. Thus we have Mr. Frank Hill observing, as if it were a fact perfectly patent and indisputable, that the 'aim of Mr. Pitt' was 'to swamp the great oligarchical *families in a mob of parvenu nobility*.' This view of the matter probably owes its currency to Lord Beaconsfield, especially to the following well-known passage: 'He (Mr. Pitt) created a plebeian aristocracy, and blended it with the patrician oligarchy. He made peers of second-rate squires, and fat graziers. He caught them from the alleys of Lombard Street, and clutched them from the counting-houses of Cornhill.' Now this, if accepted as a piece of rhetoric, has enough truth in it to make it instructive and pointed, and it has before now been quoted with approval in this 'Review'; but if it is taken in its literal and prosaic sense, there is hardly a phrase in it which is not misleading, whilst what is implied on the whole is more misleading still.

Let us take the names of a few of these so-called plebeians—all made Peers during the period in question. The first Lord Dorchester belonged to an old baronet's family, which had had a peerage in it two hundred and fifty years before. The first Lord Suffield's father was a baronet and a Member of Parliament. The first Lord Braybrooke was a descendant of the Nevilles. The first Lord Gage was the grandson of a Knight of the Garter. The first Lord Auckland came of a race of baronets. The mother of the first Lord Gwydir was the niece of the Duke of Ancaster. Manners and Erskine are names that carry their own pedigrees with them. Whilst as for such families as Rivers, Ribblesdale, Sherborne, Grey, and Crewe, any one, who knows anything whatever of their history, knows perfectly well, that they

they were ancient, wealthy, and influential, the embodied opposites of plebeian or parvenu, and in every sense but the official one, already noble, for centuries before their peerages. They belonged, in fact, in point of breeding and lineage, to precisely the same class as did the 'old patrician oligarchy.'

The names we have mentioned have been chosen almost at random, and may be taken as representative of the majority of the new creations. It is quite true that there was a certain minority, to which Lord Beaconsfield's language is somewhat more closely applicable. Many peerages were no doubt conferred on men, who owed the dignity solely to their talents, or recent riches. But in this fact, of itself, there was nothing new—no departure from old-fashioned practice, nothing at which the old patrician oligarchy could have been surprised. Part of that oligarchy had been made of precisely the same material itself; and any stern and unbending admirer of the old order of things, who is scandalized at the self-made men to whom Pitt gave peerages, and thinks he can condemn their elevation by the standard of earlier times, need only reflect on the history of those times carefully, and precisely similar cases will meet him in every decade. The first Earl of Cork was the son of a small shopkeeper; the first Lord Craven had been Lord Mayor of London; the first Lord Cowper owed his Peerage mainly to his legal abilities. Lord King and Lord Hardwicke owed theirs to that cause altogether. Their careers were precisely similar to that of Lord Camden, who was cited by Lord Beaconsfield as a Peer of a type unknown formerly. Lord Hawke, in a different profession, was equally self-made; and Lords Holland and Ilchester were ornaments of a brilliant society, before the death of a father who had begun life as a footman. And we may say with confidence that, had the late Mr. Brassey, or such great brewing firms as Bass and Allsopp, flourished in the reign of Charles II., their representatives would by this time have been Peers for at least two centuries.

As regards then the actual material out of which Peers, from Pitt's time downward, have been made, there has been no change in the character of the old patrician oligarchy: but there has been a change in it, as regards two other points. Though the introduction into it of the commercial and self-made element was nothing new, there is something new in the proportion to which this element has grown. There is something new in the number of such creations, though not in the fact of them. Again, formerly a Peer, of no family, whatever was the origin of his fortune, converted it into land and became a country gentleman: whereas now we have Peers who, if not entirely

entirely landless, are landowners only for ornament, and derive the bulk of their fortunes, in some cases very large, either from the Funds, from commercial investments, or active commercial enterprise. These no doubt are changes; but there are two things to observe about them. If they began, as they are said to have begun, with Pitt, they had been in operation for fifty years before the passing of the first Reform Bill: and up to this period the House of Lords, in spite of them, retained as much aristocratic power and as many aristocratic characteristics, as the most stern and unbending Tory could wish to see it endowed with. If therefore the new elements modified its character at all, to at least an equal degree it modified them; and it did more to give dignity to commerce and finance than commerce and finance did to vulgarize it. During the last fifty years these latter interests have invaded the House of Lords in a constantly increasing proportion: but the same fact has still remained noticeable. And now let us enquire, why?

The reason why is this:—that, though since the days of Pitt the composition of the House of Lords has been altering absolutely, it has not been altering relatively to the composition of the rest of the nation: on the contrary, the alterations in it we speak of have preserved its relative identity.

This is a fact which, so far as we have observed, has been entirely lost sight of in recent discussions on the subject; at all events it has never been brought out with any clearness or accuracy. It is this fact which we are most anxious to impress upon our readers; and the whole of our observations thus far have been leading up to it. During the Georgian period, though our commerce was even then considerable, its importance was insignificant as compared with the landed interest. Just prior to that period Lord Macaulay estimates that eighty per cent. of the population were purely agricultural, and this proportion was altered with extreme slowness. Agriculture was the preponderating interest till the present century was in its thirties. But a marked change had manifested itself during the days of Pitt. The trade of this country began to exhibit symptoms wholly unparalleled in the previous history of the world. Having long been progressing slowly, this progress suddenly accelerated itself; from plodding it became vigorous marching. A few years later the marching broke into running; the running every decade became faster and still more fast; and finally it developed into the proverbial leaps and bounds.

Let us see what this means by the aid of a few statistics. Instead of having a country in which eighty per cent. of the population are purely agricultural, we now have a country in which

which sixty per cent., at least, are purely commercial and industrial. So late as the time when Mr. Gladstone was born, in spite of the progress of trade for more than a century, the income derived by the richer classes from land exceeded in the proportion of fifty-six to forty-four the income derived from all the branches of commerce and manufacture put together. Now the income derived from these branches of commerce and manufacture exceeds the income derived from land in the astonishing proportion of seventy-six to twenty-four. Thus, if we represent the landed interest at the beginning of the century as a stalwart man of six feet in height, the commercial interest would have been a stripling of four feet seven; whereas now, if we want to express the sort of proportion between them, we must represent trade as a giant of eight feet ten, and land as a pigmy of not more than two feet five.

These observations refer only to the change amongst the richer classes. Let us now consider the corresponding change amongst the lower. During the last century we may say, roughly speaking, that the landed aristocracy, from their necessary connection with agriculture, were the leaders, the directors, the chiefs in daily life, of at least three-fourths of the people. They stand now in such a relation to at the utmost one-third only. But how is this? we ask. Has the area of their influence contracted? That is not the answer: the answer is much more startling. It is not that the territorial aristocracy are connected with fewer millions of their countrymen, than they were at the beginning of the present century; but that during the past eighty years, there have been added to those millions, twenty millions that then were never dreamed of—a new nation in fact, in itself more than twice as large as the nation ruled by Pitt, and fought for by Nelson and Wellington, and with which the territorial aristocracy, as such, in the common business of life, have no connection whatsoever. These people have been created by trade and commerce: and the prosperity of the pursuits they live by, unlike the prosperity of agriculture, has no direct connection with the fortunes of the manorial lords. The position of these last gives them no special and necessary interest in it, no special and necessary knowledge of it, nor any natural claim to direct and guard it. But these new and gigantic interests, this new and gigantic population, have had their natural chiefs and leaders, as much as war and agriculture: and therefore, if the House of Lords was to bear to the England of to-day the relation that it bore to the England of the last century, it was bound to admit into itself a large commercial element. Had this commercial element

existed in the last century, the old patrician oligarchy would have admitted it then; and its presence now, instead of weakening the strength of the oligarchy, has been absolutely essential for retaining it.

We may add further, what will give point to this observation, that, if the distinction of the peerage is in proportion to its rarity, never was a peerage so great a distinction as now. Lord Pembroke and Mr. George Curzon* both dwell with a sort of alarm on the increase in the number of the Peers. They seem quite to overlook the fact that, in proportion to the population, they are far fewer now than they were before Pitt had added one to their number. Were there as many lords now in the United Kingdom to each million inhabitants as there were a hundred years ago, their number, instead of being short of six hundred, would be very nearly a thousand. Whilst, if we compare their number, not to that of the population at large, but to the number of the opulent classes, their increasing proportional rarity is more extraordinary still. Let us suppose that all the heads of families in the country, who had more than five thousand a year, were accustomed to meet at a periodical banquet, where there were as many tables as there were Peers, a Peer presiding at every table, and at every table the same number of guests. About the beginning of this century, there would have been one Peer to every five commoners; in the middle of this century there would have been one Peer to every eight; and at the present time there would barely be one Peer to every thirteen. Or, perhaps, since the feminine influence is increasing in the world of politics, there are many of our readers to whom we shall put the matter more forcibly thus: whereas in the days of our great-grandmothers there was a lord for ten young ladies, in the days of our mothers there was a lord for sixteen; and at the present moment they are so alarmingly scarce that there is actually only one for every twenty-six.

It will thus be seen that up to the present moment the House of Lords has in a very singular manner, and without any breach of continuity at any period, preserved virtually its original and its earliest character; and it has preserved this character virtually for the very reason, that it has been constantly changing it absolutely. The principles embodied in it have been the same, the traditions continuous; but they have modified and adapted themselves to the changing life around them. And now let us turn at last to the practical question.

* 'The Reconstruction of the House of Lords.' By the Hon. George Curzon. 'National Review,' April, 1888.

Does

Does the House of Lords need any fresh adaptation now? And if so, an adaptation of what kind?

Before this can be answered, or even discussed with any shadow of meaning, there is a further question which must be explicitly answered first. And that question is this. Supposing the need of some fresh adaptation admitted, what is the object of the adaptation, as the parties to the discussion understand it? Is it to perpetuate the existing Second Chamber? or to create a new one? Or again, is it to make the Second Chamber, whether old or new, stronger or weaker than it is at present? There is, of course, a certain sect of politicians, who would wish to abolish a Second Chamber altogether; but these we believe to be insignificant in point of influence, and being abolitionists they have no concern in reform. For our present purpose, therefore, this party must be treated as non-existent: and we must consider those politicians only—and they form an overwhelming majority—who consider a Second Chamber of some sort necessary. Granted, then, that we must have a Second Chamber, for what reasons, and with what object in view, is it asserted that the Second Chamber, as it at present exists, needs changing? It must at once be frankly recognized that different parties will answer this question in widely different ways. Let us consider what these ways are. There is one party which, though it desires to preserve the House of Lords, desires to do so mainly to avoid any violent rupture with the past; and would seek to secure for it a prolonged lease of life, by depriving it of any powers which might enable it to resist, or cause it to be resisted by, the Commons. They would treat it with somewhat the same respect that grandsons might show to a grandfather whose faculties had failed him. They would be sorry to see his place by the fireside vacant; but they would dread his attempting to interfere with the affairs of the family. This is a view which is, perhaps, not unnatural; but it is too cowardly and too feeble to deserve serious discussion. Our sole concern is with those who, if reforming the Second Chamber at all, would desire to make it more of a reality than it is at present, not less of a reality; and those who have this desire divide themselves broadly into two classes, the Radical reformers and the Conservative reformers; the specific difference between the two, with regard to this point, being as follows. The Radicals, whilst wishing to perpetuate the Second Chamber, would as far as possible change its traditional and hereditary character, whilst the Conservatives would as far as possible preserve it.

Let us glance at the position of the former class first. Its

 leader

leader and intellectual spokesman is Mr. John Morley. Unlike his friend Mr. Labouchere, who desires that the House of Lords should be ended, Mr. Morley entertains the belief, that it may be mended; and what his notion of mending it is may be gathered from the reason which he gives, for thinking that the mending is required. We cannot do better, in this connection, than quote the following admirable remarks of Mr. Frank Hill, which occur in an article by him to which we have already alluded :—

'Mr. John Morley,' he writes, 'in supporting Mr. Labouchere's resolution [that it is contrary to the true principles of representative government . . . that any person should be a member of one House of the Legislature by right of birth, and that it is therefore desirable to put an end to any such existing rights] declared that the extension of the elective principle in local government showed that there was a movement in every quarter but one from privilege and from hereditary privilege, and insisted that this movement weakened the whole foundation on which the House of Lords rests. Mr. Labouchere would probably be surprised to hear that like Plato's deity he geometrises, but both he and Mr. Morley exemplify what Mr. J. S. Mill describes as—

'"The habitual error of many of the political speculators whom I have characterised as the geometrical school, especially in France, where ratiocination from rules of practice forms the staple commodity of journalism and political oratory. . . . The commonplaces of politics, in France, are large and sweeping practical maxims from which, as ultimate premisses, men reason downwards to particular applications and this they call being logical and consistent. For instance, they are perpetually arguing that such and such a measure ought to be adopted because it is a consequence of the principle on which the form of government is founded, of the principle of legitimacy, or of the principle of the sovereignty of the people. . . . Inasmuch, however, as no government tends to produce all possible beneficial effects, but all are attended with more or fewer inconveniences; and since these cannot be combated by means drawn from the very causes that produce them, it would be often a much stronger recommendation of some practical arrangement, that it does not follow from what is called the general principle of the government than that it does. Under a government of legitimacy, the presumption is far rather in favour of institutions of popular origin; and in a democracy in favour of arrangements tending to check the impetus of popular will. The line of argumentation, so commonly mistaken in France for political philosophy, tends to the practical conclusion, that we should exert our utmost efforts to aggravate, instead of alleviating, whatever are the characteristic imperfections of the system of institutions which we prefer, or under which we happen to live."

'The argument that because the representative principle is predominant in England, and is becoming every day more and more powerful,

powerful, therefore every other principle must be hunted out of its last refuge, and every institution not resting on an elective basis must be destroyed, when it is something more than sheer demagoguism, flows from the perverse political philosophy which Mr. Mill describes. This is not to say that the hereditary principle is sound, but the reasons given by Mr. Labouchere and Mr. John Morley do not show it to be unsound in its application to English politics. The presumption is rather the other way.

'A preliminary objection may be taken by English politicians to a condemnation of the hereditary principle in legislation, based on the ground that it is inconsistent with the principle of representation. Because it is a different principle it is not necessarily an inconsistent principle. They may both be elements in a larger system.'

We are delighted, for more reasons than one, to avail ourselves of the foregoing passage. It indicates concisely and clearly the programme of the Radical 'mender'; it completely cuts away from under him the hollow intellectual ground, on which he has so long been solemnly posturing; and it will also serve to remind our Conservative readers how little, so far as aims and principles go, they have in common with Mr. Morley's school. It will, however, do something more besides. In reminding our Conservative readers of the class of ideas which they reprobate, it will remind some of them—we regret to say—of a class of ideas with which they think it necessary to compromise. Unlike Mr. Morley, they desire to preserve the hereditary principle; but they think it necessary to temper it with, or hide it behind, some embodiment of the democratic and elective principle. In order to preserve the aristocratic kernel, they would let Mr. Morley supply a democratic shell. Hence has arisen a variety of schemes and proposals, emanating mainly from Peers or from future Peers themselves, which, though highly ingenious, and exhibiting great fairness and breadth of view, we must from a practical point of view pronounce to be mistaken and fanciful. Did we think it necessary to do so, we could explain our reasons for saying this, at length. We should call attention to various defects and inconveniences which have been found incident, both in Ireland and Scotland, to the system of representative Peers. We should also point out that were the House of Lords to be reduced, as a whole, to a small body of such representatives, it would be necessary to increase the number of Peers, till they bore numerically at least the same proportion to the nation at large, that they bore before the days of Pitt. In other words, we should have to swell the body, from some six hundred to nearly a thousand. We should pause also to remark on the cry of the eldest sons, that they should,

should, if they wished it, on succeeding to their peerages, be allowed still to sit in the House of Commons. We should point out to these estimable young gentlemen an argument, whose justice we feel sure that they would admit:—namely, that the House of Lords as a political institution does not exist for the sake of its members, but that its members exist for the sake of the House of Lords; and that it is precisely the men who are most likely to shine in the Lower House, whose presence is most needed to give strength to the Upper. These points, however, and many others like them, we must content ourselves with merely alluding to; and pass on to that view of the matter which we believe to be alone in accordance with principles of true Conservatism, and which also, if properly put before the public, would, we believe, commend itself to the bulk of the people generally. The whole, then, of the arguments and considerations which we have been urging in this article, lead up to this: that, if the existing Second Chamber is to be perpetuated, and its strength and its efficiency to be increased, the one principle in it which must be most strictly guarded, and fairly and frankly recognized, is precisely the one principle with which many of our reformers would tamper, or for which they are most inclined to apologize. We mean the hereditary principle. We are perfectly willing to admit that, in the present state of popular opinion, the hereditary principle affords an insecure foundation for authority; but we believe the reason to be, not that the hereditary principle is unsound, but simply that it is misunderstood. Speaker after speaker, essayist after essayist, have for years done their best to confuse this entire question, and to keep out of sight its most important side, which not only ought to be obvious to common-sense, but is also illustrated by the most important doctrines of science. We mean that in a body such as the House of Lords, whatever may be the nature of the members' inherited organisms, they have all inherited a special and an analogous environment; and that on all of them sufficiently serious to take any part in legislation—that is to say on all except a minority, which Mr. Bright would call a 'residuum'—this analogous environment has impressed an analogous, a calculable, and a dependable character. It has connected them, quite independently of their own will, with the prosperity of the country; and just as the people at large may be said to represent endeavour, the House of Lords may be said to represent success. It is a natural authority, on account of the position of its members, with regard to the conditions of success amongst all classes.

When once we realize this view of the matter, we shall see how essential

essential to the proper fulfilment of its functions, is the fact, that its members succeed naturally to their places, without the struggle and the partizanship inseparable from popular candidature; that they are secreted, in fact, by the daily life of the country, rather than by crises of excitement in its purely political life. But there is something more to add. We have said that the hereditary House represents success. There are certain kinds of success, however, which, though equally practical with those represented by property, are in their very essence purely personal. Such is the success of great lawyers, or other men equally eminent for their conduct in the affairs of life; and it seems to us that Lord Salisbury has acted with his usual judgment, in pointing out, as the most useful change which at present could be made or requires to be made in the composition of the Upper House, a certain increase in the number of Life Peers. Instead of inclining to the cry for the principle of *election*, he has most judiciously preferred to widen the application of the principle of *selection*.

And the difference between these two leads us to a very important observation, which cannot, we venture to say, be laid too deeply to heart. It is this. Instead of seeking to strengthen the House of Lords by trying to give it the same basis as the House of Commons, we should recognize that its main *raison d'être* is, that it rests on a different basis; and though in a sound state of the country both Houses, we believe, would arrive at common conclusions, the main test, that the conclusions were right, would lie in the fact, that the two Houses had each arrived at them by starting from different points.

A minor reform, and one easy to bring about, but at the same time not unimportant, is the exclusion from the House of any member who may have disgraced it. As a matter of fact such members rarely attend debates or vote, and their power to do so is an evil that is little more than theoretical. Still man does not live by facts alone, but by imagination also; the moral imagination of the people is not unnaturally scandalized by the possibility of such things occurring; and in politics, as in love, trifles light as air may be *condemnations* strong, when men have once been taught to be jealous. We are of opinion, therefore, that the removal of any theoretical scandals may have an effect out of all proportion to its intrinsic importance.

We will conclude by referring once more to what has been the main gist of our arguments, and that is to the educating qualities of the hereditary environment of our hereditary legislators. The environment of the landowner has, of all environments, been the one in which these qualities have been most remarkable;

remarkable; and the reason is as follows. The ownership of land in England has brought the landlord into constant connection with all those dependent on him and on whom he depends. Between him and them there has been a visible and a personal relationship; and this relationship has descended from generation to generation. Between the great manufacturer and his employees there has been a similar relationship, though one not so marked; but it has not in the same way, or for the same length of time, descended. Were great commercial businesses as permanent in their nature as landed properties, our merchant princes would be as fit material for Peers as our country gentlemen; and it is mainly owing to this being not the case, that the landed wealth represented in the House of Lords is out of proportion to the other kinds of wealth in the Kingdom.

As matters stand, we do not think that this is to be regretted. We have defended the hereditary principle, but we have defended it on this ground only, that the hereditary environment of the hereditary legislators is one that connects them consciously, visibly, and actively, with the great body of the people. Were the landlords bought out by the State, or made mere rent-chargers on properties which the Government administered, then, though as individuals they might remain a brilliant, a civilized, or even a civilizing body, we should be the first to say that, as a body, they had lost their claim to legislate. Should our Peers ever sink till they became a mere collection of rich *rentiers*, living on the interest of capital which they had no share in directing, and on the labour of men whose names and employments were unknown to them, or, even without sinking to this financial condition, should they come to act, and live, and think, as if they had sunk to it, and as if nothing but brute riches and an unmeaning title distinguished them, they might still find a field for their energies and their ambition in patronizing race-meetings, or in driving coaches, and their wives might shine as the givers of balls and parties, or as inviters of guests to the parties of other people; but in that event, we should ourselves be amongst the first to say that, as a political body, their right to exist had ended; and we should say this with hardly a pang of regret, for everything that now makes England great would have ended long before.

ART.

Art. X.—*Local Government (England and Wales). A Bill to amend the laws relating to Local Government in England and Wales, and for other purposes connected therewith.* Prepared and brought in by Mr. Ritchie, Mr. William Henry Smith, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Secretary Matthews, and Mr. Long.

IT is somewhat characteristic of our Constitution, full as it is of institutions which, though theoretically anomalous and illogical, are practically useful, that a body, which has done its work efficiently and well, should be called upon to yield to a demand for reform based less on fact than on sentiment. The powers exercised by County magistrates in Quarter Sessions may be in excess of those which in theory should be wielded by such an authority. Speaking of those powers under which the movements of cattle may be prohibited during the prevalence of cattle plague, Mr. Brodrick, an impartial critic, says: * 'However salutary these powers may have proved in their operation, they are assuredly such as our forefathers would never have confided to nominees of the Crown without the assistance of elective officers.' And from the same point of view objection might be taken to others of the functions of Quarter Sessions. But on the whole the work of the County magistrates has been done economically and well, and not only so, but done without provoking the complaints and clamour which have frequently assailed the actions of other more logically constituted authorities. They have taken an intelligent and prudent view of their duties. They have avoided, on the one hand, the narrow parsimony which has elsewhere led to the seizure of momentary saving at the cost of ultimate loss, and, on the other hand, the extravagance begotten of carelessness or panic which has brought discredit on more than one well-known assembly. If, therefore, as seems probable, the County magistrates are soon to hand over their executive powers to a body more representative of the ratepayers, their retirement will be honourable to themselves, and they will not lack the gratitude even of those most desirous of reform.

We have said that such a transfer is probable. It would be rash, however, to attempt even now any definite prediction as to the fate of the measure which occupies the front place in the legislative proposals of the present Session. The Local Government Bill on its introduction was received with a chorus of approval, due as much to the marked ability with which Mr. Ritchie explained intricate provisions, as to the prevalence of

* 'Local Government in England,' by Hon. G. C. Brodrick, Cobden Club Series.

of the idea, that a comprehensive reform of Local Government is desirable. Further examination, however, has shown the complicated and vexed nature of the questions dealt with. The Bill is one upon which every human being, who takes any interest in the internal affairs of the kingdom, knows or thinks he knows something; and, the modesty of modern legislators not being such as to induce them to refrain from attempting to give effect to individual ideas, the amendments which have even at this period to be considered are so numerous as to be a serious element of danger. Such difficulties as these it would be easy to brush away, in the case of a measure for which there were any strong and practical demand, or which was aimed at the removal of some really pressing grievance. But though there has, probably, not been a platform-speech on internal affairs made for the last five years without reference to the need of Local Government Reform, we much doubt if the present state of things is so intolerable as to give an overwhelming impetus to the statesmen who are attempting to make it better.

Harassing as is the confusion of the duties of our local authorities, and their relations to each other and those whom they represent, it would not be easy to show, that this confusion has produced such injury or even such friction as imperatively calls for remedy. Taking them all in all, our local affairs are not badly administered. This of course is no reason against an endeavour to make them better administered; and the statesmanlike attempt of the present Cabinet is one which both is laudable in itself and was unavoidable under the circumstances. But it is a fact which cannot be lost sight of, when we are weighing the chances which the Bill has of escaping from the assaults of its too numerous friends. And it is one which must be borne in mind when an estimate is made of the credit which will attach to Ministers if they carry what remains of their measure, or which will not be theirs if they have to throw very much more of it overboard.

Though we believe, that the desire for reform of Local Government is less fervid than it is assumed to be, yet the principle has been so universally accepted that neither party of the State could afford to neglect it. And we cordially hope, therefore, that the present Government will persevere, not only with the present Bill, but in their efforts to build up a simple and yet comprehensive system towards which this year's measure is admittedly a step. Our present local authorities, though they have done good service, are too hampered by the complication of their machinery to be thoroughly efficient. The system under which they work, the areas of their jurisdiction, the

the powers which they wield, are too intricate and at the same time too limited, to enable them to hope for more than a qualified success. The exercise of rate-levying powers by a non-representative body is wrong no doubt in principle, and we by no means plead for its continuance. But it has not done as much harm, or prevented as much good, as the over-lapping of areas and confusion of authority under which the rural local bodies are now forced to work. The object of the Local Government Reformer should be to establish a graduated system in which every citizen, with the slightest capacity for affairs and desire to employ it, should be able to take his share in local administration; a system extending from the parish to the kingdom; a system of orderly subordination of authority to authority; a system free from intricacy, and such as to leave full scope for the development of the interests of each locality by the men best qualified to understand them; a system of local independence, subject only to the control necessary to preserve imperial unity; a system which would attract the energies of the best men in each district, and at the same time counteract the mischievous efforts of those who would disintegrate the Empire under cover of a professed love of decentralization.

Towards the establishment of such a system the Bill of this year will be but a step. It leaves untouched the complication of jurisdiction and of area to which we have referred. It abolishes no authority except the Burial Boards. It adds one more body to the chaos of councils among which Local Government is scattered. With the object of not cumbering the Bill, one for which much may, we admit, be said, the whole machinery of the Poor Law is left as it is. Assessment and Franchise remain unsimplified. Rates will be collected by different officers and on different bases. Although much will have to be done in the way of adjustment of liabilities, liabilities will be left in so involved a state as to necessitate great labour in the near future. Highway areas, School areas, Sanitary areas, will continue to overlap. Little or no immediate use will be made of the labours of Lord Brownlow and his colleagues on the Boundary Commission, and the work of map making will be almost as anomalous as heretofore. On the other hand there will be set up a body entrusted with very ample powers, and well qualified by its constitution to wield them—a body under which may be built a substructure to be gradually perfected. The County Councils will be called upon to discharge duties which may well occupy the energies of men of education and influence. We have no dread that such men will stand aside from the work of Local Government. They will have opportunities enough, if they will

will only take them, of doing useful service. It is not to be expected that a seat on a County Council can be worthily occupied without labour and patience. It cannot be looked upon as an honourable sinecure, necessitating no toil, no judgment, no perseverance. If gentlemen, who have hitherto held a high position in County affairs, think that they can win and hold the suffrages of the electors without bestowing more than a modicum of care upon the work they are called upon to administer and the interests they are expected to develop, they will soon find themselves mistaken. The electors will demand more than a passing attention to County business. But the County Councillor of the future will be in none the worse position either as regards influence or security if he possesses culture and education. The history of Poor Law administration shows forcibly the position in this respect which the County gentlemen have held. When the Act of 1834 was passed, its administration was undertaken *con amore* by men of highest qualifications. Gradually weariness of detail, or the dislike of competition with the Guardians elected on a moderate franchise, led to the work being abandoned by the owners of property to the occupiers. And there have thus arisen in County districts three kinds of Boards of Guardians. Those namely in which the elected Guardians have matters their own way, and the *ex officio* members of the Board rarely attend; those on which both classes are generally represented; and those in which the regular attendance of *ex officio* members results in the chief responsibility remaining with them. In no one of the three need there be, or is there, conflict between the two classes. In all where the owners of property can wield influence and really devote themselves to deserving it, not by attendance at the Board Meetings only on election days, but by constantly working to deal with the continually recurring difficulties of their task, not only are they powerful for good, but their services are heartily welcomed and appreciated.

So will it be with the County Councils. There are many who fear that the fickleness of the popular vote will at no distant period lead the men of most stake in the country to abandon in despair the conduct of local affairs; who think that the power in County Councils will tend more and more to pass into the hands of such wordy demagogues as will most unworthily pander to the passions of a clamorous section, or most ignobly yield to the outcry of a moment. We have no such anxiety. In the long run the greatest influence will be wielded by those who most deserve it. Of course there will be times at which temporary interest in the affairs of an electoral area will

will outweigh interest in County progress, and times at which a bye issue will govern the giving of votes. But this is the case, as a recent instance has clearly shown, with Parliamentary elections. And there is no reason why those of Her Majesty's subjects who have hitherto done, and, as we maintain, done well their duty in County administration, should for the future hold aloof from or be discouraged in their labours.

From this point of view we are disposed to regard the abandonment of the Licensing Clauses as an escape from a great practical difficulty. Had those Clauses remained, the elections would have turned largely, not on the true qualifications of candidates for the difficult work of County Government, but on their views on the Temperance question. Men would have been selected to deal with the complex and important problems arising out of the several Acts, the powers under which are transferred to County Councils, not because of their capacity for affairs, their integrity, or their astuteness, but because of their opinions on temperance *versus* total abstinence, and on compensation *versus* spoliation. It is easy to imagine the flood of vehement oratory which the imitators of Sir William Harcourt and Sir Wilfrid Lawson would have poured into the ears of the electors on the one hand, and which the representatives of the Licensed Victuallers would have let loose on the other. Under the babel of tongues which would have been built up, the true issues would have been buried. Recrimination would have been heaped on recrimination. Hot partisan feelings would have been aroused with reference to one portion only of the functions of County Councillors, and the varied requirements necessary for the efficient performance of all other functions would be kept out of sight.

These considerations afford an important modification to the regret which we should otherwise feel at the abandonment of the Licensing Clauses. These Clauses were an important concession to the wishes and opinions of the temperance party, and to the principle of Local Option. They were qualified with a provision as regards compensation without which, or something of the nature of which, they would have been grossly unfair to a large body of Licensed Victuallers. They were at once made the object of an immoderate and fanatical attack. The extreme advocates of temperance opposed them hotly, basing their opposition on the extraordinary ground, that publicans deserved no compensation, and should receive none. The arguments advanced in support of this contention were most meagre. In effect they amounted to little more than this; that, because certain commodities are consumed in excess

excess by a limited number of purchasers, the vendors of those commodities should be deprived of the right to sell them, without any compensation for the capital or energy spent in establishing and maintaining means of supply. Such an argument could not hold good except in the case of a trade, every particular exercise of which is nefarious, or *contra bonos mores.* The ownership of slaves was held to be opposed to the principle of freedom and the practice of a free nation. But the slave owners were compensated. There are probably some total abstainers who would assert, that the sale of alcoholic liquor is more criminal than the ownership of slaves, and should, like it, be forbidden by law. But even for this extreme proposition it does not follow that it should be made illegal unconditionally. The law has recognized and made provision for the sale of intoxicating liquors. Even if it were to take the extreme step of absolute prohibition, the Legislature could not fairly deprive of all compensation for the determination of their privileges men who have spent money on the plant necessary thereto. Still less can the principle of such compensation be logically assailed by the opponents only of drinking in excess. Nevertheless temperance orators of all shades of opinion did assail that principle; and the assault was supported by more than one of the front Opposition bench, from what we can only interpret to be a desire to hamper and harass the Government by all means and on every subject.

The decision to withdraw the Licensing Clauses involved the abandonment of the ninth clause. A division indeed was forced on this issue; but the House of Commons had little difficulty in deciding that the compromise on the Licensing question proposed by the Government must be taken as a whole or rejected as a whole, and that to deal with Sunday Closing in the Bill without touching the main question would be a bit of piecemeal legislation of no real advantage to any one. Of course the clause was clamorously supported by certain members of the Temperance party, who appear to want all the best of every bargain. But the majority against them was decisive. Indeed we do not think that their representatives and spokesmen, either permanent or occasional, have strengthened their position in the country by their behaviour during the last few weeks. They have shown a grasping and unpractical spirit, not likely to commend itself to the common-sense of the nation. A party which, on such a question, wants things all its own way is sure to provoke distrust. Cool observers—and there are many such wielding a greater influence at a general election than is always recognized—will be apt to ask themselves what interpretation such

such men would put on Local Option, if Local Option were ever approved by Parliament; what would be the nature of the efforts made to guide that option; and what tolerance would be shown to the opinions and wishes of opponents. Men who do not desire to see the principle of freedom entirely sacrificed to the principle of abstinence will do well to take warning by the agitation. But while we think that, on the whole, the Government acted wisely in abandoning the Licensing Clauses, we fear that they have done so at some risk to their position. All democracies like rulers who know their own minds, and are not easily driven from their decisions. The English democracy is no exception. They respect the firm hands of a strong governor. They distrust and rebel against vacillating rulers who are swayed hither and thither by every breath of *popularis aura*. They may protest and grumble against refusals to concede this, that, and the other point. But in the long run they respect firmness, and have not a little admiration even for obstinacy, provided only that the obstinacy is in a course of action well considered and fairly defensible. In the country, giving way is nearly always regarded more as weakness than as grace. It disheartens supporters and encourages opponents. It is impossible for the most discreet and cautious ministries to avoid, in a term of office of any considerable length, sins of commission which cost a certain number of votes. But if at an early stage is shown inability to confront opposition, and to adhere to proposals carefully thought out and deliberately made, the *esprit de corps* of the opposition is strengthened, waverers are repelled, and cold water is thrown on the zeal of even the most staunch friends. In Parliament conciliation is necessary, especially as regards a measure bristling with points of difficulty, but such opposition as that which was raised on the Licensing Clauses is opposition, not to the Bill, but to its authors; and the withdrawal of them will, we fear, be found in the long run to have added rather than taken from the danger of the Bill being talked out.

From another point of view concessions are to be deprecated. There are not wanting signs of a suspicion that the Conservative party are not in earnest in their proposals. The Bill has been openly abused in some sections of the Conservative press. It has been spoken of with a shrug of the shoulders by more than one of its supporters. It would be most damaging if such suspicions were proved true. We have said that the demand for some such measure is based less on fact than on sentiment. But it has been a general demand for all that. That it was so was recognized by the Conservative party at the last General Election. Much credit

credit was taken for the introduction of the Bill and for the bold and comprehensive nature of its provisions. The Minister who introduced it was felt to have done an important service, as well by the Bill itself, as by the able manner in which he introduced it. He was held to have provided one more proof to the many at the time apparent, that the Government was in the hands of strong men, knowing their own minds and resolute in their policy. If it should hereafter be made to appear that such is not really the case, and that the one great measure of the Cabinet was merely introduced with a view to discussion, the constituencies will feel themselves hoodwinked, and the result will be eminently discrediting to the Government. Ministers will be in the dilemma of lacking either ability or will. Either they will be said to have undertaken a task which they had not skill enough to carry out, or they will be seen to have proclaimed, and plumed themselves on, proposals distasteful to them and made only with a view to abandonment. We do not go so far as to say, that they should have announced their determination to have the Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill, though it is by no means sure that such a line of action would have ended in failure. But they must beware of being pressed into alterations which will inevitably throw doubts on either their power or their good faith.

The progress of the Bill at one time was not encouraging. The manner in which the police amendments were treated cannot be said to have been skilful. The defeat of the Government on the clause dealing with the position of Chief Constable was not by any means a great disaster, but was assuredly a mistake in tactics which should have been avoided. There was no great principle involved in the proposal as it stood. Indeed the Bill is probably improved by the amendment. But the clause should either have been treated as an open question, the suggestion of the Government being only a suggestion as to which different opinions might reasonably be held, or means should have been taken to avoid defeat. If the latter alternative was impossible, the former should have been chosen. As it is, the division was a blow to the Ministers, which, though not a knock-down blow, cannot be without its effect in the long and trying struggle which still lies before them. Moreover, we venture to doubt the wisdom of the proposal in the Bill, to assign the control of the Police to a joint body. Such a body, we fear, will be liable to dissension. The Police ought to be in one hand or the other, and in our view there was much sound sense in Lord Russell's opinion, that the Executive ought not to be elective.

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The difficulty about Boroughs has not yet been wholly overcome. The original proposal of the Government, to give the status of a County to a very limited number of the very largest cities, was an intelligible proposal which had much to recommend it. It was obviously liable to the dangers arising from the pride of the larger towns not scheduled. At once proposals were made to add to the list, objections to which were necessarily individual in their character. It was assumed that there was no alternative between adherence to the schedule and a very large extension of it. The latter course was taken, and much opposition difficult to meet was disarmed. But it is by no means clear that the change is an unmixed good, either in itself or with reference to the progress of the Bill. It has improved the position of the boroughs of medium size, and has added to the number of quasi-autonomous places, or at least places enjoying a full measure of self-government. So far there is an advantage, but the *raison d'être* of the Bill was the desire to entrust, with ample powers and the highest responsibility, not Boroughs but Counties. And the status of Counties is diminished by the increase of the status of the Boroughs within it. The position of the County of Lancashire, for instance, will be by no means satisfactory. The County Council of the great County Palatine will, it is to be feared, unless some way out of the difficulty can be found, be called upon to administer a straggling area, extending in the most intricate and confused way between wealthy and important Boroughs, in whose affairs the County Council will have no voice. A careful study of the map will show the almost insuperable obstacles to good government which the County Council will have to overcome; and the task of the Rural District Councils will be even more hopeless. Nor is this all. The financial proposals contained in the Bill were based on the relative positions of Counties and Boroughs as they then stood. And they certainly seemed well and carefully framed. But, if they were sound then, they are sure to be seriously attacked now, when such a large change in these relative positions has been made. We fear that the controversies which must ensue, when the financial clauses are reached, will be more hot and more prolonged from the addition to the schedule; and we are by no means convinced that the cause of the Local Government as a whole has been aided by what has been done. One obvious difficulty will follow. Either the Counties, in which there are large manufacturing Boroughs, will be left without the great sources of wealth which these Boroughs supply, and therefore more or less weak and sinewless, or the ratepayers of the Boroughs will be

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called upon, directly or indirectly, to contribute to the funds of the Counties in the administration of which they will have no share. Even this is not all. It has been announced that no further extension of the schedule will be made. And the House has supported the decision in this respect of Ministers. But except that fifty thousand is a good round sum, we see nothing absolute in the limit which it gives. The Boroughs just under the limit will be in a state of chronic irritation, that they are so near the throne, for which they sigh, and yet so far from it. Their rulers will kick against the control of County Councils from which the Boroughs, differing, as they say, in no material respect from their own, will be free. Whatever had been the schedule, such a result would have followed. But the friction is obviously increased in direct ratio with the number of instances in which it is produced.

The addition to the schedule gave reason to the amendment to section eight which Mr. Chaplin carried. By that section, as it stood, certain powers of the public departments were *ipso facto* transferred to the County Councils. And the preparation of the provisional orders relating *inter alia* to Gas, Water, Harbours, and Tramways, would have rested with the County Councils, and not with the Department in Whitehall. But these powers would not have been transferred in cases where the County Councils are the Local Authority or themselves the promoters of schemes. As all the Boroughs scheduled will either be promoters or local authorities, and it is not reasonable that they should be both advocates and judges, there is not the same reason for the transfer which existed before the change in the Bill was announced to which we have already referred. Consequently the decision, that such a transfer should be hereafter made by Provisional order, was sound, and the work of superintending the preparation of local schemes will rest in the hands of officers, accustomed to and qualified for the task, for some time longer, and probably until the County Councils have acquired the experience and the knowledge necessary to the work.

The change in the tenure of office of County Councillors was not so sound. The provision, that the Elections are to be for six years, one-third of the Councillors retiring every two years, will detract from the value of the periodical elections, inasmuch as they will only affect part of the area governed. The interest taken in Elections will unquestionably be less than it would have been under the Bill as introduced. The influence of general opinion will not be brought to bear, the power of canvassers and local wire pullers will assuredly be greater.

Electors

Electors will not care much for an election which only deals with a third of the Council. Arrangements will greatly be kept in the hands of a few persons interested in narrow questions of the particular election. The broad common sense, which has so often turned the scale in General Elections, but which is less prominent in bye-elections, will not be brought to the front. And influences will be potent which are less concerned with public than with private interests. The Government might with advantage have stood firm by their original proposal, not only because of the weakness shown by a readiness to yield, but because their alternative was in itself the better of the two.

The Bill leaves the administration of the Poor Laws in its present hands. Looking to the difficulty of carrying the measure as it is, we are ready to admit that so large an addition as would have been necessary, had any transfer of Poor Law work been undertaken, would have greatly imperilled the Bill. But the reconstruction of Local Government resulting from the Bill will be imperfect, so long as such important work is left with bodies distinct from County and District Councils. Hereafter the huge task must be faced of so re-arranging areas that the powers of Boards of Guardians may be handed over to one or other of the Councils created by the Bill. It is probable that, when the Bill was first framed, the intention was to undertake that task at once. The labours of the Boundary Commission were probably organized with that view. But it was found, that the County boundaries could not be altered without offending historic sentiment, and that Union boundaries could not be altered without a shift of pecuniary liabilities. The evil day was consequently put off, not, we think, with advantage to those who will at no distant date have to live through it. As it is, one of the most important functions of Local Government will continue to be discharged by bodies elected on a principle absolutely different from that now admitted to be wise, and in areas which have no relation whatever to the areas established by latter-day experience. For this anomaly there is no justification in censuring, as a high authority has censured, the law makers or the area makers of the past. When the Poor Law was enacted and the Unions formed, it was not contemplated, except by a few perhaps of the most far-seeing, that such duties would have been entrusted to the Guardians of the Poor as they even now have, still less that the Union was desirable as an unit of general Local Government. The Unions were formed with a view to Poor Law work and Poor Law work only. The idea was not present to the minds of those who formed them, that

Guardians would in less than half a century be entrusted with duties connected with sanitation, education, or assessment. It was no "official pedantry," which set up Union boundaries without any regard to County boundaries. It would have been "official pedantry," if such requirements as now exist had been held to be a permanent factor in the consideration of areas, and if objects then non-existent, though now of great importance, had been sternly asserted as absolute impediments to the establishment of boundaries eminently serviceable at the immediate time and for their immediate purpose. Indeed, even with the lesson so afforded, we doubt whether any prudent reformer, however far and carefully he may look ahead, would be disposed to press strongly for such a subordination of the requirements of the present to the requirements of the future, as the formers of Unions would have been responsible for, had they insisted that Unions should in no case overlap the boundaries of Counties.

With the Poor Law work remains at present the work of Assessment. The powers of the Assessment Committees of Guardians will continue, and so will the anomalies of valuation to which they give rise. There is no sound reason why there should not be in England one assessment of property for all purposes of local rating. As it is there are three—the assessment of the county rate, the assessment of land tax, and the assessment for all Union purposes. As under the Bill the overlapping of rating areas will be increased rather than diminished, the uncertainty, and even the injustice, arising from assessments made by different bodies, and on different bases, will continue to cause irritation and hardship. It is hopeless to expect that any attempt can be made to remedy this evil under the present Bill. But the difficulty must hereafter be dealt with, and the measure, which leaves it as it stands, cannot be regarded as more than a step in the direction of necessary reform.

There is one modification of the Poor Law Administration proposed in the Bill to which we earnestly hope that the Government will continue to adhere. Contributions will be given, practically from imperial funds, to the cost of indoor relief. We admit at once that the effect of this provision will be to discourage the giving of outdoor relief. Now, in the majority of county districts, outdoor relief is given far more frequently from the mistaken belief that it is cheap, than from the opinion that it is beneficial. Doles are lavishly bestowed upon applicants, whom they do not really help, but whom they demoralize and make dependent. Thrift and self-dependence are discouraged by small weekly gifts, which leave the recipients

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worse off than if a healthy stimulus had been given to their own exertions. No one reading the report of the original Poor Law Commissioners can fail to see the tendency of their views, or to understand that they abstained from putting an end to out-door relief from policy, and not on principle. It has never been possible to forbid out-door relief altogether, and it is not possible now. Any attempt to do so on the part of the Legislature or the Central Government would provoke an outcry which would lead to mischievous reaction. But anything calculated to discourage it is to be welcomed; and there is no reason why the principle which Lord Cranbrook, when Mr. Gathorne Hardy, applied to the Metropolis, should not be extended to the rest of England. The experience of such rural Unions as Atcham, and such urban Unions as Whitechapel, show that out-door relief can be reduced to a minimum, not only without injury, but with positive benefit to the poorer classes. And the fatal influence will be thwarted of those guardians, whose penny wisdom leads them to demoralize applicants for assistance, on the mistaken assumption, that twenty niggardly allowances of half-a-crown or three-and-sixpence a week are cheaper than one order for in-door relief. Workhouse relief is, in a majority of cases, and should be in all, adequate to the requirements of the case and sufficient for the needs of the recipient. It is generally, and should be universally, the most humane and the most beneficial manner of treating destitution. In a well-administered workhouse, sickness is properly treated, a sound education is given, and all the reasonable wants of the moment kindly if regularly supplied. In Unions where the workhouse is badly or stingily administered, and out-door relief is largely given, the cost is enormous to the ratepayers, and the effect on the poor is baneful. It is to be hoped that the efforts of the few opponents of the proposal, who base their opposition on a false view of philanthropy and a wrong idea of charity, will not prevail. For the result of the proposal will, we clearly believe, be to deter professional or needless mendicancy, to encourage the self-dependence of the poorer classes, and at the same time to improve the character of the relief given to those who are really destitute, and either from permanent incapacity or temporary misfortune obliged to fall back upon the support of their fellow-citizens. It is not likely that the report of the Lords' Committee now sitting on the Poor Law will be ready before the discussion of this part of the Bill is reached. But much of the evidence given before that Committee is available; and on such questions we greatly prefer the experienced philanthropy of Miss Twyning and Mrs. Vallance to the theoretical learning of the

the witnesses who advocated what they called judicious out-door relief.

There is no question that, though the existence of the Poor Law has done much to smooth over difficulties prevalent where the whole real property is not pledged to prevent destitution, the indiscriminate way in which out-door relief has been distributed has been harmful to the poorer classes. They have been taught to rely, and rely as a right, on the aid of others. No matter by what indolence or criminality destitution has been produced, destitution is held to give a claim to relief at the hands of the community. This is as it should be, but the corollary to the proposition, that the relief should be in the shape and on the conditions most acceptable to the applicants, cannot be accepted without risk of making the condition of the relieved more eligible than the condition of the reliever. Out-door relief has had this tendency; and where out-door relief is most largely given, the virtues of thrift, self-dependence, and respect for the rights and property of others, are the last encouraged. That, therefore, which may be expected to operate as a gradual, not sudden, check to out-door relief, should be regarded not as a 'plan to grind the faces of the poor,' but as a method of helping them to free themselves from a mischievous system, attractive perhaps for the moment, but in the long run productive of misery.

Such a grant from the imperial funds is not open to the objections frequently urged against subventions. It is not encouragement to extravagance; on the contrary, it will operate as a direct inducement to economy. It was always asserted that, if out-door relief were reduced, the workhouses would fill and the net cost be increased. The assertion was not found true. It was disproved in Atcham and Whitechapel, and in the Brixworth Union in Northamptonshire. In no instance where out-door relief has been curtailed was the curtailment followed by increase in in-maintenance or addition to the total charges. It will probably be found, that the effect of the proposal in the Bill will be to reduce the payments of the ratepayers by a far larger sum than is represented by the grant itself. Nor is the subvention open to the objection, that it throws charges, which are purely local in their character, on national funds. The permanent pauperism of the country is much affected by imperial considerations. Out-door pauperism is fluctuating. It can be manufactured to any extent. Its extent depends greatly on local considerations, but it depends still more on the policy and views of those who administer it. In-door pauperism cannot be created. There

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is perhaps less reluctance to enter a liberally managed workhouse than one which is starved. But, speaking broadly, those who are really destitute, and those only, are the inmates of our workhouses. Their destitution is, to some extent, an imperial concern, and should be, to an equal extent, an imperial charge. The subvention, passing as it does through the hands of the County Councils, is sound, both from the humanitarian as well as from the sternly economical point of view, and, as we have said, it should on no account be abandoned; nor should any further departure on this question be allowed from the original proposals of the Bill.

If the County Councils continue to be intermediaries in the imperial grant, and to pay four shillings per head per day towards the maintenance of indoor poor, it should follow, and probably some day will follow, that the control of the Poor Law establishments should be in their hands. As a step in this direction, power might be given to the County Councils to appoint committees to visit the Poor Law institutions, including sick asylums and district schools, in their county; and we are even disposed to think, that they might be empowered under certain circumstances to withhold a portion of the grant. Such indirect control would be a useful supplement to Government inspection, and greatly tend to improve workhouse administration. If ever the whole responsibility is thrown on County Councils, opportunity will be given for classification of workhouses. The arrangement which has succeeded well in the Metropolis, by which the indoor paupers are distributed between the workhouses—one building being set apart for the sick, another for the infirm, another for the able-bodied, while the children are entirely withdrawn from association with adults—will to some extent, and having regard to such considerations as those of distance, be possible in the country. And the present system which prevails in many parts of England, under which the sick are not efficiently cared for nor the young efficiently taught, because the numbers in each institution are not sufficient to justify the cost of the necessary staff, will be greatly modified if not absolutely determined. For the attainment of this object we must wait, but it should not be lost sight of, and we have pointed out a step which may well be taken now towards its realization.

It is to be regretted that nothing is attempted under the Bill to strengthen the position of parishes. It is true that the policy in 1872 was to relieve vestries of duties as regards sanitation, which are better adapted to larger areas and more powerful councils. Comprehensive schemes of sewerage or water supply are

are clearly impossible in a limited area. Nor are vestries as a rule possessed of sufficient knowledge or experience to justify their being entrusted with sole power in such matters. But even the Public Health Act recognizes the importance of parishes by enabling sanitary authorities to delegate powers to parochial committees. And good work has unquestionably been done thereby. The vestries were shown to have failed when they were entirely responsible; there is nothing to show, that they have failed in the discharge of delegated and properly supervised duties. The President of the Local Government Board, in the debate on going into Committee, wisely admitted, that there was considerable room for improvement in many matters connected with the parishes. He was supported by Mr. Chamberlain, who said that the powers now possessed by the vestries should remain in their hands, and a little more popular organization be given to them; and by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who, claiming to be one of the original patentees of the idea, said that village life should be enlarged by improved organization. We take it that the object should be to place certain duties as regards local affairs upon citizens who have no time or desire to go to large deliberative assemblies, or to attempt work needing knowledge of difficult subjects and study of more or less abstruse lore. For weal or woe we are going to entrust very large powers indeed to bodies elected on a popular franchise. The more the electors are encouraged to learn for themselves the difficulties of administration, the greater is the probability that they will give their votes to the best administrators, rather than on considerations which have nothing to do with local government. At present parish politics are too much limited to the pot-house. 'Village statesmen talk with looks profound,' not in the vestry board-room, but in the village inn. Give them business to do, seize them with a real if a limited responsibility, and we shall find that they will learn to look to capacity for affairs as the best qualification for their votes at Imperial as well as local elections.

Such a plan would,—dare we say will?—greatly help the establishment of a system, such as we referred to at the beginning of this article, a system of wise division of responsibility, careful subordination of authority, a system with the parish or tithing at one end of the scale, the County at another, and the hundred or district between them. We are fully aware of the obstacles to such a scheme. In these days, when 'many are for a party and few are for the State,' changes in boundaries—and without changes in boundaries, such a system is impossible

possible—are strenuously resisted. Parliament does not seem disposed to insist on the abandonment of objections, too often founded on sentiment only, which is necessary to a large Imperial reform. Far too much deference is paid to the obstructive resistance which blocks a comprehensive measure from some petty dislike of change. The men who clamour most for reform, ever, when it comes to the point, seem to desire that the reform should touch their neighbours, not themselves. Not only the least actual increase of liability, but the least inconvenience, of however temporary a kind, is held to be adequate reason for active opposition to a proposal of large and general benefit. 'The Bill may be all right, may do a large amount of good ultimately to every one, including myself, but I do not like the way in which it immediately affects me, and therefore I will none of it.' This is far too often the attitude of men of local prestige. 'Reform away as much as you like, the men over there want it badly, but do not touch us. Changes of boundary, amalgamations, and transfer of area, are greatly to be desired and are a necessary preliminary to reform, but do not amalgamate our district or interfere with our boundary.' This is the dog-in-the-manger policy, which too frequently thwarts the best devised efforts of statesmen, and leads to meagre measures of limited effect. The Imperial Parliament has certainly not shown marked ability to cope with it. There seems to be an idea, that local Parliaments will be more powerful. Whether this be so or not, we have a shrewd suspicion that a Minister, who dared to ignore or disregard such obstacles, and act sternly on the principle that—with every consideration for real vested interests—the sentiment of local sections must yield to considerations of the nation's good, would find more support and have an easier task than is sometimes imagined.

Educational matters are not dealt with in the Bill. We should have been glad to see at least the payment of school fees transferred from Guardians to District Councils. Applicants for such payments are at present too liable to be brought into association with pauperism. The inquiry officer, as the officer who investigates their circumstances is called, is not always the relieving officer, but is frequently so. Even when he is not, it often happens that the applications for school fees are dealt with at the same place, and on the same day, as applications for relief. Between a request for a school fee and a request for some form of relief the distance is so short, that the one acts as an inducement to the other: and the downward step from independence once having been taken, the progress is apt to be rapid.

rapid. The mother who comes for her children's pence is sadly tempted to remember that one of them has an ailment. Medical attendance and medical extras once obtained, the rest is easy, and the independence of the family is at an end. We would see the distribution of school fees, if the wisdom of such a distribution continues to be admitted, entirely dissociated from the distribution of Union relief. The present association does not act as a deterrent, but does operate as an encouragement to further demands on public aid.

Eventually, we suppose, the powers of School Attendance Committees, and perhaps even of School Boards, will be transferred to one or other of the councils subordinate to the County Council. This could hardly be done yet, and the framers of the Bill are wise in not touching the question; but at no distant time, it is to be hoped, the elimination of authorities will begin, and more and more powers be absorbed by the County Councils with a view to re-transfer to committees or bodies directly subordinate. There can be no work of local government more important than the supervision of education, and the constitution of the County cannot be deemed perfect, so long as it has little or no concern with education. As between the voluntary principle and the compulsory principle of school supply we desire at present to say nothing. All that we contend is, that hereafter there should be taken a great step towards the simplification of local administration by the transfer of School Board powers.

The proposals in the Bill as regards London are in many respects bold. Under them a County of London would be created by itself, with a Lord Lieutenant, a bench of magistrates, and a County Council of its own. Lord Thring objects to the scheme. He would expand the City into the Metropolis, and subject all to a reformed City government. It is doubtful whether he fully appreciates the difficulty either of absolutely annihilating the City on the one hand, or subjecting the rest of the Metropolis to the rule of Gog and Magog on the other. The administrative duties devolving upon the City are those to which as a whole it attaches least importance, and on which by no means the greatest portion of its prestige depends. Paving, sewering, lighting, and sanitation, are well done in the City now. But they are not the functions from which it derives the greatest credit. The City would under the proposals of the Bill take a large and honourable part in the work of governing the Metropolis, and the City magnates would not suffer any abatement of their dignity. The ratepayers of the Metropolis, as a whole, would have a direct voice in its management, and would be able to make their own will felt as regards

regards the selection of its rulers. The Metropolitan Board of Works would cease to exist, and there would be few, save its venal officers, who would weep over its bier. The scheme is admittedly not final. 'We do not,' Mr. Ritchie said in his great speech on the introduction of the Bill, 'put this forward as a complete settlement of the great problem of London government. We have our own proposals to make, and I hope to be able at some future time to make them.' And then he hinted at the nature of these proposals,—a large Council acting over the whole, with several well-defined districts, under large District Councils, with large and important administrative functions. In fact, a system of wise subordination of authority such as we have supported. The Bill goes as far in this direction as it is possible to go in a measure of such large purview. But we are inclined to think, that it would have been the wiser course, under present circumstances, to have postponed the Metropolitan portion of the Bill till another Session. The necessity for an Autumn Session might thus have been avoided.* The Bill is rural in its essence. The scheme for London government set out in the Bill would depend for its success on a healthy and influential public opinion which exists in country districts, but does not exist in the Metropolis. The impossibility of getting more than a small percentage of voters to exercise the franchise, which has been demonstrated in a long series of various Metropolitan elections, proves that there is no such common interest in London government as would result in a strong and able County Council. The Bill would have been unsymmetrical, if the London proposals had not been inserted. But, looking to the state of affairs which had been reached in this month, they might without disadvantage have been dropped. They are admittedly imperfect. And it is far better that London should wait a while for some more comprehensive and well worked-out system of government, than that valuable time should have been consumed in the discussion of temporary proposals, which must be amended in another Session.

We have alluded to the existence of a dread that, in the counties, the best men will not allow their services to be made available. There are those who also hold, that the less wealthy inhabitants, men who find the weekly attendance at the Board

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* We venture, however, to express a hope, that sufficient progress may be made not only with the Bill, but with other public business, to avoid the necessity of an Autumn Session, to which there are strong and obvious objections. But in order that this may be the case, the exercise of much reticence and self-restraint will be necessary on the part of the supporters of the Government.

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of Guardians, aye, and even at Petty Sessions, a tax upon their resources, will not undertake the greater distances to be travelled in County Council work. And symptoms exist of a desire to raise the question of payment of members. To any such payment we desire to offer the strongest opposition. There are plenty of men, as experience has shown, able and willing to carry out the work of Local Government without pay. The cost of payment, therefore, is one which there is no need to incur and for which there is no justification. More than this. The position of unpaid members of a County or Borough Council is a thousandfold more strong than would be the position of paid members. If once the office were sought, not with a desire to devote energy and knowledge to the public service, but from a desire for public gain, the worst motives would be introduced into candidature, the worst principles introduced into elections. Voters would regard themselves as the possessors of a piece of patronage to be bestowed on the most popular petitioners for their suffrages. Then indeed would men of culture and knowledge abstain from competition with seekers after salaries. Cleons would be returned in every part of the country, and the interests of the country sacrificed to the interests of the sausage-sellers. The effect of such a result would be counteracted by another consequence in itself an evil. Paid County Councillors would not be able to control their officers, or command the respect of the officers of the central Government. The interference of Parliament would be perpetually sought, and attacks on the motives of paid Councillors would be a thousand times more frequent and more strong, than the attacks even now made on the motives and actions of paid magistrates. The working classes of England are absolutely mistaken, if they desire the payment either of Members of Parliament or of County Councillors. They have access now to the Imperial Senate. They will have access to the Local Senates. Neither the one nor the other would avail them, if it could be held to be desirable from impure or sordid motives.

There are many other points in the Bill which we would fain discuss. We have said enough to show our opinion as to what it does and what it seeks not to do. We trust to see it receive the Royal Assent. It is only a step, but it is a decided step in the direction of that Local Reform, to which both parties in the State are fully pledged, and which neither party can without danger impede. After the announcement on the 11th of July we trust there is no longer any fear that the Bill will be postponed. Such a postponement, even with a certainty that the Bill

Bill would be introduced next Session, would have been little short of a disaster to the Unionist cause. The Government would have been assailed in every constituency in the United Kingdom, for that they could not or would not carry the one great measure of their programme. The encouragement to enemies would be overwhelming, cruelly would the zeal of friends be crushed. Unless Ministerialists wish to incur this terrible risk, it behoves them to shorten their own discussions on the clauses of the Bill, and help in every way the efforts of the Government to pass it. The wish to amend the Bill in its several details may be laudable, and there may be many members whose opinion of their ability to do it is not unwarranted. But the wish must be restrained, the ability reserved for other use. The Bill has been prepared under the directions of a Minister of very marked capacity. He has had the assistance of an able Parliamentary colleague, and the advice of officers of a highly trained department thoroughly conversant with the matters dealt with. It is not too much to expect that individual members of the House of Commons will defer to their experience, and sacrifice any such exposition of their views as is likely to endanger the Bill. There has rarely been a time when united action by the party responsible for the Government of the country was so desirable in the interests of the country. In these days of the dissemination of political knowledge, when the promulgation of individual or sectional views is easy, the strains on party allegiance are naturally greater than when the interest in public affairs was less general, and perhaps less strong. But unless that allegiance is maintained, disintegration must ensue. The Cabinet, in the heavy task they have undertaken, will be hampered and thwarted as much by the efforts of their friends as by the onslaught of their foes.

Indeed we are disposed to attach more than usual importance to this matter. If the Government fail, they will have failed in their one great undertaking. In all that we have said we have admitted that there is no great enthusiasm for the measure in the country. But the wishes and expectations of the constituencies have been clearly, if coolly, made known. Ministers who fail to give effect to them will be discredited, unless they can show that their failure was due to the resistance of their opponents which they took every reasonable means to overcome. In any other case they will have, sooner or later, and probably at no long interval, to pay the penalty. The value of their resistance to the proposals of others will be measured by the weakness displayed in carrying their own. The country will be

be disappointed, not so much because of the postponement of the Bill, as from the feebleness shown by those who, undertaking it, also undertook other work. The weakness of one position will be gauged by the weakness of the other. What this means it behoves every Unionist carefully to consider. The House of Commons is strong in its adherence to the one great principle to which the Ministerialist party is pledged. This we are obliged to Mr. Morley for proving. And on this point the country is probably stronger than the House. But the importance of this principle is apt to be lost sight of, if the unimportance of those who support it be made manifest. The men who attack the Government hesitate at nothing, and make use of every weapon. There is

> 'No plea so tainted and corrupt
> But, being seasoned by a gracious voice,
> Obscures the show of evil.'

The Government have to meet calumny in every form, to combat arguments thrice refuted, to deny 'facts' many times disproved. Is this a time when their supporters should give a real weapon to their opponents merely because these will not yield their individual views on such a measure as the Local Government Bill? Will they advance these views one jot, if they weaken the hold which their party unquestionably has upon the country? Will their own position be a tittle stronger? Surely it needs no Æsop to fable the fate of members, who attempt such rebellion or such neglect.

As we have said, the compactness of the Ministerialist majority in the House is clear enough. Mr. Morley has kindly shown it by one method, and to some extent Sir Edward Watkin by another. But it will not do to rest content with the aspect of affairs in the House. The Parnellite party are working hard in the constituencies. They spare no pains to press every disadvantage on the party responsible for the existing state of things. They have eloquence and ability, and they use them. They are restrained by few scruples, and they are influenced by many motives. They have ever this point on their side, that on the Government is thrown the discredit of everything that goes wrong. Unless these men are wisely and firmly met, the Cabinet cannot expect to have that tenure of office which alone can bring their policy to a successful issue. Recently the wisdom and the firmness, with which they have met their opponents, have been open to much question. Two elections have been lost, more from want of tact than from want of policy.

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In a third the alternatives presented to the electors were not such as they were entitled to expect. In bye-elections the result turns far more upon the personal qualifications of the candidates than when an issue is before the whole country. But bye-elections influence the ultimate result, and it is of great importance that the candidates for bye-elections should be carefully chosen. We should be sorry to say more of the candidates recently put forward than that they were not well selected for their particular competition. Up to the present we do not think much harm has been done, especially when we remember that an earlier Ministerial victory could be explained only by a change of opinion on the part of a large body of voters on the one great question prominently before them. But the lessons of Southampton and Ayr cannot safely be ignored. There can be no reason why the monopoly of good candidates—good we mean for the particular contest they have in view—should be allowed to rest with the Opposition. The Ministerialists have a larger body to select from, and with even moderate care they ought to be able to secure the services of men who, if they fail, will fail from no personal ineligibility. But, if such matters are left to take care of themselves, the leaders of the Party must expect to meet with disasters which will weaken the power and damp the ardour of their supporters. The Union of the Kingdom depends now, more than ever, on the Union of the party, and no pains should be spared by any who follow the flag to support both.

A recent occurrence ought to help their efforts. The charges made in a great trial by the counsel for a great newspaper must have a vast effect on the judgment of the country. A bare denial of those charges, however emphatically made, cannot avail the persons affected. Great as is the respect felt in the Constituencies for Parliamentary utterances, there is a general and perfectly wise feeling, that the House of Commons is not a fit tribunal to try criminal or quasi-criminal questions. Ministers have hitherto resisted, and it is to be hoped they will go on resisting, any attempt to force in the House a discussion of a matter which is essentially one for a judicial enquiry. They have proposed to introduce a Bill, appointing a Commission, which should consist wholly or mainly of Judges, with full powers, as in the case of other statutable Commissions, to enquire into the allegations and charges made against Mr. Parnell and other Members of Parliament in the recent trial. Whether Mr. Parnell and his friends will accept this offer, our readers will know by the time these pages reach their hands. But one thing is certain. Those whose conduct

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has been so deliberately assailed cannot clear themselves by vehement oratory in Parliament. Unless they take the remedy which is offered to them, or bring an action against the proprietors of the 'Times' in the ordinary Courts of Law, the effect of the charge will inevitably remain. They have, of course, partizans whom nothing could convince, and who would not hesitate to impugn the justice of any tribunal which decided against them. But the general sense of the country will be shocked, if accusations, so deliberately and determinedly made, are not met by a judicial enquiry. No amount of bluster in Parliament or the Press will suffice. If those implicated decline to take either of the two courses open to them, the country will know what to think, not only of them, but of the alliance to which they are parties.

ART.

THE

QUARTERLY REVIEW.

ART. I.—*Robert Elsmere.* By Mrs. Humphry Ward. London, 1888. Sixth Edition.

THE success of this novel is the most interesting, and in some respects the most instructive, literary event of the present year. It is an instance of Mr. Gladstone's keen eye for popular sensation that he at once threw himself into the stream of current interest in the book; and this interest was no doubt augmented by the article which he published in one of those monthly Reviews, which devote themselves to the impartial dissemination of truth and falsehood. But the book had run rapidly through two or three editions before it had received this impulse. In six months it had gone through five editions in its original form of three closely-printed volumes; and it is now commanding a further sale in the cheaper and more popular form of a single volume. A success of this kind is proof that a book has touched some general and deep source of public feeling, and has given vivid expression to thoughts or interests which are widely spread. Of the thoughts and interests which have been touched in the present case there can be no doubt. The main subject of the book is very different from that of an ordinary novel. There is, indeed, a good deal of love and passion and social life in it; and these perennial sources of human interest are the material of several beautiful and brilliant passages. The love of Robert Elsmere and of Catherine his wife is, with one grievous exception, a very gracious and tender picture. The series of struggles in Catherine's mind; the transition from her simple life of religious and domestic devotion in a Westmoreland dale, to the deep and gentle love of married life in a Surrey vicarage; the wrench which her heart and soul undergo when her husband's abjuration of Christianity obliges her to follow him, in solitude and bitterness of spirit, to an unknown and uncongenial career in London;

London; the gradual establishment of a sort of working compromise between her intense womanly love and her still more intense devotion to her old creed—all this is depicted with a force and a delicacy which bespeak the feminine sympathy as well as the great literary ability of the authoress. There is, moreover, one personage in the story who appeals with sufficient force to the ordinary interests of romance. Catherine's grave character is skilfully balanced by her sister Rose, the child of passionate instincts, which are played on, like her own violin, by art, fancy, love, sympathy, or repulsion.

> 'A rosebud, set with little wilful thorns,
> And sweet as English air could make her, she;'

but developing, through her dangerous experiences, the deeper moral capacities she inherits from her father Richard Leyburn. The story of Rose's first fancy for the morbid Oxford Don, Langham, not heartless, but with his heart paralyzed by a cold scepticism; her painful but salutary escape from him by the act of his own unmanliness, and her gradual surrender, when she had recovered her self-respect, to a worthier and steadier passion; the development of her artistic genius, and her social flatteries, triumphs and disillusions—all this would have furnished matter enough for an ordinary novel, and is described with singular skill and grace. The narrative is relieved and illustrated, moreover, by a rare sympathy with nature and remarkable capacity for natural description. These pictures of natural scenery are sometimes perhaps too lengthy, as in the long description of Whindale with which the book opens, and which we confess seemed to us, at a first glance, so long a stretch of country to be got through before reaching the human interest of the story, that we soon put the book down again when we first took it up. But a very impressive correspondence is maintained throughout between the scenery and the action, and in this, as in many other points, Mrs. Ward exhibits high artistic power.

But all these attractions of an ordinary romance are completely overshadowed by the main action and predominant interest of the book. They are the byplay of a story in which the main subject is a religious tragedy and a theological controversy; and few persons would be at the trouble to read through so long a novel, for the sake of its romantic episodes, who were not chiefly interested in the religious struggle which it depicts. Mrs. Ward has invested with the attraction of a personal tragedy some of the most characteristic questions of the critical and theological debate of the past generation; and

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numbers of people who recoil from Essays and Lectures—even from that latest example of the imitation which is the truest sort of flattery, the Hibbert Lectures, which 'The Times' tried to puff into a sort of scientific rivalry of the Bamptons—numbers on whom even the witty and irreverent audacity of the late Mr. Matthew Arnold had failed to lay much hold, have been attracted by the same representations when furbished up in a novel, and invested with a tragic interest in the life of an interesting clergyman. To many persons, indeed, the book has for this reason one wearisome and disappointing aspect. It depicts to them a phase of thought, at Oxford especially, long ago lived through and practically dead. Much of its representations of the state of critical and theological thought remind us of the admirable observation, that 'Oxford is the place to which good German philosophies go when they die.' The conclusions of the Tübingen School, which have been long recognized as extravagant, not only by M. Renan, but in Germany itself, are still described as 'that great operation worked by the best intellect of Europe during the last half century—broadly speaking—on the facts and documents of primitive Christianity' (vol. iii. p. 206); and even the reconstructive part of the book does not get beyond the formulæ and the arbitrary assumptions of M. Renan and Mr. Matthew Arnold. But to those who have not followed the critical debate of the last twenty years, this defect constitutes at once the interest and the danger of the book—its interest, because all these exploded fallacies come to them with the attraction and the mystery of novel discoveries; and its danger, because they are unacquainted with the facts and considerations by which these particular fallacies, at all events, have been banished from the field of instructed controversy. We refrain, in deference partly to Mrs. Ward's services in other departments of learning, partly to her earnestness and sincerity, and partly to her sex, from expressing the censure which would ordinarily be due to a writer who engaged in an attack upon the received Christian faith with so imperfect a knowledge of the present conditions of the controversy, and consequently with such inevitable misrepresentations. But for these reasons we feel it incumbent on sober criticism to take more notice of a controversial novel than is ordinarily requisite.

A critic, indeed, is at a great disadvantage in dealing with such a work in a mere Essay. The proper answer to 'Robert Elsmere' would be an equally good novel, which instead of killing Robert Elsmere off conveniently at the moment when his theories were being put to the test of practice, and ending

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by the greatest piece of romance in the whole book—the statement that the brotherhood he founded still exists—would describe the inevitable breakdown of such arbitrary assumptions and conventions under the stress of common sense, common history, and common life. In default of this, we will endeavour to supply what Mr. Gladstone has justly noticed as the great deficiency of the book—some slight representation of the arguments on the other side. This omission is, indeed, the almost uniform vice of a controversial novel. It is easy to prove anything one pleases in such a composition. The author is able at pleasure to give all the good qualities and all the good arguments to the side which is favoured. It reminds us of the old fable of the picture of an unarmed man throttling a lion, and of the lion's criticism on it. It is rare to meet a controversial novel in which the beaten side makes any respectable fight, and this defect vitiates the whole description. In 'Robert Elsmere' this unfairness passes all tolerable bounds, and leads to the one great blot in the personal interest of the narrative. Robert Elsmere is described as struggling for months with the doubts implanted in him by the Mephistopheles of the story, the Squire of his parish, and neither taking his wife into his confidence, nor seeking help or guidance from a single representative of the faith he is tempted to abandon. His treatment of Catherine in this respect seems to us, indeed, too cruel and heartless to be conceivable. He knew that his wife's whole soul was devoted, with a rare depth and sincerity, to the verities he was tempted to deny, and to the life of the Christian ministry of which he was contemplating the surrender; yet he never opens his heart or thoughts to her until his decision is made; and then brings back to her from Oxford, one summer evening, the crash of her deepest hopes and aspirations for himself, and so far for her. The scene in which she is described as almost crushed, and driven away from him for ever, by this heartless shock, is one of the most touching and powerful in the book; and Catherine's conduct and feeling in such circumstances seems to us both truly and finely conceived. But a man who was capable of treating his wife with this cruel self-absorption, or of taking so momentous a step without seeking any counsel from the best representatives of his old faith, exhibits a character very ill suited to the hero of a real religious conflict. The only representative of the old faith with whom he is actually confronted is an enthusiastic, and even fanatic, ritualist priest, whose sole idea of faith is the desperate renunciation of reason. It is contrary to the plainest dictates of common sense and common duty that a man should make

make a decision which involves such consequences to the parishioners in his charge, to his wife and to his friends, without taking the trouble to hear what could be said in answer to his difficulties by some competent representative of the cause he was going to desert. He pays indeed a hurried visit to Oxford before his final disclosure to Catherine; but he goes there, not to consult some Christian scholar or theologian, but to ask counsel, which he must have known would be encouragement, from a tutor of his old College, Mr. Henry Grey, who is practically identified by a note at the end of the volume with the late Professor Green, and whom he knew to have abandoned belief in miracle and miraculous Christianity. A passing sneer at Canon Westcott, for 'isolating Christianity from all the other religious phenomena of the world,' is the only reference made in the book to the best representatives of learned Christian thought in England.

This indeed is only in harmony with the tone of supercilious superiority which the authoress assumes throughout in reference to orthodox Christians. Christianity is spoken of as 'a religion which can no longer be believed.' Its solemn and sacred records of miraculous action and divine life are patronizingly and contemptuously referred to again and again as 'Fairy tales'; and in the conversation in which the Squire, in response to Elsmere's own request, reveals the whole extent of his destructive criticism, we are told that a man who regards Christian legend—that is, the miraculous narratives of the New Testament—as part of history proper, ought to be regarded as 'losing caste,' and 'falling *ipso facto* out of court with men of education.' We cannot but say that at a time when some of the first scholars in Europe are Christian bishops and divines, when the President of the Royal Society and other eminent men of science, besides Statesmen and men of letters of the first ability, are decided believers in the old Christian creed, language of this kind approaches insolence, and deserves, even in a lady, severe resentment. Elsmere himself is, in fact, to a great extent the victim not, as Mrs. Ward would represent, of truth, but of a superlative conceit. After a few months' study of early French history, a few months' intercourse with a Germanized scholar whom he knows and confesses to be heartless and irreligious, if not immoral, he jumps to the conclusion, that he has seen through the fallacies, not merely of Canon Westcott and the orthodox apologists, but of eighteen centuries of the best life and the finest intellects in the world, that he can brush away St. Paul's evidence as that of a 'fiery fallible man of genius,' and can even—most shocking of all

all the scenes in the book—imagine our Saviour speaking to him 'in the guise of common manhood, laden like his fellows with the pathetic weight of human weakness and human ignorance,' and confessing to him—to Elsmere—that 'I had my dreams, my delusions, with my fellows.' Mrs. Ward might at least have spared her readers, and the character of her hero, that insult to the Christians' Lord and God. But the possibility of such a scene is the measure of Elsmere's appreciation, and Mrs. Ward's appreciation, of the real considerations on which this controversy turns. We shall recur to this point in the sequel. Meanwhile it may be acknowledged to be quite in keeping with the character that a man who regards Jesus Christ as having been subject to delusions, from which he himself is emancipated, should not think it worth while to seek advice in his doubts from wise and good men who still regard the Saviour as Truth incarnate.

But let us turn more particularly to the alleged reasons for Elsmere's abjuration. He is represented as mainly influenced in his resolve to take Holy Orders by the general religious impression made upon him by the associations of Oxford.

'The religious air, the solemn beauty of the place itself, its innumerable associations with an organized and venerable faith, the great public functions and expressions of that faith, possessed the boy's imagination more and more. As he sat in the undergraduates' gallery at St. Mary's on the Sundays, when the great High Church preacher of the moment occupied the pulpit, and looked down on the crowded building, full of grave black-gowned figures, and framed in one continuous belt of closely-packed boyish faces; as he listened to the preacher's vibrating voice, rising and falling with the orator's instinct for musical effect; or as he stood up with the great surrounding body of undergraduates to send the melody of some Latin hymn rolling into the far recesses of the choir; the sight and the experience touched his inmost feeling, and satisfied all the poetical and dramatic instincts of a passionate nature. The system behind the sight took stronger and stronger hold upon him; he began to wish ardently and continuously to become a part of it, to cast in his lot definitely with it' (vol. i. p. 122).

This is not a very deep foundation for a resolve to enter the ministry, or for Christian belief itself; and when he announces his resolve to his two tutors, Mr. Grey and Mr. Langham, the seeds of his future doubts are at once sown. Mr. Grey, when told of his intention,

'Said nothing for a while. . . . "You feel no difficulties in the way?" he asked at last, with a certain quick brusqueness of manner. "No," said Robert, eagerly, "I never had any. Perhaps," he added with

with a sudden humility, "it is because I have never gone deep enough. What I believe might have been worth more if I had had more struggle; but it has all seemed so plain." . . . "You will probably be very happy in the life," said Mr. Grey. "The Church wants men of your sort."'

When he tells Langham, the tutor's observation is,

'"Well, after all, the difficulty lies in preaching anything; one may as well preach a respectable mythology as anything else." "What do you mean by a mythology?" cried Robert, hotly. "Simply ideas, or experiences, personified," said Langham, puffing away. "I take it they are the subject matter of all theologies." "I don't understand you," said Robert, flushing. "To the Christian, facts have been the medium by which ideas the world could not otherwise have come at have been communicated to man. Christian theology is a system of ideas indeed, but of ideas realized, made manifest in facts." Langham looked at him for a moment, undecided; then that suppressed irritation we have already spoken of broke through. "How do you know they are facts?" he said, dryly.

The younger man took up the challenge with all his natural eagerness, and the conversation resolved itself into a discussion of Christian evidences. Or rather Robert held forth, and Langham kept him going by an occasional remark which acted like the prick of a spur. The tutor's psychological curiosity was soon satisfied. He declared to himself that the intellect had precious little to do with Elsmere's Christianity. He had got hold of all the stock apologetic arguments, and used them, his companion admitted, with ability and ingenuity. But they were merely the outworks of the citadel. The inmost fortress was held by something wholly distinct from intellectual conviction—by moral passion, by love, by feeling, by that mysticism, in short, which no healthy youth should be without. "He imagines he has satisfied his intellect," was the inward comment of one of the most melancholy of sceptics, "and he has never so much as exerted it. What a brute I am to protest!"'

We entirely agree with the concluding observation; and we must needs say in passing, that the conversations we have quoted afford a melancholy illustration of the conduct which we must suppose is deemed justifiable by tutors at Oxford in the present day. Christianity is not only regarded at the College described in this book as an open question; but when a talented undergraduate announces his intention of entering Holy Orders, its tutors think it consistent with their duty to insinuate difficulties, like Mr. Grey, or like Mr. Langham to tell him that the faith he intends to preach is only a respectable mythology. We know what may be said on the other side. To please people who were willing to pay the price of unchristianizing a University for a Liberal or Nonconformist triumph, the government and discipline

discipline of Oxford are now committed to men who are emancipated from obligation to any form of belief. It may be said that Langham was within his rights in holding his tutorship as an infidel, and that if he was an honest infidel, he was doing no more than was natural, if not his duty, in trying to save his pupil from the perversities of belief. We only say that it is time English parents should thoroughly understand that this is the condition to which the Universities have been brought, and that if they send their sons to a College like St. Anselm's—to any College which does not practically establish a test for itself, like Keble—they expose them, in the immaturity and excitability of their early manhood, to have their Christian faith deliberately undermined by the maturer intellectual force of a philosophical deist like Mr. Grey, or a hopeless sceptic like Mr. Langham. Mrs. Ward knows Oxford well. We have not observed that any protest has been raised against her representation of a College in the University, with its vivid portraiture of more than one well-known character. This must be taken as an Oxford picture of Oxford influences in a great College, and we must needs say that a course of legislation which has placed such men as Mr. Grey and Mr. Langham in the position of tutors and guides of undergraduates is a scandalous diversion of endowments left for Christian purposes. Grey's question whether he had no difficulties is recalled by Elsmere long afterwards, when he is announcing to his old tutor his renunciation of his ministry; and Langham, in his subsequent intercourse, exerts a steady pressure in a sceptical direction. Mr. Grey, of course, when Elsmere's final confession is made, welcomes him, with open arms, as a convert to the final form of philosophical religion. This Professor is described as a person of extraordinary moral excellence, and he certainly possessed great qualities of mind and heart. But a system under which a man undermines the Christian faith while using Christian phraseology, and saps the belief of impressible undergraduates while outwardly conforming to the Christian observances of a University like Oxford, appears to us, to say the least, of an equivocal character, both morally and intellectually.

But the seeds of infidelity, thus sown, would probably have lain dormant, notwithstanding an occasional stimulus from Langham, had it not been for the indirect influence of another piece of advice from Mr. Grey. He had said to Elsmere, 'Half the day, you will be king of your world; the other half be the slave of something which will take you out of your world into the general world.' He was moreover clear that history was especially

especially valuable, especially necessary to a clergyman. So Elsmere took his Final Schools History for a basis, and started on the Empire, especially the decay of the Empire; and was thus led on into 'the makings of France.' This study, helped by an observation of Langham's which anticipated the subsequent influence of the Squire, is represented as suggesting to his mind a general distrust of past historical evidence. He is especially startled one day by a passage in the life of a Saint who had been bishop of a diocese in Southern France, the biography being written by his successor. 'It was, of course, a tissue of marvels,' and one of them is narrated, of a kind with which every educated reader is familiar in the Lives of the Saints. When he reads the story to Catherine, she exclaims, very naturally, 'What extraordinary superstition! A bishop, Robert, and an educated man?' But this is too simple an observation for Elsmere. 'But it is the whole habit of mind,' he said half to himself, 'that is so astounding. No one escapes it. The whole age really is non-sane.' This apprehension of the superstitious credulity which prevailed at the commencement of the Dark Ages is described as leading to 'the gradual enlargement of the mind's horizons;' so that he comes to see 'how miracle is manufactured, to recognize in it merely a natural, inevitable outgrowth of human testimony in its pre-scientific stages.'

But he does not reach these far-reaching conclusions from his studies of the history of early France without a good deal of further stimulus from the Squire. This man, Roger Wendover, is a cold-blooded cynical scholar, the owner of a magnificent library, who seems to have had no other interest in life but to read German criticism till he is himself sick of it, and who is celebrated for having 'launched into a startled and protesting England,' a book in which—

> 'Each stronghold of English popular religion had been assailed in turn, at a time when English orthodoxy was a far more formidable thing than it is now. The Pentateuch, the Prophets, the Gospels, St. Paul, Tradition, the Fathers, Protestantism and Justification by Faith, the Eighteenth Century, the Broad Church movement, Anglican theology—the Squire had his say about them all.'

In short, he is a kind of combination of the late Mr. Matthew Arnold, the late Mr. Greg, and the author of 'Supernatural Religion.' Elsmere's acquaintance with this man began with a bitter quarrel, in consequence of the Squire's scandalous and heartless neglect of some rotten cottage property in the parish. For a while he sends back the books the Squire had lent him, and all communication between them ceases. But a dreadful epidemic

epidemic breaks out in the cottages; the Squire is induced by the old doctor of the family to go and see them; finds Elsmere there nursing his parishioners through the fever with admirable devotion; stiffly acknowledges himself in the wrong, and invites oblivion for the past and better relations for the future. Elsmere meanwhile has been reading the Squire's books and is fascinated by the man's learning, though appalled for the moment by the doubts they forced upon him. But curiosity prevails over repulsion. He accepts the Squire's advances; discusses his historical studies with him; and everything in the Squire's character is soon forgotten but his mysterious and unfathomable learning. A close intercourse and interchange of thought ensues, abhorrent to Catherine's mind, some would have thought repulsive to a clergyman of sensitive feeling. But the Squire is allowed, or rather encouraged, to press nearer and nearer with his critical processes to the citadel of Elsmere's faith, till one day he is practically invited to walk in and develop all his forces. 'Well if he would have it,' thought the Squire, 'let him have it;' and then follows a conversation of which the following passages give the cardinal points, and those on which we have chiefly to comment:—

'Testimony, like every other human product, has *developed.* Man's power of apprehending and recording what he sees and hears has grown from less to more, from weaker to stronger, like any other of his faculties. What one wants is the ordered proof of this, and it can be got from history and experience.

'To plunge into the Christian period without having first cleared the mind as to what is meant in history and literature by the "critical method," which in history may be defined as "the science of what is credible," and in literature as "the science of what is rational," is to invite fiasco. . . . Suppose, for instance, before I begin to deal with the Christian story, and the earliest Christian development, I try to make out beforehand what are the moulds, the channels into which the testimony of the time must run. I look for these moulds, of course, in the dominant ideas, the intellectual preconceptions and preoccupations existing when the period begins.

'In the first place, I shall find present in the age which saw the birth of Christianity, as in so many other ages, a universal preconception in favour of miracle—that is to say, of deviations from the common norm of experience, governing the work of *all* men of *all* schools. Very well, allow for it then. Read the testimony of the period in the light of it. Be prepared for inevitable differences between it and the testimony of your own day. The witness of the time is not true, nor, in the strict sense, false. It is merely incompetent, half-trained, prescientific, but all through perfectly natural. The wonder would have been to have had a life of Christ without miracles. The air teems with them. The East is full of Messiahs. Even a

Tacitus

Tacitus is superstitious. Even a Vespasian works miracles. Even a Nero cannot die, but fifty years after his death is still looked for as the inaugurator of a millennium of horror. The Resurrection is partly invented, partly imagined, partly ideally true—in any case wholly intelligible and natural, as a product of the age, when once you have the key of that age.

'In the next place look for the preconceptions that have a definite historical origin; those for instance flowing from the pre-Christian, apocalyptic literature of the Jews. . . . Examine your synoptic Gospels, your Gospel of St. John, your Apocalypse, in the light of these. You have no other chance of understanding them. But so examined, they fall into place, become explicable and rational; such material as science can make full use of. The doctrine of the Divinity of Christ, Christian Eschatology, and Christian views of Prophecy will also have found *their* place in a sound historical scheme.

'It is discreditable now for the man of intelligence to refuse to read his Livy in the light of his Mommsen. My object has been to help in making it discreditable to him to refuse to read his Christian documents in the light of a trained scientific criticism.'

Such is the sum and substance of the argument by which Elsmere is finally induced to relinquish his faith in the Christian Creed. It had been suggested at an earlier stage by Langham, in reference to Elsmere's study of early French history:—

'History,' he had said, 'depends on *testimony*. What is the nature and value of testimony at given times? In other words, did the man of the third century understand, or report, or interpret facts in the same way as the man of the sixteenth or the nineteenth?'

In this question, Langham said to himself, lies 'the whole of orthodox Christianity.' The Squire accordingly spends his life in writing a book, of which he leaves the manuscript to Elsmere, described as 'A History of Testimony,' which is to 'harry the enemy after his death,' but which remains, we fancy, in the same land of romance as Elsmere's Brotherhood.

Now to what does all this large vague talk amount? It seems to us to involve a mass of fallacies which the authoress has taken no pains to disentangle. We can hardly suppose she means that all testimony, without exception, becomes less trustworthy as we go further back in history. Of course, in proportion to the scantiness of written documents or monuments, traditional history, such as is recorded by Livy, was liable to be distorted by popular superstition or imagination. But would Mrs. Ward venture to maintain that Thucydides, for instance, is a less trustworthy historian, for events which he had direct means of observing, than Clarendon? or Tacitus than Macaulay?

In

In this form, the suggestion becomes preposterous, and is reduced to one of those vague generalizations which are the vice of the present day, alike in philosophy, in science or in history, and which are only intended to prepare the mind for some convenient minor premiss which would not be so easily accepted if stated by itself. If the attack on Christianity has really been forced back on a proposition, that all testimony previous to the nineteenth century is comparatively untrustworthy, it will, we think, be sufficiently evident that it is argumentatively defeated. No comparison is adequate to such an argument, but that of pulling down your house over your head to put out your candle. In order to extinguish the light of the Christian faith, the whole edifice of past history is to have the ground cut from under it. The simple truth is that past testimony requires sifting in the same way as modern testimony, and the true art of criticism is to sift it, step by step. With what success this can be done is proved by the great investigations into the history of Greece and Rome which have distinguished the scholarship of this century. But the work of Niebuhr, or Mommsen, or Grote, or Curtius, has not been based upon a general demurrer to all past testimony, but upon a careful discrimination between direct and original testimony and that which was merely traditional and secondary. There are characters and transactions in past history which stand out just as clearly and certainly on the historical stage as those of the present day; while on the other hand, there are events and characters and transactions passing at this moment all around us, respecting which persons of the highest position and experience are giving each other the lie every day, to the infinite confusion of public life. Indeed there is a peculiar definiteness and vividness about some of the records of the past, whether in Greece, Rome, or the Middle Ages, or, we will add, the Scriptures, which is due to a greater simplicity and directness of observation than is possible in a more sophisticated age. To take one illustration bearing upon our main topic, there are points of unquestioned and minute accuracy in St. Luke, and vivid reflections of scenes and features and words in St. Matthew, St. Mark, and St. John, which compel even such a writer as M. Renan to admit, that we have before us the very photographs, as it were, of what occurred. The Squire's book, however, has never been published, and until it is, we shall take the liberty of leaving this extravagant generalization alone.

The fact is, Mrs. Ward means something very much more practical, and the minor premiss which her puppets slip in is the only one really needed for her argument. What the Squire and Elsmere

Elsmere object to is not testimony in general, but testimony to miraculous events. It is 'legend' which is the Squire's bugbear, and in the critical moments of Elsmere's struggle with himself, as in the address in which he expounds his new religion to his East End audience, the catchword of the modern sceptic is emphasised in italics. '*Miracles do not happen.*' It is a matter of no little patience to see this glib fallacy repeated, with a sort of juggle of phraseology of which a writer on so serious a subject should be ashamed. 'Miracles do not happen!' Not now, certainly. That is the very case of a reasonable Christianity. The Christian writer says that events which do not happen now, did happen once. Oh! but says the objector, 'they do not happen now.' But that is precisely what the Christian says, and is the very basis of his argument. He contends that the occurrence of certain abnormal events, in connection with a very extraordinary person, reveal that person's real nature and character. But again, says the objector, they do not occur in connection with other persons, ordinary or extraordinary. That is not inconsistent with what the Christian says. It is the very point he is contending for. If it were the case that miracles do happen in ordinary times and under ordinary circumstances, if they were within human command and observation as ordinary matters of experiment, they would not be miracles in the sense now in question. The whole question is, not whether miracles do or do not happen, in the ordinary sense of that juggling phrase, but whether certain specific miracles did happen at a certain specific time, at the command of a certain specific person or persons; and this is a matter, not of the general question of the validity of testimony throughout the history of the human race, but of certain specific testimony. It would seem worth observing in passing, that a man who appeals to experience or testimony to prove that miracles do not happen, is by his own act debarred from refusing to consider testimony that they have happened. If he relies on testimony to prove the negative, he cannot refuse to hear testimony to prove the positive. If a writer lays it down *à priori* that miracles cannot happen, as Germans like Strauss and Baur honestly do, and as it seems Mr. Grey did, of course all argument on the evidence is precluded, and nothing remains but to invent, as Strauss and Baur did, what seemed to them the least improbable explanation of the Gospels and Epistles. But when a writer says, like M. Renan and Mrs. Ward, that 'it is impossible to believe in that of which the world offers no experimental trace,'* his argument is an argument from

* 'Vie de Jésus,' 15th edition, p. ix.

experience,

experience, and experience is a matter of testimony. The preposterous attempt of Mrs. Ward to support Elsmere's case by a general invalidation of testimony is, in fact, a practical admission that for Englishmen, after all, this whole question is one of evidence. An Oxford Professor, like Mr. Grey or Green, may 'stick to the *à priori* impossibility of miracles,' but that requires an habituation to German air. The question for English men and women presents itself in the plain and practical shape, whether there is, or is not, sufficient testimony to prove the occurrence of the miraculous events involved in the Christian Creed?

Now in dealing with this issue, what we have to point out is that Mrs. Ward has acted the part of a sort of Homeric Aphrodite to her hero, and carried him off from contact with the actual steel of Christian argument under the cloud of her vague depreciation of all testimony, and by the glamour of the fallacious example she has drawn from early French history. As to the latter point, we can only marvel at the unhistorical procedure of this devotee of the historical method. Because Gregory of Tours or the early medieval biographers were superstitious, therefore St. Peter, St. John, and St. Paul are liable to 'non-sane' illusions! There is a fine passage in which Mrs. Ward describes the extraordinary contrast to modern experience, presented to the mind of the historical student, who first plunges into the materials of medieval history:—

'Ultimately, of course, he sees that these men and women whose letters and biographies, whose creeds and general conceptions he is investigating, are in truth his ancestors, bone of his bone, flesh of his flesh. But at first the student who goes back, say, in the history of Europe, behind the Renaissance or behind the Crusades into the actual deposits of the past, is often struck with a kind of *vertige*. The men and women whom he has dragged forth into the light of his own mind are to him like some strange puppet show. They are called by names he knows—kings, bishops, judges, poets, priests, men of letters—but what a gulf between him and them! What motives, what beliefs, what embryonic processes of thought and morals, what bizarre combinations of ignorance and knowledge, of the highest sanctity with the lowest credulity or falsehood; what extraordinary prepossessions, born with a man and tainting his whole ways of seeing and thinking from childhood to the grave! Amid all the intellectual dislocation of the spectacle, indeed, he perceives certain Greeks and certain Latins who represent a forward strain, who belong as it seems to a world of their own, a world ahead of them. To them he stretches out his hand. "*You*," he says to them, "though your priests spoke to you not of Christ, but of Zeus and Artemis, *You* are really my kindred!" But intellectually they stand alone. Around them, after

them,

them, for long ages, the world "spake as a child, felt as a child, understood as a child."'

We demur to the supposition of a nearer sense of kindred, in any other than a limited intellectual sense, being felt towards Greeks and Latins than towards Christians. But passing this by, the description in this passage of the confused, barbaric, embryonic ways of thought and feeling in the early Middle Ages is striking and just. But what is to be said of the historic method, which suggests the transference of this picture to the period when the Christian story was first written and preached, or to the writers by whom it is recorded? It was in a world peopled by those very Greeks and Latins in whom Mrs. Ward claims her intellectual kindred, that Paul was in great measure educated, and that he chiefly travelled, preached, and died. It was to Romans, Corinthians, Ephesians, Philippians — not to Jews only, but especially to Gentiles, at Rome, Corinth, Ephesus, Philippi—that he preached the resurrection of Christ; and it is in letters to them, of the genuineness of some of which at least no doubt was entertained, even by the leader of the Tübingen School, that he records the fact of miracles being wrought among them. Turning to Judæa, if we find superstition there, we find also an unbridled scepticism. It was a dominant party in the Jewish society of the day who said that 'there is no resurrection, neither angel nor spirit,' and the Pharisees, who confessed both, were bitter in their denial of our Lord's resurrection. They were keen disputants, and capable of criticizing mercilessly a 'legend' which was fatal to their authority. It was in this atmosphere—an atmosphere of the highest Greek and Roman cultivation on the one hand, and of bigoted Jewish incredulity on the other, and not in the untutored world of early Teutonic mystery and imagination, that the Christian story was told and recorded. The sixth and seventh centuries, in which Elsmere loses his head, are ages with very little literature worthy of the name. The first and second centuries are the ages of some of the most distinguished, and we may add some of the most sceptical, writers in Greek and Roman literature; and in Jewish literature, the Apostles are the contemporaries of Philo. Even on the ground of this general comparison, what can be more extravagantly unhistorical than for a man to allow his mind to be disturbed as to the trustworthiness of records in the first century by the superstition of chroniclers in the sixth or seventh? We must say once more, that the antagonists of the Christian faith must be driven to bay, when they take refuge in such topsy-turvy confusions of historical circumstances.

The question is not to be dealt with by these vague propositions or confused analogies. The real issue, which is never faced throughout the book is, what is the real value of the testimony afforded in the New Testament to the events which it records? In plain words, what is the value of the testimony of Matthew, Mark, Luke, John, Paul, Peter, and James, as there given? They tell a simple, straightforward story, perfectly consistent in at least its main features, whatever difficulties may be raised about some details, as may always be done in respect to matters of fact similarly narrated to us. There has been a great deal of beating about the bush on both sides in the course of this great controversy; and while the critical investigations of the past generation were in progress, it was perhaps inevitable, as well as useful, that the combatants on both sides should endeavour to maintain their respective positions by arguments from probabilities. Christian apologists have endeavoured to show, and we think with singular success, that the truths and facts asserted by Christianity harmonize profoundly with the needs and the nature of man, and that there is no *à priori* incredibility in such events as the Christian creed records. Sceptical writers have endeavoured, we think with signal failure, to show that the needs of mankind and the strain of life can be met sufficiently without any supernatural aid. But all these arguments, however useful in their place, must, sooner or later, give way to the plain question of fact; and we think that time has come. Have we, or have we not, ground for believing the narratives and assertions contained in the Gospels and Epistles?

Now in this final and cardinal issue there are two distinct points, confused by Mrs. Ward in the general haze which surrounds all her treatment of the subject. The first is, were the books written by the persons whose names they bear? The second is whether, if so, the evidence of these persons is trustworthy? Now we have shown in more than one previous article of this 'Review,' * that the settled result of the criticism of the last fifty years is to answer the former question—that of the authenticity of the books of the New Testament—substantially in the affirmative. We do not say that no reserves are to be made in respect to the views of particular critics. But M. Renan is a sufficient witness to the fact, that the case against the authenticity of the New Testament books has in the main completely broken down. He is no believer in miracle, and is so far a hostile witness. No one can doubt that he is perfectly acquainted with the course

* The 'Quarterly Review,' vol. 151, pp. 352-384; vol. 163, pp. 460-489.

of

of German and French criticism. But he admits, first of all, the authenticity of the majority of the Epistles of St. Paul ('St. Paul,' pp. v.–vi.); secondly ('Vie de Jésus,' Introduction), that the Gospel of St. Luke and the Acts of the Apostles proceeded, in their present form, from the pen of St. Luke the physician, the companion of St. Paul; thirdly, that in St. Matthew we have the very words of Jesus, bright and flashing as when first spoken; fourthly, that in St. Mark we have the personal reminiscences of an eye-witness, who may well, as tradition says, have been St. Peter; fifthly ('Vie de Jésus,' Appendix), that the evidence for the authenticity of the Gospel of St. John would be convincing to him if he could only overcome his repugnance to the discourses of our Lord there recorded. It must be remembered that these Gospels and Epistles came to this long critical trial in unquestioned possession of the ground for seventeen centuries. They were believed to be written by Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, for the same reason that classical books were believed to be written by the authors to whom they were respectively attributed; namely, because they were so attributed, and no one had denied it. The denial was made, not in the interests of historical criticism, but in the interests of philosophical theory. Strauss and Baur said miracles cannot have happened; and therefore they set themselves to explain away the evidence that they had. But with this enormous presumption of unquestioned reception behind the Gospels and Epistles, the *onus probandi* was on the critics. They set themselves to disprove their authenticity, and by M. Renan's confession, they have, at least in all important points, failed. We quote M. Renan simply as a convenient and sufficient test of the conclusiveness of the critical evidence, which has been adduced against the New Testament Scriptures. Whatever else he may be, he is a sceptic, and he is a man of the widest learning on this subject; and we are justified in saying, that critical objections which seem to him ineffectual may be regarded as having failed. But we have shown in one of the articles we have referred to in this 'Review,' that similar admissions are made even by representative German critics of the Rationalist School.

We think it necessary to insist on this first point in the Christian argument, as it is naturally obscured by those who would discredit the evidence. Professor Huxley, in a recent Essay, speaks of the Gospels as 'documents of unknown date and of unknown authorship.' As he allows himself in the same passage* to say, that the belief of Christians in a miracle attested

* 'The Nineteenth Century,' November 1887, p. 632.

by these documents is immoral, we shall not scruple to say, that such a description of the Gospels, by a writer who at all events has attended sufficiently to the subject to deem himself qualified to lecture Bishops and Divines, is nothing less than immoral. We greatly regret to be obliged to apply a similar observation to some recent statements, by Mr. Justice Stephen, in the same magazine.* We cannot, indeed, mention the name of Mr. Justice Stephen in this connection without saying, that the part he takes in this controversy is a grave abuse of his position as a Judge. It is a recognized consequence of a Judge's position, that he should abstain from speaking or acting to the prejudice of established institutions. But so long, at all events, as the Church is established, Christianity is the established religion of the country. Justice, in particular, is administered under its express authority, and when Mr. Justice Stephen administers oaths in Court, he is appealing to the sanctions of the religion which perhaps he has himself been undermining, by one of his articles, in the mind of the witness before him. That these attacks upon our religion, moreover, should be made publicly by a person holding the great office of a Judge is a circumstance, which cannot but gravely, and unfairly, prejudice the popular mind. Mr. Justice Stephen cannot publicly engage in this controversy as a mere individual, exerting no other influence than that of his arguments. By large classes in the community he cannot but be regarded as speaking as a Judge, and he thus throws into the scale the weight and authority of an office, with which he was invested for most responsible duties of an entirely distinct nature. If he feels too strongly on the subject to be able to restrain his pen, let him write, as he has written before, and as he has abundant opportunities of doing, anonymously. Above all, when he writes with his name and official title, he might be expected to explain the state of the controversy with judicial impartiality, and not make such statements as the following, in the face of such admissions by M. Renan as we have quoted. He says in the article just referred to:—

'Are not these observations well founded? At the very lowest, are they not continually made in good faith by competent persons?' . . . .

'It is wholly uncertain who were authors of the Gospels, and when they were written. Matthew, Mark, and Luke must have been either copied, with additions and modifications, from each other, or from some earlier original which has been lost. There is no proof that the Gospel of John was written by John the Apostle. There are very good grounds for thinking it was not. . . . The statements of the Gospels are therefore uncertified hearsay.'

* October 1887, p. 585.

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We cannot refuse Mr. Justice Stephen the character of a competent person, or doubt his good faith; but we assert that, in view of the admissions of learned sceptical critics which we have quoted, these observations cannot be called 'well founded'; that, on the contrary, no man who has access to the best criticism of France and Germany, to say nothing of England, is justified in ignoring the fact that the balance of the best judgment, on critical grounds alone, after a prolonged and merciless controversy, is decidedly against them; and for a man in Mr. Justice Stephen's position to be scattering them broadcast is inexcusable. We once heard a venerable Judge asked, what he thought of a brother member of the Bench having contributed an article to a magazine upon a current controversy—a legal one, if we rightly remember. 'I think,' said the old man, with the grave emphasis of former manners, 'that it is an impiety.' What he would have said if he had been asked, what he thought of a Judge publishing in a magazine exploded criticisms against Christianity, we will not try to imagine. For the present, we will be content with saying, that it is unjudicial.

Unless, in a word, further documentary evidence of a wholly unexpected, and, we may add, inconceivable kind, should come to light, the special issue between Christianity and its opponents, which has mainly occupied the past fifty years, must be regarded as brought to a close. No adequate evidence has been produced to invalidate the unbroken tradition of the Church, respecting the authenticity of the books of the New Testament, as that tradition existed, for instance, in the days of Eusebius. On the contrary, much has been brought to light which confirms it; almost every new documentary discovery having brought additional confirmation to it, and having refuted some confident assumption of negative criticism. We are, therefore, in possession of direct contemporary evidence to the facts of the Christian creed, and we have to consider only the second of the two questions we proposed; namely, whether this evidence is credible. It will be observed that, this being the case, we are practically brought back to the position from which Paley argued; and his argument, so far as it goes, reassumes its former significance and importance. There is, he undertook to show

'satisfactory evidence, that many, professing to be original witnesses of the Christian miracles, passed their lives in labours, dangers, and sufferings, voluntarily undergone in attestation of the accounts which they delivered, and solely in consequence of their belief of those accounts; and that they also submitted, from the same motives, to new rules of conduct;'

 and,

and, on the other hand :—

'that there is NOT satisfactory evidence, that persons pretending to be original witnesses of any other similar miracles, have acted in the same manner, in attestation of the accounts which they delivered, and solely in consequence of their belief of the truth of those accounts.'

These arguments will still be to many minds perfectly decisive, when once doubt has been removed, as we have explained, respecting the authenticity of documentary sources; and whether the argument be or be not sufficient to carry the whole case, it possesses at any rate a weight and importance which should claim for it more attention than it has of late received. The facts which Paley marshals with such skill respecting the plain matter of fact testimony, borne at the cost of cruel suffering, in the full light of day, by the first preachers of Christianity, and borne, not to theories or opinions, but to matters of experience, are at least unparalleled in the annals of any other religion; and they do suffice to sustain the assumption to which Robert Elsmere objects, that the case is an isolated one. To assume beforehand that because a vast number of miraculous stories are legendary, therefore all such stories are of the same kind, is one of those fallacies of hasty generalization which are characteristic of our day, and which are peculiarly discreditable to an age which boasts of its scientific virtues. This universal prevalence, at one time or another, of belief in the supernatural or miraculous is, indeed, capable of being applied in exactly the opposite direction. If mankind have been so universally prone to the belief, is it probable that there was never any foundation for it? If miraculous events and supernatural interpositions have ever taken place, it is very conceivable that the human mind was so impressed by them, as to be ready to surmise their occurrence at any time, and to generalize in favour of the miraculous with the same hastiness with which modern sceptics and philosophers generalize against it. But if no such things ever occurred within the whole range of human experience, it is somewhat difficult to conceive, especially on the grounds of a philosophy of evolution, how they ever came to be thought of. But, however this may be, Paley's argument, even to those who do not regard it as conclusive, ought to be enough to show that the case of Christianity is a unique one, and that the vague presumptions against the miraculous, of which Mrs. Ward's heroes make so much, are entirely beside the mark. Whether the testimony be sufficient to bear the weight of the extraordinary events which it alleges is a further question; but that it is not to be explained away by the general tendency of the human mind, at that

that time or at others, to imagine what is supernatural, ought to be beyond question.

For the purpose, however, of giving this testimony its full weight at the present day, it has perhaps become desirable to bring into prominence some further, and at the same time, simpler considerations, than those which were chiefly suited to Paley's age. We refer to the inherent moral value of the testimony of the evangelists and apostles. We have not in view, for this purpose, merely those general moral influences of Christ and Christianity, on which much stress has of late been often laid. In a very able series of Bampton Lectures, preached in 1877, Prebendary Row threw the main weight of the Christian argument upon the supremacy of the character and influence of our Lord, as illustrated by experience and history, combined with the great array of evidence which can be adduced to the cardinal miracle of the Resurrection. These moral miracles, combined with the one great physical miracle, being recognized, the series of minor miracles, recorded in the New Testament, fall into harmony with the circumstances of the case, and acquire a credibility which, under the scientific influences of the present day, they would otherwise lack. There appears great weight in this line of argument, and it is no doubt specially appropriate to the time and purpose for which it was intended. It has satisfied some minds who feel that evidence, which would not suffice to prove miraculous occurrences under ordinary circumstances, may well be accepted as sufficient when the circumstances can be shown independently to be extraordinary. At the same time we are disposed to think it an argument of somewhat too elaborate and indirect a nature for the ordinary working purposes of Christian faith. Belief in Christ, in the full meaning of the Christian Creed, was not meant to depend, and never has depended, in the case of the great mass of believers, upon arguments which require for their appreciation a wide grasp of religious and historical observation. We want evidence which 'comes home to men's business and bosoms,' and which can be stated in plain words, and in brief space.

Moreover, after all, a general defence of the credibility of the miraculous stories is not sufficient to meet the case. It is of great value to establish this general possibility of credence; but even when it has been established, we want reasons for believing, not merely that such things might have taken place, but that we can confidently accept the accounts before us as trustworthy records of what did take place. The difficulty may be illustrated by putting the case in a form which, as we have shown, may now be treated as purely hypothetical. Supposing it could have been

been shown by criticism that the Gospels were all, as Baur would have had it, second century compositions with a polemical purpose, it would still have been true, as Mr. Row's argument contends, that considerations quite independent of this literary criticism proved the possibility of the evangelical narratives being true; but we think that with impartial minds the grounds for believing those narratives to be not only possibly but actually true, would have been grievously weakened. It appears to us to be a perfectly legitimate demand, from which Christians ought not to shrink, that the direct evidence for occurrences of a miraculous character ought to be of far greater weight than that which is sufficient for proving the occurrence of events within ordinary experience. It is, indeed, neither fair nor customary to require evidence of legal strictness to ordinary historical events. But there is one rule of legal evidence of which the justice in historical investigation seems indisputable. It is that a witness's evidence becomes doubtful in proportion as it is out of harmony with ordinary human experience, and that it requires proportionate corroboration. In the valuable discussion which Professor Greenleaf, late of Harvard University, has prefixed to his 'Testimony of the Evangelists examined by the rules of evidence administered in Courts of Justice,' he states the rule in the following terms, with the authority of an approved writer on the Law of Evidence:—

'The credit due to the testimony of witnesses depends upon, firstly, their honesty; secondly, their ability; thirdly, their number and the consistency of their testimony; *fourthly, the conformity of their testimony with experience;* and fifthly, the coincidence of their testimony with collateral circumstances.'

Now the miraculous narratives in the Gospels are certainly out of the range, not only of any other recorded experience, but we may go further, and say, that they are beyond the range of any recorded imagination. We are not sure, indeed, that their very wonder in this respect is not a strong argument in their favour. It is not merely that a few wonders are specially described, as is the case in ordinary legends. But a person is described as moving through sick and afflicted multitudes, and dispensing health, life, and soundness of body and mind, at every step. The very touch of his garment is physical life, and his word is spiritual regeneration. It might almost be contended that such a vision authenticates itself; for it is beyond the dreams of mere human hope and imagination. However, to pass this by, it is, we think, perfectly true that such a mass of miraculous manifestations as are recorded in the Gospels—and attempts to minimize them are mere evasions—requires testimony

mony unique in its character and weight. For our part we are not disposed to question even Hume's statement of the requirement—that the testimony to establish such miracles should be of such a character that its falsehood would be more miraculous than the miracles it attests. At all events, we are quite confident that the Christian evidence will bear this test; and there is, we think, little difficulty in explaining the reason.

This reason lies simply in the fact, that there never have been writers who produce on fair minds such an intense impression of truthfulness, soundness, simplicity, and moral force as the Evangelists and the Apostolic writers. Here, in the first place, are four witnesses standing up in the face of the world, and telling substantially the same story; with the most perfect quietness, solemnity, and confidence; recording words which would pronounce the most awful condemnation on themselves for any deviation from truth, ending with the narrative of the most affecting self-sacrifice in the cause of truth and righteousness which is known to mankind. The four Gospels are a concentrated blaze of moral light, by which the heart of man has been illuminated ever since. They exhibit, at the same time, wherever they can be tested, minute accuracy of observation with respect to the ordinary circumstances of life, and an absence of any sign of mental excitement or disturbance. We do not hesitate to say, that it would be something more wonderful than the miracles themselves that such evidence—the testimony from such witnesses—should be mere legendary imagination. Or take again the case of St. Paul. It is significant that it is found essential to any argument like that of Mrs. Ward to disparage St. Paul's mental capacity. Of course his evidence to the Resurrection is of peculiar weight. He was in the confidence of the Jewish rulers in the days when he persecuted the Church, and knew therefore the full strength of the case which they could urge against the Resurrection, and nevertheless he devoted his life to a belief in Christ which rested on it. His acknowledged Epistles, moreover, afford direct documentary evidence at first hand to the occurrence, and even the prevalence, of miraculous powers in the early Church—the prevalence of such powers to such an extent as to be liable to abuse, and to need, as in the case of the Corinthians, restraint and repression. It becomes necessary, therefore, to discredit him as a witness; and accordingly the Squire is described as furnishing Robert Elsmere with 'A short but masterly analysis of the mental habits and idiosyncrasies of St. Paul, *à propos* of St. Paul's witness to the resurrection.' He is depicted as 'The fiery, fallible man of genius,—so weak logically,

logically, so strong in poetry, in rhetoric, in moral passion'—a sort of Robert Elsmere, in fact, according to the best construction which can be put on Mrs. Ward's portraiture. We confess we cannot descend to the impertinence of defending St. Paul against this superfine criticism of German Professors, of a dainty English man of letters like Mr. Matthew Arnold, and of a lady who measures human nature by the standard of the late Professor Green. St. Paul had better be left to describe himself.

'"Whereinsoever," he says, "any is bold, (I speak foolishly,) I am bold also. Are they Hebrews? so am I. Are they Israelites? so am I. Are they the seed of Abraham? so am I. Are they ministers of Christ? (I speak as a fool) I am more; in labours more abundant, in stripes above measure, in prisons more frequent, in deaths oft. Of the Jews five times received I forty stripes save one. Thrice was I beaten with rods, once was I stoned, thrice I suffered shipwreck, a night and a day I have been in the deep; in journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils by mine own countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren; in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness. Beside those things that are without, that which cometh upon me daily, the care of all the churches. Who is weak, and I am not weak? who is offended, and I burn not?"' (2 Cor. xi. 21-29.)

Or again:—

'In all things approving ourselves as the ministers of God, in much patience, in afflictions, in necessities, in distresses, in stripes, in imprisonments, in tumults, in labours, in watchings, in fastings; by pureness, by knowledge, by long-suffering, by kindness, by the Holy Ghost, by love unfeigned, by the word of truth, by the power of God, by the armour of righteousness on the right hand and on the left' (2 Cor. vi. 4-7).

A man of genius, certainly; but this appeal, in the face of those who knew him well, to his physical endurance, strength of mind, and moral force is more than sufficient answer to critics who would disparage him as an excitable enthusiast. This is a question to which the maxim eminently applies, 'Securus judicat orbis terrarum.' It is sufficient to leave the world to judge between St. Paul on the one hand, and the cynical critic or the self-satisfied man of letters on the other. Of the various impertinencies perpetrated by the late Mr. Matthew Arnold, one of the worst was his cool assumption of superiority to St. Paul, and the confidence with which he subjected the Apostle's compositions to a condescending criticism, and told him with a benignant air of patronage how he had failed to do justice to his own arguments, and that what

what the good man really meant to say was so-and-so. The simple fact of the case is that while men and women are criticizing St. Paul, or patronizing him, or disparaging him, he goes on telling the world his own witness in his own words; and those who have ears to hear, let them hear him. In point of fact, they do hear him, together with his fellow-witnesses in the Gospels and Epistles. To the end of time there will be minds which no testimony will convince. You cannot turn probable evidence into demonstrative. But in all ages, and in our own as much as in any other, the cardinal evidence for the truth of the Gospel story, and the chief support on which it rests, are found in the overwhelming sense of truth, of veracity, of certainty, produced by the simple testimony of the Evangelists and Apostles. The New Testament is in fact its own evidence, and it forces credence from true and unprejudiced minds by its own inherent power. There are, and it is to be feared there always will be, some minds which are closed either by intellectual or moral preconceptions against its light. But it rests securely on the appeal of its great Author: 'If I say the truth, why do ye not believe Me?'

In fact, as we have already noticed, it is Elsmere's weakened sense of the personal supremacy of our Lord which is the decisive element in his lapse, and Mrs. Ward is clear-sighted enough to bring this point out with remarkable force. In the chapter headed 'Crisis,' Elsmere's decision is precipitated by a conversation in which an enthusiastic young Roman Catholic maintains a vehement argument in defence of the Christian faith with the Squire, and he is startled, on reflection, to find how little sympathy he had felt with the Christian argument:—

'Then gradually it became clear to him. A month ago every word of that hectic young pleader for Christ and the Christian certainties would have roused within him a leaping, passionate sympathy—the heart's yearning assent, even when the intellect was most perplexed. Now that inmost strand had given way. Suddenly, the disintegrating force he had been so pitifully, so blindly, holding at bay, had penetrated once for all into the sanctuary. What had happened to him had been the first real failure of *feeling*, the first treachery of the *heart*. . . . His soul had been dead within him.'

The italics are the author's, and they are significant. Elsmere has lost, or has never possessed in sufficient force, the sense of the unique ascendency of our Lord over the heart as well as the intellect, and the personal authority on which faith ultimately rests is gone. 'Every human soul,' he says to himself afterwards, 'in which the voice of God makes itself felt, enjoys, equally with Jesus of Nazareth, the divine Sonship, and

"*miracles*

"*miracles do not happen!*"'—above all, there has never been the moral miracle of *one* in human form, free from the moral weakness and the fallibility of mankind. So, as he walks home by night from his visit to Oxford to seek advice from Mr. Grey, or rather support in the decision he has made, the Master, to whom he formerly rendered the homage and absolute submission of an imperfect human being to his Lord and God, 'moves towards him in the guise of common manhood, laden like his fellows with the pathetic weight of human weakness and human ignorance.' There is the key to the whole story and to the whole controversy. With equal clearness of view, Mrs. Ward has described it as the secret of Catherine's faith, that nothing can shake her absolute allegiance and worship towards her Master. When a man can be brought to think that Jesus Christ 'had his dreams, his delusions, with his fellows,' and that St. Paul was no more than 'a fallible man of genius,' and 'logically weak,' the foundations of his faith in Christianity are gone. But as long as men and women are awed into submission, love, and trust, by that Divine voice, reduced to lay their hands upon their mouths in that supreme Presence, conscious in themselves of a sinfulness, a weakness and ignorance, under which, but for His gracious invitation, they would hardly dare lift up their eyes to Him, much less criticize, or, worst of all, assume a capacity to approve Him—as long as that Sacred Figure stands before us in living lineaments in the Gospels, while His Apostles, in Epistles which are instinct in every line with truth and soberness, bear their solemn testimony to Him, so long will the Christian faith live and grow. If critics and sceptics raise objections, it is the duty of Christian apologists to offer answers and explanations. But it is the Gospels themselves which in the end refute the critics, and the testimony of the Apostles wins the verdict of the world by its own inherent weight. The object of Christian apologists should be chiefly to remove difficulties which prevent these witnesses obtaining a hearing, or which prejudice their testimony. If Elsmere had consulted his wife in time, she could, after all, have given him the very help he needed. She might have revived in his heart the submissive allegiance due to her Master and his, and have quickened his sense of the intense moral and spiritual claim of St. Paul and his fellow-witnesses.

It remains to say something of the 'new religion,' the reconstructed faith, which Elsmere is represented as endeavouring to substitute in the place of the old Faith. If indeed, the attempted demolition be vain, it is in one sense waste of time to consider the proposed substitute. But some brief consideration

tion of it may be worth while, as serving to illustrate further the essential hollowness of the whole process of thought which is exhibited with such self-confidence. Very few observations upon it, however, will be necessary. The first is that there is not a single good object proposed by the New Brotherhood which could not be, and which is not, attained by the Christian Church. Elsmere's personal devotion to the moral welfare and elevation of the artisans of the East End is admirable. But it is exhibited every day by Christian clergymen; and the main difference is, that the Church has produced results, again and again, such as are imagined in Elsmere's case, and is producing them at this moment; while no similar results have been produced by any other agency. So far as the influence of this book goes, it would break the springs of the charitable devotion by which the darkest places of the earth, at home and abroad, are actually being illuminated and purified, and it offers us nothing in exchange which has a real existence. '*Bella geri placuit nullos habitura triumphos.*' Create a new Brotherhood, if you please, based on a reconstructed Christianity, and show it to us at work, and you will have some right to ask men to listen to you. But it is, after all, a reckless levity which does its worst to cut at the roots of the best religious life of the world—the life of women like Catherine Elsmere, for example—and can offer nothing in exchange but a mere romance. If any one wants to establish a new religion, let him actually establish it. That is the only reasonable way of supplanting the old—the only way consistent with a due sense of the blessings conferred by the old one on feeble and suffering humanity. If Elsmere's brotherhood were a living force, there might be some justification for this book. As it is not—there may be excuses for the lady who writes it—but justification there is none.

But it must further be observed that the principles and practices of the new brotherhood are themselves, in an extravagant degree, of that unhistorical and arbitrary character which the authoress would attribute to Christianity. In the new faith, we are told (vol. iii. p. 359), there are only two articles:

> 'In thee, O Eternal, have I put my trust,'

and

> 'This do in remembrance of Me.'

So that out of the whole mass of our Lord's sayings recorded in the Gospels, the words, 'This do in remembrance of Me,' are selected as the distinctive article of the new faith; for the only significance of the first 'article' consists in its being severed from its foundations in the Jewish and Christian revelations.

To-

To what purpose, moreover, is this saying applied? We are told that it is used in 'what is perhaps the most characteristic, the most binding practice of the New Brotherhood. It is that which has raised most angry comment, cries of "profanity," "wanton insult," and what not.' An example is given in the scene which follows. One of Elsmere's chief supporters is calling on a member of the Brotherhood, who is a carpenter. This man and his family are standing at their dinner table, about to commence the meal:—

'The father lifted his right hand.

'The Master said, "*This do in remembrance of Me.*"

'The children stooped for a moment in silence, then the youngest said slowly, in a little softened cockney voice, that touched me extraordinarily, "*Jesus, we remember Thee always.*"

'It was the appointed response.'

Now apart from the question of 'profanity,' what it is most pertinent to ask is, What foundation there is for prescribing such a practice and the use of these words for such a purpose? The only evidence we have of our Lord having said 'This do in remembrance of Me' testifies to His having used the words as the sequel of others; and these others describe what was to be done in remembrance of Him. If there be one record of our Lord's acts and sayings in the Gospels which has an especial strength of attestation, it is the account of the institution of the Last Supper. In that account the words 'This do in remembrance of Me' refer to the solemn distribution of bread and wine for the purpose of communion with His body and blood, and the cup is stated to be 'the New Testament' or covenant in His blood. The whole transaction, in its totality, has not only the attestation of three evangelists to support it, but the direct testimony of St. Paul, and the unquestionable and unbroken practice of the Christian Church from the earliest times. What we would ask is, not only whether it be not profane, but whether it be consistent with common sense, to say nothing of common criticism and common canons of historical evidence, to select arbitrarily half-a-dozen words out of a fully attested record of this kind, and to apply them to a purpose and in a manner which is destitute of a shadow of support, either in the records or the practice of the Christian community? A man begins a so-called reformation in the name of History and Criticism, and ends by 'reconceiving the Christ,' as it is presumptuously called, in defiance of the one most authentic and most solemn reminiscence of the Christ of history. Does any one out of a novel suppose, that arbitrary reconstructions of this kind would stand for a moment in the light

light of reality, and of the real necessities of life? If the proceeding be not profane, it can only be excused as childish.

But if the proposed new Faith outdoes any recent attempt of the kind in its arbitrary violence to history and criticism, it is as impotent as any proposed substitute for Christianity in the presence of those great problems of death and a future life, and of deliverance from evil, on which the Christ of reality has thrown so blessed a light. Grey is described as unable to respond on his death-bed to the pious hope of an old relative that it would not be long before they met again, saying he did not doubt God's goodness, 'only it seemed to be His will we should be certain of nothing *but Himself*. I ask no more.' At Grey's funeral, as Elsmere listens to 'the triumphant outbursts of the Christian service, he says to himself, "Man's hope has grown humbler than this. It keeps now a more modest mien in the presence of the eternal mystery; but is it in truth less real, less sustaining? Let Grey's trust answer for me."' What a bathos! From the fifteenth chapter of the First Epistle to the Corinthians, and St. Paul, and the promises of the Saviour—to 'Grey's trust.' It is a melancholy comment on the same hollowness that, at the death-bed of the Squire, who is passing away in bitterness, loneliness and cynicism, Elsmere—the former clergyman of his parish—has not one word of consolation, of elevation, of moral influence to bestow upon him. His abandonment of the Christian Faith had brought him to this—that he can allow a man whom Grey himself describes as an 'inhuman old cynic' to pass into the next world without a single message to his conscience, a single suggestion of repentance, regret, humility or hope! A darker condemnation of the process through which Elsmere had passed could not well be conceived. But in truth, throughout the record of Elsmere's religious struggles or of his religious reconstruction, there is not, as Mr. Gladstone has observed, a trace of any apprehension of that terrible problem of sin, and guilt, and their consequences, to which Christianity brings its primary illumination, and on its answer to which its deepest claims upon sinning as well as suffering humanity are based. While that sense of sin, that craving for forgiveness and salvation from evil, that longing for reconciliation with a righteous God, to which the Gospel appeals, remain elements of the deepest human experience, so long will a philosophical faith which has not a word to say on these subjects be a mere mockery of human hearts and consciences.

One other observation we must needs make on a point in which, as in several others, the authoress's artistic fidelity of observation has supplied a striking comment on her theories. In

In the picture she has drawn of the society in which Elsmere moves, she has unconsciously told us that all the truth, all the purity, all the mercy, all the best graces of the heart are to be found in Christian homes—Grey's character, the only apparent exception, was formed under strong Christian influences—and that the society in which the enemies of the faith are nursed has its true representatives in a heartless and cynical Squire, an unmanned scholar, a profligate woman of the world, and in *salons* held under her protection, where a pure-minded woman like Catherine cannot be present without hearing conversation which is an insult to her. 'Oh! those women and that talk,' she justly exclaims, after her first evening with Madame de Netteville—'hateful!' She is right; and if Elsmere could attend such a salon a second time, and be interested and flattered by association with such creatures, he fully deserved the insult which he afterwards suffered at Madame de Netteville's hands. But is to be hoped that, in the emphasis which it gives to this contrast between the Christian life of Catherine's family in Westmoreland, and the inhumanity and profligacy of the society to the seductions of which Elsmere's faith yields, the book may convey to the large circles by which it has been read at least one wholesome lesson. The time seems to have come when people who wish to live Christian lives, and to maintain Christian thoughts, must hold themselves aloof from a society in which, as Mrs. Ward says, 'everything is an open question, and all confessions of faith are more or less bad taste.' Life at the Universities for young men, life in ordinary society for young women, seems fast becoming, under the influence of an unscrupulous philosophy and literature, too mischievous or dangerous to be encountered without necessity. The Christian world will have to draw a fence around itself, and to ostracize books, and philosophers, and institutions alike, by which the bloom is taken off all the most gracious and tender instincts of a Christian soul. The victory in this story, to our minds, remains with Catherine. She wins all the more regard by virtue of the tender womanly love which restrains her in her long struggle against her husband's revolt, and which hopes all things of his present and his future. But her instinctive revulsion from men who are 'aliens from the household of faith, enemies to the Cross of Christ,' her distrust of an unbridled passion for art and artistic self-assertion, and her loathing for a loose and unwomanly society, command our unreserved allegiance, and she remains the one redeeming figure in the picture of an otherwise demoralized and demoralizing society.

ART.

ART. II.—1. *Correspondence of Daniel O'Connell, the Liberator.* Edited, with notices of his Life and Times, by W. J. Fitz-patrick. 2 Vols. London, 1888.
2. *Life of Daniel O'Connell.* (The Statesman Series.) By J. H. Hamilton. London, 1888.
3. *Young Ireland.* By Sir Charles Gavan Duffy. London, 1880.

IN O'Connell we have the only man of great historic stature whose career and character mark him out as distinctly Irish. Burke was a greater statesman, and exercised no inconsiderable influence on Irish affairs; but although we may trace a Celtic strain in some of his brilliant qualities and in many of his de-fects, he cannot be identified with any one of the national types which make up the British people. Grattan was the Irish Norman, and was in many respects more free from signs of local nationality than Burke. Wellington, although his early years of public life were devoted to Irish affairs, never in his mind or temperament recalled the ordinary characteristics of the land of his birth.

We will not enter into the question, whether O'Connell could claim any ancient Celtic lineage, whether the volume of blood in his veins was chiefly native Irish or partook to any extent of that of English settlers who for many generations had tided into the best parts of Munster. The point of interest is that, an adherent of the old Irish faith, representing whatever may have been his family pretensions, a well-to-do middle class rather than any aristocratic connection, he took the leadership of his religious community out of the hands of their hereditary chiefs, fought their battle with dramatic effect, and reached very nearly the foremost rank in the public life of the Kingdom, remaining all the time in demeanour, in passion, and associa-tions, Irish of the Irish. Even the most intolerant member of the Clan na Gael will claim O'Connell as an Irish Celt. His Irish characteristics contributed to his popular strength; and they, no doubt, helped to produce the aversion with which he was regarded by his opponents and by some of his political associates.

As regards Ireland, his great distinction is that, having attained to greater personal power there than any Irishman since the time of Ormonde, he himself was never either a rebel or a conspirator, nor did he ever make use of rebels or secret societies to promote his objects. Whatever was the violence of his language towards England, he never spoke of rebels but with scorn, and whatever may have become of the large funds

funds he levied from his adherents, they were not employed to foster Ribbonmen or the Fenians and Invincibles of his time. O'Connell, with all his turbulence and recklessness of language, was no revolutionist; all through his chequered career his instinct was to keep within the law and the constitution. The eclipse of his power, after nearly forty years supremacy over the Irish crowd, was due in some degree to the fact, that the spirit of revolution had, amidst a great social disaster, taken such a form and shape as enabled it to dispute with him his dictatorship.

Of this remarkable man we have for the first time an authentic picture, in the correspondence collected by the industry of Mr. Fitzpatrick. There have been many previous compilations of speeches and published letters gathered from the newspapers and pamphlets of the day, but in these volumes appears for the first time his own private correspondence with his family, and with eminent politicians like Lord Bessborough and Lord Cloncurry, who at one time or another entered into alliance with him; and with these letters are his secret despatches and directions to his numerous agents and followers engaged in organizing and maintaining agitation in Ireland. Many are the vivid glimpses of the machinery by which his power was so long sustained, and singular is the evidence of the submission he was able to exact from people who had no personal sympathy with him. Above all we hear the voice of the man himself ringing through half a century of Irish life, detailing his purposes, his expedients, and his experiences, not for the general public whom he addressed in Conciliation Hall, or at country meetings, or in the columns of the 'Pilot' or the 'Freeman's Journal,' but for the private ear of the people, whose energies he intended to absorb in his great schemes, or whose sympathy he relied on to encourage and sustain him in his struggle. In Mr. Hamilton's volume we have an excellent narrative of O'Connell's career, constructed with much intelligence and sympathy from such materials as published records supply; but whoever desires to know O'Connell for himself must go to the volumes of Mr. Fitzpatrick, who has used his minute knowledge of Irish records during the first half of this century with great discretion, illustrating the letters from the history of the time and from many unpublished collections, but taking care to let O'Connell tell the marvellous tale of his achievements in his own person. The main bulk of the family letters was supplied by a favourite daughter of O'Connell. For nearly twenty years Mr. Fitzpatrick has laboured to add to them from the collections of contemporary politicians; and the result is a striking picture of this greatest of modern demagogues, and a contribution

contribution to political history of which Mr. Fitzpatrick and his assistants may well be proud.

O'Connell was born in 1775, the same year in which Grattan took his seat in the Irish Parliament. The gradual relaxation of the penal laws would have been among the earliest recollections of his childhood; the fame of the volunteers and the triumph of Grattan in 1782 among the most vivid. His father was described by him at one time as holding the position of 'a gentleman farmer,' a term not very distinctive in Ireland. His family probably belonged originally to the class known as middlemen. They evidently were people who by natural ability and energy had long since raised themselves above the position of the Celtic occupier, and were in possession as leaseholders of a considerable extent of land in Western Kerry, a part of Ireland where the area of property is altogether out of proportion to its money value. The head of the family was Maurice, a farmer at Darrynane, and childless. His brother Morgan had made some money as a shopkeeper, and taken a farm. Daniel, the eldest of Morgan's family, was recognized as the heir of the Darrynane property of the uncle Maurice. To great physical qualities, a finely proportioned athletic figure, and a comely countenance, the lad united singular vivacity and resolution.

The University of Dublin was not opened to Roman Catholics until 1793, and meanwhile the O'Connell family had to provide some system of education for one whose promise and abilities filled them with pride. Daniel and his next brother were sent to St. Omer in the North of France, and afterwards to Douay, and the earliest letters in Mr. Fitzpatrick's volumes are Daniel's dutiful reports to his uncle Maurice on their course of life and study at these colleges, during the year 1792. Thus he writes from St. Omer:—

'As the Easter examen is just over, our studies begin again on another footing; instead of the books I mentioned before we now read Mignot's harangues, Cicero and Cæsar, those are our Latin authors, tho' they are read over without any study beforehand, Cæsar is given us chiefly to turn into Greek; our Greek authors are Demosthenes, Homer, and Xenophon's Anabasis; our French one is Dagaso's speeches.

'I return you thanks for your kindness in informing us of the news of the country. We hope, my dear Uncle, that our conduct will merit a continuation of your unparalleled friendship towards us; you may be convinced that we do our utmost endeavours for that purpose, and, as we know that you require no more, we hope (with God's assistance), to be able to succeed.'

 They

They had hardly got well into their school work after their removal to Douay, when the crash of the rupture with England on the execution of the King in January, 1793, put an abrupt termination to their studies. The colleges at Douay and St. Omer were closed, and the boys hurriedly made their way, with a scanty supply of clothes, to London, whence they returned to Ireland. O'Connell's personal experience of the revolutionary wave helped to impress the character of the time upon his mind; and perhaps one of his most genuine and permanent sentiments in after life was a detestation of the French revolution and of the political schools which originated with it. But 1793 brought other events of more importance for O'Connell's future than the death of Louis XVI. or the closing of St. Omer and Douay. It was in that year that the Irish laws against Roman Catholics, so far as they restricted their ordinary business in life, were finally swept away, and for the first time for nearly a hundred years Catholics were admitted to practise at the Bar.

It was soon determined that Daniel should be sent to the Bar, to take his place in the profession so long engaged in applying the torture of the penal laws to his co-religionists, and to practise those gifts of speech which might enable him hereafter to walk in the steps of Grattan and Flood and Yelverton. In the following year he had already commenced his course as a law-student at Lincoln's Inn; and his stay in London was not merely in order to go through the formality of eating dinners at an Inn of Court, but to enable him to carry on a vigorous and extensive course of reading. Writing from Chiswick to his uncle in 1795, he gives full details of his plans, his expenditure, his reading, and his companions, and then adds the following account of his own scheme of life:—

'I have now two objects to pursue; the one the attainment of knowledge, the other the acquisition of all those qualities which constitute the polite gentleman. I am convinced that the former, besides the immediate pleasure which it yields, is calculated to raise me to honours, rank and fortune; and I know that the latter serves as a general passport or first recommendation: and as for the motives of ambition which you suggest, I assure you that no man can possess more of it than I do. I have indeed a glowing and, if I may use the expression, an enthusiastic ambition, which converts every toil into a pleasure, and every study into an amusement.

'Though nature may have given me subordinate talents, I never will be satisfied with a moderate situation in my profession. No man is able, I am aware, to supply the total deficiency of abilities, but everybody is capable of improving and enlarging a stock, however small, and in its beginning contemptible. It is this reflection that affords

affords me most consolation. If I do not rise at the Bar, I will not have to meet the reproaches of my own conscience. It is not because I assert these things now that I should conceive myself entitled to call on you to believe them. I refer that conviction which I wish to inspire to your experience. I hope I may flatter myself that when we meet again, the success of my efforts to correct those bad habits which you pointed out to me will be apparent. Indeed as far as my knowledge in the professional line, that cannot be discovered for some years to come; but I have time in the interval to prepare myself to appear with greater *éclat* on the grand theatre of the world.'

Even allowing in this letter for the manifest effort to reassure the relative on whose good-will so much of his future seemed to depend, we find in it a tone of self-confidence very remarkable in any lad of twenty, and still more striking in one belonging to a community which, in his own recollection, was excluded from nearly all the rights of citizenship. In 1798, another year of signal moment in Irish history, he was called to the Bar, and he appears to have at once secured some practice on his circuit. It was characteristic of the man that within four years he risked all the prospects which he had evidently cherished during his boyhood, and, in defiance of his uncle, married a portionless cousin. The uncle ultimately relented, and the glimpses this correspondence gives us of his married life during the next few years are the most interesting portions of his personal history, and show him to have been, whatever his faults in other ways, a warm-hearted affectionate man, brimming over with love and tenderness.

When, as his abilities became recognized, he was engaged in almost every case on the circuit, he always found time to write to his wife. For example, he writes from Ennis in 1812:—

'My dearest Mary,—I was a little impertinent in my letter of yesterday, and the reason was because I found myself decidedly in more business than any other individual here; and *so*, heart, I avenged myself upon you, which was poor spite. I, however, now *forgive* you, darling, because you promise me so faithfully to take care of yourself and grow fat in my absence.

'Seriously, love, I am quite in a temper to indulge vanity, but in nothing more so than in you and my sweet, sweet babes. Darling, you have no idea of the time I take in thinking of you and them, and in doating upon both. Kiss them a thousand times for their father, and tell them that he will not be happy until he has his three little girls on his knees, and his three boys looking at him there.

'The business here is over—compleatly over. I was concerned in every record, not left out of one, and I was the only counsel so circumstanced.'

 And

And again from Limerick in 1813 :—

'My darling Heart,—Your letter and Charles' account of you give me fresh life and spirits, but I thought you would have written to me again, heart's treasure, and I felt lonely and disappointed at not hearing from you by this day's post. Upon consideration I have blamed myself for it, because I ought to have written to you every day, but I will do so in future, my sweetheart Love, and you must follow my example. Do, then, my own Mary, let me have the happiness to hear that you are thoroughly well. Take the kindliest care of my Kate, and, better still, more care of yourself for my own darling love. The business has become excessive upon this circuit —mine is increasing almost beyond endurance—but I never was in such good health, and have no anxiety but what relates to my own dearest, dearest darling. I wish to God you knew how fervently I doat on you. Kiss sweet saucy Kate for me.'

It is, however, with O'Connell as the politician, as the great demagogue who overawed cabinets, and guided administrations, that our readers are chiefly concerned. He had not been seven years at the Bar before he had taken a conspicuous place in the counsels of the Roman Catholic party. The legal position of that communion was little changed since 1793. Then all laws interfering with the business and occupations of Roman Catholics had been abolished, except so far as public duties and offices were concerned. To this exception there was the important qualification, that the right of voting was given by the Act of 1793 ; but any office or rank in the nature of an appointment under the Crown was withheld from them.

To remove this exclusion became the object of all Catholics. Pleas were urged for delay—the objections of the King and the risks run by the friends of the cause, Pitt, Fox, Canning; the impropriety of pressing for redress, when the State was engaged in the national struggle with France. Expedients were from time to time suggested, to reconcile the Protestant majority; a veto on the appointment of the Bishops, stipends to the priesthood, and the disenfranchisement of the great Catholic electorate, the forty-shilling freeholders. From the first, O'Connell took the side of the party of action, and the question of restrictions or securities he refused to entertain. He was the spokesman of a certain number of subjects of the State, whose civic qualities were already recognized by the law, who were admitted to certain public trusts, as, for instance, the right of voting, and yet were excluded from all the distinctions accorded by the State to ability and public spirit.

Whilst Grattan and Plunket, supported by Castlereagh and Canning, fought the battle with varying success at Westminster, O'Connell

O'Connell continued to be the voice of the Irish crowd resolutely demanding complete admission to the rights of citizenship. Lord Colchester's Diary shows that even as early as 1813 the Protestant leaders were thinking more of what O'Connell was saying in Dublin than of all the eloquence of Grattan or the arguments of Plunket.* Suddenly came an incident characteristic of the times, and O'Connell's fame spread far beyond the leaders of parties, beyond Dublin and the Bar, and the Catholic committees of the capital. He became recognized in every Catholic household as the dauntless champion who had risked his life against the Protestant oppressor. In 1815, delivering at a meeting in Dublin one of those vigorous addresses with which, in spite of his large and increasing business at the Bar, he found time to stimulate the hopes of his co-religionists, he had spoken of the Dublin Corporation, one of the great strongholds of the Protestant party, as 'the beggarly Corporation.' Mr. D'Esterre, a member of the Corporation, called upon O'Connell to repudiate the report of his speech. O'Connell replied, expressing his unbounded contempt for the Corporation. After some further correspondence a meeting took place; D'Esterre fired first and missed. O'Connell's shot inflicted a wound from which D'Esterre died in two days.

O'Connell had stood the ordeal of mortal combat, but he did not expect that his tragic success would be the end of the affair. He sent at once to retain the most eminent of his brother barristers for his defence in case of prosecution. Whatever may have been the misdeeds of the party of Protestant ascendency, they had the traditions of gentlemen, and they promptly disabused O'Connell of any misapprehension on the subject. The following letter, dated the day after D'Esterre's death, is from his second, Sir Edward Stanley, a leading member of the Corporation:—

'Royal Barracks, 4th February, 1815.

'SIR,—Lest your professional avocations should be interrupted by an apprehension of any proceeding being in contemplation in consequence of the late melancholy event, I have the honour to inform you that there is not the most distant intention of any prosecution whatever, on the part of the family or friends of the late Mr. D'Esterre,

'Your obedient humble servant,

'EDWARD STANLEY.'

O'Connell replied—

'Merrion Square, 5th February, 1815.

'SIR,—I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of yesterday, and I beg of you to accept my sincere thanks for your

* Colchester's Diary, vol. ii. p. 449.

very

very polite and considerate attention. It is to me a mournful consolation to meet such generous sentiments from those who must be afflicted at the late unhappy event. But, believe me, my regret at that event is most sincere and unaffected, and if I know my own heart, I can with the strictest truth assert, that no person can feel for the loss society has sustained in the death of Mr. D'Esterre with more deep and lasting sorrow than I do. Allow me again to thank you, sir, for the courtesy of your letter—a courtesy quite consistent with the gentlemanly demeanour of your entire conduct in this melancholy transaction.

'I have, &c.'

O'Connell had been for some years the popular leader of the Catholic party, whoever might be the public man charged with fighting the battle in Parliament, and on Grattan's death, in 1820, he made great exertions to extort from Plunket a promise to abandon the policy of securities before the conduct of the question in Parliament was placed in his hands. This promise Plunket would not give, and the Committee overruled O'Connell's objection. Plunket's Bill was carried through the Commons, but was defeated in the Lords.

Then O'Connell, in conjunction with his rival Sheil, adopted a new method for the development of public opinion in Ireland. Of O'Connell's share in this enterprize, an accomplished student of Irish history has said :—

'A great mistake had been made by all the combinations of the Catholics. The people of Ireland had not been directly appealed to, their voice had not yet been raised, their unanimity had not been proved. O'Connell saw this error and determined to avoid it. The energy of his genius was everywhere perceived, working amongst all classes. Here he breathed gently on the still waters of aristocratic reserve till he stirred a ripple on their surface—there his voice was heard rolling over the heads of mobs, stirring them and warning them like an alarm bell—now hurling defiance at those whom he denounced as oppressors, again whispering comfort and hope into the ears of the oppressed.' *

Whilst the passing of the Catholic Relief Acts was the main object of the Association, all questions affecting the Catholic peasantry were embraced in its operations. It intervened to settle local disputes, and to supersede the popular influence of secret societies. But the great feature of the new movement was the establishment of the Catholic rent. The pence, even the farthings of the Catholic peasant, were called in aid, and gave him a share in an Association of which the great Catholic proprietors—the ancient Norman families—formed a part. This

* 'Life of Lord Plunket,' by the Right Hon. David Plunket, vol. ii. p. 164.

expedient

expedient secured in a few months a revenue of over 500*l.* a week.

The portentous size and power of this organization had for the time the effect of stimulating opposition in England. The opponents of Catholic Relief, who had been losing ground in Parliament before the efforts of Plunket, seized on the proceedings of the Association which they represented as a menace to England; and when the Ministry of 1825 proposed to dissolve the Catholic Association, and were almost pledged to accept Catholic Relief as a complement of this measure, the history and pretensions of this giant society enabled the Protestant party to secure a strong reaction against concession. The suppression of the Association was agreed to. Catholic Relief was refused. There is no doubt that in 1825 Lord Liverpool was ready to yield,* and the Catholic leaders made in Parliament unusual efforts to force a settlement. So great was the prospect of success, that O'Connell, who was in London, qualified his antagonism to the principle of securities. He was apparently converted to a policy of guarantees which did not directly involve the veto, and threw himself with characteristic energy into the effort to effect the settlement.

The letters of 1825 show us O'Connell at his best. He was not yet deteriorated by the enjoyment of power. He had no anxiety for the future. He was no adept, as he afterwards became, in the machinations of corruption. He knew London thirty years before, when he came, a refugee from the revolutionists at Douay, to study Godwin and Gibbon, when he enjoyed, by anticipation, the opportunities of action which his boyhood had seen conceded, which his manhood promised; and, in the retirement of a boarding-house at Chiswick, whilst he studied types of character with keen perception, he had endeavoured to reconcile the early teaching of his Church with aspirations after the large liberty which revolutionary principles promised. Since these years he had not only won a great professional position. He had been recognized as the David of the Irish Catholics. He had exposed himself to the penalties of the law in 1815 to assert their social equality; and now, in the enjoyment of great income won by his own energy, with all the incentive to achievement which happy family relations give, he revisited the scene of his early studies, the subordinate but still the motive power in the movement of the time. His letters to his wife are full of his enjoyment of the attention paid to him, and of rollicking criticism on ways he does not like.

* 'Canning's Correspondence,' by Stapleton, vol. ii. pp. 250, 292.

My

'My darling Heart,—We were in the House under the gallery during the debate on Friday. . . . It was dull and prosy enough in all conscience. Peel was civil, but very malignant to the Catholics. He made a powerful use of the letter to Hamilton Rowan. . . . Mr. Wynne, who belongs to the Cabinet, just one of the worst speakers I ever heard. He somewhat resembles McNamara of the County of Cork, who forgot to omit something. You have no notion what a stupid set they are altogether, and even our friends are not so zealous as they expect. There is an English coldness; and, after all, what is it to them if we are crushed? . . .

'Sir Francis Burdett improves much on acquaintance. Brougham is a manly plain man; Abercrombie is a Chancery lawyer in great business, and represents the high Whigs; Hobhouse appears to me to be a direct-minded honest man. I spent an hour with Cobbett and was greatly pleased with him. He is a bold, clear-headed fellow, and his views are distinct and well-intentioned. I confess, darling, I have been pleased altogether with this trip.'

Next day he writes:

'I did not get to bed till after one this morning, and was not up this day until after ten. Only think of that, sweetest! but rejoice, my darling, cocknosed, sweetest, saucy, best of women—there is a long name for you! but rejoice, for every member of the House says —asso-she-ation. Mr. Brougham says it most distinctly, and at both sides it is the universal pronunciation. So you triumph over us all. . . .

'My own opinion is, that the Catholic Cause has gained ground greatly, and that all it requires is an active perseverance. It is vanity, to be sure; but we, darling, are equal to the rascals in everything, to say the least of it. I rejoice at your victory about asso-she-ation, but I confess I cannot help being sorry that my darling girls are defeated.'

He was feted and flattered, and in a subsequent letter to his wife he gives an account of the parties to which he was invited:—

'We dined on Saturday at Lord Stourton's. He contrived, by asking me to help him in carving, to place me between him and the Duke of Norfolk, where I was feasted and flattered to the highest degree. Lord Stourton said that neither Pitt nor Fox was my equal. Charles Butler said that since the days of Lord Chatham he had heard nothing like me. So, darling, I was vain enough, and I thought of the sweet little woman I belong to, and what a sweet kiss she owes me. . . . I then dined with Mr. Brougham. There were of our deputation present, Lord Killeen, Sir Thomas Esmonde, Hon. Mr. Preston, Sheil, and myself. We had four Dukes—the Duke of Sussex, of Devonshire, of Norfolk, and of Leinster; Sir Francis Burdett, Sir Henry Parnell, Mr. Scarlett, and the leading Whig lawyers; Alderman Wood, and Mr. Lambton, son-in-law to Earl Grey. I was placed between the Dukes of Devonshire and Leinster, and opposite to the Duke of Sussex. He (the Duke of Sussex) is very

very zealous in our cause; but, darling, I do not like him, although he was very kind and courteous to me. He has a great deal of the German trooper about him, and yet his star and single golden garter have an air that strikes one. I was again most flattered, and Brougham spoke to me warmly of the reports that reached him of my speech.'

His hopes rose high, and he writes that he is certain of success:—

'Darling—darling, since I wrote I have been under examination. Call my children together—tell Danny to fling up his cap for old Ireland. I have now no doubt but that we shall be emancipated. A great Orange man from the north—Sir George Hill—but his name should not appear in print—has just announced that a number of the English supporters of the ministry are going in a body to Lord Liverpool *to insist* that he should no longer oppose emancipation. Tell Maurice to go off with this information to James Sugrue and to Cornelius McLoghlin. Let him not name Sir George Hill, because he is not the only member of Parliament to whom the intelligence may be traced. But he should announce *the fact.* I am to-morrow free to write to both those persons, and I will fully. How anxious I am that the Bishops were here! Doctor Murray has not an hour to lose. Darling, go to him yourself, in your carriage, and tell him I respectfully solicited his immediate coming. I wrote to him myself yesterday—in short, we have won the game. May I thank Heaven that it was your husband, sweetest, that won it. If I had not been here nothing would have been done. I *forced* Sir Francis Burdett to bring on his motion. My examination this day related to everything connected with the Catholics in Ireland—the people, the Church, the friars, the priests, the Jesuits, &c., &c., &c. Colonel Dawson, the brother-in-law of Peel, again assured me I had done away many prejudices of his. My own, own heart's love, I am sorry to remain away from you, but, darling heart, it is necessary. Blessed be the great God, for it all will be right.'

But all these exertions resulted in a new disappointment. The Bill carried in the House of Commons, with the wings to which O'Connell consented, namely the disfranchisement of the forty-shilling freeholders, and the acceptance of a certain stipend for the Roman Catholic clergy, was not only rejected by the House of Lords, but this rejection, which was understood to be due to the personal resolution of the King, was accompanied by a solemn declaration from the Duke of York, the next heir to the throne, that he would never under any circumstances consent to the relief policy. The Catholics found that after a generation of waiting they were still met by the royal veto.

In 1823 O'Connell had followed up Plunket's defeat in the Lords by founding the Catholic Association. In 1826 he replied

replied to the royal anathema by organizing the forty-shilling freeholders. On a vacancy in the county of Waterford, he applied himself during two months to raise the small tenantry to dispute the county seat with one of the greatest and most able of the English families settled in Ireland. The result was a contemptuous rejection of the Beresford candidate, and the return of Mr. Villiers Stuart by an immense majority. The Waterford election has not attracted so much attention as the Clare election which took place two years afterwards, when O'Connell himself was returned, in disregard of the Acts requiring oaths which Roman Catholics would, it was admitted, refuse to take; but the Clare election was only the exercise in a new form of the power which the Roman Catholic party had proved they possessed in 1826.

Although Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald could not claim in Clare such a position as that of the Beresfords in Waterford, he was a great landowner, universally respected, and he was known in England as well as in Clare as a consistent supporter of the Catholic cause. His nomination to office by the Duke of Wellington was evidence that the Perceval policy had passed away, but it was an appeal to the Roman Catholics to wait events, and this was just what O'Connell had become strong enough to resist. He had submitted to this policy more than once. In 1825 he had gone to the extreme limit of compromise. The next year he had proved by his own exertions that the Catholic party possessed a weapon which they had not thought of before. The time for waiting had passed, and this was asserted in a manner particularly attractive to the crowd, a personal struggle between the nominee of the Prime Minister and the man who was the first of their creed to win large income and distinction by his abilities, who for more than a generation had counselled action and perseverance, whose resolution had extorted admiration even from opponents. The return of O'Connell by an overwhelming majority brought the Catholic question to a crisis. The Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel gave way, and the Catholic Relief Act was passed (1829). O'Connell was entitled to boast that he had conquered the prejudices of the House of Hanover. He encouraged his Irish admirers to believe that he had beaten England, led by her most famous chief, whose sword had decided the fate of empires. He certainly believed himself that he had triumphed over Peel, who up to the Clare election had not foreseen the necessity of legislation which involved the loss of his seat at Oxford.

It was only in the first Session of 1830, cut short by the King's death, that O'Connell seriously entered on Parliamentary work;

work; and in connection with this, the culminating point of his career, let us cull from Mr. Fitzpatrick's volumes some account of the home from which he sallied forth to take his place in the British Parliament. He had succeeded to Darrynane on the death of his uncle in 1826, and to its attractions he frequently recurs in his correspondence.

'But, although I must accept your invitation [to Cork], as I would obey an honoured command, yet I trust you will allow me to name a distant day for that purpose. After nearly seven months of the most close and unremitting labour I want the calm and quiet of my loved native hills—the bracing air, purified as it comes over "the world of waters," the cheerful exercise, the majestic scenery of these awful mountains whose wildest and most romantic glens are awakened by the enlivening cry of my merry beagles; whose deep notes, multiplied one million times by the echoes, speak to my senses as if it were the voice of magic powers commingling as it does with the eternal roar of the mighty Atlantic, that breaks and foams with impotent rage at the foot of our stupendous cliffs. Oh! these are scenes to revive all the forces of natural strength—to give new energy to the human mind, to raise the thoughts above the grovelling strife of individual interests—to elevate the sense of family affection into the purest, the most refined, and the most constant love of country, and even to exalt the soul to the contemplation of the wisdom and mercy of the all-seeing and good God, who has been pleased to afflict Ireland with centuries of misrule and misery, but seems now to have in store for her a coming harvest of generous retribution.

'Permit me to postpone for some—shall I say considerable?—time the day on which I am to meet my friends, and the friends of Ireland, in Cork. Do not tear me from this loved spot until I have enjoyed some of its renovating effects. If you think I deserve the sweets of this loved retreat, give me time to taste them more at leisure after my fatigues and vexations, and allow me to mention a distant day for that on which I am to meet you at the festive board, consecrated, in my humble name, to the welfare of Ireland.'

Later on, we have another glimpse of his pursuits in his cherished home.

'The weather has been very favourable since my arrival here. I have exceedingly enjoyed my hunting scenes, and I really feel a restoration of health and energy even beyond my expectations. I do delight in this retreat; my *pack* is beautiful, and they hunt admirably. They kill with ease full six and even seven hares in a day, and this amidst the finest scenery, the most *majestic* in the world. How I wish you saw this place and saw *my hounds* hunt, because it is not the men but the dogs that hunt with me. It is with bitter regret I tear myself from these mountains, and I would not consent for any offer to forfeit my prospect of being here all October in the ensuing year.'

Mr. Fitzpatrick's

Mr. Fitzpatrick's pages show us how in this picturesque spot he delighted down to his latest days to maintain a sort of rural court, dispensing hospitality in regal style, enjoying the fine scenery of the neighbourhood, and passionately devoted to field sports.

His account of his first experience in Parliament is characteristic of his impatient spirit:—

'I am exceedingly amused by the exhibitions of the human mind that surround me. . . . Indeed there is more folly and nonsense in the House than anywhere out of it. There is a low and subservient turn of thinking, and there is a submission to authority which is to the last degree debasing.'

O'Connell here expresses the view taken by many a popular champion, who, a great leader in his own locality, finds himself for the first time face to face with men equally able and fluent as himself. He was at this time watching English affairs with close attention, providing as well as he could for his large expenditure and his loss of professional income in consequence of his attendance in Parliament, instead of in the Irish Courts, by the establishment of the O'Connell rent.* He was in fact gradually drifting away from the position he had so long held as the head of the Irish Bar, and becoming a professional politician. The hostility of the Wellington Government excluded him from patronage for himself or his friends. During the summer and autumn of 1830 we have a number of letters relating to the organization of the new fund, the 'O'Connell rent.' To Fitzpatrick he writes,

'This is the time to do something for the Fund. This is of course in confidence—that is, it must not be known to come from me; but I cannot tell you how delighted I was at the development of your plan for a Diocesan Sunday Collection. One Sunday, is it not, for each diocese?'

Public meetings were held, and among the objects to be promoted was a Repeal of the Union.

At this time, when this question first became a part of his public policy, we have a number of influences affecting O'Connell's mind. He is in Parliament, but not yet acquainted with its ways, and not having much disposition to learn them. In England he is a notability rather than a power, whilst his renown and influence among the people he has hitherto acted

* The annual O'Connell tribute, popularly known as the 'O'Connell rent,' was projected at this time by Mr. Patrick Vincent Fitzpatrick, to whom the largest number of letters in this collection is addressed, and to whom he constantly expresses the deepest gratitude.

with

with are greater than ever. His expenses and style of living, always out of proportion to his income, large though that was for an Irish barrister, have increased, whilst that income has been seriously interfered with by his attendance in Parliament at a distance from the Irish Courts. There was no subject on which to rally the masses such as had been the demand for Catholic relief. The further extension of Catholic rights was not a sufficiently broad question to keep public attention engaged.

Besides the abolition of the forty-shilling freeholder, the Catholic Relief Act had been accompanied by another measure which O'Connell felt much more bitterly than the abolition of the popular voter or the prohibition of the monastic orders. The Catholic Association had been put down in 1825, but he had managed to reorganize it in one form or another, down to 1829. There was no escaping from the comprehensive provisions of the Associations Act of 1829, but without an Association his chances of raising funds were gone.

One cry there was which excited the peasantry to the verge of rebellion and deeply interested the priesthood; but O'Connell, as a lawyer, knew that refusal to pay tithes was contrary to law; that the struggle which was already going on meant—what his practical instincts as a natural ruler of men, what all his professional training led him to abhor—a conflict with the law. With all these questions present to his eager gaze, the French revolution of July 1830, and the Belgian revolution which followed, brought him, like many others, to think again of the schemes and controversies which had occupied the close of the last century. In Ireland the Parliament of Grattan had largely profited by the maxim 'de mortuis nil nisi bonum.' Whether its *manes* will altogether rejoice in the flood of light which in later times Mr. Gladstone's passionate appeal to history has thrown on its ignoble course, we need not stop to enquire. The careers of Grattan and Plunket in the English House of Commons had greatly added to the renown of the defunct assembly. Distinguished personalities live longer in public memory than schemes of policy or acts of administration; and the assembly which included men like Parsons and Foster, and Smith and Yelverton, which was represented for more than a generation in the United Parliament by men like Grattan and Plunket, was remembered with admiration, whilst their actual share in public work was forgotten. Enthusiasm for this famous company as one of the past glories, was a pious aspiration of the Irish crowd, a familiar topic in public meetings. A cry for Repeal of the Union had been

been hitherto rather an expression of homage to the departed great or of discontent with England than any statement of an actual demand.

In the autumn of 1830 we have the first distinct declaration on the subject of Repeal, addressed to one of his inspired writers. The context shows how closely connected it was in his thoughts with the great business of raising supplies :—

'The Union should now be agitated in every possible shape—in all those so well and easily suggested by you—but not to the exclusion of the formation of a permanent society. A permanent society is absolutely necessary in order to collect funds *in primo loco*, to collect funds *in secundo loco*, and to collect funds, thirdly and lastly, because we have both mind and body within us, and all we want is the means of keeping the machine in regular and supple motion. Corruption was said by Burke to be the oil that makes the wheels of government go. Money is as necessary to keep in due operation the springs of popular excitement.'

Shortly after Lord Grey's Ministry was formed, Lord Anglesey saw O'Connell at Uxbridge House in an interview to which O'Connell thus refers :—

'Lord Anglesea sent for me and talked to me for two hours, to prevail on me to join the Government; he went so far as to discuss my private affairs in order to prevail on me to repair my fortunes.'

What exactly passed at this interview is not recorded; but there can be little doubt that the Government would have been glad to accept O'Connell as Solicitor-General. Lord Anglesey, however, was not prepared to offer any commanding position which would have secured him a liberal share of patronage for his Irish following; and the conference was succeeded by a brief and eager conflict, which resulted in O'Connell's arrest for offences against the Associations Acts in various fresh attempts to re-establish a successor to the Catholic Association. Immediately ensued negociations, of which we have some curious hints in these volumes. On the 19th of January O'Connell was arrested. On the 22nd he writes :—

'I have had a communication with a person in the confidence of the Ministry in England, but whose name I cannot disclose, who states distinctly that all the ministry desire is to postpone the Union question, until those of reform, abolition of corporate monopoly and reformation of Church abuses are disposed of, thus leaving the Union for the last.

'I think this may be done by Lord Cloncurry and Lord Meath, in such a manner as to carry with them the public mind, preserving only just so much or rather so little of popular agitation as would continue the confidence of the people in the prospect of legitimate redress;

redress; such prospect being, in my mind, the only mode of preventing violence and outrage, and probable rebellion.'

The Peers appealed to were not prepared to help O'Connell out of his difficulties. But with Lord Duncannon, whose seat in Kilkenny was in some danger, he was able to establish satisfactory relations. O'Connell was convicted, but released on bail, to come up for judgment; whilst this correspondence shows that thenceforward, to the time of his death as Lord-Lieutenant in 1845, Lord Duncannon, subsequently Lord Bessborough, paid the most dutiful attention to O'Connell's wishes.

This was just the sort of political position he enjoyed, and on his side he did his part with a will to show his fidelity to his new ally. On April 27th we have him, the traverser awaiting judgment, reporting to Lord Duncannon the prospects of the coming election:—

'On my arrival here this day, I of course proceeded at once to business, and I am happy to say that everything has as favourable an aspect as one could almost wish.'

And he proceeds to give details of some nine constituencies. The main burden of this correspondence after 1833 is the question of Irish appointments. The Government are reproached for not 'commencing to be friendly to their friends,' and the cashiering of Lord Anglesey, and Mr. Stanley, the Chief Secretary, and of Blackburn, the Attorney-General, is suggested as a pledge of good-will.

It was about this time that Dr. Doyle, discussing the probability of O'Connell's accepting an appointment, wrote:—

'I think it will be hard to gain O'Connell, for he is more popular in Ireland than he ever was, and he can if he please get twenty or thirty thousand pounds from the country on his return. This popularity and emolument are more than Ministers can offer to him.'

At the election of 1832, after the passing of the Reform Bill, he exerted his full power as a popular leader advocating Repeal, and succeeded in obtaining fifty-two followers pledged to this proposal. This cry served as a plea for asking for the votes of the lawless and disaffected; whilst their deeds, however, became so monstrous, that the Ministry were forced next Session to propose one of the sternest Coercion Acts of modern times. O'Connell secured his popularity by scenes of extravagant violence; and with his fierce denunciations of the 'brutal and bloody Whigs,' his allies, and his sincere onslaughts on Stanley, whom he detested, it is curious to compare a confidential letter to Lord Duncannon written in January 1833:—

'There

'There is an almost universal organization going on. It is not confined to one or two counties. It is, I repeat, almost universal. I do not believe that there is any man in the rank of a comfortable farmer engaged—not one man probably entitled to vote. But all the poverty of our counties is being organized. There never yet was, as I believe, so general a disposition for that species of insurrectionary outrages. . . . All I can add in the way of advice is—that the more troops are sent over here, the better. In every point of view it is best to increase the King's troops.'

This letter throws light on the violent wrangle which occurred later on in the Session, when Lord Althorp was called on to fight a duel because he admitted having stated that some of O'Connell's followers had confessed the necessity of a Coercion Bill. It indeed exhibits a characteristic of Irish agitation, to judge from the recently published letters of Captain O'Shea and Mr. Chamberlain.

Whilst O'Connell was relying on his violent opposition to the Coercion Act to keep himself right with his public, other agitators in Ireland were taking advantage of the general effervescence which followed on the success of Reform to press for some progress on the question which O'Connell had so often talked about. Feargus O'Connor had given notice of a motion in favour of Repeal.

'Feargus O'Connor has had his brains blown out by the trash in the "Freeman's Journal," and he has, without condescending to consult me, fixed his Union debate for the 16th of the next month. He will do great mischief, and the Repealers will, I trust, show Mr. Lavelle that he has speculated badly in setting on this uncalculating and coarse-minded fellow to do mischief.

'At present my family are determined that I should neither speak nor vote. My wife—who in almost all my political resolves has been, I believe, uniformly right—is strongly against my taking any part. I myself think I should merely stand by and reply to some late speakers.

'It is cruel to have my plan deranged by this interloper. His debate can do nothing but mischief.'

In this year we have numerous despatches to Mr. Fitzpatrick, his Chancellor of the Exchequer, and to his press agents, protesting his zeal for Repeal, his unalterable conviction of its necessity, his personal sacrifices for the cause, his own importance to the Ministry, but not a single sentence suggests that he had really considered how the Repeal scheme was to be carried.

He was angry with O'Connor for pressing on a discussion of Repeal in 1833. The danger was evaded for that particular Session, but could not be indefinitely postponed, particularly when

when the Royal Speech of 1834 contained a distinct repudiation of the scheme. O'Connell had, sorely against his will, to face the ordeal of a Parliamentary discussion. All the records of his friends describe him as much dispirited at the prospect. A letter to Staunton strengthens the impression which the reader gets from the works of Mr. Daunt and of Mr. John O'Connell, as to the exceeding reluctance of O'Connell to enter upon a formal discussion of his great theme.

'I never felt so nervous about anything as I do about my repeal effort. It will be my worst. I sink beneath the load. My materials are confused and totally without arrangement. I wish you could come here and bring McCabe. I would readily be at the entire expense; but you should come without delay. In fact it is at the last moment I venture to write to you on this subject. I say venture because I am convinced there will be nothing in my speech deserving recollection or any extraordinary exertions by my friends. It is quite true that I have desponded before a public exertion and afterwards succeeded, but this cannot now be the case. I feel for the first time overpowered.'

The defeat of his proposal for a committee on the results of the Act of Union—the actual majority was 488—was a matter of course; but O'Connell's speech was singularly deficient in those characteristic outbursts of energy and plausible argument, with which he generally won the attention even of his most eager opponents. He failed to convince the House that he had any faith in his own cause.

During the brief Melbourne administration which succeeded on the resignation of Lord Grey, we find O'Connell exceedingly active in impressing upon Lord Duncannon the necessity of considering his views on the Irish Church and similar questions, but above all on matters of patronage:—

'All we ask is that you should remove from office your enemies and ours, that the Orange faction should not continue to be, as they have hitherto exclusively been, your only instruments of rule in Ireland. We simply ask of you not to continue to entrust your power as you have hitherto done, to your mortal enemies, but to govern Ireland by avowed and tried friends of reform and of the Irish people—by such men as you are yourself.'

After Peel's unsuccessful resort to a general election in 1834, and whilst the debates were proceeding, which ended in his defeat on the appropriation clause, O'Connell writes to Fitzpatrick in February 1835:—

'You will perceive that I have offered my terms of support to the Whig ministry when they shall be formed again. They are these:—

'1st. As good and extensive a Reform Bill for Ireland as the

English people may have. In other words, the same measure of reform for both countries.

'2nd. The reduction of the establishment to the extent of the wants of the Protestants, and a proper application of the surplus.

'3rd. A complete corporate reform. Upon getting these terms I am ready to give a full and fair trial of their efficiency. I would give that trial to show whether they could produce good government in Ireland, and, if that experiment failed, I would come back with tenfold force to "the Repeal."

'I hope my offer of support will facilitate the return to office of the Whigs.'

Here we probably have the rough draft of the Lichfield House compact, to be settled at the meetings of the following month.

When the Whigs returned to office, the question whether O'Connell was to form part of the new ministry was much more complicated than at the date of the Uxbridge House meeting. He had become known to the English public as the virulent assailant of successive ministerial combinations, because they would not accept views distasteful to the great majority of Englishmen. In office he would have had himself to explain both to his Irish followers and to Englishmen the nature of his arrangements with the Government, and his colleagues would have been called on to be equally explicit. They could not have evaded the subject by answers such as Lord Melbourne gave in the House of Lords, answers which Lord Brougham said were 'on the footing of drollery.' With O'Connell actually in the Cabinet, or responsible for an important section of Irish administration, the time for drollery would have gone by. Even as it was, it became necessary for O'Connell to explain the co-operation between his forces and those of the Ministry, and later on he publicly announced his willingness to suspend the repeal agitation until the ministerial programme was developed. Nothing but his great personal authority could have imposed such an arrangement on the nationalist crowds from whom he drew his contributions. If at the same time he had become a salaried member of the Government, his command of the agitation would have been lost. In these circumstances the prejudices of the King were not an unwelcome solution.

The fall of the Peel ministry had been anticipated. The Lichfield House meetings were held in view of this coming event, but the decisive vote on Lord John Russell's amendment did not take place until April 7th. The resignation of the Ministry was only announced on the 8th. Until the day following there was no possibility of learning the King's views in any formal manner, and without some formal declaration on the

subject

subject and a declaration more than once reiterated, it is impossible to believe that so important a personage as O'Connell was then in public affairs, would—if he really were an aspirant to office—have submitted to be shelved on the dictum of William IV. Yet on the day Melbourne first saw the King O'Connell writes to Fitzpatrick, who was the voice to whisper to O'Connell's agents what was to become the current opinion of the party:—

'You may be convinced that I will not accept offers of any kind without distinct pledges. Nor is there any office I should accept save Attorney-General or Secretary for Ireland. But there may be objections in the prejudices of the King against me which may render it unwise to have me named to any situation.'

Here was the germ from which public opinion in Ireland was to spring. O'Connell, the faithful guardian of the country, ostracized by the arbitrary act of the King, and yet regardless of self, doing what he could to help a ministry from which he hoped some good for Ireland.

A very important element in the new Government was Lord Mulgrave, the Lord Lieutenant, in whom O'Connell practically found his own deputy in administration. When the State was still in labour with the second Melbourne Cabinet, he writes:—'We have an excellent man in Lord Mulgrave, the new Lord Lieutenant. I tell you there cannot be a better.' As representing O'Connell in the Ministry, his services were so satisfactory, that three years afterwards O'Connell reports good tidings of the Cabinet's prospects, and adds, 'this, after all, is cheering for Ireland, as it leaves us Lord Mulgrave.' Later on he writes:—

'Lord Mulgrave sent for me yesterday to state the vacancy in the Exchequer, and to hear my wishes on the subject. I easily showed that I ought not to accept the judging of tithe causes. He then stated that he believed it would not be difficult to make an arrangement to offer me "the Rolls," and in fact he offered it. You know that, if I took anything, it would be the Rolls. But I could not bring myself to accept it. My heart is heavy, but *I have made this sacrifice.* Nothing could exceed the handsome manner in which Lord Mulgrave treated me.'

O'Connell remained in politics and out of office, but he obtained some three years of power in the way most suited to his habits and tastes. None of the Irish appointments could be settled without consulting him, whilst the smaller departments of patronage were placed at his disposal, and good berths were secured for his connections and dependants.

A faithful supporter of the Cabinet, the death of William IV. inspired

inspired him with new hopes. The new Queen was welcomed by O'Connell with enthusiasm. Mr. Fitzpatrick quotes the account given by Lord Broughton of O'Connell's attendance at St. James's, on the proclamation of the accession of the Queen, 'acting as a sort of fugleman to the multitude, and regulating their acclamations.' Later on O'Connell writes:—

'The Queen has expressed a wish to see me. She is determined to conciliate Ireland. I will of course attend the next levée, and perhaps some good to Ireland may be the consequence. You will feel how imperative it is to keep all this from every eye but your own, especially as I may perhaps be honoured with an audience within ten days.'

In his speeches and letters at this time his allusions to the Queen breathe warm personal admiration. 'The Queen, God bless her!' was to be the cry of his followers at the coming election, and he declares to the Association,

'that until the accession of Her present Majesty there never was a sovereign on the British Throne sincerely friendly to the people of Ireland.'

In a manifesto to the Association he says, 'We have on the throne a monarch educated to cherish the rights and liberties of all the people, free from preoccupations and prejudices, and ready to do justice to all, without distinction of sect or persuasion.' His followers were to be organized as 'the friends of the Queen,' and in his enthusiasm for 'the benevolent wishes of the pure-minded sovereign,' he adds, 'let Cork county and Yorkshire be put on a footing—let Ireland and England be identified.' O'Connell was not the man to think that the dignity of Ireland was advanced by refusing to play 'God Save the Queen,' or to drink the sovereign's health. In furtherance of this policy the Repeal Association in Dublin was dissolved in October.

The contributions, however, to the O'Connell tribute ran very low, and the following Session of 1838, showed plainly both the weakness of the Government and their consciousness of the unpopularity which their alliance with O'Connell entailed. Towards the end of the year he announced a new organization, to be called the Precursor Society. This name was selected in order to include all persons who looked on the existing state of things as a prelude to something else, whether that something was repeal or greater concession from Government. This was the time when Peel's growing reputation menaced the life of the Ministry; and O'Connell explains to Dr. McHale, 'my present anxiety is to have our organization completed

completed during the reign of the present Ministers.' O'Connell saw that a period of Tory Government was at hand, and it was for this that he wished to have ready the resource of a Repeal agitation. But there was even a worse danger than the exclusion of O'Connell's friends from office. There was some prospect at this time, as the Greville journals disclose, of the formation of a coalition Ministry; and as this possibility became greater, he exerted himself the more to push on his new Association. When the Ministry resigned on the Jamaica Bill in May, 1839, he writes, we may believe with perfect sincerity, 'Blessed be God, it is a sad affliction. . . Regret is *vain.* The Tories *must* dissolve, but the blow is too fearful to allow me to do more than announce it to you.' The dispute over the Household appointments had the effect of removing all danger of coalition, and throwing the restored Ministry more than ever into the hands of O'Connell, and of the English Radicals; but he clearly saw it was only a respite, and although he struggled to keep agitation afloat, he was in very low spirits at the continued falling off in the O'Connell tribute.

As defeat followed defeat at Westminster, he proceeded in April 1840, formally to inaugurate a Repeal Association, and this time he succeeded in getting what this correspondence shows he had long been asking for in vain, the hearty co-operation of Dr. McHale. The price of this assistance was O'Connell's pledge to make the Archbishop's views in opposition to the Education Board a primary portion of his policy. The meetings he called during the autumn produced a certain amount of commotion, but they did not secure an increase in the supplies. In February 1841, he writes:—

'Where shall I get money? The tribute has not been successful this year, and the second attempt appears more inefficient in its results than the first.'

The election of the summer was fatal to the Whig party, and greatly diminished O'Connell's parliamentary strength; but, on the other hand, the return of the Tories to office gave him a greater quantity of plastic material. The Whigs were less hostile to a movement which could hardly fail to be embarrassing to their opponents, and in July he writes, with increased confidence, 'Repeal is the sole basis which the people will accept, let nobody tell you the contrary.' Still the money did not come into the disorganized exchequer, and his letters disclose great apprehension:—

'Want is literally killing me. I have grown ten years older from my incessant pecuniary anxiety.'

In

In the following autumn, however, his efforts produced a considerable stir amongst people of various conditions in all parts of the country, and the agitation secured most effective aid in a new weekly paper representing a section of Irish opinions which had been practically voiceless since the days of Wolfe Tone. The 'Nation' made its appearance in October, 1842, and although it could not have come into existence or found subscribers but for the ferment which O'Connell had produced, its style of writing and directness of policy went home to the popular heart in a way which the master agitator could not emulate. Davis, Duffy, and the band of writers, who started the new organ, worked loyally for O'Connell and Repeal, but they did so because Repeal was part of a larger scheme, which was that of an independent Ireland, a nation to be ruled by Irishmen. Such a theme presented an opportunity of much brighter and more attractive writing than any disquisitions on Stanley's Registration Bill or the reforms of corporations could supply. The young writers became members of the Association. Their readers subscribed to the O'Connell tribute. As long as O'Connell was able to promise Repeal there was no occasion for a critical contrast of principles. The immediate end of both sections was the same, the diminution of British influence over Irish affairs. Whilst the Young Ireland party basked in the glow of O'Connell's popularity, their disquisitions on Celtic history and antiquities flattered local vanity, and their rhetoric and poetry created popular enthusiasm. The repeal rent, which had hitherto produced less annually than O'Connell claimed to have made at the Bar in 1829,—8000*l.* a-year,—rose in the course of 1843 to something like 50,000*l.* a-year. The bishops and priests all over the country came in, and most of the Roman Catholic landlords. The organization in Dublin was developed on an enormous scale, and O'Connell announced that within the year Repeal would be obtained.

It was determined to follow up all the other demonstrations, by collecting the largest possible crowds at particular spots all over the country. This series of vast gatherings continued all through the summer of 1843. The Government removed O'Connell and some others from the commission of the peace, but did not interfere with the meetings. Peel, when challenged in the House of Commons, declared his unalterable resolution to maintain the Union even at the cost of civil war. O'Connell replied by reiterating his prophecy, that he would have Repeal before the end of the year, and talked about legal rights and resistance if they were assailed. 'We will not attack,' said his lieutenant John O'Connell. 'I do not say we will not defend.' The

The troops in Ireland and the police were increased, but nothing further was done until the eve of the greatest demonstration the repealers had yet projected to be held in the outskirts of Dublin. Then at length the Government declared themselves, and, on the previous afternoon, proclamations were posted prohibiting the meeting. O'Connell and his friends were in council at the time, and at once decided to adjourn the meeting.

After the violent language of the summer, the talk of dying for Ireland, of leaving his enemies only his dead body to trample upon, this prompt surrender was fatal to his reputation for sagacity and irresistible power. No attempt was made to test the question of legal right. At the next meeting of the Association, he endeavoured by a long and vague harangue to divert public attention from his disaster, but the catastrophe was only the more obvious, and in a few days the Government followed up their success by a prosecution for seditious conspiracy.

The history of this famous trial, O'Connell's conviction and imprisonment, and the final quashing of the conviction by the House of Lords, are the best known portion of O'Connell's career, and need not be repeated here.

His proceedings subsequently were a strange exhibition of his anxiety to escape from the untenable position into which the eagerness of his strife with Peel had hurried him. In October, after a few weeks' repose at Darrynane, he addressed a long discursive epistle to the Association. He started by claiming the decision of the House of Lords as a great victory in favour of the principle of public meeting. That decision, it was manifest to every one, proceeded entirely on technical questions of criminal pleading and procedure; but, in his endeavour to cover his retreat, he said of it:—

'We have obtained the most valuable victory that ever was achieved by purely moral means. The victory of Waterloo was the mere triumph of physical force, combined with military organization. It was a brutal and bloody scene, and much of what are called its glories depended upon chance and accident.

'Ours, on the contrary, was the triumph of the first principles of civil liberty, and of the judicial merits of our glorious cause. That which triumphed was the great constitutional principle which sanctions the rights of free discussion to the inhabitants of these realms.'

The significant part of this lengthy discourse was:—

'For my own part, I will own that since I have come to contemplate the specific differences, such as they are, between simple repeal and Federalism, I do at present feel a preference for the Federative plan as tending more to the utility of Ireland and to the maintenance of the connection with England, than the mode of simple repeal.'

And

And he invites an obscure section of Irish politicians, whom he had hitherto ignored, to propose a plan of a Federative Union for further discussion.

It was somewhat startling to find that, after labouring on this question for more than forty years—for, according to his own declarations, he had devoted himself to Repeal in 1800—he was still in doubt as to the character and powers of the Parliament he asked for. The 'Nation' at once protested against this attempt to shift his ground. If Federalism amused a certain number of Liberal Protestants, let them cherish it, for it was, in the words of Sir C. Gavan Duffy, 'the shadow of repeal;' but O'Connell was bound to adhere to the definite proposal which distinctly recognized national aspirations, and to these he owed the strength of the movement which he had evoked. Mr. Davis wrote: 'The aspiration of Ireland is for unbounded nationality; to the policy of this we are sure O'Connell will return.' At the same time he wrote privately to Smith O'Brien:—

'My opinion is, you know, what I have always avowed in the 'Nation,' namely, that Federalism is not, and cannot be, a final settlement, though it deserves a fair trial and perfect toleration. I believe there would be no limit to our nationality in twenty years, whether we pass through Federalism or ——,' a blank in the original letter.*

Meanwhile O'Connell, on his part, although he took no public part in the discussion he had started, wrote on the 21st of October to Smith O'Brien, enclosing a draft scheme of Federalism, and assuring O'Brien in many flattering terms that he would not move further in Irish questions without O'Brien's aid. O'Brien replied coldly to the gushing letter, and as to the scheme, declared that his preference was for Repeal. Shortly after the date of his letter to Smith O'Brien, we have a letter to Fitzpatrick, and the concluding paragraphs indicate only too distinctly that in 1844, as in 1830, the question of supply absorbed much of his attention:—

'*Nov. 2nd.*—I cannot well describe the anxiety I feel to hear from you. You broke off by telling me that O'Hagan was busied at Belfast arranging some Federal demonstration. There the intelligence stands still; off and on, I ought to be apprised before *now* of *the fact.* I suppose, indeed, that the movement for Federalism has been quashed by the Whigs in the Murphy line, and by the Tories and CROTCHETS in the Protestant and Radical sections. Be it so. But I should know *the fact.* I do indeed collect that fact from

* Duffy, 'Young Ireland,' p. 589.

your and Conway's emphatic silence. But I ought to be informed of the details, as it is my duty to address the "hereditary bondsmen" as speedily as I possibly can.

'Do you know that I have feelings of despondency creeping over me on the subject of this year's tribute? It seems to have dropped almost stillborn from the press. In former years, when the announcement appeared, it was immediately followed by crowded advertisements in the Dublin papers to meet and arrange the collection. The Cork, Waterford, Limerick, &c., newspapers followed, but there is not one *spark* alight.

'Can you help to dissipate these gloomy apprehensions?'

At the end of November O'Connell made his first appearance at the Association after his release from prison, and hastened at once to wash his hands of Federalism; yet this correspondence shows that during the two previous months he had made vigorous exertions to obtain support in substituting a cry for Federalism in place of Repeal, and in this we have strong evidence of the confusion into which the action of the Government had thrown his plans.

But his seeking even for a time to encourage this scheme is some measure of the little faith he had in his original demand. To restore the Irish Parliament of 1782 was a definite proposal. There was a Parliament with national claims formally acknowledged. Anything less was to return to the schemes of subordinate legislatures which, as Dr. Ball, in his 'Legislative Systems in Ireland,' shows us, had, in fact, been tried before 1782, and had absolutely failed to provide a good government or to excite popular enthusiasm. Such a system, with provisions adapted to modern wants, was proposed by the Duke of Portland, but he acknowledged that Irish public opinion despised it. Similar suggestions were urged again in 1800. To Nationalists such schemes had germs of possibility, thus described by the authority to whom we have referred:—

'Besides the reasons against bringing forward a measure to restrain the jurisdiction of the Irish Parliament which have been mentioned, any proceeding of the kind was discouraged by the consideration that, even if such a measure were carried, there was no certainty of its permanence. The existing Irish Parliament might enact it, the succeeding might demand its repeal. An intermediate policy necessarily has no finality; and this is especially true when it relates to the constitution of representative institutions; for such institutions have within them a principle of growth. In Ireland Councils had expanded to Parliaments; Parliaments, without representatives of the Commons, to Parliaments with representatives of the Commons; Parliaments without the native Irish, to Parliaments with representatives from the native Irish; Parliaments, restrained by Poyning's law,

law, and overawed by fear of another legislature claiming pre-eminence, to Parliaments free, independent, subject to no external authority. Why, then, might not Parliaments, excluded from dealing with commercial questions, foreign policy, the great affairs of State, arise out of their depressed condition, and in time regain the elevated position which had, in a moment of weakness, been surrendered?' *

O'Connell, however, could not plead any such forecasts for his retreat upon Federalism. He was not, like Mr. Davis or Mr. Davitt at the present day, a believer in an independent Ireland. He could not urge, as Davis did, that Federalism was acceptable because it might lead to something else.

Meantime Peel had followed up the blow struck at agitation in October 1843, by a series of schemes for the improvement of Ireland. Conspicuous among these was that for the establishment of the Queen's University. A large section of the Roman Catholic clergy objected to it on much the same grounds, on which Dr. McHale had long assailed the National system of education introduced by Stanley. To criticize this and similar measures was the only occupation which O'Connell could find for the Association, and the consequence was to divide him still further from the young Nationalists, who had rallied to his support. They were more and more excited by the revolutionary movements then traversing Europe. They, the butterflies called to life by O'Connell's sunlike glow, were confident that Irish independence was one assured result of the revolutions in Europe, and meanwhile they found their leader, their creator, falling back upon ecclesiastical pretensions which necessarily divided Catholic from Protestant.

O'Connell was beginning to show signs of failing health in 1845, but he would have struggled on a great power in politics, notwithstanding the disaster of 1843, had it not been for the potato famine. Since the days of Sennacherib, there had been no such terrible commentary on human vanity. For nearly two generations he had assumed the leadership of the Irish population, and maintained it with success. He had levied large tributes from their poverty. He had hurried them into wild enterprizes, in which they had shown all the devotion of tribesmen to a chief, but during all the period of his supremacy, those anxious questions, as to the chances of existence of the people,—questions which Arthur Young had stated, which Adam Smith had discussed with prophetic insight, which had been carefully examined by De Beaumont, and which had absorbed all the energies of Drummond,—had never, it would

* 'Legislative Systems in Ireland,' by the Right Hon. J. T. Ball, p. 123.

seem,

seem, diverted O'Connell's thoughts from his great mission in life, the distribution of money among his followers. One great economic question he did bestow much attention on, the introduction of the Poor Law into Ireland. It was a measure which distinctly portended ruin to the class in which the energy of the O'Connell clan had placed him; and as a landlord he combated it, pointing out, with unanswerable force, how little it would do for the people; but whilst he exposed the delusion of his Whig friends, that an improved poor law of Elizabeth could in 1839 deliver them from the impending Irish crisis, he had no other deliverance to suggest. It was only when the Devon Commission was attracting attention to facts with which all thoughtful observers of Ireland had been engrossed for nearly three generations, that we find him seriously considering Irish destitution.

On the return of the Whigs to office he resumed the position of chief distributor of patronage in Ireland. In the beginning of 1847 he started on a pilgrimage to Rome, attended by one of the most interesting of the Irish priesthood, whom his renown had attached to him. At Genoa his strength failed him.

'"At two o'clock this morning the 15th," writes Dr. Miley in May, "I found it necessary to send for the viaticum and the holy oil. Though it was the dead of night, the Cardinal-Archbishop (he is eighty-eight years old), attended by his clerics and several of the faithful, carried the adorable viaticum with the solemnities customary in Catholic countries, and reposed it in the tabernacle which we had prepared in the chamber of the illustrious sufferer. Though prostrate to the last degree, he was perfectly in possession of his mind whilst receiving the last rites. The adorable name of Jesus, which he had been in the habit of invoking, was constantly on his lips with trembling fervour. His thoughts have been entirely absorbed by religion since his illness commenced. For the last forty hours he has not opened his lips to speak of anything else. The doctors still say they have hope. I have none."'

Of the man himself these volumes of Mr. Fitzpatrick will always remain the most vivid record, showing, as they do, his stupendous energy, his wonderful fertility in resource, and the glowing warmth of his nature, whether in affection or wrath. They cannot reproduce what some of our readers may recal, those marvellous physical gifts which bespoke the great platform orator, the magnificent organ of voice such as it sounded at the London Tavern in 1830, rousing the multitude of his hearers to attention by its power, charming them by its melody.

His style was often disfigured by violence of language of the grossest kind, but it was distinguished by a practical aptness, which attracted, in spite of these deficiencies. There is something

thing almost Demosthenic in the expression of the value of self-reliance which the following passage conveys :—

'In political affairs the most critical and dangerous moment to the popular party is that which for that party ought to precede a complete and final triumph. It is at such a moment that the enemy is too much despised and the popular force is overrated. We are disposed to rely on our friends and on half-converted enemies, not upon the only safe resource—our own exertions.'

In estimating the character of O'Connell we must recollect the creed to which he belonged and the period his career traversed. O'Connell was a very earnest son of the Roman Church. Its size, its haughty tradition, its long connection with Ireland, filled his imagination and attracted his affection, and his fervid nature found in its emotional teaching solace and strength. The following letter to his daughter is a touching illustration both of his fatherly affection and of the trustful confidence he placed in the consolations of his Church ;—

'My dearest darling Child,—I have complied with your wish. I have procured Masses to be said for your intention, and after my communion to-morrow I will offer up my wretched prayers for the daughter on whom my fond heart doats with a tenderness that is not to be described or known to any but the heart of a parent.

'Represent to yourself your darling boy in mental agony, and then you will read my feeling of utter misery at your state of mind. This, I own, is the severest blow that ever I experienced, to have you, my angel daughter, consuming your heart and intellect on vain, idle, and unprofitable scruples. It is quite true that you are in a state with which it is the inscrutable will of God to try the souls of His elect—a state of great danger, if the spirit of pride, of self-esteem, or of self-will mixes with it, so as to make the sufferer fall into the snare of *despair*. Despair is your danger, your only danger. Oh, generous God, protect my child from despair! If you, by humility, submission, humble submission to the Church in the person of your spiritual director—if you give up every thought, and throw yourself into the arms of God by OBEDIENCE and submission, you will soon be at peace, and be so for life, and in an eternity of bliss.

'Is your scruple such as you can communicate to your father? If it be, tell it to me, and probably you yourself, when you write it, will see how idle it is. Can my child think that the God who, in the lingering torments of the cross, shed the last drop of His blood for her, is a tyrant, or that He does not love her? Your greatest love for your babe is nothing to the love God bears for you.

'Why, then, my own child, not confide in His loving kindness? Generously throw all your care on Him, confide in His love, with humble submission to Him, and to His spouse, His Holy Church. Oh, my beloved child, that He may through His bitter passion and cruel death give you His grace! If your scruple be such as you

cannot

cannot communicate to your father, go at once and consult Dr. McHale about it. Determine, before you go in the presence of God, to submit to whatever the Archbishop shall say to you. In the meantime, pray quietly, and with composure of mind, once or twice a day; say coolly and deliberately, "Oh God! Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven," and then attend to your family and children, taking your mind, without bustle and violence, from the thoughts that make you unhappy to your domestic occupations.

'You would pity your poor father if you knew how miserable you make me. I fear with the most agonising fear for you in this trial. If you go through it with humility, submission, and obedience, you will be an angel for all eternity.

'Write to me, darling, darling child. I enclose ten pounds to pay your expenses to France. If you do not go there, use them as you please.—Ever my own, own dearest child,

'Your fond though distracted Father,

'DANIEL O'CONNELL.'

He was born when the penal code had fallen into disuse; but it was not for some years after his birth that the law recognized the right of a Roman Catholic to hold a lease for lives; nor were Roman Catholic families free from the danger that a disobedient son might, by a change of religion, secure control of the family property. Such laws generate home traditions which linger years after the laws themselves have ceased to operate or been repealed; and it was amidst such traditions that O'Connell spent his childhood. Plunged in his youth into the old world of France, he was vividly impressed by the glimpse he there saw of the raging volcano of revolution. His subsequent years in London were devoted to observation of men, and to the study of the great Radical authors, Rousseau and Godwin, which he qualified by Gibbon and legal handbooks. When he entered on his professional career, his mind teeming with impressions from the most various sources, he found himself one of the first of his creed to take advantage of the further concessions to religious liberty made in 1793. But the highest of all concessions, the right to take a full share in the public work of the State, was still denied him. The crisis of the Irish rebellion, brought about by the very influences which had chased him from his studies in France, came the same year, and he had hardly well got into the habits of his profession when he saw swept away the Parliamentary system which intellectual pride and self-interest alike endeared to the Irish Bar. It was amidst such strangely conflicting currents that his vigorous nature entered upon an active career and the work of the nineteenth century. Later in life his success in closing the battle for Catholic relief gave him renown,

renown, power, and, unfortunately for himself, command of the people's money. He became exposed to temptations to which governments could offer no counteracting attraction; his extreme ignorance of England, and his personal violence, made it impossible to offer him a place in the Cabinet; whilst there was no one of weight who could have been expected to work with him in office in Ireland. He had no cordial relations for any length of time with any one who was not his satellite or retainer, rather than his colleague; and to people of this class he appears to have been considerate and generous. The Irish chronicles tell us of an historic family who 'had nie companie, nie witt.' Of 'witt,' in the chronicler's sense, O'Connell had more than most men of his time, and his whole theory of life appears to have been that he should supplement this gift of God by maintaining a sufficiently large 'companie.'

Lord Monteagle's theory, that O'Connell kept Repeal as a cry to frighten Englishmen, implies a greater precision of thought than the great agitator seems to have exercised. It was a cry ready to his hand. It made part of the ordinary furniture of the Irish rhetorician, and it was of great use to him at various times after 1829 in keeping public attention fixed on himself, and securing continued contributions, whilst its practical solution was obviously remote. It is possible that at one time during the summer of 1843, believing that he had frightened Peel in 1829, he hoped that he might frighten him once more. These hopes were abandoned almost as quickly as they had been entertained. If they were entertained, we see, what this narrative suggests more than once, how strangely small was O'Connell's knowledge of England. Had the circumstances of his early life made it possible for him to have pursued in England systematically that course of schooling which he commenced in France, we can hardly doubt that his great abilities would have been much more serviceable to the island of his birth. In one respect he differed from most of the Irish popular heroes who preceded and who followed him. He always showed loyalty to the English Crown and preached obedience to the law. No one could surpass him in the vehemence of his denunciation of English Governments and English Acts of Parliament; but he never advocated resistance to legal authority. He never encouraged or confederated with violence at home. He never joined hands with, or sought money from, the enemies of England abroad.

ART.

ART. III.—1. *A Book of Nonsense.* By Edward Lear. London, 1846. Twenty-sixth edition, 1888.
2. *Nonsense Songs, Stories, Botany, and Alphabets.* By Edward Lear. London, 1871. New edition, 1888.
3. *More Nonsense, Pictures, Rhymes, Botany, &c.* By Edward Lear. London, 1872. New edition, 1888.
4. *Laughable Lyrics, a Fourth Book of Nonsense, Poems, Songs, Botany, Music, &c.* By Edward Lear. London, 1877. New edition, 1888.

WHAT is Sense? What is Nonsense? Sense is the recognition, adjustment, and maintenance of the proper and fitting relations of the affairs of ordinary life. It is a constitutional tact, a keeping touch with all around it, rather than a conscious and deliberate action of the intellect. It almost seems the mental outcome and expression of our five senses; and perhaps it is for this reason, as well as because the sense of the individual always aims at keeping itself on the average level of his fellows, that we usually talk of sense as Common Sense. If we call it Good Sense, it is to remind ourselves that there is a right and a wrong in this as in everything human. But it is not bad Sense, but Nonsense which is the proper contrary of Sense. In contradiction to the relations and harmonies of life, Nonsense sets itself to discover and bring forward the incongruities of all things within and without us. Pope couples Nonsense with Dulness; yet long before Pope, the thing, if not the name, Nonsense, had been recognized as of infinite worth. Cowper and Hogarth shared in the humours of the Nonsense Club; and now the name has been made classical by the writer whose Books of Nonsense are enumerated at the head of this Article. For while Sense is, and must remain essentially prosaic and commonplace, Nonsense has proved not to be an equally prosaic and commonplace negative of Sense, not a mere putting forward of incongruities and absurdities, but the bringing out a new and deeper harmony of life in and through its contradictions. Nonsense, in fact, in this use of the word, has shown itself to be a true work of the imagination, a child of genius, and its writing one of the Fine Arts.

This discomfiture of Sense by Nonsense, this bringing confusion into order by setting things upside down, bringing them into all sorts of unnatural, impossible, and absurd, but not painful or dangerous, combinations, is a source of universal delight; and the laughter which it gives rise to is, as Aristotle says, the expression of our surprise at seeing things so out of place, yet not threatening danger. And the range of this delight

delight extends from the poorest practical joke to the creations of the greatest dramatic poets. Nonsense, being what it is, may be further described as the flower and fruit of Wit and Humour, when these have reached the final stage of their growth to perfection. But how shall we hope to define Wit and Humour, and to distinguish one from the other? We may repeat the arguments or rest on the authority of Aristotle, Ben Jonson, Hobbes, Coleridge, and a host of minor philosophers, and we may produce our proofs and illustrations from Aristophanes, Shakspeare, Rabelais, or Cervantes; but, after all, we only find ourselves in the predicament of the Court of Chancery in Lord Eldon's days, as Sir George Rose described it in his law song of that time:—

> 'Mr. Parker made matters darker,
> Which were dark enough without:
> Mr. Cook quoted his book,
> And the Chancellor said, "I doubt."'

We too, like the Chancellor, can only say 'We doubt,' if we are asked what is the real distinction between Wit and Humour. At best we can perhaps say, as St. Augustine said when asked 'What is Time?'—'I know when you do not ask me.' We all of us use the words with a feeling that they are not synonymous, but with a feeling also that they have hitherto defied all the attempts to reduce them to exact analysis, even when the task was undertaken by such a master of metaphysical investigation as Coleridge; and that only at extreme points is it perhaps possible to distinguish and define. We sometimes use the name of Wit merely to describe some clear statement in well-chosen words, or some collocation of conflicting thoughts and arguments, which are brought together not to promote laughter, but to elucidate the subject under discussion. And, on the other hand, we often accord the title of Humour to any genial expression of sentiments not specially characterized by fun. Of Wit, in its more usual and proper sense, the Pun, which merely brings words into laughable apposition, is the lowest form, while of the higher kinds the Epigram, bringing incongruous thoughts and images together in terse and balanced phrases, is at once an instance and the summary. And then the ridiculous position and aspect into which men, and the affairs of men, are thus brought, gives opportunity for the expression of that intellectual contempt and scorn which so usually forms a characteristic part of what we call Wit, that it has been held by some great authorities to be the very Wit itself. Humour shows no such scorn, for it feels none. It looks with kindly

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and playful forgiveness on all those frailties, incongruities, and absurd contradictions of mortal life, which Wit sternly condemns with the harsh severity of an over-weening pride of superiority. A comparison between Butler's 'Hudibras' and the 'Don Quixote' of Cervantes (which Dr. Johnson has already made with another motive than ours) brings into clear contrast the difference between Wit and Humour, when we thus take them where they stand widest apart. We doubt whether Butler is now so highly appreciated as in the days of Dr. Johnson: or even as he was fifty or sixty years ago, when Coleridge in his 'Aids to Reflection in the building up of a Manly Character,' recommends the study of 'Hudibras' as a help to the formation of sound religious convictions. But while we grant with Johnson 'that if inexhaustible wit could give perpetual pleasure, no eye would leave half read the work of Butler,' how utterly cold, heartless, dreary, does Butler's work remain! It is all Wit, Wit as it is in its glacial period, where granite may exist with the ice, but no trace of life is to be found: and not even the master hand of Hogarth can enable us to feel that Hudibras and his rascal crew are real men and women. The contrast is complete when we turn to the work of Cervantes. Here all is sunshine, warmth, and genial life. Not only the noble-hearted Knight who has lost his wits, and the friendly Squire who is no less absurd than his master in the possession of what that master has lost,—not only these, so good in their absurdity, but the rascally innkeeper, the galley-slaves, and all the personages, good and bad, who fill the stage in motley succession, are so genial, so human, that the reader feels relationship with them all, and is ready to say with the Roman dramatist, 'I am a man: such kinship is nothing strange to me.'

We have not quoted any of the 'sententious distichs' of Butler, for they are known far and wide to those who have never looked into 'Hudibras,' and who, if they did so, would be agreeably surprised to find the poem as 'full of quotations' as did the man who went to see 'Hamlet' acted, when he had never read the play. But from 'Don Quixote' we will give one quotation, which may be called Nonsense, while it is a true instance of the deep and genial pathos of humour which pervades the whole book:—

'"I do not understand that," replied Sancho. "I only know that while I am asleep I feel neither fear nor hope, nor trouble nor glory. Good betide him who invented sleep, the cloak that covers up all a man's thoughts, the food that satisfies hunger, the water that drives away thirst, the fire that warms the cold, the cold that tempers the heat; and, in a word, the current money with which all things are bought,

bought, the scales and weight which even the shepherd shares with the king, and the simple with the sage."'

'What nonsense!' says Common Sense. 'How could a man invent sleep?' If we reply, 'How could Macbeth murder sleep?' perhaps Common Sense might mutter with George III., 'Shakspeare! Shakspeare! horrid stupid stuff; but we must not say so.' But we grant that it *is* Nonsense; and yet we say that in those nonsensical words of poor blundering Sancho lie all the meaning, all the depth of human life and pathos, though not the poetical beauty, which we have in Shakspeare's own description of Sleep:—

> 'The innocent sleep,
> Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleave of care,
> The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
> Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
> Chief nourisher in life's feast.'

Such a contrast as we have here drawn between Butler and Cervantes may give a practical illustration, though not a scientific definition, of the difference between Wit and Humour, at their extreme points of opposition. But we do not pretend that it helps us to distinguish their currents where they mingle at a hundred points. We will not undertake to say whether Sydney Smith was a wit or a humorist, or in what proportions he was both. Was it Wit or Humour to say, on the question of paving St. Paul's Churchyard with wood, 'If the Dean and Chapter would lay their heads together the thing would be done?' The polished, epigrammatic terseness, the clearly suggested though unuttered thought that these dignitaries were blockheads, the intellectual scorn, the covert play on words which in themselves form merely a commonplace observation—all these show true Wit. All are the proper marks of Wit. Yet they are not the less bathed in an atmosphere of genuine Humour. The witty Canon was himself one of the Chapter whom he mocked, and his scorn included himself in his genial play. So, too, are Wit and Humour inextricably mingled in his reply to the friend who asked him if it was true that he had been sitting to Landseer for his portrait:—'Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this thing?'* Here are all the marks of Wit, as we have just enumerated them; but they become no less marks of Humour, as they all fuse themselves into the funny, humorous image of the portly divine sitting up like one of Landseer's dogs, and

* This, which we take to be the true story, is no way discredited by Landseer's statement to Mr. Frith, that he (Landseer) did not ask Sydney Smith to sit to him, and consequently did not receive the supposed refusal.

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'quoting Scripture like a very learned clerk.' Again, in what class shall we put that *tour de force* when the challenge to find rhymes to 'Cassowary' and 'Timbuctoo' the impromptu reply was made—'When I was in Africa, I one day heard a native singing to a hymn-tune—

> 'If I were a Cassowary,
> In the plains of Timbuctoo,
> I'd eat up a missionary,
> Hat, and bands, and hymn book, too.'

The distinction in question is, however, of the less practical importance to us here, because, as we have said, we are treating, not of Wit or Humour, but of that ripe outcome of either or both which we call Nonsense :—Nonsense as a work of Art. Except for bringing in an occasional side-light we shall confine ourselves to English Nonsense ; and still further limit ourselves to tracing the outlines of a few of the many great and perennial branches of that mighty secular tree, without being able to take much heed of the countless leaves and blossoms to which it gives fresh life year by year. Even so, we shall have to divide our subject into as many heads as those in the repertory of Hamlet's players, or in a sermon preached before the Long Parliament at Westminster. There is the Nonsense of the Story-teller, of the moralist and even the theologian, and of the dramatist: there is the Nonsense of poetry, of satire, of parody, of caricature, of the comic journal: there is Nonsense with a 'tendency,' as the Germans say ; and there is Nonsense 'pure and absolute,' such as Mr. Lear tells us has been his aim throughout his books.

First, then, of the Story. We do not here speak of the great nonsense romances of Pulci, Rabelais, Cervantes, Swift, Sterne, and the creator of the 'Arabian Nights ;' but of the stories which somehow and somewhere took root and grew before the earliest Aryan or Indo-Germanic migration began, which have travelled into every land, and have found their way into every nursery, and are everywhere with us in their old or in new forms. Some people find themselves wiser and better, or at least more self-respected, by calling these stories 'Solar Myths :' we are content to talk with our children of Puss in Boots, Tom Thumb, or Jack the Giant-killer, who still keep their rightful places among the new and not unworthy aspirants, introduced to us by Mrs. Ewing or Mr. Kingsley, Mr. Lear or Lewis Carroll. All these stories are in their own way works of art—of the Fine Art of Nonsense. But one of them has been raised to the rank of a masterpiece by the creating hand of a great poet. We mean

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the 'Nonnes Preestes Tale' of Chaucer. Let us then examine critically this masterpiece in the Art.

Charles Lamb's landlord found 'much indifferent spelling in Chaucer,' and Artemus Ward says of him—'Mr. C. had talent, but he could not spell: he is the worst speller I ever knew.' And it is more by the antiquated spelling than by the obsolete words or grammatical forms of Chaucer that so many are deterred from the enjoyment of his exuberant fun and humour, as well as fine poetry. A lady once told us that she knew Morte d'Arthur, by reading it in Caxton's original black letter; * but we doubt whether many persons could be found who have even read it in the Southey-Upcott reprint with the old spelling in modern type. And, notwithstanding a recent attempt to prove the contrary by the publication of an edition of Shakspeare with the old spelling of the Quartos and Folios, we venture to say that even his plays would have remained a sealed book to almost all of us, if his editors had till now retained that spelling, instead of substituting that of their own day. And as to Chaucer, let any one who has hitherto been so deterred, look into Mr. Cowden Clarke's admirable 'Riches of Chaucer,' and the scales will fall from his eyes. Dryden modernized Chaucer in another fashion. It is bad work enough, yet not so bad (for how could it be?) as when he helped Davenant to re-write Shakspeare's 'Tempest'!

The 'Nun's Priest's Tale' was probably an old and familiar nursery story. Its concluding incident forms the substance of the little fable, 'Dou Coc et dou Werpil,' in the Book of Fables which the Anglo-Norman poetess Marie de France, writing in the thirteenth century, tells us 'was turned by Ysopez from Greek into Latin, by King Henry (one MS. reads Alured, *i.e.* Alfred), who loved it well, into English, and by herself from English into French.' † Chaucer tells us how Chaunteclere the cock dreamed that he saw a beast of a colour 'between white and red,' who would have made arrest upon his body; but having been persuaded by Pertelote the hen to disregard the warning, was actually seized by a fox, and hardly escaped with life. But what a cock and hen they are! They are not the mere talking fowls of Pilpay, Æsop or Gay: they are not creatures of undistinguishable form like the Quangle-Wangle, the Dong, or the Snark; nor impossible couples like the Owl and the Pussy Cat, or the Walrus and the Carpenter. They are an actual cock and hen, in the yard of an actual widow, though, as the poet's manner is,

* It is sad to think that the one perfect copy of this, the original edition of our old national Epic, went to America after the recent sale of the Osterley Library.

† 'Poésies de Marie de France,' par B. de Roquefort, ii. 240, 401.

is, the actual is always raised to its ideal perfection, so that we say of the whole picture what the poet himself says of Chaunteclere's crowing—'it might not be amended.' And then Chaucer endows the cock and hen with all the characteristics of a true gentleman and matronly dame, according to his own ideals of both. The human qualities are not merely added mechanically to those of the fowls, as in the ordinary fables, but so interfused into them that the whole becomes a new creation, in which each is a real part of the other. And thus that incongruousness in which the humour consists is raised to its highest pitch, so that it too 'cannot be amended.' Chaunteclere, perfect in his plumage and his crowing, who sits among his hens on their perch, or leads them into the yard to find the grains of corn, speaks familiarly of his shirt, as his wife does of his beard: and his talk is that of a courteous and learned Christian gentleman, while Dame Pertelote is, in like manner, an ideal matron:—

> 'Courteous she was, discreet, and debonair,
> And compenable, and bare herself so fair,
> Sithen the day that she was seven night old,
> That truely she hath the heart in hold
> Of Chaunteclere, locken in every lith:
> He loved her so that well was him therewith.
> But such a joy it was to hear them sing,
> When that the brighté sun began to spring,
> In sweet accord—"My love is far in land."'

When Chaunteclere waking in a fright, tells his dream to Dame Pertelote, as they sit at roost on their perch, she banters him with mock indignation:—

> 'How dursten you for shame say to your love
> That anything might maken you afeard!
> Have ye no manné's heart, and have a beard?'

For that the indignation is banter, the poet indicates by his characteristic way of sly allusion, when he makes her declare—

> 'For certes, what so any woman saith,
> We all desiren, if it mighté be,
> To have a husband hardy, wise, and free;—'

where she hints that if she had really thought her husband a coward, she would have made the best of the matter, as a good wife is bound to do. Then looking at the matter from a homely standpoint not less natural now than it was five hundred years ago, she sets the dream down to indigestion, and prescribes a domestic dose of medicine which—

> 'Though in this town be no apothecary,—'

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she can and will herself prepare from the proper herbs in the yard. And lastly, her husband being a learned man, she quotes Cato's advice not to care for dreams. Chaunteclere does not gainsay the wisdom of Cato, but tells Dame Pertelote that there are greater authorities on the other side. Of these he cites a number, sacred and profane: relates appropriate narratives which he has read in some of these; but finally declares that when he looks at the beauty of his wife's face he feels no fear, but defies the dream and its warning. But he defies the medicines too:—

> 'For they be venemous, I wot it well:
> I them defy: I love them never a deal.'

And then, while he cannot refrain from covertly relieving his feelings by the Latin quotation—

> 'In principio
> Mulier est hominis confusio,'

he hastens to add with the courtesy and gallantry of the gentleman he is,

> 'Madam, the sentence of this Latin is,
> Woman is manné's joy, and manné's bliss.'

The courage, with which his wife's beauty inspired him, nearly cost him his life. The 'beast of a colour betwixt white and red' did 'make an arrest upon his body.' The shrieks of Dame Pertelote brought what Mrs. Quickly calls 'a rescue or two.' Men and women, dogs and hogs, cow and calf, join in the pursuit; and as 'out of the hivé came the swarm of bees,' the fox might have had the worst of it, if Chaunteclere had not meanwhile delivered himself by his own wit. Here we must leave this delightful piece of Nonsense.

From the 'Icelandic Edda,' we take another old Nonsense Story and poem—'the Lay of Thrym'—which we may properly call English, for it is a legend of our English ancestors, which must have been often sung or told at English firesides, while Woden and his sons were still the gods of England. Thor had lost his Hammer; the shrewd and mischief-loving Loki, whose business it is to get the gods out of scrapes into which he delights to see them falling, learns that the giant-lord Thrym has stolen the Hammer and buried it eight miles deep, and will only give it back if the goddess Freya becomes his wife. But 'wroth was Freya and snorted with rage, and the hall of the gods shook' when Thor went to her bower and 'this was the first word that he spake: "Take thy bridal veil, Freya, we two must drive to Giantland."' She refused, and

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'at once all the gods went into council and all the goddesses into parley.' The giants would soon be dwelling in the land of the gods, if Thor did not get back his hammer. He yielded to the political necessity, though he feared that the gods would call him a lewd fellow; and 'then they wrapped him in the bride's veil, and gave him the great Brising necklace, and let the keys rattle down his girdle and the woman's coats fall about his knees, and fastened the broad stones [brooches] at his breast, and wound the hood neatly about his head. Then spoke Loki, Laufey's son: "I will follow thee as bridesmaid: we two will drive to Giantland."' They soon got there in Thor's car drawn by goats. Thrym called his brother giants to the bridal feast, Thor ate for his share 'a whole ox, eight salmon, and the dainties cooked for the ladies, and drank three casks of mead;' and when Thrym declared that he had never seen a bride eat and drink like this, 'the quick-witted bridesmaid sitting by found ready answer to the giant's speech: "Freya has not eaten for eight days, so eager was she to be in Giantland."' Thrym was satisfied by this and by a like explanation, when Thrym, having raised the bride's veil for a kiss, was startled by her hideous eyes: his sister or mother demanded the bride's red rings for the bridal fee, and Thrym called for the Hammer wherewith to 'hallow their hands in wedlock;' and Thor no sooner felt the Hammer in his hands than he slew with it the giants, and gave hammer-strokes instead of red rings to the sister.*

An instance of the employment of Nonsense in the service of Morals and Religion might seem to be promised us in the name, the plan, the purpose, and the opening lines of the 'Ship of Fools,'† the old English Version of which describes the desired assembling and shipping off of the Fools of England. And some humorous passages we might quote; but invaluable as the whole book is both to the philologist and to the student of the social and religious life of England immediately before the Reformation, for our present use the bulk would not

* 'Corpus Poeticum Boreale,' i. 175.

† The German original, by Sebastian Brandt, was published in 1494: translations and imitations speedily followed in Latin, English, French, and Dutch: it was preached from the pulpit: its popularity was great through the following century. The fundamental idea is that of the shipping off the fools, that is the vicious, the immoral, and the irreligious, of every rank and kind; and it is a stern and searching denunciation of the whole state of national demoralisation which was then preparing the way for the Reformation. The old English Version by Alexander Barclay is a free adaptation of the original to the then state of England. An excellent reprint of this Version, with facsimiles of the quaint and curious wood-cuts of the original German, was published in 1874, with a critical introduction by T. H. Jamieson.

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equal the sample. We look for 'quips and cranks and wanton wiles,' we find a long and grave discourse or sermon.

Yet the Reformers were not wanting in the love of Nonsense. The wit of Erasmus is well known. Of Luther's intense love of fun the readers of this Review will remember a proof, given in its pages three or four years ago, in that astonishing declaration of his, the purport of which was that a Christian man might lawfully hear or tell a story of the grossest kind, if he did so from pure love of fun, and not to excite vicious passions. And Latimer, in his comparison of Satan with 'the rest' of the bishops, and the declaration that the former was the bishop for his money, gives us one of the finest specimens extant of what we here call the Nonsense of Theology:—

'And now I would ask a strange question—who is the most diligentest bishop and prelate in all England, that passeth all the rest in doing his office? I can tell, for I know him, who it is: I know him well. But now I think I see you listening and hearkening that I should name him. There is one that passeth all the other, and is the most diligent prelate and preacher in all England. And will ye know who it is? I will tell you: it is the devil. He is the most diligent preacher of all other; he is never out of his diocese; he is never from his cure; ye shall never find him unoccupied; he is ever in his parish; he keepeth residence at all times; ye shall never find him out of the way, call for him when you will he is ever at home; the diligentest preacher in all the realm; he is ever at his plough: no lording, nor loitering can hinder him; he is ever applying his business, ye shall never find him idle, I warrant you.'

In the medieval mystery-plays the devil with his sword of lath was a common butt for ridicule: and the name and contents of Ben Jonson's play, 'The devil is an ass,' show how the tradition was carried on. And Coleridge and Southey in recent times revived the profane banter in their 'Devil's Thoughts.'

The poem, indeed, claims to have a moral purpose; but, as Lamb reminded Southey when he regretted the want of 'a sounder religious feeling' in Lamb's 'Elia,' there was no one who more habitually made fun of the Devil than did he (Southey) with all his orthodoxy:—'You have flattered him in prose: you have chanted him in goodly odes. You have been his Jester; volunteer Laureate, and self-elected Court Poet to Beelzebub.'* Grimmer is the humour of Burns's 'Address to

* 'Letters of Charles Lamb,' edited by Talfourd, ii. 117. The best verses of 'The Devil's Thoughts' are by Coleridge. Southey's enjoyment of nonsense-writing is shown more fully in 'The Doctor,' a book which, like his earlier 'Omniana,' is full of curious, though somewhat ponderous learning, as well as fun. 'It walked the town awhile, now seldom pored on.'

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the Devil;' but there is true, not mere comic, pathos in the concluding stanza, which Carlyle has compared with the like regret of Sterne's Uncle Toby:—

> 'But, fare ye weel, auld Nickie-ben,
> O wad ye tak' a thought, an' men?
> Ye aiblins might, I dinna ken,
> Still hae a stake:
> I'm wae to think upo' your den
> Ev'n for your sake.'

Another Scotchman, the Rev. Zachary Boyd, in the seventeenth century, may be said to have applied the art of Nonsense-writing to make a metrical paraphrase of the Bible, for the edification of his readers or hearers. His soliloquy of Jonah in the whale's belly anticipates the objection of modern sceptics that in the original text there is no connection between the soliloquy and the supposed occasion of it; for in the paraphrase it thus begins:—

> 'What house is this? Here's neither coal nor candle!
> Where I nothing but guts of fishes handle!
> I and my table are both here within,
> Where day ne'er dawn'd, where sun did never shine.
> The like of this on earth man never saw,
> A living man within a monster's maw!
> Buryed under mountains which are high and steep!
> Plunged under waters hundred fathoms deep!
> Not so was Noah in his house of tree,
> For through a window he the light did see:
> He sailed above the highest waves; a wonder,
> I and my boat are all the waters under.'

In this poem, too, we have the longest Alexandrine on record:—

> 'Was not Pharaoh a great *rascal?*
> Who would not let the Children of Israel go into the wilderness, with their wives and their sons, and their daughters, and their flocks and their herds, for forty days and nights, to celebrate the *Paschal?*'

This certainly comes up to Pope's definition of the Alexandrine—

> 'Which, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along.'

A suspicion that there was some love of fun with this reverend gentleman's desire to edify, may arise in our minds: and a like suspicion may be excited by the Cornish parson, who, when he had read the words as to the camel going through the needle's eye, told his village flock, 'You will not understand this:

this: but it is as if I were to say, it is harder than for a coo to climb up an elany [elm] tree, and ca'ävy [calve] in a maggoty pie's [magpie's] nest.' We remember Charles Buller, himself a Cornish man, telling this story some sixty years ago, his eyes, as usual, sparkling with fun.

Greece led the way in Nonsense, no less than in Poetry, Sculpture, Painting, Architecture, Philosophy, History, and Science: and if we had not limited ourselves to the consideration of English Nonsense, we must here have entered on a discourse on Aristophanes. But the limitation is no disadvantage, for we need not fear to add the name of Aristophanes to those of the Greek dramatists with which Ben Jonson so proudly brings the name of Shakspeare into comparison. Shakspeare in Nonsense, as in everything else, is our greatest Artist. True to nature, true to art, Shakspeare embodies nonsense, as he embodies history, philosophy, poetry, in life and action, giving to it, as to each of these, its proper place and proportions. Yet such is his appreciation and love of fun for its own sake, that besides all the humours of his many individual and subordinate characters, he has four, if not five, Plays—'Love's Labour's Lost,' 'Merry Wives of Windsor,' 'Taming of the Shrew,' 'Comedy of Errors,' and perhaps 'Midsummer Night's Dream' —of which the motive is Nonsense: and three, if not four others—the 'Two Parts of Henry IV.,' 'Twelfth Night,' and 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' if we exclude this last from our former list, in which Nonsense holds well its own, by the side of the serious part of each of these dramas.

It was, we think, rather a moral bias than critical insight which led an undoubtedly great authority to say that Falstaff is an embodiment of Wit and not of Humour. There is bad humour as well as good, in more senses than one; and the fascination which that wicked, selfish, heartless, old man exercises over all of us now, no less than over his victims in the plays, can only be explained by the steadily flowing geniality of temper and disposition, which certainly characterizes Falstaff, and which we must call humour, in however bad a man we find it. Is there, for instance, any definition of humour which would exclude the scene between Falstaff and the Chief Justice? What is 'Boy, tell him I'm deaf;' and 'He that will caper with me for a thousand marks, let him lend me the money, and have at him:' or the advice to the Chief Justice's servant whom Falstaff pretends to take for a beggar?

The absurd complications of the 'Comedy of Errors' make no demand on us for moral approval or disapproval: they are pure Nonsense, so extravagant in their laughableness that it is

a relief to the mind, tired out with fun and madness, to welcome the appearance of the aged abbess, and to hear her—

> 'Oh, if thou be'st the same Ægeon, speak,
> And speak unto the same Æmilia.'

The key to the play of 'Midsummer's Night's Dream' is its name: it is what it is called. The four lovers, at cross-purposes from the fickleness of one, and the arbitrariness of the father of another, go on a midsummer night into a wood near Athens. There they all fall asleep and dream of fairyland: and after a night spent between dreaming and waking they come back in the morning with their first loves and engagements restored, thanks, as they fancy, to some intervention of the fairies. So, when Bottom and his fellows had gone into the same wood to rehearse their play, the latter ran away frightened by the reappearance of Bottom from the bush into which he had retired, and in coming out of which he seems, in the dark, to have some monstrous form. And then Bottom remains, and goes to sleep, to dream also of fairyland, but in a way suggested to him by his own last words in which he defies his fellows 'to make an ass of him.' This is not our account of the matter, but that of Shakspeare himself, as he puts it into the mouth of Theseus, when he hears the lovers' story of themselves in the morning. Every detail of the play can be shown to be in accordance with this view of it: * but for our purpose we would only speak of the fairy scenes which are the perfection of beauty in Nonsense. Happy is the man—we say it with the authority of that inveterate playgoer, Charles Lamb—who has never seen the court of Oberon and Titania, except in his mind's eye. In the words of the writer referred to below, 'All our illusion is broken when we see a great flesh-and-blood girl representing the Fairy Queen, whose courtiers are 'the cowslips tall,' and whose guards leave her for 'the third part of a minute,' to 'kill cankers in the musk-rose buds,' or 'war with rear-mice for their leathern wings;' or who—

> 'The honey-bag steal from the bumble bees,
> And for night tapers crop their waxen thighs,
> And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,
> And pluck the wings of painted butterflies,
> To fan the moonbeams from her sleeping eyes.'

Any outward material representation of these things is simply an intolerable sham: while to him who beholds only with the

* For such an analysis of the Play we may refer to an article in 'Fraser's Magazine' for December 1854.

mind's

mind's eye not only do they all present themselves in a harmonious picture, but even Bottom, with his ass-head in the midst of the tiny sprites who 'Hop in his walks and gambol in his eyes,' excites no more disturbing sense of the monstrous and improbable than such an appearance would do in an actual dream. And every one has experienced that in a dream the most incongruous or impossible combinations excite no surprise. And then if Theseus and Common Sense insist that this fairy land is Nonsense, we only reply, that it is the Nonsense of the most exquisite art.

We might fill page after page with the incongruous, topsy-turvy absurdities of Launce, the two Gobbos, Dogberry and Verges, the Grave-diggers, and other such among the minor characters of Shakspeare: but we prefer to give our attention to what our readers will agree with us is the most perfect piece of Nonsense which Shakspeare has given us,—the play of 'Twelfth Night.' The play has its serious elements, of persons and of situations. The modest sweetness of Viola and the dignified ladyhood of Olivia give these a high place among Shakspeare's many beautiful female creations. And here, as always, the poet is true to the laws of Nature and of Dramatic Art, and Nonsense appears in fitting subordination to the nobler and graver concerns of life. But within these limits we have all the wit and humour of pure unalloyed Nonsense, existing only for its own sake, and revelling, as Malvolio says, 'without mitigation or remorse of voice.' As often as Sir Toby, the Clown, and Maria, and their butts, Sir Andrew Aguecheek and Malvolio (all finely differenced from each other) come upon the scene, we have on all sides rattling volleys of wit and humour like the salutes on a royal birthday or jubilee; and we find ourselves in an atmosphere so exhilarating that, like boon companions over their wine, we are ready to laugh before we rightly know what we are to laugh at. We can never know who and what were 'Pigrogromitus and the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Queubus,' of whom the Clown talked one night, and of whom we have only that meagre record of the poor foolish knight, who tells us that 'he had no more wit than an ordinary man or a Christian.' Yet the mere names give us a sense of pleasure, and make us believe that, as Sir Andrew says, they made a piece of 'very gracious fooling.' The fooling goes on, stage by stage, till it reaches its climax in the scene in which the Clown, disguised as the Curate Sir Topas, visits the chamber in which poor Malvolio is 'laid in hideous darkness,' where we pity him, though he deserves his treatment. The whole scene is a masterpiece of fun, and every word is a gem, like each of

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those pearls and rubies which drop from the mouth of the princess in the fairy tale, as often as she opens her mouth. The Clown soliloquizes as he puts on the gown which Maria brings him—'Well, I'll put it on, and I will dissemble myself in it; and I would I were the first that ever dissembled in such a gown.' Then

'The competitors enter.

'*Sir Toby.*—Jove bless thee, Master Parson.

'*Clown.*—*Bonos dies*, Sir Toby: for as the old hermit of Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very wittily said to a niece of King Gorborduc, "That, that is, is;" so I, being master parson, am Master Parson, for what is "that," but that, and "is," but is?'

The Clown has a double edge to his philosophy and his logic; for while Malvolio is to hear the voice of Master Parson, Sir Toby knows that 'that' is *not* 'that,' and 'is' is *not* 'is.' The false minister announces himself with the accustomed benediction of the Church, and then to Malvolio's exclamation—'Sir Topas, good Sir Topas, go to my lady,' he pronounces the exorcism—'Out, hyperbolical fiend! how vexest thou this man! Talkest thou nothing but of ladies?'

Then the dialogue proceeds:—

'*Mal.*—Sir Topas, never was man thus wronged: good Sir Topas, do not think I am mad; they have laid me here in hideous darkness.

'*Clown.*—Fie, thou dishonest Satan! I call thee by the most modest terms, for I am one of those gentle ones that will use the devil himself with courtesy: Sayest thou, that house is dark?

'*Mal.*—As dark as hell, Sir Topas.

'*Clown.*—Why, it hath bay-windows, transparent as barricadoes, and the clear-stories towards the south-north are lustrous as ebony; and yet complainest thou of obstruction?

'*Mal.*—I am not mad, Sir Topas; I say to you, this house is dark.

'*Clown.*—Madman, thou errest. I say, there is no darkness, but ignorance; in which thou art more puzzled, than the Egyptians in their fog.

'*Mal.*—I say, this house is dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell; and I say, there was never man thus abused. I am no more mad than you are: make the trial of it in any constant question.'

The sham Sir Topas replies by asking 'what he thinks of the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild fowl?' and at last leaves him, with the warning that 'he will not allow of his wits till he holds the opinion of Pythagoras, and fears to kill a woodcock lest he should dispossess the soul of his grandam.' Then he carries on a conversation with himself and with Malvolio in his

his double character of Clown and Parson, not less full of witty and humorous banter, and at last ends with the artless question, put in his own proper person—'But tell me true, are you not mad indeed? Or do you but counterfeit?'

If there were no Shakspeare we should find no lack of good nonsense in the other Elizabethan dramatists: but the stars do not shine in midday sunlight, and the fun even of the 'Alchemist' and the 'Knight of the Burning Pestle' is coarse and ponderous by the side of that of 'Twelfth Night.'

In the days of Shakspeare the Fool was still an actual personage in royal courts and noble households: nor is the race yet extinct. One of the last official fools of the English court was Archie Armstrong. Like other great men who have died on the anniversary of some great national institution with which their life had been bound up, and which they might be said to represent, Archie Armstrong died on the First of April (1646). But King Demos has still his Jesters; and in our own time we may reckon Hood, the elder Matthews, Albert Smith, Corney Grain, and Grossmith, among the legitimate successors in England of Archie Armstrong.

Milton, grave and serious from his youth upwards, joined 'L'Allegro' with 'Il Penseroso,' and thus calls on 'heart-easing Mirth':—

> 'Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
> Jest, and youthful jollity,
> Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,
> Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles.
> Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
> And love to live in dimple sleek,
> Sport that wrinkled care derides,
> And laughter holding both his sides:'—

which must have been laughter for its own sake, or such as a living man of letters and statesman means, when he says, 'I think the day is lost in which a man does not have a good laugh.' Wordsworth, not less severe than Milton, holds that man to be a favourite child of Nature whose heart every hour runs wild; and records in verse that will not die his hearty sympathy with old Matthew, a man often 'tired out with fun and madness,' and how they sang together—

> 'That half mad thing of witty rhymes,
> About the crazy old church clock,
> And its bewildered chimes.'

Lord Tennyson we may claim as a lover of Nonsense, on the evidence of his 'Spinster's Sweet-arts.' Gray, known best to

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us as the author of the 'Elegy in a Country Churchyard,' could write the 'Long Story;' and the melancholy Cowper, to whom we owe so much true poetry, and that not only which he himself wrote, but also what he taught others to write, will probably be always most remembered by his 'John Gilpin.' If we cannot give Dr. Johnson so high a place among poets as he probably himself aspired to, we may name him as one of our greatest men of letters: and Mr. Hill, quoting from Boswell, says of him, 'He was the most humorous of men,' 'incomparable at buffoonery,' full of 'fun and convivial humour and love of nonsense.' We may suspect that the gambols of that massive intellect may have been somewhat ungainly; but then, if we may apply the great man's own words without irreverence, we would quote again from Boswell:—'Like a dog's walking on his hind legs, it is not well done, but you are surprised to find it done at all.'

Of Butler's Hudibras, and of the hard, cutting, wit of this great satirist, we have already spoken. When we learn from him the bitter and scornful hatred in which some of the strong intellects of the Restoration confounded the cant of fanatical or sordid sectarianism with the Christian faith, which they understood no better than did Tacitus or Pliny, it is pleasant to think that England had in those same days a greater genius and a truer satirist than Butler, though one of whom it is unlikely that Butler ever heard the name. Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress' is in the best sense a Satire, though it is a Satire of love and pity even more than of stern condemnation of sinners: and we may treat it as no way alien to our own subject, for a vein of marked though repressed humour runs through it all. Sometimes the humour comes to the surface, as in Faithful's trial, or the conjugal talk of Giant Despair and his wife.

In the trial scene, the unjust judge, the Lord Hate-Good, with his coarse rage against the prisoner, is the counterpart of the actual Judge Jeffreys: and the first witness, Mr. Envy, eager to testify even before they 'give him his oath,' and declaring, at the conclusion of his evidence, that he will be ready to give more if they want it, reminds us of the like method of Titus Oates. Both were, no doubt, drawn from the life, and from Bunyan's own experience.

Here, too, is the curtain conversation of Giant Despair and his Wife. 'Now Giant Despair had a wife, and her name was Diffidence. So when he was gone to bed he told his wife what he had done; to wit that he had taken a couple of prisoners, and cast them into his dungeon for trespassing on his grounds. Then he asked her also, what he had best to do further to them. So she asked him what they were, whence they came, and whither

they were bound; and he told her. Then she counselled him that when he arose in the morning he should beat them without any mercy.' And the like conjugal talk, with the like deference of the Giant for his wife, goes on, night after night.*

Pope wrote some good Nonsense, in various styles, but all satirical, and all witty rather than humorous. His 'Verses by a Gentleman of Quality' are nonsensical enough, but too slight for further notice. The 'Dunciad' is too coarse and scurrilous. Theobald and Cibber and the starving writers in Grub Street were far from being so utterly bad as Pope makes them out; and if they had been so, it did not become the master of the rapier to resort to the bludgeon, nor the gentleman to the scavenger's shovel. The invective of the 'Dunciad' 'wants finish,' to employ the words of one skilled in the art; and as we turn its pages, we find ourselves repeating the Somersetshire couplet—

> 'A harnet zat in a holler tree,
> A nasty spitevul toäd wer' he.'

And what greater bathos can be found than that to which Pope sinks when he condescends to a verbal parody, and one of the vulgarest specimens of that meanest form of bad joke, on Denham's fine lines,

> 'O could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
> My great example, as it is my theme:
> Though deep, yet clear: though gentle, yet not dull,
> Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.'

And this was he who could write that dignified invective on Addison, of which we may fitly quote the last lines against Pope himself:—

> 'Who but must laugh if such a man there be,
> Who would not weep, if Atticus were he.'

But neither in the 'Prologue to the Satires,' from which we take the last lines, nor in the Satires themselves, does Pope's wit rise into that kind of nonsense which we want here. It is rather to the 'Rape of the Lock' that we turn for an example, for our purpose, of that satirical wit and fun. We call the 'Rape of the Lock' satirical, because Pope himself says that its purpose is to laugh at 'the little unguarded follies of the female sex,' though the epithet seems almost too strong for a poem, which does rather picture and laugh at, than condemn, those

* This humorous intervention of Mrs. Diffidence is not in the 1st edition of the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' but was added in the 2nd and following editions. It is one of many instances of Bunyan's careful revision of his work. See Mr. Offor's critical edition, printed for the Hanserd Knollys Society.

follies. It has a light and sparkling sprightliness, like that of the plays and verses of Congreve, which Thackeray delighted to describe. But those butterflies, or rather ephemeral gnats and mosquitoes, the beaux and rakes, the flirts and prudes, of those teacup days, are poor creatures after all:—

'Let us not talk of them: look, and pass on.'

Pope, 'laughing in his easy chair,' dispensed his moral praise or blame to the ladies and gentlemen, the authors and politicians, around him. Butler satirized the fanatics and hypocrites of his own age. Swift directed the scathing thunderbolts of his bitter and scornful hate against human nature itself; and the hardest, coldest, intellect of the grown man may feel itself further chilled by the description of the Strulbrugs who never die, of the philosophers of Laputa, or the Yahoo set before us as our own image. And yet, by a strange irony of fate, 'Gulliver's Travels' has become a favourite story book for boys and even girls, and takes its place on their bookshelves with 'Don Quixote' and the 'Pilgrim's Progress.' And this because Swift, like the writers of these, had the power of telling a story, and of clothing with flesh and blood, what must have else remained moral abstractions.

Sterne seems to require a place by himself. We have classed him with the writers of Nonsense-romance, but he differs greatly from them all, and more so than they do from each other. He is a thorough humorist. He relies for his artistic effects on sentiment and feeling, not on contrasts of thoughts and words. His humorous art is of a high order, and perhaps not least so in his perpetual use of that shameful device by which (as Coleridge points out) he attracts his reader to garbage which would otherwise be merely disgusting, by presenting it at the hands of the childlike and guileless Uncle Toby, or the not less honestly-minded Mr. Shandy, and Trim.

Of Parody there are two kinds. The one is the vulgar parody or travesty, of which Pope has given us an example, which we have already referred to, but purposely abstain from quoting. It takes some noble poem, and for its idea, thoughts, and images, substitutes the writer's own low and vulgar fancies, which he couples as far as possible with the words of the original which he thus outrages. Such parodies are like the practical jokes of the brainless youth, or still more brainless man, which have no fun in them, and only excite laughter in those who seek and find their amusement in that which gives offence and pain to others. And such parody gives pain not only to the travestied author, but, when he is beyond the reach of the parodist, to

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every thinking reader, who is so unfortunate as to know the parody, and cannot keep it out of memory. The other kind of parody is that in which the comic writer gives you real fun of his own, while clothing it in the style of some great author, but without any mere employment of his words, unless it be in so far as they are taken to express that style. No one enjoys Homer less if he reads the 'Battle of the Frogs and Mice,' or Swift's 'Battle of the Books'; nor the mock Epics of Tassoni and Boileau, or Pope's 'Rape of the Lock,' because he detests Scarron's 'Virgile Travesti.' Boileau justly says that he made a barber and his wife talk like Dido and Æneas, while Scarron made Dido and Æneas talk like fishwives and porters. In more recent times the 'Rejected Addresses,' and the imaginary reviews and criticisms of the 'Biglow Papers,' are among the happiest specimens of the better parody. Their wit is all good-humoured, and probably no one of the authors so burlesqued would have desired a greater revenge than that which Sir Walter Scott is said to have taken when a friend reading him the 'Rejected Address of W. S.' asked him whom it was by, and he answered, 'It must be mine, but I did not think I had written anything so bad.'

The doctrine of evolution may suggest that Caricature, or the Nonsense of the pencil, was unconsciously brought to light by the first rude attempts at Figure drawing. We may half suspect some covert humour in the artists of the pompous forms which accompany the cuneiform letterpress of the Assyrian Inscriptions. There can be no doubt that the Egyptians and the Etruscans knew what caricature was; and the walls of Pompeii have preserved some of its popular features. Christian Art produced what was in truth, though in the most solemn and even awful form, a kind of caricature, in the triumphs, or so-called Dances, of Death, in the frescoes of the Campo Santo of Pisa, the paintings of the covered bridge of Lucerne, and the like representations with which the name of Holbein is usually coupled. The wood-engravings of the 'Ship of Fools,' of which we have already spoken, are fine specimens of the caricature in illustration of books which has ever since gone on in endless variety. Hogarth employed the genius and power of a great artist in the service of Nonsense, caricaturing sometimes with a moral purpose, as in the 'Marriage à la Mode'; sometimes for pure fun's sake, as in 'The Election,' or 'The March to Finchley'; and Cruikshank has followed Hogarth with no feeble steps. The coarse though humorous caricatures of Gilray were succeeded by the more refined work of H. B. And now, for many years past, these and other kinds of social and political

political caricature have united and culminated in the pages of 'Punch,' which in its first numbers modestly calls itself 'the English Charivari,' but which has long since far surpassed both that French comic paper and the German 'Kladderadatsch,' and not less kept ahead of its English competitors. It may wane from time to time, but always to wax again. In nothing does it show the advance of the art of caricature more than in the production of some of its most comical effects by pretty—and not, as the old fashion was, by ugly—pictures. This is constantly seen in the large cartoons as well as in the lesser engravings. An excellent instance of this is the recent print of twelve handsome young matrons in a jury-box, with, under it, the happy epigrammatic words, 'A fair jury, and every one a home-ruler.' The combination of thought, word, and drawing, is perfect. And what 'Punch' has done in the refinement of caricature, it does still more completely as regards comic writing. We owe more to Charles Dickens than to any one else for the creation of a comic literature, in which the most humorous and laughable effects are produced, without any recourse either to the moral or the physical filth, which a Fielding or a Smollett thought himself bound to rake into, or even to revel in. The nastiness has happily become repulsive to modern taste; and it is a relief to know that we can have all our fun without it. But if we owe this chiefly to Dickens, the editors of 'Punch' deserve our praise and thanks for the thoroughness with which they have carried on the new tradition.

If the Lake Poets showed that they could at least recognize Nonsense-writing as a Fine Art, their old school-fellow, Charles Lamb, living in London in the service of the Kings of India who then reigned in Leadenhall Street, carried that art to its height. His familiar letters, and his 'Essays of Elia' overflow with nonsense, or rather they are, 'without overflowing, full;' for the perfect finish and completeness of the workmanship are always worthy of the choice materials employed. Never a thought or word too much, or too little. And Lamb's nonsense is pure and unalloyed, nonsense for its own sake, in which the most lynx-eyed German critic might be defied to find a 'tendency,' moral or immoral, to explain why the writer wrote. 'Tendency' there is none. The fun is there in happy self-sufficiency, and this not the less because of the pathos which we cannot but think may be ever and anon felt to be present in the fun—reminding us of the heavy burden of a lifelong sorrow, which poor Lamb seemed unfitted to bear, but which he did bear in brave, uncomplaining silence. We think we

shall

shall but re-echo the opinion of Lamb's readers if we say that of all his fine nonsense the 'Essay on Roast Pig' is the finest. With what learned accuracy does the author follow in his Chinese manuscript the progress of mankind through the seventy thousand years, called by Confucius 'the Cook's Holiday,' to the accidental discovery by the swineherd Ho-ti and his son, which led to their trial at Pekin, 'then an inconsiderable assize town,' before a judge and jury proceeding with all the forms of English law. The jury, 'in the face of all the facts, and the clearest charge which judge had ever given, to the surprise of the whole court, townsfolk, strangers, reporters, and all present, without leaving the box, or in any manner of consultation whatever, brought in a simultaneous verdict of Not Guilty.' We will not pursue the narrative, how the judge, 'who was a shrewd fellow, winked at the manifest iniquity of the decision,' nor follow the historical progress of events through subsequent ages. Nor will we dwell on the philosophical and sentimental reflections of the author, nor on the autobiographical memories of 'My good old Aunt,' her plum cake and the beggar, and of student days at St. Omer. We do but remind the reader of these treasures of Nonsense, though he can hardly have forgotten them.

Contemporary men of genius often fail to appreciate each other, and perhaps Canning knew no more of Lamb than is implied in a scornful invitation to him 'to praise Lepaux,' in chorus with Coleridge, Southey, and Lloyd. But Canning was a true lover and writer of Nonsense. The promise of the Eton boy-editor of the 'Microcosm,' when he commented on the nursery rhyme of 'The Queen of Hearts' with learned gravity, was amply fulfilled in the pages of the 'Anti-Jacobin,' while he shared his honours with Frere and other young wits. And though we cannot say of the Nonsense of the 'Anti-Jacobin' that it was not written in a temper of exaggerated prejudice, political and social, yet time has happily purged all that dross away, and in the finest pieces has left us the pure gold for our enjoyment. There is for us no bitterness in the laugh in which we comprehend the 'Needy Knife-Grinder' and the 'Friend of Humanity.' Few of us know, and fewer care, about the 'Robbers,' and the 'Cabal and Love,' or 'Stella' * (great as their authors afterwards became), but every one delights in the play of 'The Rovers,' the notes to which have preserved those names like flies in amber, which is itself the maddest farrago of

* For representation at the Court Theatre at Weimar, Goethe substituted a commonplace suicide for the 'double arrangement' of his original 'Stella,' quizzed by the 'Anti-Jacobin.'

Nonsense,

Nonsense, with its total disregard of 'the unities,' classical or romantic, and in which, after 'the ghost of PROLOGUE'S GRANDMOTHER by the father's side' has appeared to soft music, and sunk in a flash of lightning, a Roman legion, with eagle and battering-ram, under Quintus Curtius and Marcus Curius Dentatus, King John's Barons, and a Knight Templar who had been disguised as an inn-waiter, Prussian and Austrian Grenadiers returning from the Seven Years' War, a Troubadour, a Polish conspirator, and a German student full of the doctrines of the recent French revolution, gather in the inn at Weimar, for the rescue of the noble Count Rogero, confined for eleven years in the dungeon-vault of the neighbouring medieval abbey, clanking his chains to accompany the words in which he embodied the memories of happier days:—

'There first for thee my passion grew,
Sweet, sweet, Matilda Pottingen:
Thou wast the daughter of my Tu-
-tor, Law Professor at the U-
-niversity of Gottingen;
-niversity of Gottingen.'

Peacock, another contemporary of Lamb, and like him a servant of the East India Company, was a true humorist, though much of his writing is characterized by satirical purpose, and by that intellectual contempt which we have treated as one of the marks of wit rather than of humour. His caricatures of squires and parsons, poets, philosophers, political economists and politicians are so extravagant, and his representations of Shelley, Southey, Coleridge, Byron, Irving, Brougham, Mill, and other men of his own day, so little like the originals, yet such funny lay figures, that if he did not write, we may certainly now read, his descriptions of men and things as so much Nonsense proper.*

The late Mr. Edward Lear was the creator of a new and important kind of that Nonsense for the honours of which the

* The readers of 'Crotchet Castle' may be amused to know, that the incident of Mr. MacQuedy proposing to read his paper after dinner is founded on fact, though it was not then followed by the production of the sermon. Peacock, the two Mills, and Strachey, were 'Assistants' in the Examiner's Office in the India House, and the writer of the present Article remembers hearing at the time, that one morning Peacock came into Strachey's room, and said with humorous indignation, 'I will never dine with Mill again: he invited me to dinner last night; there were only political economists, Mushet and McCulloch (we forget the others), and after dinner Mushet took a paper out of his pocket, and began to read—"In the infancy of society, when government was invented to save a percentage, say of three and a half per cent.—" on which McCulloch interrupted with, "I'll say no such thing."' We presume the latter economist objected not to the supposed origin of government, but to the amount of percentage; but we remember no more.

pen and the pencil contend; and at the same time he fixed the name of Nonsense to the Art, while giving a kind of concreteness to the things named, by his Books of Nonsense, Nonsense Songs, Nonsense Botany, Nonsense Cookery, and so on.* With the dreamy sensitive temperament of the man of genius, and a complete disregard of material interests, he was in all things a conscientious lover of hard work—'whatsoever his hand found to do, he did it with his might.' The beauty, truthfulness, and artistic finish, of his oil pictures and water-colour drawings, have established his claims as a landscape painter of a high order: he composed song music, some of which at least (for we fear that some has been lost, as he could not write down what he played) will live, married to the immortal verse of his friend, the great poet whose poems he was never weary of illustrating with his brush or pencil: he illustrated books of Natural History: and the Journals of his travels are graphic in every sense. But for all these things he is known to comparatively few, though the audience and the beholders may be select and fit. To men, women, and children everywhere, he is known as one of our great humorists: for though his Books of Nonsense were made for children, grown men and women, if they have not quite lost in worldliness the hearts of children, delight in them no less than these, and return to them again and again with ever fresh pleasure. Even in New Mexico the English owners of a cattle ranche have for their trade-mark Mr. Lear's picture and posy of the 'old man, who said, how Shall I flee from this terrible cow?'

In the very amusing introduction to the volume entitled 'More Nonsense,' and published in 1872, Mr. Lear asserts his undivided claim to the authorship of all his Nonsense Books, and justifies this self-vindication by the ludicrous story of an elderly gentleman (we hope his portrait on the cover may not be so easily recognized as that of Mr. Lear himself), one of his fellow-passengers in the train from London to Guildford, who explained that there was no such person as Edward Lear; but that children were indebted for all their amusement from the Books of Nonsense to a noble statesman whose name was Edward, while Lear was the anagram of Earl. Mr. Lear could not resist the temptation of showing his name on his hat, his walking-stick, and several letters from his pocket, and so reducing his would-be extinguisher to silence. In noticing,

* The new edition of 'Nonsense Songs and Stories' has a characteristic Letter, in which Mr. Lear recounts his work from the time when, at the age of fifteen, he 'began to draw, for bread and cheese, uncommon queer shop-sketches—selling them for prices varying from ninepence to four shillings.'

among

among other odd fancies of his critics, the suggestion that his books and illustrations had a symbolical meaning, he says, 'in no portion of these Nonsense drawings have I ever allowed any caricature of any private or public person to appear, and throughout more care than might be supposed has been given to make the subjects incapable of misrepresentation—"Nonsense" pure and absolute has been my aim throughout.' And again:—

'Long years ago [written in 1871], in days when much of my time was passed in a country house, where children and mirth abounded, the lines beginning, "There was an old man of Tobago," were suggested to me by a valued friend, as a form of verse lending itself to limitless variety of rhymes and pictures; and henceforth the first "Book of Nonsense" was struck off with a pen, no assistance ever having been given me in any way, but that of uproarious delight and welcome at the appearance of every new absurdity.'

Though Mr. Lear thus modestly puts from himself the merit of inventing the illustrated verse with which he has filled so many pages, none but a humorist could have poured out such a flood of laughable absurdities, and only an artist could have given with such a free hand all the grotesque forms in which he pretends to emulate the awkward scrawls of the school-boy on his slate. Not less laughable are the illustrations of the Owl and the Pussy Cat, the Duck and the Kangaroo, the travels of the Four Children, and so many more stories than we have space to enumerate. But in nothing does the humour of Mr. Lear's pen and pencil express itself more strikingly than in the two series of his Nonsense Botany. The botanical names are all epigrammatic. And *Barkia Howlaloudia*, like a snap-dragon of dog's heads; *Arthbroomia Rigida*, a sort of thistle; *Nasticreechia Krorluppia*, like a stem of catkins; the *Bassia Palealensis*, the *Shoebootia Utilis*, and all the rest; are not mere grotesque distortions, but natural representations of dogs and caterpillars, hearth-brooms, bottles, and boots, severally combined into such life-like imitations of actual flowers, that the botanist who would not wish to be able to add them to his herbarium must be as dry as his own *hortus siccus*. And admirable as are all the illustrations, the matter illustrated is still more admirable. Humour is a thing of genius, and of necessity original in each particular from which it takes. If we could call up him who left half-told—or indeed untold—the story of 'Pigrogromitus and the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Queubus,' we should find no resemblance to that of the 'Jumblies who went to sea in a sieve:' nor among the old men and young ladies throughout Lear's Nonsense-Books do we meet

meet any counterparts of Shakspeare's Hermit of Prague and the niece of King Gorborduc. Yet we almost venture to say that the 'fooling' of the one is hardly less 'gracious' than that of the other. In each creation some touch of art which escapes analysis makes the grotesquely impossible, a living, flesh-and-blood reality. Like Sir Thomas Browne, we quote the Latin father and say, *Credo quia impossibile est.* Tables and chairs and fire-irons, ducks and kangaroos, and a host of nondescript creatures, such as the Quangle-Wangle, the Dong, and the Yonghy Bonghy Bo, are endowed with human sentiment and moral life; and all their little hopes and fears and frailties are so natural in their absurdity, that the incongruity of thoughts and images is carried to the utmost height of humour. Such, for instance, are those little touches, where the friends of the Jumblies receive them back at the end of twenty years, saying:—

'If we only live,
We too will go to sea in a sieve,
To the hills of the Chankly Bore:'

or where the four little children who had gone out to see the world are welcomed back 'by their admiring relatives, with joy tempered with contempt;' or where the coachman, evidently an old family servant, 'perceives with pain' that the young people, the Poker and Tongs, the Shovel and Broom, in the carriage are quarrelling while he drives them out. 'The Owl and the Pussy Cat,' Mr. Lear's music for which has, we fear, been lost in the way we have mentioned, is one of the best of his Nonsense Songs. What can be funnier than the courtship in the 'elegant pea-green boat,' when

'The Owl looked up to the stars above,
And sang to a small guitar,
"O lovely Pussy, O Pussy my love,
What a beautiful Pussy you are,
You are!
You are!
What a beautiful Pussy you are!"'

And then the wedding, after they had wandered for a year and a day in search of a ring, and the wedding feast, when—

'They dined on mince, with slices of quince,
Which they ate with a runcible spoon:
And hand in hand, on the edge of the sand,
They danced by the light of the moon,
The moon!
The moon!
They danced by the light of the moon!'

Mr. Lear

Mr. Lear was delighted when a friend observed to him that this couple were reviving the old law of Solon that the Athenian bride and bridegroom should eat a quince together at their wedding. But we may perhaps suspect that there was another rudder which steered the pea-green boat into that classical harbour.*

But, as Charles Lamb reaches the top of his Nonsense in the 'Essay on Roast Pig,' so we think does Mr. Lear in his song of 'the Courtship of the Yonghy Bonghy Bo.' As some fruit is eaten with a special enjoyment, when just gathered in the very garden in which it has ripened, so this song must always come back with a special pleasure to those for whom the poet has sat down at the piano in his villa at San Remo, and sung with melancholy air the tragi-comic words with the plaintive music which he had himself composed for them. But whether we recal from memory, or picture in imagination, the terraced garden of Mr. Lear, filled with the rare plants he loved, the gentle lapping of the blue waves of the tideless Mediterranean just below, and the background of orange groves and olive woods, we can hardly avoid some perhaps fanciful association of these with the beginning of the song:—

'On the Coast of Coromandel,
Where the early pumpkins blow,
In the middle of the woods,
Lived the Yonghy Bonghy Bo.
Two old chairs and half a candle—
One old jug without a handle—
These were all his worldly goods:
In the middle of the woods,
These were all the worldly goods
Of the Yonghy Bonghy Bo,
Of the Yonghy Bonghy Bo.'

and again:—

'Down the slippery slopes of Myrtle,
Where the early pumpkins blow,
To the calm and silent sea,
Fled the Yonghy Bonghy Bo.'

Between these two passages is the sad story of the hero's courtship:—

'Once, among the Bong trees walking,
Where the early pumpkins blow,
To a little heap of stones,
Came the Yonghy Bonghy Bo.

* 'For rhymes the rudders are of verses,
With which, like ships, they steer their courses.'
Hudibras.

There

There he heard a Lady talking
To some milk-white Hens of Dorking—
"'Tis the Lady Jingly Jones!
On that little heap of stones
Sits the Lady Jingly Jones!"
Said the Yonghy Bonghy Bo.'

'"Lady Jingly, Lady Jingly,
Sitting where the pumpkins blow,
Will you come and be my wife?"
Said the Yonghy Bonghy Bo.
"I am tired of living singly,
On this coast so wild and shingly,
I'm a-weary of my life."'

Then comes the discovery that, 'his proposal comes too late.' Lady Jingly has a husband in England (Handel Jones, Esquire, & Co.), who sends her the 'fowls of Dorking':—

'Lady Jingly answered sadly,
And her tears began to flow—
"Your proposal comes too late,
Mr. Yonghy Bonghy Bo!

"I would be your wife most gladly,"
(Here she twirled her fingers madly,)
"But in England I've a mate!
Yes, you've asked me far too late,
For in England I've a mate,
Mr. Yonghy Bonghy Bo!
Mr. Yonghy Bonghy Bo!"'

He had offered to endow her with all his worldly goods, but she can only answer:—

'Keep, O keep, your chairs and candle,
And your jug without a handle:
I can merely be your friend.'

Mingling sympathy with firmness, she promises to give him three Dorkings, if Mr. Jones sends her any more, and then goes on:—

'Though you're such a Hoddy Doddy,
Yet I wish that I could modi-
fy the words I needs must say!
Will you please to go away?
That is all I have to say—
Mr. Yonghy Bonghy Bo!
Mr. Yonghy Bonghy Bo!'

He departs, crossing 'the silent-roaring Ocean,' on the back of 'a lively Turtle.'

'With

'With a sad primeval motion,
Towards the sunset isles of Boshen.'

And though we have not the least reason for suggesting that there might have been somewhere an actual Lady Jingly sitting among her milk-white hens of Dorking on a heap of stones, yet we cannot but have a feeling, that the good old bachelor-poet was putting something of his own life into the tragi-comedy of the Yonghy Bonghy Bo, and so giving it a pathos and an interest which make us seem to feel a real sympathy with the absurd hero, 'though he's such a Hoddy Doddy.'

If Dr. Johnson is right in holding that variety is or should be a writer's chief merit, Mr. Lear must be given a high place in this respect. The variety of his Nonsense, a variety of kinds, and not of mere individual forms, is wonderful.* He went to India during the Viceroyalty of his friend Lord Northbrook, and while making valuable additions to his works as a landscape painter, he struck out an entirely new kind of Nonsense, appropriate to his new abode, in the 'Cumberbund' and the 'Akond of Swat.' In the one he jumbles together and totally misappropriates the common Hindustani names of men and things in daily life, and in the other burlesques the enquiries people were making as to a mysterious personage who had just shot across the field of Anglo-Indian politics. The verses beginning 'How pleasant to know Mr. Lear,' in the new edition of 'Nonsense Songs,' are new in every sense. And, among his unpublished writings is an Eclogue, in a still different kind of nonsense. It is too long for reproduction here; but we are able to give the hitherto unpublished conclusion of the history of Mr. and Mrs. Discobbolos, of which the first part appeared in the volume entitled 'Laughable Lyrics':—

'MR. AND MRS. DISCOBBOLOS, 2ND PART.

1.

'Mr. and Mrs. Discobbolos,
Lived on the top of the wall,
For twenty years, a month and a day,
Till their hair had grown all pearly gray,
And their teeth began to fall.
They never were ill, or at all dejected,
By all admired, and by some respected,

* It is to be regretted that in the new and handsome edition of Mr. Lear's Nonsense Books this feature of them has been somewhat obscured by the sameness of a classified re-arrangement of the pieces.

Till

Till Mrs. Discobbolos said,
"O, W! X! Y! Z!
It has just come into my head,
We have no more room at all—
Darling Mr. Discobbolos!

2.

'"Look at our six fine boys!
And our six sweet girls so fair!
Upon this wall they have all been born,
And not one of the twelve has happened to fall
Through my maternal care!
Surely they should not pass their lives
Without any chance of husbands or wives!"
And Mrs. Discobbolos said,
"O, W! X! Y! Z!
Did it never come into your head,
That our lives must be lived elsewhere,
Dearest Mr. Discobbolos?"

3.

"They have never been at a ball,
Nor have even seen a bazaar!
Nor have heard folks say in a tone all hearty
'What loves of girls (at a garden party)
Those Misses Discobbolos are!'
Morning and night it drives me wild
To think of the fate of each darling child!"
But Mr. Discobbolos said,
"O, W! X! Y! Z!
What has come to your fiddledum head!
What a runcible goose you are!
Octopod Mrs. Discobbolos!"

4.

'Suddenly Mr. Discobbolos
Slid from the top of the wall;
And beneath it he dug a dreadful trench,
And filled it with dynamite, gunpowder gench,
And aloud he began to call,—
"Let the wild bee sing,
And the blue bird hum!
For the end of your lives has certainly come!"
And Mrs. Discobbolos said,
"O, W! X! Y! Z;
We shall presently all be dead,
On this ancient runcible wall,
Terrible Mr. Discobbolos!"

'Pensively,

5.

'Pensively, Mr. Discobbolos
Sat with his back to the wall;
He lighted a match, and fired the train,
And the mortified mountain echoed again,
To the sound of an awful fall!
And all the Discobbolos family flew
In thousands of bits to the sky so blue,
And no one was left to have said,
"O, W! X! Y! Z!
Has it come into any one's head,
That the end has happened to all
Of the whole of the Clan Discobbolos?"'

Mr. Lear's letters were not like those of Lamb, elaborate literary compositions of Fine Art Nonsense. But they were always funny, and usually annotated with pen-and-ink sketches, relevant to the subject, either of his correspondent or himself. He was always pleased, as he has himself told us, to give any child a special specimen of his Nonsense—a poem or a drawing, or both. We have before us a set of heraldic drawings of his tailless cat Foss, proper, couchant, passant, regardant, rampant, dansant, and 'a untin',' sent to a little girl.

The good and kind old man is gone: he was content to go, he said. But he has left a rich fund of harmless gaiety to those boys and girls he loved so well, and in their name we lay this wreath upon his grave.

Here we must conclude, though we have left out many and great names, and though we look towards the Border, the Irish Channel, and the Atlantic, with longing thoughts of Noctes Ambrosianæ, Charles O'Malley and Harry Lorrequer, Birdofreedum Sawin and Huckleberry Finn. But no man can live upon bonbons, though it may be well for him who, like Sydney Smith, always has a box of them on his chimney-piece.

ART. IV.—1. *A Dictionary of Christian Antiquities, comprising the History, Institutions, and Antiquities, of the Christian Church, from the Time of the Apostles to the Age of Charlemagne.* Edited by William Smith, D.C.L., LL.D., and Samuel Cheetham, D.D. In 2 vols. Illustrated by Engravings on Wood. London, 1875–1880.

2. *A Dictionary of Christian Biography, Literature, Sects, and Doctrines, during the First Eight Centuries.* Edited by William Smith, D.C.L., LL.D., and Henry Wace, D.D. In 4 vols. London, 1877–1887.

IT can be but seldom, in the nature of things, that students of the rise and growth of those creeds and institutions which have filled the largest spaces in history, and have been mightiest to shape the world's destinies, are called upon to welcome the completion of so monumental and exhaustive a work as that which now lies in a finished state before us. We speak of the six massive and closely printed volumes named above as forming a single work, although by different titles and an independent arrangement of parts they are divided into two; because not only do both parts treat of the same period and the same great story, but the Editors themselves unite them under the single title of a 'Comprehensive Cyclopædia of Ecclesiastical History for the first Eight Centuries of the Christian Era.' The previously published 'Dictionary of the Bible,' of which they are a continuation, had already put the student in possession of a complete manual of the origin of Christian Literature and Institutions, in the time embraced by the sacred writings of the New Testament, and this portion of the subject needed not to be dealt with again. Accordingly, where that work left off, this wider enterprise takes up the story; and continues it from the period, towards the close of the first century of our era, when the religion of the Cross, emerging from the limits of the small scattered communities founded by the Apostles, began to lift up its head among the nations, and challenge the attention of the learned and great, down to the epoch of the great Frank Emperor whose reign practically forms a dividing mark between ancient and modern history. To carry the work still onward, through the Scholastic development of the Middle Ages, the outburst of the Renaissance, and the complex ramifications of Churches, Sects, and Doctrines which the Reformation has engendered, would manifestly have entailed a vastly increased expenditure of time and labour; and the Editors of the present work may well be excused for resting at their chosen goal, and leaving the further evolution of the story to other hands and a future time.

In

In truth, even within the limits assigned, the history of Christianity is a peculiarly intractable one for the Encyclopædist, who is not content like the general historian with sketching things in outline, but aims at making his pages a comprehensive index to every name, however humble—every historical detail, however minute—every growth, variation, or perversion of creed or custom—every literary survival, from the solid treatise, elaborate chronicle, or code of ecclesiastical law, down to the canons of petty provincial synods, the isolated fragments of works that have all but perished, the casual letters that have floated down like straws on the surface of the flood, beneath which lies hopelessly engulfed so much that would have been unspeakably precious. For the doctrine of the world's Redeemer, in its energy, its multiformity of aspect and relation, its capacity for laying hold of human nature at all points, its adaptability to persons of every race and character and degree of culture, stands unmatched and beyond comparison in the world's experience. Essentially propagandist, because those who professed it held their knowledge as a divine treasure which must be imparted to others; absolutely irrepressible, because the faith which it evoked raised its ardent preachers above the fear of man, and enabled them to stand calmly before hostile tribunals, and face torture and death with a lofty scorn; of absorbing interest to the philosopher, because it half lifted the veil from the mysteries which had perplexed the wise, and driven the sceptical into atheism; invincibly attractive to the multitude, because it offered freedom to the slave, rest to the weary, fellowship to the outcast, hope to the despairing, salvation to all; it was a doctrine which—launched into the midst of a struggling, suffering, distracted world—could not but advance with rapid strides, gain enthusiastic adherents, provoke discussion, conflict, and persecution, develop itself in a multitude of varying forms and divergent sects and creeds, challenge the imperialism of the West, and ally itself with the mysticism of the East. With the manifold and intricate results of such a contact and ferment the Encyclopædists of early Christianity have to deal, not merely in outline but in detail; passing over nothing in the surviving memorials of the past that touches their theme; omitting no line of theological growth, no heretical or abnormal deviation, no emergent ceremony or custom; and completing their labours by pointing out both the primary sources of the knowledge which they have indexed and arranged, and also the later literature where fuller information may be found by the enquiring student.

Such was the task which lay before the Editors who undertook to present us with a complete survey of Christianity during the most

most critical period of its existence—the eight centuries which witnessed its internal development and external spread, its conflicts with Paganism without and heresy within, its persecutions and triumphs, its martyrs and confessors, its apologists and evangelists, its conversion of the Barbarian races that broke up the ancient civilization, its institutions and legislation, its ceremonial and literature. Vast as the subject is in itself, it may be said to have become vaster still through the liberal interpretation which has been put upon it. Those who were responsible for mapping out the spacious field of the 'Biography' into its various departments have not limited it exclusively to persons who, in the strictest sense, lay within the sphere of Christianity as part and parcel of it, but have also included others whose only connection with the religion of the Cross was one of antagonism and conflict. An illustration of this breadth of purpose is furnished by the fact, that the largest biographical Article in the whole work is devoted to Mohammed. That all the orthodox Fathers on the one side, and on the other the prominent originators of schisms and heresies, should be comprehensively treated, may of course be expected; but we could not so surely have counted on meeting with Articles on Islamism, Buddhism, Neo-Platonism, the Jewish Cabbalah, and the cult of Mithras the sun-god. Again, the Roman Emperors, in long and often rapid succession, were too closely connected with the annals of the Church to be overlooked; yet the valuable monographs by distinguished scholars upon Constantine the Great and his sons, upon Julian the Apostate complete even to a descriptive enumeration of his coins, and upon the Justinian of the Pandects and Codex, are far in excess of what we had a right to expect. Upon the same liberal scale we are furnished with very full dissertations upon Philo, the celebrated Alexandrian Hellenist, and Josephus, the half-Romanized Jewish historian; as well as shorter ones on the two Gamaliels, their descendant Jehudah the holy, and other notables among the Rabbis of Israel. Even Pagan writers, philosophers, and statesmen come in for notice, as may be seen in important, if compressed, Articles on Seneca, Lucian, Celsus, Porphyry, Plotinus, Proclus, and many others. In fact, the head-title, 'Christian Biography,' is far from conveying an adequate idea of the contents of that portion of the composite work to which it is prefixed. Moreover, besides the personal element, the volumes abound in theological, historical, and literary Articles, many of them being extended treatises on their respective subjects.

In theology, for instance, we find such topics dealt with as the

the Church with its Creeds and Sacraments; the Incarnation, the Person of Christ, Christology, the Holy Ghost, Predestination, Excommunication, Eschatology, Demonology, Death and the Dead. Among historical Articles we have the whole story of the Coptic Church down to the present time,—a transgression of the limits of the work for which the Editors hope that the unique character of that Church will be regarded as a sufficient apology; then a somewhat more limited account of the Ethiopian Church, equally Monophysite; a very long history—needlessly long, we should say—of the obscure monarchs who reigned in Persia and Armenia under the name of Chosroes; an ample biography of Elesbaan, who in the sixth century abdicated the throne of Ethiopia for a hermitage, and was of course canonized; and considerable notices of Leovigild king of the Visigoths, and Jordanis the Gothic historian, both belonging to the same century. In the department of literature may be found critical appreciations of the Christian Fathers in general, and of the early Apologists in particular; an exhaustive discussion on the 'Hebrew learning' possessed by the Fathers; dissertations on the Verse-writers and Historians of the Church, and on such documents as the Clementine Literature, the Shepherd of Hermas, the Epistles of Diognetus, the Chronicle of Eusebius, and the Liber Pontificalis; besides all that survive of the large number of Apocryphal works current in early Christendom, the 'Pistis Sophia' of the Gnostics, and the newly discovered 'Teaching of the twelve Apostles,' of which an extremely interesting account is given. Equal liberality has been shown by the Editors in their attempt to gather within their widespread net the minor Christian names, down to the most insignificant. The original intention to make the Dictionary a complete Onomasticon of the Christian world for the first eight centuries was indeed, for the sake of economizing both time and space, reluctantly abandoned during the preparation of the earliest volume, which is scarcely equal in execution to the later three; but as *l'appétit vient en mangeant*, so the courage of both Editors and Publisher grew with their work. The result has been that the primitive intention was revived and carried into effect, and for the first time we have had put into our hands a key to almost every name, however obscure, which can be discovered by a thorough ransacking of the Church's records for the period covered by the Dictionary, the only exceptions being names which are signatures, and nothing besides. Even the crowd of martyrs and confessors which swell the calendars of both Eastern and Western Churches, but of whom nothing authentic is known, has not been overlooked, but will be found

 entered

entered in the volumes devoted to the 'Antiquities.' For students who delight to explore the by-paths and tangled thickets of ecclesiastical chronicles, there is something very satisfactory in this completeness. But it has an importance beyond that of affording satisfaction to the curious. As the Preface to the second volume of the 'Biography' points out, when claiming for the work the credit of being the first attempt to notice every name connected with the story of the early Church,—

'Though many such names may be insignificant in themselves, they are frequently of considerable importance in determining critical difficulties which arise in respect to the greater personages. It sometimes happens, for example, that exact knowledge respecting some obscure name which is mentioned by two writers may throw important light on their relations to each other. The information, moreover, furnished by these minor articles is often precisely that which a student finds it most difficult to obtain, and the minute points they illustrate in Church History are sometimes very characteristic.'

Passing on, now, to the other department of our encyclopædic work, the following illustrations will show how closely the two parts are connected by a complemental relation to each other. Articles on Baptism and the Eucharist occur in both; but while the 'Biography' treats historically of the doctrine of each, as taught or developed by the Church's theologians, the 'Antiquities' takes for its share the practice, the ceremonial, and the representation in Christian art. Again, Excommunication occupies both, but is treated from different points of view; in the 'Biography' we find the spiritual side of the subject, according to the teaching of the Fathers; in the 'Antiquities' the ecclesiastical side, with special reference to its varying ritual and penal consequences. The Creeds, in like manner, are handled in duplicate; but while the 'Biography' discusses at length the gradual formation of the great symbols of the Faith, and the conflicts out of which they emerged, the 'Antiquities' describes their liturgical history and ritual use. Once more, in the 'Biography' are described and discussed the many heresies which in melancholy succession divided and devastated the militant Church; but if we desire information about the ecclesiastical laws concerning heretics, the jurisdiction to which they were subject, or the manner in which they were punished for contumacy or reconciled on recantation, it is to the Article 'Heresy' in the 'Antiquities' that we must turn. Speaking generally, the larger department of the work treats of persons, doctrines, moral and intellectual developments; while the

the smaller sets before us a picture of the visible life and practice of the Church; its organization and institutions; its rituals and customs; its use of the arts of architecture, painting, sculpture, music; everything, in short, that conspired to form the outward and visible aspect which Christianity presented to the world, as it rose amidst the stately paganism of Rome, and pursued its victorious career, till it gathered into its bosom the young nations that emerged from the ruins of the Empire. Nor must we forget to notice how much vividness and interest are added to this portraiture, by the excellent wood-cuts which brighten the Articles that admit of such illustration.

What has been already said of the liberal interpretation put on their subject by the Editors of the 'Biography' applies almost equally to the other portion of the work. It is manifested in two ways: in the great fulness of the Articles on most of the important subjects; and in the inclusion of the innumerable technical terms, in art, ritual, dress and custom, which are perpetually pulling up the inexperienced groper amidst the miscellanies of ecclesiastical literature. Among the greater Articles relating to the Church's officers may be especially mentioned those on Bishops, Orders, and Ordination, which are extremely copious; they are supplemented too by separate Articles on Pope, Metropolitan, Priest, Archdeacon, and Deacon. Everything relating to public worship may be found, as regards the buildings and their ornamentation, under the heads, Church, Chapel, Altar, Galleries, Fresco, Mosaic; while for the services, there are elaborate treatises on Music, Hymns, Lectionaries, Liturgies, and other cognate topics. The law and practice of Marriage are abundantly displayed, not under that title alone, but also under Betrothal, Marriage-contract, Forbidden Degrees, Adultery, Bigamy, Digamy. The discipline of the Church may be studied under Catechumen, Penitence and Penitential Books, Excommunication, Corporal Punishment; its legislation under the general heading Council, and numerous monographs on particular Councils and Synods; its monastic system under Benedictine Rule, Asceticism, and especially under Monastery—an immensely long Article which winds up with a catalogue of 1481 conventual establishments founded prior to the era of Charlemagne. Money, rings, and gems, bearing Christian devices, are treated at length in illustrated articles; Sculpture as used by the Church receives a due share of attention; nor are Inscriptions overlooked, to the Article on which is appended a very useful key to the many puzzling abbreviations which abound in them. Among miscellaneous Articles, crowded with interesting details, one may be especially pointed out which,

 under

under the title Wonders, deals with the miraculous element that so profusely pervades the ancient ecclesiastical chronicles and biographical notices. Others, almost equally elaborate, treat of Pilgrimages, Patron Saints, Relics, Obsequies of the dead, Tombs, Cemeteries, and Catacombs.

So much for the larger Articles in the 'Antiquities,' many of which from their copiousness may be styled almost complete treatises on their respective subjects. As for those at the other end of the scale, which explain minute usages of one kind or another, it is not so easy to give an adequate idea; but few pages can be turned over, where minor entries occur, without lighting on something to arrest attention or stimulate curiosity. For instance, to take a few samples at random, we come across out-of-the-way particulars of ecclesiastical legislation, about frequenting *cauponæ* or low taverns, dancing, dice-playing, divination, wearing *tzangæ* or high boots, cutting the hair, and making the sacred tonsure. In regard to the last it is curious to find it stated, on Bede's authority, that when the Greek monk Theodore, who in accordance with the Oriental custom was clean-shorn, had been in his sixty-fifth year nominated Archbishop of Canterbury by Pope Vitalian, 'he was obliged to wait four months to let his hair grow in such a manner as would enable him to receive the coronal tonsure in the Roman manner.' One would like to know what would have happened if the good old man had chanced to be bald, which at his advanced age would have been far from unlikely. The question is not so trivial as it may seem. If no hair, then no tonsure: and if tonsure was considered essential, and the use of a wig for the ceremony was, as it seems, not permissible, then no consecration to the Primacy of England; and if no Theodore at Canterbury, the development of the Anglican Church would have been materially affected. For as the Bishop of Oxford (Dr. Stubbs) in his interesting notice of this great prelate in the 'Biography' remarks,—

'The completed diocesan system of the whole Church of the English nation under his hand is the greatest and most permanent result of his administration. . . . It is difficult, if not impossible, to overstate the debt which England, Europe, and Christian civilization owe to the work of Theodore. He was the real organizer of the administrative system of the English Church, and in that work laid the foundation of English national unity. . . . Although he has never been canonized or even beatified, both his character and his work seem to place him among the first and greatest of the saints whom God has used for the building up of the Church, and development of the culture of the world.'

Passing

Passing on to pick up a few more samples—under 'Oil' we learn all about miraculous oils exuded from the supposed fragments of the Cross and from the relics of saints, and the many ritual uses of consecrated oil; under 'Dumb' we are introduced to the early debate about the capacity of mutes for receiving the sacraments. Other articles deal with the use of gloves and shoes; of eucharistic spoons, to facilitate reception of the elements; and of eucharistic *flabella*, or fans to drive away the flies, of which the Pope's splendid fans of peacock's feathers are said to be a survival. Again, under 'Ears' and 'Eyes' we find notices of the customs of touching the ears in baptism, and both eyes and ears with the moisture remaining on the lips after communicating, as emblematic of the opening of the understanding to receive the divine mysteries. From the minor explanations of Christian symbolism many amusing particulars may be collected; not the least curious being the use of a cock as an emblem of the resurrection; of a pair of fighting cocks to signify the combat with temptation; and of Susanna between the elders, sometimes allegorized as a lamb between two wolves, to typify the Church between its persecutors, Jewish and Pagan. One more specimen we must find room for, because it is an interesting anticipation of the efforts on behalf of humanity made by our valuable Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. In the Article giving an account of the Roman postal system, under the title 'Cursales Equi,' is mentioned a remarkable State edict, of date A.D. 314, which may be said to be as truly Christian in its character as some at least of the Canons passed by the famous Council that a few years later legislated for the universal Church. Its quaint language might remind us of the humorous ditties which, half a century ago, greeted the legislative protection of the costermonger's donkey, only that an imperial rescript is above suspicion of a joke. It ran as follows:—

'Forasmuch as many with knotted and very thick sticks at the very outset of a stage compel the public animals to exhaust whatever strength they have, be it enacted that no one in driving should use a stick but either a rod or a whip, with a short goad at the point, which may admonish their idle limbs with a harmless tickle, without exacting what their strength is unable to compass.'

Having endeavoured by the foregoing analysis to give a general idea of the scope of the work before us, we shall now institute a comparison between it and earlier attempts which have been made to carry out the same design. For it cannot claim to be absolutely the first of ecclesiastical Cyclopædias. Just as the Dictionary of the Bible, that forms the basis from which

which it starts, had been preceded by Calmet's Dictionary in France, and Kitto's Cyclopædia in England, so the present work has had precursors of even more ambitious scope, so far at least as the period they profess to cover is concerned. But two things are to be said for it, as forming its ample *raison d'être*; it is the first of its kind in this country, and for the large tract of time over which it extends it is immensely more complete and encyclopædic than any of its foreign precursors or rivals. There are only four that admit of comparison with it, and alongside of these it shall now be placed. To enable the comparison to be satisfactorily made, we have roughly calculated the amount of matter contained in the six volumes. We find it to be about or nearly equal to the contents of fifty-four quarterly numbers, or twenty-seven complete volumes, of this Review; or, if lighter literature affords a more intelligible standard of measurement, about two hundred and twenty volumes of the size, taking an average, in which three-volume novels are usually published.

The first of its precursors is the great work of the French Benedictine, Dom Ceillier, originally published in 1729–58, in 23 vols. 4to, under the title 'Histoire Générale des Auteurs sacrés et ecclésiastiques,' but of which we shall use the latest edition, in 15 vols. imp. 8vo, brought out in 1858–69. Starting with the earliest books of the Old Testament, it brings down its story to the middle of the thirteenth century of the Christian era, at which point death cut short the author's labour. Its scope will be understood from the statement on the title-page. It undertakes to give an account of all the Biblical and Christian writers of every age, with critical analyses of their works, showing what they contain of chief interest respecting the Church's dogmas, discipline, and moral teaching, together with a *résumé* of its Councils both general and provincial, and select portions of the Acts of the Martyrs. As may be inferred from this description, the work in its arrangement is chronological, not alphabetical; but, fortunately for the purpose of our comparison, an admirable index to every name and subject comprised in it has been published in a couple of supplementary volumes. Now if we take the part of the work which covers the same ground as our Dictionaries, viz. from the Biblical period down to Charlemagne, we find that it occupies ten and a half volumes out of the entire fifteen, averaging the size of the volumes for the sake of convenience, and contains altogether not more than four-fifths of the matter in our six volumes. Hence our work supplies one-fifth more matter than Ceillier's concerning the Church's first eight centuries. That comparatively small excess in matter, however, affords

affords no fair criterion of the superiority of our Dictionaries in encyclopædic completeness. On examining Ceillier's method, we discover that he lays himself out to give not merely an account of all the extant writings of the greater Fathers and theologians, but even an abridgment of every important treatise. 'Je tâcherai,' he says, 'de rendre en raccourci tout l'original.' This, of course, leaves him but scanty space for anything else. To St. Augustine alone he devotes more than an entire volume; to St. Chrysostom about half as much. In fact, as large a proportion as three-sevenths of his whole space is monopolized by sixteen Fathers from Tertullian to Jerome; while in our work the same Fathers occupy no more than a one-nineteenth part of the whole. How fatally this plan, however excellent from another point of view, militates against the completeness of the learned Benedictine's work as an ecclesiastical manual, we shall presently see.

The next work for comparison is the German 'Kirchen-Lexikon' of Wetzer and Welte, published originally in 13 vols. 8vo, 1847–60; but of which we shall use the enlarged and authorized French edition, brought out in 25 vols. 8vo, 1856–65, under the title, 'Dictionnaire Encyclopédique de la Théologie Catholique.' Like Ceillier's 'Auteurs,' it is Biblical as well as ecclesiastical, and brings down its Articles, which are alphabetically arranged, to the date of publication. The whole matter contained in it exceeds by about one-sixth the contents of our six volumes. How much precisely of the space is devoted to the centuries covered by our work, it would be a waste of time to calculate. But when, on one side, the Biblical portion is deducted; and on the other, all that concerns the Middle Ages, Scholasticism, the Renaissance and Reformation, and the developments of Roman doctrine, worship, and discipline during the last thousand years; it would be rather a bold stretch of the imagination to suppose that as much as a quarter of the work refers to the first eight centuries of Christianity. To test this estimate we went through the last volume, and found that no less than half of it is taken up by six subjects alone, all modern, one of which includes the whole Roman *cultus* of the Virgin Mary and the Vatican decree of 1854 establishing her Immaculate Conception as an article of faith.

Similar in plan to Wetzer and Welte's 'Kirchen-Lexikon,' only written from the Protestant point of view, is the 'Real-Encyklopädie für Protestantische Theologie und Kirche,' edited by Herzog and Plitt, the second edition of which was published in 17 vols., 8vo, 1877–86. Containing in all about one-third more matter than our two Dictionaries combined, it sweeps over

over the whole religious history of mankind from the Garden of Eden down to the Old Catholics of Germany; and as, moreover, it is drawn by its special purpose to aim at more than ordinary completeness in treating of the Protestant Churches and theologians of the Continent, the space which it is able to afford for the first eight centuries of Christianity cannot exceed, if indeed it equals, that which the Catholic 'Lexikon' gives. We shall presently see how much both of these ecclesiastical Dictionaries fall short even of Ceillier's in completeness, for the period which is common to them all.

The remaining foreign work that may claim to be put in competition with our English enterprise is the far more voluminous Italian Dictionary, which professes to treat, in alphabetical order, the entire history of the Christian Church from its rise down to the middle of the present century. We refer to the colossal work of the Papal Chamberlain, Cav. Gaetano Moroni, bearing the title, 'Dizionario di Erudizione Storico-ecclesiastica da S. Pietro sino ai nostri giorni.' Published at Venice 1840–61, it runs to the alarming number of one hundred and three volumes, containing about thirty-three thousand pages, not reckoning the six volumes of index issued subsequently in 1878–9. Although this enormous work, like the two preceding ones, includes within its compass the whole period covered by our six volumes, we hesitated to bring it into our comparison, because it turns out on examination to belong to a rather different class. Practically, it is less a Dictionary of Christianity in general, than a huge handbook and gazetteer of the Papacy, past and present. Doubtless to the student of the growth, organization, institutions, and officers of that mighty and complex spiritual empire which has its seat in the Vatican, it would be an invaluable storehouse of information. But for the serious enquirer into the early developments of Christianity it possesses little value. Of course, in fulfilment of the promise of its title, it contains notices of the great Fathers and Confessors, who contended with the primitive heresies, guided the formation of Christian dogma, and built up the Church into a spiritual commonwealth; but the notices seldom exceed two or three paragraphs of the merest commonplace, popular 'guide-to-knowledge' sort abridged and compiled from the ordinary text-books. When we find such Fathers as Athanasius and Augustine allowed no fuller mention than would fill about a page and a half in our Dictionary, Gregory of Nazianzus still less, Origen and the Origenistic controversies dismissed with a short page, Irenæus compressed into half a page, and Eusebius of Cæsarea into an ignominious quarter, we need

need no further admonition, that our thirst for knowledge of the early Church is not to be quenched at this fountain. But such as the work is, we bring it with the others already named into the first of the following tables, which aims at comparing the completeness achieved by the several works in their treatment of the Church's story down to the age of Charlemagne.

Before we give the table, it should be explained that the test here adopted is the selection of certain extra-Biblical names common to many individuals mentioned in the Church's records of the first eight centuries, and a comparison of the number of entries under each in the respective works. It is obvious that the larger the number of entries for the period, the completer and more exhaustive for that period is the work in which they occur. Now in our 'Christian Biography' there are seventeen names under each of which are gathered more than fifty indi-

Names.	Number of entries under each Name.				
	C. B.	C.	W. & W.	H. & P.	G. M.
Johannes	625	80	12	15	30
Felix	213	68	10	7	10
Eusebius	135	52	7	7	8
Gregorius	117	20	9	8	12
Julianus	115	32	2	2	0
Paulus	114	57	3	4	10
Theodorus	112	62	6	6	8
Georgius	108	18	2	3	4
Leo	99	25	4	3	6
Leontius	89	32	0	1	3
Eustathius	57	14	2	1	2
Jacobus	56	21	3	5	2
Epiphanius	54	14	3	3	5
Victor	54	36	7	7	4
Stephanus	53	36	4	3	10
Eugenius	51	13	4	1	3
Florentius	51	19	0	0	0

vidual entries; the lowest in this list being Eugenius and Florentius, which have fifty-one owners apiece; and the highest Johannes, under which no less than six hundred and twenty-five individuals are discriminated. The immense preponderance of the name John is a striking testimony to the popularity of the 'beloved disciple' in all parts of Christendom. These seventeen names, then, we select for our test. We have endeavoured to pick out the entries under each as accurately as possible from the several works for the ages common to them all; and where any variation from the numbering in the text occurs, it must be understood to arise from the cancelling of duplicates or the expansion

expansion of clusters. In the preceding and following tables our 'Christian Biography' is denoted by C. B.; Ceillier's 'Auteurs Sacrés' by C.; Wetzer and Welte's 'Lexikon' by W. & W.; Herzog and Plitt's 'Real-Encyklopädie' by H. & P.; Moroni's 'Dizionario' by G. M.

But besides the test furnished by the number of entries under any given name, another may be instituted for the purpose of comparing the thoroughness with which leading personages or subjects are treated. In the 'Christian Biography' there are nineteen articles which extend over twenty pages or more, the longest running to as many as sixty. These, then, we choose for the basis of our comparison. From what has been already said about the works of Ceillier and Moroni, it will be obvious that here the test of space is either inapplicable or useless; where it can be satisfactorily applied there must be similarity of plan, and this is found only in the two German works, which run on all-fours with our Dictionary. As in both these the pages contain much less matter than those in the English 'Biography,' we have taken the latter for the standard, and reduced the spaces in the others to pages of the same size. The figures in our second table will therefore show the comparative lengths of the Articles on each of the selected topics, small fractions of a page being neglected.

Subject of Article.	Number of pages to each Article.		
	C. B.	W. & W.	H. & P.
Origen and Origenistic controversies	60	17½	14⅔
Mohammed, founder of Islam	48	1½	0
Tertullian of Carthage	46½	14	5
Julian, Emperor	41	3¼	8
Eusebius of Cæsarea	40	1¾	5⅓
Philo of Alexandria	31	0	0
Constantine the Great and his Sons	31	2⅓	5⅓
Irenæus of Lyons	29	1¼	6⅓
Justin, Martyr and Apologist	27	8	5
Synesius of Ptolemais	24	4	4
Valentinus, Gnostic	24	4⅓	0
Coptic Church	22	1	2⅓
Athanasius of Alexandria	22	2	5
Tatian, Apologist	22	10⅔	4⅓
Hebrew learning of Fathers	21½	0	0
Jerome of Bethlehem	21	4	3⅓
Justinian, Emperor	21	1	0
Gregory of Nazianzus	20	4⅓	3
Leo I., Pope	20	5¼	8

These comparative tables will, we trust, show sufficiently how greatly the 'Christian Biography' surpasses its foreign competitors.

competitors, *for the period common to all*, both in the number of persons and subjects elucidated, and in the fulness with which the more important ones are handled. It should be added, that while this superiority extends as a rule to the entire work, it attaches in an enhanced degree to that part which concerns the ecclesiastical history of our own country. The ample space dedicated to British, Irish, and Anglo-Saxon names, and the diligence with which even the obscurest have been sought out and indexed, cannot fail to invest the Dictionary with a peculiar interest for all the English-speaking races; who will here find materials to enable them to picture to themselves 'the rock whence they were hewn,'—the ancestry through which they have derived their membership in the Holy Catholic Church, the Communion of saints. What the Editors say on this point is as follows:

'It should further be explained that special attention has been paid to the Church History of England, Scotland, and Ireland. The great historical collection known as the "Monumenta Historica Britannica," Sir Thomas Duffus Hardy's "Descriptive Catalogue of Materials relative to the History of Great Britain and Ireland," and the important volumes by Professor Stubbs and the late Mr. Haddan entitled "Councils and Ecclesiastical Documents relating to Great Britain and Ireland," have been diligently consulted, and authorities quoted by them have been, as far as possible, minutely examined. A scale has been allowed for the treatment of names in this portion of the Work which would have been, perhaps, impracticable in respect to other countries. Without including, as would have been necessary in a complete Onomasticon, all the names which might be collected from the signatures to charters and other public documents, we have endeavoured to notice every person bearing an ecclesiastical designation or office, and every person of royal rank, as it is impossible in these early ages to separate ecclesiastical from political history. Dugdale's "Monasticon," and similar works have, for this purpose, been carefully examined.'

We now proceed to speak of what is even more important than the completeness and fulness of the Work: we mean, its critical quality and trustworthiness. There are two methods of making encyclopædic dictionaries; one by compilation from preceding works, the other by laborious verification and original research. That our Editors have preferred to adopt the latter needs scarcely be said. They have not been content with otiosely entering into the labours of their predecessors; as they themselves tell us, 'The authorities have been investigated afresh, with the aid of the light thrown upon them by modern learning, and care has been taken that our accounts should, as far as possible, be derived immediately from the original sources.'

sources.' This fundamental resolve made extensive co-operation necessary. A single indefatigable book-maker may compile a gigantic encyclopædia; but to fill our six massive volumes with the concentrated results of first-hand research and critical appreciation, many hands were needed. We observe that the number of contributors mounted up to *one hundred and forty-two*, before the Work was brought to a conclusion,—deaths and other changes due to the mutability of human affairs having rendered it desirable, from time to time, to enlist new helpers during the progress of the enterprise. Of so large a company it was impossible that all, or even the majority, should be persons standing in the foremost rank of those who are eminent for ecclesiastical scholarship. Nor was it in any way essential to the excellence of the Work that every labourer in it should be of such high quality. For a very large proportion of the Articles, well-directed, intelligent industry under good editorial supervision was sufficient to ensure a satisfactory result. Where something more than this was required, and subjects came to the front which called for the exercise of wide erudition, trained insight, or independent judgment, the Editors were fortunate in obtaining writers of well-established and even European reputation. No work of the kind can boast of treatises like that of the Bishop of Durham on Eusebius of Cæsarea, or Canon Westcott's on Origen. Beside these may not unfairly be placed Mr. Bryce's Article on Justinian, and the Bishop of Salisbury's two on Constantine the Great and Julian the Apostate; nor need we seek a lower level on which to set the Archbishop of Canterbury's Cyprian, Dr. Salmon's Hippolytus, Dr. Percy Badger's Mohammed, Dr. Hort's Basilides and Bardaisan, Dr. Edersheim's Philo and Josephus, and the longer Articles by Professor Lipsius of Jena on various Apocryphal Books current in the early days of Christendom. Many of the Fathers besides those already mentioned have been treated with conspicuous critical judgment; as Ambrose by Mr. Ll. Davies, Athanasius by Canon Bright, Jerome by Canon Fremantle, and Justin Martyr by Canon Scott Holland. To enumerate the Articles, long and short, for which we are indebted to the Bishop of Oxford (Dr. Stubbs), Dr. Salmon, and Dr. Stokes, a first-rate triad in ecclesiastical erudition, would be impracticable; to the first two indeed the entire Dictionary is under signal obligations, for their persevering toil in advising the Editors and supervising the proof-sheets. Nor, lastly, ought we to omit to make mention of the advantages derived from the learning of Dr. Ginsburg and Dr. Gwynn, in some special departments of the vast field of research.

It must be confessed that against the immense advantages arising from extensive co-operation, when so encyclopædic a Work is undertaken, there may be set a few disadvantages, or at least dangers. Of these the most obvious is the difficulty of preserving a due proportion between the importance of the subjects and the space allowed for their treatment. To be diffuse is easy and tempting; compression demands self-denial, as well as labour. 'My letter would have been shorter,' said Pascal, 'if I had been able to give more time to it.' It cannot be denied that our Dictionary exhibits some astonishing instances of disproportion, a few of which may perhaps be accounted for by the fact, that after the earlier sheets were in type the scope of the Dictionary was enlarged. If we do not grudge to Origen and his controversies their sixty pages, to Tertullian his forty-six, to Eusebius of Cæsarea his forty, to Irenæus and Justin Martyr their nearly thirty apiece, we cannot look so indulgently on the inordinate grant of forty-eight to the outsider Mohammed, and of the little-merited nineteen to the obscure dynasty of the Chosroes. When we see the most voluminous and epoch-making of the Christian Fathers, of course we mean Augustine of Hippo, dispatched, however inadequately, by M. Pressensé in nine pages, it is rather surprising to find thirteen allotted to his heretical opponent Pelagius, twenty-four to his comparatively obscure contemporary Synesius of Ptolemais, and a dozen or more each to his other and far from celebrated contemporaries, Theodore of Mopsuestia the theologian, and Paulinus of Nola the verse-writer. Again, if such important Fathers as Clement of Alexandria, Ambrose of Milan, and Gregory of Nyssa, can be fairly handled in eight or nine pages apiece, what sufficient reason can be pleaded for allowing twelve to the Arianizing Hosius of Cordova, of whom only a single letter is extant; thirteen to the letter-writer, Sidonius Apollinaris, of the fifth century; twenty-four to the Gnostic Valentinus, half as much to his fellow-heretic Basilides, and thirteen to the legendary heroine Thecla? Not that we are really sorry to have these disproportionately long Articles, or have any complaint to make of their quality. On the contrary, we are glad to find them thrown in as a gift over and above what we had a right to expect; and very good reading they make, as for the most part they teem with interesting particulars. All we mean is that the Dictionary, taken as a whole, suffers from their presence a certain degree of distortion. Even in making this limited complaint we experience a measure of compunction, and admit that great allowance must be made for the Editors, with whom the allotment of space has finally rested. When a well-qualified contributor,

contributor, brimful of learning and enamoured of his subject, sends in an exhaustive monograph, every page of which enshrines something of value; to torture it into a reasonable compass by cruel clipping and compression is an ungracious and repulsive operation. Probably the critic himself, who in cold blood avers that for the sake of symmetry it ought to have been cut down or else rejected, would, had he been in the Editors' place, have decided to squeeze it in somehow, rather than subject it to an ignominious mutilation, or even lose it altogether.

Another difficulty which besets wide co-operation in producing a general Church-Dictionary arises from the inevitable differences of opinion upon many theological and ecclesiastical questions of considerable importance. This the Editors have in the present case endeavoured to minimize, by making it their aim to treat every subject 'from a purely historical point of view, and simply to give an impartial account of what was believed, thought, and done in the early ages of Christianity, without entering upon the disputable conclusions drawn from these facts by various schools or parties.' On the whole we think that this aim has been realized quite as far as is necessary to give a substantial unity to the Work; and, we would add also, as far as the realization of it is desirable in itself. Within certain limits, a measure of variety and freedom imparts piquancy, and increases the range of instruction. We by no means complain when, for instance, we observe two contributors writing upon the Theban Legion, and permitted to estimate differently the proportion of truth that may possibly underlie the legend which tells of the martyrdom of 6666 Christian soldiers by the Emperor Maximian, for refusing to swear allegiance with the usual heathen ceremonies. The most considerable divergence we have come across relates to the controversy about the baptismal formula used in the first century. In the Article on Baptism in the 'Antiquities,' the opinion is expressed that the use of the Triune formula prevailed exclusively from the first, and that the phraseology of the New Testament, which seems to imply the contrary, is merely equivalent to a statement that 'Christian Baptism' was administered. But in the 'Biography' the opposite view is given, as if it were historically certain and admitted of no doubt. Yet the learned writer of the Article, Mr. Ffoulkes, who has contributed many theological essays to the Work, is not satisfied to hold with St. Thomas Aquinas and others that in the primitive age, for the sake of doing special honour to Christ, the divine Spirit gave to Baptism in His name the same efficacy as normally belongs to the

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rite when administered in the name of the Trinity. To the positive assertion, that all the early Baptisms were in the name of Christ only, Mr. Ffoulkes adds the equally positive, but to our mind very questionable, assertion that these Baptisms were deficient in efficacy and did not convey the gift of the Holy Spirit, but needed to be supplemented by the subsequent imposition of the hands of an Apostle or his delegate. To the publication of St. Matthew's Gospel he goes on to ascribe the gradual adoption of the Triune formula, which by perfecting the rite enabled it to convey the Holy Spirit as well as the remission of sins; whence he draws the conclusion, that the imposition of hands, though still retained in the Church, changed its meaning from that time—the Apostles having laid their hands upon the baptized for one purpose, and their successors continuing the rite for another.

We have already exhibited a few samples of the sort of information which may be gleaned from the minor Articles of the 'Antiquities,' and before concluding our remarks we wish to do as much for the 'Biography.' We say the minor Articles, because the larger ones are for the most part beyond handling in such a cursory notice as the present. To a considerable number of them we have directed the reader's attention as being eminent for their excellence, and there we must leave them. Even with the smaller fry, *l'embarras des richesses* creates a considerable perplexity, and makes us fear lest our attempt should savour of the simplicity of the old scholasticus, who offering his house for sale in the market-place showed a single brick as a sample of its quality. We will at least take care that our proffered bricks shall be in themselves worth looking at.

We begin with extracting some particulars about Names, for these are the first things that a Biographical Dictionary suggests for remark. To the influence of Christianity upon the names of persons the 'Antiquities' devotes a copious essay, where we learn that, besides giving wide currency to names which occur in the Bible, the new religion was the means of introducing many new names among those who embraced it. Names compounded with one or other of the words which express the Deity had been common, indeed, with the Hebrews, and to a small extent had been adopted by Paganism, where we find Theocritus, Theophilus, Theognis, Theodorus, Theophanes, Timotheus, and others: but after the rise of Christianity they became both commoner and more significant. From the 'Biography' we glean the following as deserving of notice. In Greek we find Theopemptus, sent by God; Theosthenes, strength,

strength of God; Theoctistus, God-made; Theodulus, servant of God; Theognostus, known of God; Theophylact, guarded by God; Theotimus, honoured by God. Both Greek and Latin names express 'God-given' in various forms, as Theodoretus, Theodorus, Theodotus, Adeodatus, Deusdedit; the last peculiar form had, it seems, become common in the sixth and seventh centuries, and was borne by the sixth Archbishop of Canterbury, the first Saxon occupant of the primatial See. Of Latin names of the same class may be noted Deicolus, worshipper of God; Deiferus, bearer of God; Deogratias, thanks be to God; Quodvultdeus, what God wills; the last being a common African name, under which nine entries are given. The Redeemer's name originated Christianus and Christinus with their feminine forms; Christopher and Christa. From Redemption and Salvation we have Redemptus, Reparatus, Salvius, Salvianus, Soter and Soteris. From Baptism, Renatus and Restitutus; from Immortality, Athanasius; from the Resurrection, Anastasius and Anastasia. Of the Festivals, Easter supplies Paschalis and Paschasius; Christmas, Natalis and Natalia; the Epiphany, Epiphanius and Epiphania. The three cardinal graces of the Gospel have not been barren, even in this sense: Faith brought forth such offspring as Pistus, Fidelis, Fidentius; Hope, as Elpidius, Elpidophorus, Spes, Spesina, Spesindeo; Charity, as Agape, Charito, Charitina, Caritas. To Christianity may be referred also many names expressing happiness or joy; as Exhilaratus, Gaudentius, Gaudiosus, Hilarius, Beatus, Celestine; and although Felix antedated the Gospel, it doubtless was indebted to the new religion for a subsequent popularity, second only to that of John.

From the names of individuals we turn to the headings under which obscure sects are entered in the 'Biography.' Unlike the wide-spread and notorious heresies which were generally distinguished by their founders' names, these were mostly nick-named from some characteristic tenet or practice—by preference a ridiculous one. One of the oddest was the Passalorhynchites, called also the Tascodrugites, who are said to have derived their strange appellation from the habit of putting the finger to the nose when engaged in prayer, meaning by the gesture to express, not what modern usage might suggest, but the very opposite—downcast humility. It is but fair to recollect that in this, and many like cases, our information comes from sources that are probably more or less tainted. The obscure schismatics of the early Church might well complain of the hardship of being known to posterity only from the reports of scornful opponents. 'An enemy,' wrote Burke,

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'is a bad witness.' It is possible that these Passalorhynchites may have done nothing worse than offer prayer in silence with the hand over the face, instead of following the orthodox fashion of outstretched arms; indeed, they are reported to have founded their peculiarity on the Psalmist's words, 'Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth, keep the door of my lips.' For a kindred sect, if it be not a travesty of the same, the Ascodrugites, something of the same kind may perhaps be said, to extenuate the custom attributed to them of dancing in their churches round an inflated wine-skin; a ceremony in which ingenuity has detected a survival of the worship of Marsyas whom Apollo flayed, or else of the drunken Silenus! Nor are we on much surer ground when we come to the Metangismonites, a supposed Arian sect who got their name from the tenet attributed to them, 'that the Son was in the Father as one vessel in another.' A similar body of sectaries at Constantinople during the Arian conflicts received the appellation of Psathyrians or cake-ists, from the cakes sold by a confectioner who energetically supported them. Upon the skirts of other great heresies we find the Theoponites and Theopaschites, who held that the Divine nature in Christ suffered on the Cross; and the Christolytes, or Christ-dissolvers, who 'taught that when Jesus Christ had been recalled to life from the place of the departed, He left His body with His soul in the earth.' Then we come across the Hadecerdites, whose distinguishing tenet was that 'Christ preached after His death to all that were in Hades that they might repent and be saved;' and the Theocatagnostæ, 'who censured some of Christ's words and actions.' Other petty sects are enumerated under the following headings. The Collyridians, women who offered cakes in worship to the Virgin Mary: the Nyctages, who opposed the observance of vigils 'on the ground that God made the day for work and the night for sleep;' the Adelophagites, who declined to eat in the presence of their fellow-men; the Parermeneutites, so called for their rejection of the 'plainest and most unobjectionable interpretations of Scripture;' the Euchites, known also as Messalians and Adelphians, a sect of praying mendicants, who seem to have reappeared in the twelfth century under the name of Bogomiles or implorers of mercy; and lastly, the Sampseites or Elkesaites, a branch of the Ebionite sect, named from their sacred book 'Elkesai,' which contained pretended angelic revelations, and prescribed a novel method of obtaining the pardon of sin.

Leaving names, we pass on to pick out some particulars respecting saints, technically so called. The first thing to be noticed

noticed is the haphazard sort of way in which the title was acquired in the earlier times. Official canonization is comparatively a modern practice, unknown before the ninth or tenth century. Annual commemoration in the Canon of the Eucharist was the only ordinance in any way corresponding to it in the ancient Church, the insertion of names in the list of the departed who were thus honoured being made by each bishop with the consent of the faithful in his diocese; occasionally it seems to have been procured by attaching it as a condition to bequests of property to the Church. The result of this unsystematic method has been to stuff the ancient ecclesiastical calendars with the names of obscure persons, decorated with the title of Saint, while many far worthier of the honour have been left out in the cold. In our Dictionaries the obvious intention has been to distinguish the sainted from the non-sainted by appending ST. to the head-entry in each biographical notice of the former; but it has been so indifferently carried out that one might suppose each writer left to follow his own fancy, even in dealing with the greatest names. There are some Fathers of renown who are rightly without it, such as Tertullian, Origen, and Eusebius of Cæsarea, because for one reason or another the honour has never been accorded to them. But, to take only the first letters in the alphabet where perhaps the want of uniformity is greater than elsewhere, surely Ambrose, Basil the Great, Chrysostom, the two Clements, and Cyprian, from whom it is withheld, have as good a title to it as Athanasius, the two Augustines, and Cyril of Alexandria, to whom it is granted. In doubtful cases the irregularity is likely to leave the student somewhat perplexed. Ought he, for instance, to style the celebrated ante-Nicene Roman Father *St.* Hippolytus? There is undoubtedly a saint of that name commemorated in the Roman martyrology, and in the Bollandist Acts on August 22, but who is meant by it is by no means clear, as there are three or four martyrs of the same name whose records have been jumbled up together. In our Dictionary the Roman Hippolytus is neither entered as a saint, nor ever honoured with the prefix of canonization; yet Dr. Salmon's elaborate Article upon him winds up with quoting the following story, which we extract for the reader's amusement. It describes a visit of Pope Alexander III. to the Parisian Church of St. Denys in 1159:—

'On the threshold of one of the chapels he paused to ask whose relics it contained. "Those of St. Hippolytus," was the answer. "I don't believe it, I don't believe it," replied the infallible authority; "the bones of St. Hippolytus were never removed from the holy city." But St. Hippolytus, whose dry bones apparently had as little reverence

reverence for the spiritual progeny of Zephyrinus and Callistus as the ancient bishop's tongue and pen had manifested towards those saints themselves, was so very angry that he rumbled his bones inside the reliquary with a noise like thunder. To what lengths he might have gone if rattling had not sufficed we dare not conjecture. But the Pope, falling on his knees, exclaimed in terror, "I believe, O my Lord Hippolytus, I believe, pray be quiet." And he built an altar of marble there to appease the disquieted saint.'

In exploring our Dictionaries, one cannot help being struck with the immense part played by imagination and invention in furnishing ecclesiastical calendars with their hosts of saints. If we look up the sources of information for the four great virgin-martyrs who are the especial glory of Western hagiology, SS. Cæcilia, Lucia, Agnes, and Agatha, we discover that in every case the stories associated with their names are of very doubtful authenticity. The same may be said of the other four, who share with them the honour of being retained as black-letter saints in the Anglican calendar, SS. Prisca, Margaret, Faith, and Catherine. How legends grew may be seen in the case of St. Cæcilia; for the popular conception of her as a musician whose ravishing melodies brought down an angelic listener, and her consequent promotion to be the patroness of music, cannot be traced back beyond medieval times. Her earlier 'Acts' tell us that having vowed herself to virginity, she so far yielded to the urgent wishes of her family as to go through the ceremony of marriage with her lover Valerianus. Steeling her heart against the wedding festivities, and especially refusing to listen to the music lest it should draw her towards sensual delight, she made melody in her heart to the Lord; and after the guests had departed she informed her bridegroom 'that she was under the protection of an angel who would punish him if he did not respect her chastity.' It was enough for the improvers of the legend that it mentioned musical instruments and an angel. They had only to turn her into the performer and the angel into the auditor, and the transformation was accomplished of the austere repudiator of music into its ecstatic patroness!

The popular legend of St. Mary Magdalene might be equally appealed to, as proof of the facility with which pious fictions, founded on a very small basis of fact, won universal credence in Christendom; but our purpose in alluding to it is rather to point out how it stimulated the fabrication of similar stories about penitent Magdalens. Of these heroines of expiatory self-mortification one of the most celebrated is St. Mary of Egypt, the miracle of whose rejuvenescence, after forty-seven years

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passed in nakedness and hunger in a Syrian desert, is the subject of Ribera's charming picture at Dresden. Another that may be classed with her is St. Thais, also of Egypt, who after being snatched from her guilty life by the hazardous stratagem of a monk, was immured in a cell without any opening except a small hole through which food was passed to her. When she had endured this living death for three years, a vision revealed that her penance was sufficient, and she received absolution, but only to die a few days afterwards.

Another illustration of the ease with which saints, especially female ones, were manufactured may be found in the story of the martyrdom of the eleven thousand maiden companions of the Cornish Princess, Ursula, by the Huns at Cologne in the fourth century. Whether St. Ursula herself is mythical may perhaps be questioned; but, as our 'Biography' remarks—the whole legend with its manifold historical blunders, including an apocryphal Pope Cyriacus, is purely medieval; and the incredible number of St. Ursula's companions may be explained as originating in a mistake of the early copyists, who found some such entry as 'Ursula et XI. M.V.,' which, taking M for *millia* (thousands), not for *martyrs*, they read as Ursula and eleven thousand virgins, instead of Ursula and eleven martyr virgins. But what an indiscriminating appetite for the marvellous is betrayed by the possibility of such a blunder, and still more by the enthusiastic adoption of it throughout Western Christendom!

It has been already noted that not less than thirteen pages of the 'Biography' are devoted to the story of the legendary St. Thecla. The excuse for this is the strong hold which from a very early period it took upon the imagination of the Church. As in so many other legends, the glory of virginity is the motive, and increased piquancy was given to it by its subject being represented as a convert of St. Paul, and associated with him in some of her startling adventures. No doubt the story grew in wonder as it passed from hand to hand; but even from its origin in the inventive brain of some unknown Asian presbyter it was extravagantly sensational. Our space will only permit us to present a single incident in an abridged form, but it will be sufficient to give an idea of what stuff the legend is composed, which found acceptance with a large number of Fathers from the second century downwards:—

'As she and St. Paul entered Antioch together, her beauty caught the eye of Alexander the Syriarch, who, having vainly sought to buy her from the Apostle, attempted to do her violence. Defending herself vehemently with cries and struggles, she drove him away with

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his cloke rent and his crown torn off. Baffled and enraged he accused her of sacrilege to the Roman Governor, who condemned her to be thrown to the wild beasts, only granting as an indulgence that her chastity should in the mean time be protected. On the appointed day she was bound on the back of a ferocious lioness, but to the amazement of the spectators she sat unharmed while the beast licked her feet. The next morning she was stripped and cast into the arena, where lions and bears together with the lioness of the previous day were let loose against her. The lioness undertook her defence and slew a great she-bear that rushed on her, but was at last slain herself by a trained lion. More wild beasts were then set upon the undaunted maiden, and her doom appeared certain; but as she stood in prayer, awaiting the fatal stroke, she perceived a pond in which seals were kept. Then remembering how St. Paul when deferring her baptism had said, "Be patient and thou shalt receive the washing," she exclaimed, "The time is come for me to wash myself," and jumped into the pond with the cry, "In the name of Jesus Christ on my last day I baptize myself." Upon this a cloud of fire encompassed her, shielding at once her modesty and her life. The seals were struck dead with lightnings, the other beasts lay around stupefied, while the women flung spices and perfumes. But not yet was her trial over. At the demand of Alexander she was again bound, and exposed to the onset of fierce bulls goaded into fury by heated irons; but supernatural fire consuming her bonds she moved away free and unharmed once more, and at last the Governor put an end to that day of horrors.'

In contrast with this legend, which sprang full-forged into the Church's belief, may be placed the touching story of St. Veronica, which took many centuries to bring it into its present shape. Its beautiful simplicity is the result of an amalgamation of several legends, and the process by which it was reached is so instructive that we venture to present it in outline, although the latter part of it lies outside the scope of our Dictionary. The story took its rise in a pagan allegorical group in bronze which adorned the town of Paneas, *i.e.* Cæsarea Philippi, representing a woman with outstretched arms kneeling before a male figure which held out a hand towards her. In course of time, the meaning of the group having been forgotten, it was supposed to commemorate the healing by Christ of the woman with the issue of blood; and this woman being confused with the Syrophœnician woman out of whose daughter, named in legend Bernice, Christ cast the unclean spirit, this name, Latinized as Veronica, came to be applied to her. To account for her being able to erect so costly a memorial of her healing, she was metamorphosed into a princess of Edessa, and thus brought into contact with the miraculous portrait of Christ said

said to be preserved there. Out of this contact grew the further development, that Veronica herself received the portrait from Christ; for desiring to possess a likeness of her Divine Healer to console her during His frequent absences, she was carrying a piece of cloth to an artist that he might paint on it the sacred face, when Christ met her, took the cloth, and imprinted His likeness upon it. This, however, was as yet far from being the face of the Via dolorosa, the bleeding thorn-crowned face of the Passion. But it happened that at Rome was preserved as a precious relic the napkin which had been swathed round the Saviour's head in the tomb, and was believed to have retained the imprint of His features after death; and as this relic was called the 'vera icon,' or even the 'sancta veronica,' the temptation to fuse together its story and the story of Veronica was irresistible. The method of fusion seems to have been determined by the recollection, that early martyrologies mention the compassionate wiping of the sufferer's face with a napkin. The final result was accordingly the St. Veronica of modern Christendom, who wiped the sweat from the Redeemer's face on His way to Calvary, and received on the cloth the miraculous likeness which is one of the most valued relics preserved in the Basilica of St. Peter.

Whatever may be thought of the credulous inventiveness to which the hagiology inherited from the Past bears witness, it is only fair to add that, so far as the Roman Communion is concerned, the present century, in spite of its boasted illumination, has no right to cast at it the accuser's stone. Certainly none of the ancient legends can compete for audacity with that of St. Filomena, whose story is authoritatively told in Moroni's 'Dizionario.' In 1802 a broken tile, bearing the letters LVMENA PAX TECVMFI, was found in the catacomb of St. Priscilla at Rome, and immediately suggested to the imagination of relic-hunters the possibility of a new saint. It was observed that the transposition of the last two letters to the beginning of the fragmentary inscription would give what might be read as a feminine name; but who was the Filomena thus created? Some rude emblems over the tile seemed to indicate a record of virginity and martyrdom, probably in the era of Diocletian; and beneath it were found a few bones which were said to be those of a girl about fourteen years old. Nothing then was wanting to the introduction of a brand-new St. Filomena, Virgin and Martyr, into the sacred catalogue except a supernatural attestation, and this was not long in forthcoming. The relics, transported to Mugnano, near Naples, at

at once bore witness to her saintship by working a profusion of miracles; the opportune sweating of one of her images added the crowning proof, and Gregory XVI. decreed her canonization. Like wild-fire her worship spread throughout Roman Christendom. To borrow Moroni's enthusiastic language :—

As light travels in a few moments through the vast space between heaven and earth, so the name of Filomena has spread abroad to the furthest bounds of the world. The books which record her miracles, the images which represent her, are carried by zealous missionaries to China and Japan, and wherever Catholicism has established itself in Asia and America. In Europe her worship increases daily, not only in the rural districts, but also in the most illustrious and populous cities, beginning with Rome, the capital of Christendom. Old and young, pastors and flocks, unite to honour her. At their head may be seen cardinals, archbishops, bishops, superiors of religious orders, ecclesiastics famous for their dignity, knowledge, and virtue. From the pulpit the most eloquent orators proclaim her glory, and the faithful with one voice give her the name of the Thaumaturge, the Wonder-worker of the 19th century.'

If further evidence were needed of the facility with which unauthenticated stories crept into the belief of the primitive Church, it might be found in the accounts given in our 'Biography' of the numerous fictitious 'Acts' which embroidered with romantic incidents the lives of the Apostles and other personages of the New Testament. The subject, however, is too large to be entered upon here, and we will only refer to Dr. Salmon's Article headed 'Leucius (I.),' because of the comparative novelty of the information furnished by it. What appears to be established is this; that an apocryphal work put out in the second century under this name, as that of a pretended disciple of St. John, entitled 'Circuits of the Apostles,' and professing to give 'Acts' of Peter, John, Andrew, Thomas, and Paul, was really the source of many of the stories which were accepted without suspicion by the early Christians. This is the more remarkable, as the work was evidently tainted with Docetism; perhaps a counter-attraction was found in its leaning to the ascetic scheme of life which was summed up in the term Encratism, and especially in its fanatical depreciation of the marriage-state. There is good reason to believe that many of the current anecdotes about St. John rested on no better foundation than this romance; such as his lifelong virginity, secured by three successive interpositions of Christ to frustrate his several attempts to marry, and rewarded by his Lord's peculiar love and the intrusting of the Virgin-Mother to his

his care; his being thrown into a cauldron of boiling oil, whence he emerged unhurt and anointed like a wrestler for the arena; the origin of his gospel in the request of his fellow-bishops, in the midst of whom, after three days of fasting and prayer, he burst into the prologue, 'In the beginning was the Word;' and finally, the story that when his time was come the Apostle retired to a burying-place accompanied by friends carrying spades, and in the grave which they quickly dug laid himself peacefully down, and with prayer and blessing gave up his soul to God. It was probably a later embellishment that he was covered up alive, that the soil heaved with his breathing, and that when the grave was subsequently opened his body had disappeared.

There is only one more aspect of our Dictionary to which our space permits a reference, viz. the illustrations which may be gathered from it of the thought and life of the Church in its earlier growths, and its conflicts with human infirmity and perverseness. Take, for instance, the handling of Scripture. No better idea of the weakness of the popular exegesis could be easily obtained than that which is supplied in the Article on the obscure Eastern Apologist, known as Macarius Magnes, part of whose treatise entitled 'Apocritica' has recently been rediscovered. Its value in this respect depends on the fact, that the interpretations with which he confutes Pagan objections are not his own, but the current ones of the fourth century. Here are a few. 'Worship His footstool,' means 'Worship Christ's Body;' for Christ assumed man's body, and this was fashioned of the earth, and the earth is God's footstool. The clouds by which St. Paul expected to be caught up signify angels; the three measures of meal in the parable are time, past, present, and future; the shoe-latchet which the Baptist could not unloose is the tie between the Divine and human natures; the four watches in the narrative of the Walking on the Sea are the four ages of the patriarchs, the law, the prophets, and the Gospel; the same with the wind, the earthquake, the fire, and the still small voice of Elijah's vision, the last pointing to Gabriel's message to Mary. Forecasts of the Crucifixion are discerned in the texts, 'Thy life shall hang in doubt before thee,' and, 'He had horns coming out of his hand.' Last and saddest is the dealing with the sacred agony of Gethsemane, which is treated as a mere pretence for the purposes of deceiving the Devil, and enticing him to hasten the final assault which would prove his ruin. Our Lord, we are told, thus baited the hook of His Divinity with the worm of His Humanity, in accordance

accordance with the text, 'I am a worm and no man,' and, 'Thou shalt draw out the Dragon with a hook.'

Again, if our 'Biography' presents us with the grandest examples of holy courage and loyalty to conscience in its records of the noble army of martyrs and confessors, we may learn from it on the other hand how far the Gospel was from perfecting at once the standard of morality recognized among its adherents. That a great luminary of the Eastern Church in the fourth century, St. Ephrem Syrus, should have practised, and St. Gregory of Nyssa should have related with the warmest admiration, the following scandalous trick, is a fact of no small significance. Bent on challenging to a public disputation an aged heretic, Apollinaris by name, Ephrem, on pretence of being his disciple, first contrived to borrow the book in which he had set forth his views, carefully glued the leaves together before returning it, and then issued the challenge. This the old man unsuspiciously accepted, on condition that because of his infirmities he should be excused from doing more than read what he had written; 'but when he endeavoured to open the book he found the leaves so firmly fastened together that the attempt was in vain, and he withdrew mortified almost to death by his opponent's unworthy victory.'

Another illustration may be drawn from the evils which clung like a dark shadow to the unnatural exaltation of celibacy, and for centuries defied the disciplinary legislation of Councils and Synods. We allude especially to the scandals occasioned by the audacious intimacy of ecclesiastics with consecrated virgins, which may be read under the heading 'Subintroductæ' in the 'Antiquities.' All we can venture to do here is to point to the withering sarcasms poured forth from the pulpit by Chrysostom against the peccant clergy, whom he stigmatizes as 'mere waiting-men on their imperious mistresses, carrying their cushions, smoothing their sofas and easy-chairs, providing delicacies for their tables, and humouring their whims, to the complete disregard of their own sacred character, and neglect of their clerical duties.' Other illustrations occur only too readily; as for example the disorders constantly arising from unscrupulous ambition or fanatical party-spirit. It is far from pleasant to read, under 'Ursinus (2),' of the sanguinary conflict for the See of Rome between the partizans of two rival candidates in the middle of the fourth century, when an entire congregation of both sexes was slaughtered in one of the churches. More painful still, because it speaks of the normal condition of things rather than of an exceptional incident, is the following comment of the impartial Pagan historian, Ammianus Marcellinus,

linus, which afforded only too just an occasion for one of Gibbon's sneers against Christianity :—

'When I consider the splendour of the capital, I am not astonished that so valuable a prize should inflame the desires of ambitious men, and produce the fiercest and most obstinate contests. The successful candidate is secure that he will be enriched by the offerings of matrons; that, as soon as his dress is composed with becoming care and elegance, he may proceed in his chariot through the streets of Rome; and that the sumptuousness of the imperial table will not equal the profuse and delicate entertainment provided by the taste and at the expense of the Roman pontiffs. How much more rationally would those pontiffs consult their true happiness, if, instead of alleging the greatness of the city as an excuse for their manners, they would imitate the exemplary life of some provincial bishops, whose temperance and sobriety, whose mean apparel and downcast looks, recommended their pure and modest virtue to the Deity and His true worshippers!'

From the Article on Leontius, bishop of Antioch about the same period, we get an amusing incident, illustrating the keen heresy-hunting temper which so often disturbed the tranquillity of the Church. He was somewhat of a broad Churchman, we are told; and while bitter disputes over the Arian subtleties raged around him, he strove to avoid giving offence to either side, and accordingly paid the usual penalty of being suspected by both. During divine service they used to watch him, to find out which form of the doxology he repeated—whether the orthodox one, or that favoured by the Arians, which ran, 'Glory be to the Father, *through* the Son, *in* the Holy Ghost.' The good bishop, however, was not to be caught, for he took care to say his doxology in such a way that no more of it was ever distinctly audible than the concluding words, 'World without end. Amen.' The letters of another broad Church bishop, half a century later, Synesius of Ptolemais, supply a graphic touch or two pertinent to our point. He had been a pagan philosopher, a pupil of the celebrated Hypatia; but having gradually glided into a sort of philosophical and not very orthodox Christianity, in middle life he was persuaded by the citizens of Ptolemais to take holy orders and become their bishop. His brief episcopate of three years fell on troublous times, and it appears that among the most harassing of his trials was the conduct of his suffragan bishops. To settle their disgraceful quarrels was his chief occupation. Of some he had to complain, that they brought accusations against each other, not that justice might be done, but that the military chiefs might have occasion to extort money. Of others, nicknamed

'Baskantibæ'

'Baskantibæ'—of which 'Returned Empties' would perhaps be the nearest modern equivalent—he wrote to the Patriarch of Alexandria,—

'They are men who do not choose to have a fixed diocese, for they have left their own without necessity, of their own accord. They enjoy the honours of their office, wandering to every place where they think they shall be best off. It seems to me, right reverend father, that these men who have rejected their own churches should be rejected by all churches, and until they return home should not be admitted to the altar, nor invited to occupy the places of dignity, but when they come to church should be left to take their seats among the common people. They will perhaps go home again, if they find they are losing the honours which they wish to enjoy anywhere rather than where they ought to be.'

It was this Synesius who, in his laic days, composed the amusing 'Eulogy on Baldness.' He had been so much impressed, he says, by the extravagant 'Praise of long hair' written by Dion, the celebrated Greek sophist of the first century, that he felt ashamed of his own increasing baldness, and was tempted to deny the Divine Providence when he found his prayers in vain to prevent his hair falling off. But further reflection led him to discard Dion as a mere rhetorician playing with a theme, and convinced him that between long hair and wisdom there is a fundamental antagonism. The sheep is at once the hairiest and stupidest of animals; man the least hairy and the wisest. The statues of the philosophers are all bald. The frantic Bacchanals are long-haired; but Silenus, who is appointed to restrain their excesses, has a smooth skull. In childhood when we are least wise our hair grows freely; as wisdom comes with years, it falls off. The most perfect form is the sphere; hence spherical heads, *i.e.* bald ones, are the fitting abode of perfect souls. Of the heavenly bodies the only perishable ones are the comets, which are named from their resemblance to the long hair of women. It is the bald head, freely exposed to the weather, that grows strong; heads covered with hair are weak, like trees grown in the shade. And so on, with untiring ingenuity. It would perhaps be too curious to enquire if some idea of the kind was at the bottom of the canon, enacted a century later by the Synod of Agde, in Gaul, which included among archidiaconal duties that of shearing long-haired deacons by summary process.

One more story, and we have done. It will be found in the Article on 'Theophylact of Simocatta,' to whose pen we are indebted for a history of the wars of the Byzantine Emperor Maurice, at the close of the sixth century—a work which presents

presents 'a vivid picture of the rites, superstitions, and ideas' of the period. A sorcerer in Constantinople, having no further use for a silver dish formerly employed by him in his black art, parted with it to a dealer, who exposed it for sale. It so happened that a country bishop, hailing from Heraclea, was struck with the dish; and remembering that in his church they had nothing but a vulgar bowl of brass to receive a miraculous discharge which was sweated from the relics of the local martyr St. Glyceria, he bought the superior article, and on his return home devoutly substituted it for the base metal. No sooner was it placed under the sacred bones than, to the great consternation of the church, they literally became 'dry as a bone,' and nothing would induce them to resume their beneficent function. To discover what had caused this alarming catastrophe the faithful fasted and prayed, till an intimation was vouchsafed from above that the saint could not suffer the holy glycerine to exude from her remains into a receptacle which had been polluted by witchcraft. The bishop, thus admonished, withdrew the offensive dish, and hurried off to Constantinople to lay the case before the patriarch. The *ci-devant* sorcerer was soon hunted down by the indignant ecclesiastics, and his instant execution was demanded. In vain the Emperor, more enlightened than the ministers of the Church, pleaded that what the wretched man wanted was instruction rather than capital punishment; the patriarch grimly pointed to the text 'Whose end is to be burned' as decisive of the fate incurred by such sinners, and the unwitting cause of all the trouble was strangled, to the great comfort of the Church, and the satisfaction of St. Glyceria's bones.

Having offered these 'bricks' as samples of the wares we are recommending, we would in conclusion add a remark, suggested by their prevailing complexion. Many of them, we confess, indicate rather the seamy than the attractive side of the early Christianity—its deficiencies rather than its excellences. But for this we do not deem an apology needful, nor do we care to justify it only upon the ground, that stories and facts of the kind we have selected are more quotable, give a better idea of the range of our Dictionaries, and perhaps are less familiar to most readers, than those which display the beauty of Christian graces, and the power of the Gospel to regenerate society. It might be more agreeable to frame to oneself an ideal picture of the primitive Church—to conceive of it as an elect, undefiled community, shining with truth and purity in the midst of a dark and disordered world, and holding forth with unfaltering

hands

hands the word of life to the ignorant and perishing; it might be more agreeable, but it would be far from wise. The fair vision could not be conjured up without closing one's eyes to the patent facts of history, and affronting the Nemesis which waits upon wilful distortion of the truth. God knows that the Christendom of the nineteenth century has enough of blemishes and disorders to force us often to hang our heads in shame, and feel faint and despondent in our appointed warfare. But how should we be able to grapple courageously with the evils that beset us, and in spite of them look forward in hope to brighter days, if the message from the Past was only to the effect, that in the long lapse of years the Church has been ever declining from its original purity, and that the Christianity we inherit bears the fatal marks of decay? The glory of Christianity is that, having been planted in the bosom of a debased and despairing world, it has not succumbed to the pressure of human folly and vileness. The infirmities and passions of its adherents have no more been able to swamp it than the violence of its opponents to crush it. From age to age it has more than survived, more than held its own. Strengthening with its growth, by hard-worn victories over ignorance and superstition, over turbulent passions and foul wrongs, it has lifted itself and the world with it to a higher level, and has won the glory of a record unmatched in human story. That is the true message of the Past, and being such as it is, it is the augury of a still grander achievement in the Future.

Art. V.—1. *On Translating Homer. Three Lectures.* London, 1861.
2. *Last Words on Translating Homer. A Lecture.* London, 1862.
3. *Essays in Criticism.* Third edition, revised and enlarged. London, 1875.
4. *Poetical Works.* 3 Vols. London, 1885.

THESE six volumes, of course, represent but a small part of Matthew Arnold's literary work. His first book was published in 1849,—that slender little green-clad volume of poems 'by A.' which has been sold for six pounds in Christie's auction-rooms, and for as many pence in Booksellers' Row,—his last in 1885; though another series of essays, mainly consisting, as did most of his prose volumes, of contributions to the periodical press, is now, we believe, in course of publication. Between these two dates few years passed unmarked by some production, irrespective of new editions and of his more strictly professional writings, portions of which he has wisely extricated from that vast limbo to which a prudent Government seeks to relegate our national deficiencies. Whoever wishes to possess a complete collection of Matthew Arnold's work in prose and verse will have to find room on his shelves for not less than twenty volumes.

But though the books we have selected represent but a small part of his writing, they represent to our mind by far the most important part. It would indeed be possible from among his other volumes to compose one not unworthy to stand beside those we have chosen, and on the scattered materials for these supplementary 'Essays in Criticism' we shall take occasion to draw; but our selection contains, as we think, his best work, and only his best, by which his peculiar talent will best be judged and his reputation be best served. For Mr. Arnold was not one of those writers of whom it can be said that the greatest of his works was his whole work taken together. Byron, whom he has praised and judged so finely, is capable, he says, 'when received absolutely,' of being tiresome. A poet like Byron, and a writer the bulk of whose production was in prose, and critical instead of creative, do not of course stand on quite the same plane of comparison. Nevertheless Mr. Arnold, when received absolutely, is also in his way capable of being tiresome. But he is capable of that unpardonable sin not, as Byron was, from haste or carelessness, not from the reckless exercise of great powers or from the prodigal fertility of his production; he is capable of it because he too often chose to exercise his talent upon subjects with whose conditions and environment he was but

but imperfectly acquainted, and which therefore, to use his own favourite and famous phrase, he was unable to see as they really were.

Chief among this imperfect work stand his theological writings. True it is, we know, that for many of his admirers they give their author his chief distinction and influence. We have even heard it said that he himself regarded them with peculiar satisfaction, and believed his position in English literature to be most securely founded in them. This may be so. Men, even men in whom the critical faculty is so native and well-trained as it was in Matthew Arnold, are rarely the best judges of their own work. It may also be that the opposition which this part of his writings received, and the strong expressions of distaste and even anger it so often evoked, may have drawn them closer to him, partly from the spirit of contradiction, which was not wanting in him, and partly from that remorseful sense of pity which sometimes moves parents to lavish their warmest affections on the ugliest and most wayward of their offspring. Yet not for these reasons can we change our opinion; and that opinion is that, had every line of these theological writings remained unwritten, their author's claim on the gratitude of his own generations and the regard of the next would have stood far higher than it now stands or is likely to stand.

No one now doubts that Mr. Arnold believed himself to be influenced only by the purest and most lofty motives. He has quoted with admiration Buffon's persistent refusal to answer all attacks made upon him, and declared his intention of following that great example. 'I never have replied,' he said, 'I never will reply, to any literary assailant; in such encounters tempers are lost, the world laughs, and truth is not served.' It must be owned that Mr. Arnold kept this resolution more strictly in the spirit than in the letter. He never lost his temper nor made the world laugh at him, but he generally found an opportunity for giving his assailants—and he had his fair share of them—a shrewd nip or two for their pains. His theological assailants especially he found it impossible to ignore; and in one place at least he conquered his resolution of silence so far as to defend himself from the charge of hostility to the Church of England, and to attempt an explanation of his attitude towards it. It is but fair to quote the passage in full.

'Professed ardent enemies of the Church have assured me that I am really, in their opinion, one of the worst enemies that the Church has—a much worse enemy than themselves. Perhaps that opinion is shared by some of those who now hear me. I make bold to say that it

it is totally erroneous. It is founded on an entire misconception of the character and scope of what I have written concerning religion. I regard the Church of England as, in fact, a great national society for the promotion of what is commonly called *goodness*, and for promoting it through the most effectual means possible, the only means which are really and truly effectual for the object: through the means of the Christian religion and of the Bible. This plain practical object is undeniably the object of the Church of England and of the clergy. "Our province," says Butler, "our province is virtue and religion, life and manners, the science of improving the temper and making the heart better. This is the field assigned to us to cultivate; how much it has lain neglected is indeed astonishing. He who should find out one rule to assist us in this work would deserve infinitely better of mankind than all the improvers of other knowledge put together." This is indeed true religion, true Christianity. And therefore the object of the Church, which is in large the promotion of goodness, and the business of the clergy, which is to teach men their duty and to assist them in the discharge of it, do really and truly interest me more, and do appear in my eyes as things more valuable and important than the object and business pursued in these writings of mine which are in question—writings which seek to put a new construction on much in the Bible, to alter the current criticism of it, to invalidate the conclusions of theologians from it. If the two are to conflict, I had rather it should be the object and business of those writings which should have to give way. Most certainly the establishment of an improved biblical criticism, or the demolition of the systems of theologians, will never in itself avail to teach men their duty or to assist them in the discharge of it. Perhaps, even, no one can very much give himself to such objects without running some risk of over-valuing their importance and of being diverted by them from practice.'—'Last Essays on Church and Religion.'

This is well enough. Had Mr. Arnold written always in this modest and conciliatory strain, his Revised Version might have found if not more accepting, at least less scandalized readers, and certainly fewer readers of whom it can be said that they do not ill to be angry. 'As experience widens,' he has observed, 'as the scientific and dogmatic pretensions of the Catholic Church become more manifestly illusory, its tone of certitude respecting them, so unguarded, so reiterated, and so grossly calculated for immediate and vulgar effect, will be an embarrassment to it.' It is unfortunately certain, that his attitude towards a large part of his audience was much that which he asserts the attitude of the Catholic Church to be, or to be about to become towards the general intelligence of mankind. The tone of certitude with which he seemed to too many of his hearers to propound his own dogmas, the unguarded language which he too often used of the dogmas of others, have undoubtedly been

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an embarrassment to him. Neither men's hearts nor their tempers are as a rule made better by labelling them with contemptuous nicknames, or by holding up to ridicule all they have been taught to hold most sacred and most dear. We will not say of the tone which Mr. Arnold employed for his new theology that it was 'grossly calculated for immediate and vulgar effect,' but it was assuredly not always a happy tone, and it does assuredly too often bear the stamp of a tone calculated for immediate effect. The playful banter, which he could employ with such happy results on lighter subjects, was wholly out of place in the treatment of these grave and vital topics. 'It is the habit,' he has said, 'of increased intellectual seriousness which is now transforming religion in our country.' But intellectual seriousness will never be fostered and enlarged by intellectual banter, or, to use plain words, by intellectual insolence. Nothing is easier, and nothing is perhaps more cruel, than to try a critic by his own standards; and of all critics Mr. Arnold offers the readiest facilities for this practice. But when a critic is found guilty, and guilty in an extreme degree, of these very faults against which he has lavished the richest treasures of his eloquence and wit, it is a practice which can hardly be called unfair. Every one knows how fond Mr. Arnold was of laying stress, and with how much felicity of language and illustration he did lay stress, on the necessity of graciousness and good manners in criticism, of urbanity, as Cardinal Newman had taught him to call it, which, 'not excluding the use of banter, never disjoins banter itself from politeness, from felicity.' And every one knows, too, how well he practised this lesson when exercising his talents on subjects which he understood, and on which he was pre-eminently fitted to exercise them,—subjects which drew from him, to use the words he has applied to Sainte-Beuve, the elasticity and cheerfulness which mark a man discharging with delight the very office for which he was born. But when his evil genius led him away from these subjects into fields, where neither his intelligence nor his learning could be turned to their proper account, he seemed to become another man. Where, then, were the urbanity, the graciousness, the banter never disjoined from politeness? In one of the best known of his essays, in the essay on 'The Literary Influence of Academies,' he has rebuked certain English writers for their failures in good sense and good taste. These failures, he says, 'reach far beyond what the French mean by *fatuity;* they would call it by another word, a word expressing blank defect of intelligence, a word for which we have no exact

 equivalent

equivalent in English,—*bête.*' Under which head some of his theological sallies are to be placed we will not pretend to decide; but it is certain that no instance of the failures in good sense and good taste that he has produced to point his rebuke of others can match for one moment with a score or more that could be picked at random out of his own theological writings. We will not quote any, especially as he saw fit in his latter years to make atonement for the most outrageous of them; but to those who have read the writings in question quotation will be superfluous.

We have not the mind to attempt any discussion of the substance of his theological teaching. It was no new thing he aimed at. More than a hundred years before him, one of his predecessors in the Chair of Poetry had led the way to the contemplation of what Milman calls the great religious problem,—the possibility of discovering a test for distinguishing the eternal truths of the Bible from their imaginative framework.* Although we have spoken severely of the lapses from good taste and manners which it led him into, we are far from denying that the better qualities of his mind cannot also be found in it. He was often eloquent, acute, and felicitous; many of his rebukes were just, many of his arguments sound. But as Carlyle was forced with groaning to confess: 'Wreckage is swift; rebuilding is slow and distant.' Mr. Arnold has supplied a good many foolish persons of both sexes with much idle chatter and many smart catch-words: he has probably also, which is the inevitable pity of all these processes of disintegration, perplexed and set adrift many unstable minds; but that he has supplied one reasonable being, capable of thinking for himself, with a substitute for the system which he wished to abandon, it is impossible seriously to suppose. 'The free-thinking of one age,' he has said, 'is the common-sense of the next, and the Christian world will certainly learn to transform belief which it now thinks to be untransformable.' It was this transformation that he designed to assist. He saw, or assumed to see, that we are at the beginning of a great transition which is not to be accomplished without much confusion and distress. He did not pretend to effect a general change of religious opinion, but, 'even one man in his short term may do something to ease a severe transition, to diminish violent shocks in it and bitter pain.' For this purpose he addressed himself to men 'such as are happily not rare in this country, men of free and active minds, who, though they may be profoundly dissatisfied with the received theology, are yet interested in re-

* 'Lowth's 'Prælectiones Academicæ de Sacra Poesi Hebræorum.' Robert Lowth was appointed Professor of Poetry at Oxford in 1741.

ligion,

ligion, and more or less acquainted with the Bible.' And he exhorted such men to find relief for their dissatisfaction in the assurance that God is 'a stream of tendency not ourselves which makes for righteousness.' Is it possible to take seriously a man, however seriously he may take himself, who gravely propounds such a solution to the doubts which in all ages and under every creed have perplexed men of free and active minds? If this sort of 'free-thinking' is to be the common-sense of the next age, we can only say, heaven help it, for it will be past the help of man.

Mr. Arnold's political and social criticism, which must also be classed in his imperfect work, comes under no such ban. It was always amusing, often sensible, rarely if ever ill-natured. But a great part of it was necessarily concerned with ephemeral topics, with the subjects of the hour which passed with it, and which, moreover, perhaps did not even in their hour possess that large and national importance which their critic seemed to wish them to take. The Oracles of the Bald-faced Stag, and of that garret in Grub Street which Arminius used to fill with his tobacco-smoke, and his diatribes on the freaks of the Marylebone Vestry and the oratory of that politician whom men in those day called Mr. Lowe, have long gone very dumb: the smile their memory now evokes is but faint and transitory. All this part of Mr. Arnold's work was in truth nothing more than a superior order of journalism, and each generation will provide its own journalism. The coming generations will be lucky to find any so good and entertaining as Mr. Arnold often gave to his; but if they cannot, they will at least take what they can get—they will not turn back to the files of the past. And it is precisely this quality of journalism which secured instant recognition for such books as 'Friendship's Garland' and 'Culture and Anarchy,' while it denies them permanence. Their party-spirit,—for in this sphere of criticism Mr. Arnold was, in truth, for all his professions of tolerance, as sheer a partizan as any downright politician of the newspapers or the platform,—it was this party-spirit, we say, that gave piquancy and a seeming force to his utterances. The most part of mankind do not care to be reasoned with, to have all the sides of a question presented to them. Few men have now the time to think long and logically on any matter; they have rarely time to think at all. They prefer to have their thinking done for them, and not too severely; they wish to have that part of their minds which they can spare for the things of the intellect, lightly stimulated, as by the Flappers of Laputa, not rudely shaken by too stern and violent a preacher.

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In a word, Mr. Arnold may be credited with having performed for a large part of his generation the office it pleased him to say that Macaulay performed for his: to hundreds of men he has proved a great civilizer. But man, when civilized, finds wants he was unconscious of in his savage state; and in matters of politics, as in theological matters, it is at least doubtful whether Mr. Arnold has succeeded in supplying those wants.

Even among those who have neglected this part of his work, there is a general understanding that Mr. Arnold's universal panacea for the failures and shortcomings of our nation was something he called *culture*,—no new word indeed, though it seems, like so many other of his catch-words, to have fallen on men's ears with the shock of a surprise. All cant is silly, as well as mischievous; and perhaps Mr. Frederic Harrison was right when he said in one of his angry moods, that the 'very silliest cant of the day is the cant about culture.' But Mr. Arnold must not be classed with the canters, though he cannot perhaps be quite absolved from having encouraged them and supplied them with material. This is one of the inevitable and unwitting misfortunes of all reformers, and is not fairly to be cast as a fault against them. 'Culture,' Mr. Harrison went on to declare, 'is a desirable quality in a critic of new books, and sits well on a professor of *belles lettres;* but as applied to politics, it means simply a turn for small fault-finding, love of selfish ease, and indecision in action. The man of culture in politics is one of the poorest creatures alive.' This is not quite so, unless Mr. Harrison agrees with Mr. Bright that by culture is commonly signified 'a smattering of the dead languages of Greek and Latin.' Undoubtedly the word has been often very foolishly used by some of those whom Mr. Arnold has taught to talk; it has too often been made an excuse for neglecting one's proper business. The chatter that went on a year or two ago about the hundred best books was a notable instance of the cant about culture. It was impossible to look at the greater part of those lists, and of the well-meaning people who had drawn them up, without recalling that pithy sentence which Mr. Arnold has somewhere quoted from Bishop Butler, that in general no part of our time is more idly spent than the time spent in reading. Culture, as defined by Mr. Arnold, is 'to know the best that has been thought and said in the world,' but this, like most definitions, is but half the truth. A knowledge of the best that has been thought and said in the world can only be acquired by reading; but reading alone will not avail without, as Burke said, 'the power of diversifying the matter infinitely in your own mind, and of applying it to every occasion

occasion that arises.' And culture must be relative. It is not every man who can, like Bacon, take all knowledge for his province. The spectacle of Visto toiling for a taste is much less pitiful than the struggle going on to-day among so many good creatures of both sexes for what they are pleased to call culture. Visto only made himself ridiculous; but these good souls, and especially the women, besides doing that most completely, do themselves also infinite harm. They perplex and unsettle themselves with subjects they cannot understand, and were never born to understand. They fill the vacant spaces of their heads with a mass of undigested, undiversified reading, which only disables them for the proper conduct of their own concerns. These are the disciples of false culture, and they are unhappily very common in this age of little books. And this false culture will make men the poorest creatures alive in all affairs.

But it is not just to say, that the man of true culture will be in politics the poorest creature alive. True culture will avail in the practice of politics as much as in criticizing new books or in lecturing on *belles lettres*; but it will not avail without a practical knowledge and experience of politics, or without the power, which only that knowledge and experience can give, of applying what has been learned from the study of the best that has been thought and said in the world to the occasions of politics as they arise. All the reading in the world, however well diversified, however ready for application, will not avail without this. And it is because he is as a rule so entirely wanting in this power, that the man of letters is, to borrow Mr. Arnold's own words, in such peculiar danger of talking at random when he moves off his own ground into the field of politics. And really, when one reflects how desperately at random, even on their own ground, nine-tenths of our professed politicians are in the habit of talking, it is not surprising to find a man of letters who lacks this advantage falling into the same confusion. But what has his culture taught him, if not the wisdom of abstaining from matters which he does not clearly understand? True culture should surely teach the man of letters, as sad experience taught Jonathan Oldbuck, not to publish his tract till he has examined the thing to the bottom.

Interesting then as Mr. Arnold often was when discussing political and social, and even theological questions, acute, just, and eloquent as he often was, it was not in any of those spheres that the true exercise of his talent lay. In writing on Amiel's 'Journal Intime' which had been so extravagantly praised for its philosophy, for its powers of speculative intuition, its

profound

profound psychological interest, he points out that these critics had altogether missed Amiel's true value, and that even Amiel himself had no clear sight of it. Amiel's true vocation, he says, was that of a literary critic. Matthew Arnold was something more than this, but who can doubt that the true sphere for the exercise of his critical faculty lay not in politics, nor in theology, nor in social life, but in literature?

It is true that even here he could be, on occasion, a little whimsical and perverse. 'Our eternal enemy caprice' got hold of him even here sometimes, earnestly as he exhorted us to be on our guard against her. In his anxiety to make his meaning clear, to press his point home, he sometimes carried his argument a little too far, or spoiled it by an anticlimax or a paradox, an unjust or irrelevant illustration. But all these little aberrations were on what may be called the side issues of criticism. On the broad general lines he never went wrong. It is not always necessary to agree with his judgments, to admire the processes by which he reaches them; all lovers of good literature, all lovers of poetry especially, will prefer sometimes to make their own criticisms, will sometimes feel it impossible to put away the dictates of their heart for the cooler verdicts of the judgment. But no one, we think, who has any sense and feeling for good literature, will doubt how wisely in the main he loved it, how soundly he judged it, how truly and nobly he praised it.

It was not that he made any new discoveries in criticism, enunciated any fresh theories, or laid down any fresh laws. That is not to be done. True it is, as he has warned literary critics in the words of Menander, that 'laws are admirable things, but he who keeps his eye too closely fixed upon them runs the risk of becoming,'—a purist, as he has politely paraphrased the Greek word for this occasion; but none the less has criticism its laws, and those laws were settled long years before Mr. Arnold took up his parable. But he recalled the spirit of criticism to its proper functions at a time when it seemed to have grown rather forgetful of them; he reminded it that those functions were after all founded on the eternal laws of truth and beauty, and not on the mere caprice of personal sentiment or the whim of the hour. He diversified them, and applied them to a variety of occasions to which their relation had not been suspected; he pointed out where they had been wrongly applied or too closely applied; he at once widened and restricted their application,—restricted it, that is to say, by showing where they needed to be applied with limitations, or with an enlarged or changed interpretation according to the altered

altered needs and broader knowledge of the time. And all this he did in a manner singularly fresh and piquant, and entirely unlike any other that had gone before it in English literature. The style and the method of the 'Lectures on Translating Homer' and of the 'Essays in Criticism' may truly be said to mark an era in English criticism. Happy indeed was Oxford to have caught the first notes of this fresh new voice! *

As is always the case with good critics, Mr. Arnold worked more by indirection and suggestion than by sheer delivery of judgment. There is hardly a page of the Lectures which is not fruitful of suggestions not only to every translator of Homer, but to every young student of poetry. All those passages, for example, in which he dwells on the plainness and naturalness of Homer's thought, on the directness and nobility of his language, and on the imperative necessity for the translator to reproduce these qualities, to avoid whatever is fanciful and grotesque and therefore not truly noble, even by the occasional sacrifice of mere verbal fidelity wherever too much literalness might give an odd and unnatural effect; in which he illustrates the value of the Bible and Shakespeare as mines of diction for the translator who knows how to discriminate truly between what will suit him and what will not;—such passages are not merely inestimable in their practical value for the translator, but contain the soundest possible criticism on the essential differences between ancient and modern poetry. It is impossible to read these passages without one's thought straying for a moment to one who has violated these first principles, as they may be called, of Homeric translation more persistently and notoriously than did any of the translators from Chapman downwards who are reviewed in these Lectures. By his clumsy travesty of an archaic diction, Mr. William Morris, in his translation of the Odyssey, has overlaid Homer with all the grotesqueness, the conceits, the irrationality of the Middle Ages, as Mr. Arnold justly says that Chapman overlaid him; but with this difference, that this grotesque manner was natural and common to the Elizabethan writers, and to Chapman in particular; with Mr. Morris it is but an extreme form of that affectation which plumes itself on despising the thoughts, manners, and needs of its own time, and is, in effect, the most odious shape that false culture can assume. And thus, in spite of his own genuine poetical faculty,—and in what measure this is, or at least was, his, every one knows who has read his beautiful and noble Epic of Jason,—and in spite of some really fine and vigorous

* Both these volumes are in substance composed of Lectures delivered at Oxford during Mr. Arnold's tenure of the Chair of Poetry in that University.

passages,

passages, where his sense of poetry and his own good sense have triumphed for a time over the ignoble fetters imposed on them, Mr. Morris has only succeeded in producing the most signal monument of the eccentricities and caprice of an age so fruitful in both.

Consider, again, this passage from the Preface to the edition of his poems published in 1853, in which, among other things, Mr. Arnold states his reasons for excluding 'Empedocles in Etna' from the collection, a judgment which we are happy to think he afterwards reversed. He did so, he says, because the poem seemed to him to belong to a poetically faulty class of situations —situations in which the suffering finds no vent in action—and not in deference to the critics who had objected to the subject being chosen from ancient times and countries.

'What are the eternal objects of poetry, among all nations and at all times? They are actions; human actions; possessing an inherent interest in themselves, and which are to be communicated in an interesting manner by the art of the poet. Vainly will the latter imagine that he has everything in his own power; that he can make an intrinsically inferior action equally delightful with a more excellent one by his treatment of it. He may indeed compel us to admire his skill, but his work will possess, within itself, an incurable defect. The poet then has in the first place to select an excellent action; and what actions are the most excellent? Those, certainly, which most powerfully appeal to the great primary human affections: to those elementary feelings which subsist permanently in the race, and which are independent of time. These feelings are permanent and the same; that which interests them is permanent and the same also. The modernness or antiquity of an action, therefore, has nothing to do with its fitness for poetical representation; this depends upon its inherent qualities. To the elementary part of our nature, to our passions, that which is great and passionate is eternally interesting; and interesting solely in proportion to its greatness and to its passion. A great human action of a thousand years ago is more interesting to it than a smaller human action of to-day, even though upon the representation of this last the most consummate skill may have been expended, and though it has the advantage of appealing by its modern language, familiar manners, and contemporary allusions, to all our transient feelings and interests. These, however, have no right to demand of a poetical work that it shall satisfy them; their claims are to be directed elsewhere. Poetical works belong to the domain of our permanent passions; let them interest these, and the voice of all subordinate claims upon them is at once silenced. . . . It may be urged, however, that past actions may be interesting in themselves, but that they are not to be adopted by the modern poet, because it is impossible for him to have them clearly present to his own mind, and he cannot therefore feel them deeply, nor represent

them

them forcibly. But this is not necessarily the case. The externals of a past action, indeed, he cannot know with the precision of a contemporary; but his business is with its essentials. The outward man of Œdipus or of Macbeth, the houses in which they lived, the ceremonies of their courts, he cannot accurately figure to himself; but neither do they essentially concern him. His business is with their inward man; with their feelings and behaviour in certain tragic situations, which engage their passions as men; these have in them nothing local and casual; they are as accessible to a modern poet as to a contemporary.' *

What a comment not only on modern poetry, but on how large a part of the literature of the modern imagination! Would that it were more often and more clearly remembered! Of how much that is not only local and casual, but trivial, mean, ignoble, should we then be spared. To say nothing of the insensate brutalities paraded under the name of Realism, —as though all the best literature were not Real from Homer downwards!—we should be spared all those literal and long-drawn representations of 'fire-side concerns,' as Lamb called them, which can be of no earthly interest to any but the actors in them, and to them, as one cannot but think, must often be so inexpressibly wearisome. Full, too, of the same large suggestion and general service is this comparison between Shakespeare and the Greek dramatists, from the same Preface.

'I have said that the imitators of Shakespeare, fixing their attention on his wonderful gift of expression, have directed their imitation to this, neglecting his other excellences. These excellences, the fundamental excellences of poetical art, Shakespeare no doubt possessed them—possessed many of them in a splendid degree; but it may perhaps be doubted whether even he himself did not sometimes give scope to his faculty of expression to the prejudice of a higher poetical duty. For we must never forget that Shakespeare is the great poet he is from his skill in discerning and firmly conceiving an excellent action, from his power of intensely feeling a situation, of intimately associating himself with a character; not from his gift of expression, which rather even leads him astray, degenerating sometimes into a fondness for curiosity of expression, into an irritability of fancy, which seems to make it impossible for him to say a thing plainly, even when the press of the action demands the very directest language, or its level character the very simplest. Mr. Hallam, than whom it is impossible to find a saner or more judicious critic, has had the courage (for at the present day it needs courage) to remark, how extremely and faultily difficult Shakespeare's language often is. It is so: you may find scenes in some of his greatest tragedies, "King Lear," for instance, where the language is so artificial, so

* This Preface has been reprinted in the volume called 'Irish Essays.'

curiously

curiously tortured, and so difficult, that every speech has to be read two or three times before its meaning can be comprehended. This over-curiousness of expression is indeed but the excessive employment of a wonderful gift,—of the power of saying a thing in a happier way than any other man; nevertheless, it is carried so far that one understands what M. Guizot meant, when he said that Shakespeare appears in his language to have tried all styles except that of simplicity. He has not the severe and scrupulous self-restraint of the ancients, partly, no doubt, because he had a far less cultivated and exacting audience. He has indeed a far wider range than they had, a far richer fertility of thought; in this respect he rises above them. In his strong conception of his subject, in the genuine way in which he is penetrated with it, he resembles them, and is unlike the moderns. But in the accurate limitation of it, the conscientious rejection of superfluities, the simple and vigorous development of it from the first line of his work to the last, he falls below them, and comes nearer to the moderns. In his chief works, besides what he has of his own, he has the elementary soundness of the ancients; he has their important action and their large and broad manner; but he has not their purity of method. He is therefore a less safe model; for what he has of his own is personal, and inseparable from his own rich nature; it may be imitated and exaggerated, it cannot be learned or applied as an art. He is, above all, suggestive; more valuable therefore to young writers as men than as artists. But clearness of arrangement, vigour of development, simplicity of style, —these may to a certain extent be learned; and these may, I am convinced, be learned best from the ancients, who, although infinitely less suggestive than Shakespeare, are thus to the artist more instructive.'

One of Mr. Arnold's particular gifts was the felicity with which he could make both a beginning and an end, his power of striking just the right note to catch the attention at the outset, and of leaving it impressed, stimulated, thoughtful, either by some pregnant phrase, or by a haunting strain of eloquence, 'a dying fall,' as our fathers called it. A good instance of the first is to be found in his address to the Eton boys,*—one of the most charming of all his utterances, the one which we have heard Dean Stanley was used to say alone reminded him that his friend was the son of Dr. Arnold. He begins with a quotation from Epictetus, an apostrophe to a boy who is supposed to be applying to the philosopher for education, and complaining that he is overworked at school and neglected at home, and that the bathing at Nicopolis is dirty and nasty. And then he launches into his subject with, 'Nobody can say that the bathing at Eton is dirty and nasty.' Everybody who

* 'Irish Essays.'

knows

knows Eton, whether educated there or not, will understand how quick to catch his audience's attention, and to put them at once in good humour with the lecturer, such words must have been. A good instance of the last is the well-known picture of Marcus Aurelius; 'wise, just, self-governed, tender, thankful, blameless; yet with all this, agitated, stretching out his arms for something beyond,—*tendentemque manus ripæ ulterioris amore.*' ('Essays in Criticism.') And another is the perhaps less well-known passage with which he concludes his Essay on Falkland:—

'But let us return to Falkland—to our martyr of sweetness and light, of lucidity of mind and largeness of temper. Let us bid him farewell, not with compassion for him and not with excuses, but in confidence and pride. Slowly, very slowly, his ideal of lucidity of mind and largeness of temper conquers; but it conquers. In the end it will prevail; only we must have patience. The day will come when this nation shall be renewed by it. But, O lime-trees of Tew, and quiet Oxfordshire field-banks where the first violets are even now raising their heads!—how often, ere that day arrive for Englishmen, shall your renewal be seen!'—'Mixed Essays.'

It is true that in his later writings his style showed a tendency to become diffuse and fanciful, almost, one is tempted to say, at times grotesque. This tendency grew out of a partial failure of ideas; and this failure he sought to conceal, as Carlyle also sought to conceal it, by embroidering his style with fantastic words and phrases, by repeating himself again and again, and especially by a superabundant use of raillery. Full of grace and playfulness as his raillery was in its freshness, and when judiciously and temperately applied, as he applied it in his earlier writings, it latterly grew capable of being tiresome. The curse he pronounced on Carlyle recoiled on his own head; 'his sallies, as a staple of literary work, become wearisome.' But in his prime he could use it with singular felicity and effect, and it is not a quality for which English writers are as a rule conspicuous. Especially did he excel in the use of the Socratic irony, as it is called,—in the assumption, as Mr. Grote explains it, of the character of an ignorant learner asking information from one who knew better than himself. And this quality, when sparingly exhibited, was of great use to him; it gave zest and novelty to his writing, and cleared it, as it cleared the conversation of its first great master, from didactic pedantry and the bias of an advocate. But, to quote again Mr. Grote's words on Socrates, 'after he had acquired celebrity, this uniform profession of ignorance in debate was usually construed as mere affectation, and those who merely heard him occasionally, without

penetrating

penetrating into his intimacy, often suspected that he was amusing himself with ingenious paradox.' It is less easy to penetrate into the intimacy of a man who is obliged to employ the medium of print to disseminate his teaching, than of a man who employs the medium of speech, and who moves, moreover, in a small society whose members must always be in personal contact with each other. The former will therefore be wise to employ it sparingly and with discretion, and Mr. Arnold did not always so employ it. Nevertheless in his earlier writings he often managed it with incomparable effect, and especially in those encounters with Mr. Francis Newman which give so much piquancy to his Lectures on Homer. Mr. Newman, it will be remembered, was not inclined to sit down quietly under the rather severe handling his translation of the Iliad had received from the Oxford Professor of Poetry, and had published a most erudite and ingenious reply, calling all sorts of witnesses to his credit, from 'scholars of fastidioùs refinement and masculine judgment' down to 'children and half-educated women,' and accusing his critic of notorious perversion of the elementary facts of Greek literature, and of great ignorance generally. But it is perhaps in the well-known Preface to the 'Essays in Criticism' that Mr. Arnold's lighter gifts are seen at their best,—in the revised Preface, for in the first draft there was perhaps something too much of them. In the familiar rhapsody on the 'Age of Drab' and the 'young lions' of the 'Daily Telegraph,' in his protest against the style of Professor, in his remonstrances with the portly jeweller from Cheapside, and, above all, in his inimitable address to Oxford,—though there a higher note, too, is struck,—this quality of raillery, of 'banter not disjoined from politeness,' is shown in its brightest and most winning mood. The address to Oxford perhaps shows his prose-style at its height, and often as it has been read and admired, we cannot resist the pleasure of offering it once more for admiration.

'No, we are all seekers still! Seekers often mistake, and I wish mine to redound to my own discredit only, and not to touch Oxford. Beautiful city! so venerable, so lovely, so unravaged by the fierce intellectual life of our century, so serene!

"There are our young barbarians, all at play!"

And yet, steeped in sentiment as she lies, spreading her gardens to the moonlight, and whispering from her towers the last enchantments of the Middle Age, who will deny that Oxford, by her ineffable charm, keeps ever calling us nearer to the true goal of all of us, to the ideal, to perfection—to beauty, in a word, which is only truth seen from another side?—nearer, perhaps, than all the science of Tübingen.

Tübingen. Adorable dreamer, whose heart has been so romantic! who hast given thyself so prodigally, given thyself to sides and to heroes not mine, only never to the Philistines! home of lost causes, and forsaken beliefs, and unpopular names, and impossible loyalties! what example could ever so inspire us to keep down the Philistine in ourselves, what teacher could ever so save us from that bondage to which we are all prone, that bondage which Goethe, in his incomparable lines on the death of Schiller, make it his friend's highest praise (and nobly did Schiller deserve the praise) to have left miles out of sight behind him; the bondage of *was uns alle bändigt, das gemeine!* She will forgive me, even if I have unwittingly drawn upon her a shot or two aimed at her unworthy son; for she is generous, and the cause in which I fight is, after all, hers. Apparitions of a day, what is our puny warfare against the Philistines, compared with the warfare which this queen of romance has been waging against them for centuries, and will wage after we are gone?'

His style at its best had indeed a rare and irresistible charm. A dangerous style for a model, no doubt, easy to exaggerate into burlesque, as are all mannered styles; but in the hands of its own master full of grace, ease, and vivacity, capable of genuine eloquence and tenderness, and withal, in its prime, as clear and unconfused as Swift's or Goldsmith's. And then the master of all these graces deliberately threw them away upon subjects assuredly not in themselves unworthy of him, but which his partial and whimsical treatment of them made to seem unworthy of him. Inexplicable fatuity! A fatuity only to be paralleled by that of the princess in the Eastern story, who left her beautiful palace and the lord who loved her, to share the filthy hovel of her negro paramour, to endure his blows and curses, and to eat of the scraps off his plate!

Mr. Arnold's literary career divides itself in two distinct parts, and the close of his tenure of the Chair of Poetry at Oxford seems to clearly mark the point of division. This was in 1866, by which time all his best work in poetry and prose had been done. After that year, with rare exceptions, he may be said to have abandoned literature proper; certainly he abandoned, or almost wholly abandoned, poetry. In the final editions of his poems there are only three pieces of any note subsequent to 1866; these are the memorial verses to his friend Arthur Stanley, and the lines on Geist, his pet dog, and on the canary-bird, Matthias. In all these, and especially in the two last, there are some beautiful and characteristic passages, but no one of them can quite take rank with his best work in poetry. It would be interesting to know if there was any particular and imperative motive for this change. The check on his poetical production is not so hard to understand. As the years advance,

advance, he felt, as so many must have felt who had done wiser, as he did, to acknowledge the warning, that 'poet's fire grows faint and low'; and the perhaps not very stimulating profession of a School-Inspector may have contributed to encourage this feeling in one who can hardly at any time have been irresistibly stirred by the poetic impulse. But for the other change it is less easy to account. Was it, that, when the tie that bound him to Oxford had been loosed, the spell of that beautiful place, as he was so fond of calling it, and so rightly called it, had ceased to act; that her 'sentiment for beauty and sweetness had ceased to conquer,' and left this not least gifted of her sons to give himself, as in one sense he may be said to have given himself, to the Philistines? Or was it a conviction that literature was at a discount, that the general desire for it, as he has somewhere said, was amply satisfied by the newspapers, turned him, when unrestrained by the sense of his duty, to combat that satisfaction which his Professorship had imposed, into other and more popular paths to the public ear? Politics and religion, it has been said, are the only subjects our generation cares to read about, and Mr. Arnold certainly seems to have believed the saying. But these are questions we have no present means of answering. Some day perhaps the means will be furnished. In an age so prolific of biographies, or of volumes which pass for such, the life of such a man as Matthew Arnold will hardly, we may suppose, go unrecorded. But till that day we must be content to accept the fact we have noted, without puzzling for an explanation of it.

Many of Mr. Arnold's critics have indulged in speculations on his chance of literary immortality being founded in his prose or in his poetry. Such speculations may be interesting, but they are fruitless. In his lifetime there can hardly be question that his prose found many more readers than his poetry, because so large a part of his prose was concerned with subjects which will always secure readers more easily than poetry; subjects in some form always present to every age, but for which each age will and must choose its own point of view. When one talks, therefore, of literary immortality, it is clear that the subjects to which Mr. Arnold gave up so much of his time were but local and casual, and cannot have the quality of permanence. It is but a few months since the sad news of his death was fresh, yet even before that day how much of this part of his work had passed out of date, had become, if it was ever a power, a power of yesterday! And perhaps of all criticism this is the inevitable end. The critic does his work; he recalls the old laws from forgetfulness, he gives them fresh force and cur-

rency

rency by applying them to the new occasions that his age provides; yet in doing this he but treads in other men's steps, and other men will in time tread in his. The last word in criticism —a phrase so much in vogue to-day—is never really spoken; men will always be finding new ways of spelling and pronouncing it. Literature, manners, theology, politics, in all these matters each age will provide its own criticism, because each age will find fresh occasions for the application of the old laws. And though, when the whirligig of Time brings round a crisis which has perplexed a former age, baffled or timorous spirits may turn back to the sages, who then cheered, rebuked and counselled, to extract some consolation for their present troubles, after all how poor and parcelled a form of immortality is that! To be the oracle of one age and the stop-gap of the next!

But with the poet it is not so. We cannot indeed say that the poet whom we prize highest will be prized highest by our children; we cannot say that the poet who has grown up among us till his song has become a part of our existence, will be even read by our children. But we do know that the genuine poets—*pii vates, et Phœbo digna locuti*—will live while the world lasts. They are the true heirs of immortality. Whatever be the longest term of years allowed by our wise men for this terrestrial globe, so long will Homer and Virgil, Dante and Shakespeare and Milton be read. They are a part, and the most precious part, of the patrimony of the human race, never to be exhausted, never to be alienated. The kings of science will die and others will reign in their stead; history will be re-written, statecraft will become obsolete, creeds will perish; but the poet lives for ever. And his Valhalla grows never full; there is always room in it for whomsoever is worthy of room; for the great pre-eminent masters of song whose might is unquestioned, and for the lesser spirits who yet by virtue of the genuine touch have escaped oblivion. In the same hall where Homer and where Shakespeare are, sit, on lowlier thrones and robed in less abundant majesty, Catullus and Burns and Heine.

All poetry, all good literature, says Matthew Arnold, is at bottom a criticism of life. The phrase seems to have given much offence, and perhaps, as by criticism is now commonly understood the chatter of the journals on current productions, its use was unfortunate. Yet surely the significance he gave to the phrase is clear enough. The real permanence and value of poetry depends not on its fine passages, not on the grace of its language or the beauty of its melody, but on its eternal truth, on its relation to the eternal laws of human nature and human life, on what Mr. Arnold calls its 'profound application of ideas to

life;'

life;' and what is this, using the word not in its bounded and local interpretation, but in its broad universal significance—what is this but a criticism of life? Beauty of language, of rhythm, of melody, these are certainly indispensable to the best poetry; without them the profoundest truth will not avail to reach beyond the power of prose. 'In poetry, the criticism of life has to be made conformably to the laws of poetic truth and poetic beauty. Truth and seriousness of substance and matter, felicity and perfection of diction and manner, as these are exhibited in the best poets, are what constitute a criticism of life made in conformity with the laws of poetic truth and poetic beauty.' When Mr. Arnold's unlucky phrase is thus qualified with his own words, its truth is surely unimpeachable. Readers, of course, there will always be who will take more pleasure, and genuine pleasure, in the lighter and more volatile beauties of poetry, as we may call them, than in its moral truths; and there is no doubt poetry which lives by the exquisite grace, felicity, and sweetness of its numbers. Many of the Elizabethan poets thus live, Herrick, for example, and Wither. And of later poets Shelley lives mainly by his extraordinary gift of these qualities and his incomparable use of them. For sheer beauty of sound it would be hard, for example, to surpass such lines as these anywhere in English poetry:

> 'And the rose, like a nymph to the bath addrest,
> Which unveiled the depth of her glowing breast,
> Till, fold after fold, to the fainting air
> The soul of her beauty and love lay bare.'

Yet how do they stand when placed beside such a passage as this?

> 'To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
> Creeps in this petty pace from day to day
> To the last syllable of recorded time,
> And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
> The way to dusty death.'

If, then, we apply his own test to it, what is the criticism of life we find in Matthew Arnold's poetry? Is it just, clear, helpful in its application of ideas to life? One of the few lines of his which seem to have gained the currency of general quotation is that in which he sums up the merit of Sophocles's poetry,

> 'Who saw life steadily, and saw it whole.'

Do we get the same impression from Mr. Arnold's poetry?

In one of his early pieces,—in the 'Memorial Verses' on Byron, Goethe, and Wordsworth, which for insight, comprehensiveness, and the skill with which the salient points of the subjects

subjects are selected and exhibited, may match with his best prose criticism—he thus marks the essential value of Wordsworth's poetry:

> 'Ah, since dark days still bring to light
> Man's prudence and man's fiery might,
> Time may restore us in his course
> Goethe's sage mind and Byron's force;
> But where will Europe's latter hour
> Again find Wordsworth's healing power?
> Others will teach us how to dare,
> And against fear our breast to steel;
> Others will strengthen us to bear—
> But who, ah! who, will make us feel?
> The cloud of mortal destiny,
> Others will front it fearlessly—
> But who, like him, will put it by?'

It is true that he has elsewhere qualified this praise by the admission, that Wordsworth's view of life was partial, that there was a 'half of human fate' from which he kept his eyes resolutely averted. Wordsworth's view was not the 'wide and luminous' view of Goethe, but Goethe's course it is not now possible, or possible to but very few, to emulate. He had the priceless advantage of growing to manhood in a more tranquil world than that in which our birth was cast:

> 'But we, brought forth and reared in hours
> Of change, alarm, surprise,—
> What shelter to grow ripe is ours?
> What leisure to grow wise?'

And in this conclusion Mr. Arnold seemed content to rest, content like his great master to put by 'the cloud of mortal destiny' since he could not confront it like Byron, nor steer his course through it like Goethe. But we never find assurance that he did put it by. The greater part of his poetry is occupied more or less explicitly with its enervating, engrossing influence, with protests against them, with exhortations to cast them off, and with confessions of man's general powerlessness to cast them off. His ideal of existence (as expressed in the poem called 'The Second Best') was moderation in all things, in study and leisure, in pleasure and suffering,—in a word, *σωφροσύνη*, that peculiarly Greek notion which Socrates and Charmides discussed in the *palæstra* of Taureas, and which Plato has elsewhere defined as that general balance of body and soul which makes a man his own master. But in the press and hurry of modern life this is an impossible ideal; the best a man can do is to reject what cannot clear and console him, and to

to take for his watch-words, Hope, Light, Persistence. But yet the haunting doubt will rise, is this enough? Calm, he confesses, is well, but it is not life's crown. Men, ignorant or careless of their own comfort, will still immesh themselves in the doubts and self-torments of Hamlet. And they, too, lead to nothing: they but drive one round and round the eternal circle. 'Art still has truth,' counselled Goethe; 'take refuge there.' But even art cannot wholly suffice, as Empedocles found,—Empedocles who, in Mr. Arnold's hands, becomes the embodiment of the modern spirit in the antique flesh. Nature sufficed for Wordsworth. In the contemplation of Nature he found not only the power to lighten 'the burden of the mystery,' but also a 'joy of elevated thoughts': in her presence the 'still, sad music of humanity' ceased to be harsh and grating, and sounded only to chasten and subdue. But the lesson Nature had for Wordsworth's pupil was not to rejoice, but to bear.

Even the great spirits on whom he had once rested, the 'masters of the mind' who had shown him in his younger days the 'high, white star of Truth,' seem to have failed him in his need. In the cloisters of the Grande Chartreuse he found, or thought he found, a momentary ease in the contemplation of the still, unvexed life of its inhabitants; yet this, too, but repeated the lesson of the stars and the hills and the waters,—that all man could do was to bear in silence the ills he could not cure. It is in the poem which commemorates his visit to the famous monastery of St. Bruno,—in the melancholy beauty of its cadences and grace of words perhaps the supreme example of the author's art—that we get the most complete, the most poetically as well as the most spiritually complete expression of this mood. It is idle to ask if, and how far it represents a genuine picture of the poet's mind. Such questions can never be answered, least of all by the poet himself. It has been the fashion to say that Byron could never be sincere, that he was always posing; but every man, who writes much about himself and his own relation to the world, must sometimes pose. Some will do so in more, some in less degree, with more or less consciousness, but all will do it in some degree. Of course, this mood of unrest and discontent, this world-sickness, as the Germans call it, is no new thing. It drove Empedocles to the only refuge he could find, but the young harp-player mocked at Pausanias's explanation of his friend's trouble.

> ''Tis not the times, 'tis not the sophists vex him;
> There is some root of suffering in himself,
> Some secret and unfollowed vein of woe,
> Which makes the time look black and sad to him.'

No

No sufferer will ever be able to clearly distinguish between the two causes of his sickness, the external cause, and the cause at work within him; and few indeed are the physicians who will be able to distinguish for him. Hamlet and Faust felt the same sickness long before Obermann, long before the author of the lines to the memory of Obermann. And the time when Matthew Arnold was growing to manhood was a time of general stir and change everywhere, in religion, in politics, in society at home and abroad. The Oxford, to which young Arnold went from Rugby, was a house divided against itself. The wonderful man, whom we now call Cardinal Newman, was still a presence and a power there. 'He was close at hand to us at Oxford; he was preaching in St. Mary's pulpit every Sunday; he seemed about to transform and to renew what was for us the most national and natural institution in the world, the Church of England. Who could resist the charm of that spiritual apparition, gliding in the dim afternoon-light through the aisles of St. Mary's, rising into the pulpit, and then, in the most entrancing of voices, breaking the silence with words and thoughts which were a religious music,—subtle, sweet, mournful?' But the presence passed, and on too many minds the power worked only for confusion. He found sources of consolation denied to others, and a final refuge for his perplexities which they could not find. They were left, so this one says, waiting for 'the spark from heaven,' and faltering life away in new beginnings to end only in new disappointments.

'We others pine,
And wish the long unhappy dream would end,
And waive all claims to bliss, and try to bear;
With close-lipped patience for our only friend,
Sad patience too near neighbour to despair.'

Clearly this is not the mood to engender a very profound or general application of ideas to life.

The author of 'Obermann' fled from the distracting world to the silence of the mountains. But they availed him not, or, like Empedocles, he could not bear them. He returned to Paris, and wrote for the newspapers. Is it altogether fanciful to picture Matthew Arnold like another de Senancour, like another Empedocles, finding the solitude and austerity of his poetic ideals unendurable, returning to the haunts of men, and once more, in a curious, yet withal somewhat contemptuous mood, interesting himself in their affairs; exchanging the young Apollo—'though young, intolerably severe'—for Arminius and the Alderman-Colonel and Bottles, and those other companions of his latter years which we could, for our

 part,

part, so well dispense with? At any rate the fact stands that, after his tenure of the Chair of Poetry at Oxford came to an end, Mr. Arnold, with the rare exceptions already noted, wrote no more poetry, and in literature generally may be said to have left the purer heights for the crowded levels of men.

But during the years of his poetical production he was at least staunch to his ideal. Whatever of genuineness, of native impulse and feeling there was in his attitude, at least he never changed it. This note of unrest, confusion, powerlessness—'the eternal note of sadness' which Sophocles 'heard long ago on the Ægæan'—runs through nearly all his poetry. It runs through 'Empedocles on Etna'—where the subject indeed seems to have been expressly chosen for the sake of the note—through the 'Stanzas from the Grande Chartreuse,' and the two poems to the author of 'Obermann,' through 'Resignation' and 'A Southern Night,' through 'Thyrsis' and 'The Scholar-Gipsy,' and through nearly all his shorter pieces. In 'Rugby Chapel,' indeed, it is hushed for awhile in proud and affectionate remembrance of the guide whom he had too early lost. But that beautiful tribute to the memory of his dead father breathes love and admiration only: it recognizes the value of such strong and cheerful souls, 'helpers and friends of mankind'; but it never seems in the least interested to discover the true secret of their cheerfulness and strength. All his most characteristic and finished work is, in a word, but an amplification of Wordsworth's famous couplet:—

> 'The world is too much with us; late and soon,
> Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers:'

and it is curious to note that, deeply as Mr. Arnold had studied the old Pagan life and its literature, the side of it which seemed to have most attraction to him was not its old ideal, cheerful, sensuous side, beautifully as he has at times expressed it,* but that which foreshadowed his own mood; the reflection that even the noblest and most successful effort that poetry has ever made as 'priestess of the imaginative reason, of the element by which the modern spirit, if it would live right, has chiefly to live,' was after all imperfect, that 'even of the life of Pindar's time, Pompeii was the inevitable bourne.' The joy of life, Empedocles is made to say, can only be felt by those 'who dwell on a firm basis of content.' The attraction he found in the Pagan life was not drawn from that period of its history

* Notably in the songs of Callicles in 'Empedocles on Etna,' and in the Essay on the Pagan and Medieval Religious Sentiment in 'Essays in Criticism,' with its incomparable translation of Theocritus's fifteenth idyl.

when,

when, more firmly perhaps than they have ever again rested or are destined to rest, men dwelt on such a basis, but from that period when their foundations had begun to fail them, when their minds had begun to take the ply of Hamlet and of Faust.

Tried, therefore, by his own supreme test, it seems impossible to call Matthew Arnold's poetry satisfactory. His criticism of life is not false, but it is partial and negative, and negative criticism alone can never be of any real service; it gives nothing to rest on, except for those souls who can enjoy 'the ecstasy of woe,' and, like Master Stephen, are content to get themselves stools to be melancholy upon. But poetry, Mr. Arnold has somewhere said, is made up of moral truths and natural magic. It is in the moral truths of course that the criticism of life lies, but the natural magic must be considered too.

We have said that Mr. Arnold did not probably feel the poetic impulse at any time very irresistibly. Nature, to use his fine phrase for Wordsworth, seems never to have taken the pen out of his hand and written for him. We are never impressed by him, as we are impressed by Byron, with the excellence of his sincerity and strength. Even on the rare occasions when he followed his own advice to young poets, and chose for his subject great human actions, and intense situations, as in 'Sohrab and Rustum' and 'Tristram and Iseult,' he rarely, if ever, so impresses us. Even in the scene between the dying Tristram and Iseult of Ireland—perhaps the intensest situation he has ever exhibited—it is but the memory of their passion which stirs the long-parted lovers; the 'anxious day' has come to evening. And in 'Sohrab and Rustum,' where the final situation is indisputably tragic and intense, it is not the human element which pleases most. Most readers have, we suspect, passed not without some sense of relief from the vision of Rustum bowed with muffled head over his dead son to the stately lines through which the majestic river moves along to its luminous home of waters—

> 'from whose floor the new-bathed stars
> Emerge, and shine upon the Aral Sea.'

In 'The Sick King in Bokhara,' it is rather the colours of the Eastern picture that linger in our memory than the human figures: the night with wind and burning dust, the pool under the shade of the mulberry-trees, the high-heaped booths in the Registàn, the squares of coloured ice, 'with cherries served in drift of snow,' the enamelled mosques, the fretted brick-work tomb,

> 'Hard by a close of apricots,
> Upon the road of Samarcand,'—

are

are not these more real to us than the troubles of the repentant Moollah and of the young misdoubting King? Of course his advice on the choice of subjects needs some qualification, as he owned, when applied to lyric poetry; and it is in lyric poetry and elegiac, which in his hands is practically lyric, that his strength mainly lies: for narrative poetry he needed more swiftness, more directness and force. But even in lyric poetry the passionate mood did not suit him. 'Stormily-sweet' is the epithet he has given to Byron's cry; his own cry was often exquisitely sweet, but stormy,—never! His sentimental Sappho is but a faint reflex indeed of Phaon's high-hearted lover.

> 'They are gone—all is still! Foolish heart, dost thou quiver?
> Nothing stirs on the lawn but the quick lilac-shade.
> Far up shines the house, and beneath flows the river—
> Here lean my head on this cold balustrade!'

These lines have left most readers, we suspect, very much in the case of the balustrade. Nor do the various poems to Marguerite move us much more; though they contain some beautiful passages, and notably one of the most impressive and felicitous lines Mr. Arnold ever wrote,—'the unplumb'd, salt, estranging sea.'

> 'Forgive me! forgive me!
> Ah, Marguerite, fain
> Would these arms reach to clasp thee!
> But see! 'tis in vain.'

In vain, most assuredly!

> 'Not here, O Apollo,
> Are haunts meet for thee!'

In one of his early essays Macaulay has well said that to Shelley of all modern poets the old terms *bard* and *inspiration* are most signally applicable:—'He was not an author, but a bard. His poetry seems not to have been an art, but an inspiration.' No one could truly say this of Matthew Arnold's poetry. It was an art, often a beautiful, an exquisite art, but an art always. Hardly ever, if ever, do we get from it that sense of inevitableness which Wordsworth complained was wanting in Goethe's poetry. His faults were never the faults of a great genius, exulting in the consciousness of its power and careless of those devices, by which lesser spirits seek to atone for the deficiencies of nature. 'I,' he has said,

> 'I, with little land to stir,
> Am the exacter labourer.'

His

His poetry seems rather to have been the result of an exquisite sense for literature, stimulated by a careful and loving study and a rare perception of what is sound and beautiful in poetry, than a genuine poetic impulse. And his faults, when they come, come sometimes from his choice of a subject not truly poetical, or of a subject which needs a more quickening influence than that which stood in him for the genuine poetic impulse, for the accident of inspiration, as he somewhere calls it. On the other hand this perception of what was beautiful and sound in poetry, acting on his own native sense for style, rarely leaves him helpless. His sense for style and language, his distinction, to use one of his own favourite words, rarely desert him; and they help him over many passages where his imagination flags, and the subject is itself perhaps not very interesting. This sense is of course eminently conspicuous in his prose; but it is even more conspicuous in his best poetry. And besides, the inevitable restrictions of metre and rhythm seemed to have braced and purified it; in poetry he is far more seldom diffuse, he far more seldom repeats himself than in prose. Many are the passages in his prose, where the words convey the sense so perfectly that it seems impossible to add or take from them so much as a syllable, and where yet the sense suggested extends far beyond the mere verbal expression—passages admirably illustrating Marlowe's happy phrase, 'Infinite riches in a little room,'—yet nowhere in his prose has he anything to match on this side those lines in which he has summed up the mystery of Shakespeare:

> 'Others abide our question. Thou art free.
> We ask and ask—Thou smilest and art still,
> Out-topping knowledge.'

This fine sense for language is never better seen than in his descriptions. In them he has touches of natural magic that it would be hard to match outside Shakespeare and Keats and Lord Tennyson; there indeed his words do almost seem inevitable; there truly do we get,

> 'All the charm of all the Muses
> Often flowering in a lonely word.'

Such phrases as the 'warm, green-muffled Cumner hills,' or the 'wide fields of breezy grass, Where black-winged swallows haunt the glittering Thames,' leave nothing unsaid for all who know those pastoral slopes at whose feet Oxford lifts her 'dreaming spires' to their 'mild canopy of English air.'

Perhaps

Perhaps the richest expression of this sense in his poetry is to be found in this passage from 'Thyrsis,' which is indeed, like its companion piece, 'The Scholar-Gipsy,' full of such exquisite bits of scenery.

> 'So, some tempestuous moon in early June,
> When the year's primal burst of bloom is o'er,
> Before the roses and the longest day—
> When garden-walks and all the grassy floor
> With blossoms red and white of fallen May
> And chestnut-flowers are strewn—
> So have I heard the cuckoo's parting cry,
> From the wet field, through the vext garden-trees,
> Come with the volleying rain and tossing breeze,
> *The bloom is gone, and with the bloom go I!*
>
> 'Too quick despairer, wherefore wilt thou go?
> Soon will the high Midsummer pomps come on,
> Soon will the musk carnations break and swell,
> Soon shall we have gold-dusted snapdragon,
> Sweet-William with his homely cottage-smell,
> And stocks in fragrant blow;
> Roses that down the alleys shine afar,
> And open jasmine-muffled lattices,
> And groups under the dreaming garden-trees,
> And the full moon, and the white evening-star.
>
> 'He hearkens not! light comer, he is flown!
> What matters it? next year he will return,
> And we shall have him in the sweet spring-days,
> With whitening hedges, and uncrumpling fern,
> And blue-bells trembling by the forest-ways,
> And scent of hay new-mown.'

We have said that for narrative poetry Mr. Arnold needed more swiftness, more directness and force. Yet he could, as he has said of Byron, make a single incident strikingly vivid and clear. Take from that incomparable chorus in 'Empedocles on Etna' which records the victory of Apollo over Marsyas, take the picture of,

> 'The red-snooded Phrygian girls,
> Whom the summer evening sees
> Flashing in the dance's whirls
> Underneath the starlit trees
> In the mountain villages;'

or of the Mænads pleading with Apollo for the defeated Faun, from the same chorus:

'But

'But the Mænads, who were there,
Left their friend, and with robes flowing
In the wind, and loose dark hair
O'er their polish'd bosoms blowing,
Each her ribbon'd tambourine
Flinging on the mountain-sod,
With a lovely frighten'd mien
Came about the youthful God.
But he turned his beauteous face
Haughtily another way,
From the grassy sun-warm'd place
Where in proud repose he lay,
With one arm over his head,
Watching how the whetting sped.'

And though the note of passion is absent from his poetry, the note of pathos is frequent in it. He had not indeed what he has somewhere called the 'intolerable pathos' of Burns, nor the haunting melancholy of Shelley, nor the majestic sadness which breathes at moments through Milton's stateliest verse; his pathos was rather Virgilian in the tender grace of such lines as these, from 'Obermann Once More':

'Now he is dead! Far hence he lies
In the lorn Syrian town;
And on his grave with shining eyes,
The Syrian stars look down.'

Or of these, from 'A Southern Night':

'Mild o'er her grave, ye mountains, shine!
Gently by his, ye waters glide!
To that in you which is divine
They were allied.'

There is a peculiar exaltation of the mind, a fine frenzy, in reading those majestic bursts of song, which, like some mighty torrent, seem to burst irresistibly and, as it were, insensibly from the poet's soul. This sensation, this lifting of the feelings, Matthew Arnold's poetry does not give us. But in the measured grace, the trained harmonious expression of well-ordered thoughts, there is a charm and a contentment too; and in these qualities it is rarely wanting. Popular it has never been, as Byron's poetry was once popular, as Lord Tennyson's poetry is popular now. Nor is it ever likely to be popular hereafter. If destined to live, it will live, as in its author's own day, in the hearts of the few, and they will atone, by their close and unchanging devotion, for the more tumultuous but more fickle enthusiasm of the crowd. The number of those who are taken by the grave and so often

often melancholy beauty which stamps his verse never make the majority in any age; and for the rest, his subjects were as a rule too much outside the general groove of human interests to make them popular; his application of ideas to life was too partial and limited, though it would be hardly true, perhaps, to say that it was transitory, for the phase of life it touches has always in some degree existed and will exist. Great actions, noble personages, intense situations,—with these his poetry, whether from choice or necessity, rarely deals, and when it does, deals not in its best manner. The mood which inspired him, and which he in turn helped to foster, finds a different expression in every age, and needs a different physician. He has said that Gray's poetical production was checked and limited by the circumstances of his life and of the age into which he was born. Some such influence may, one fancies, have had power over Matthew Arnold; and this may help to account for the perversity and flippancy of some of his prose-writing. 'He could not do the thing he would.' Certainly one gets from even his best work a sense of something wanting, of insufficiency, a feeling that from a talent so fine and well-nurtured some wider and more active result should have issued. But it is vain to regret what a man was not, or to blame him for not being something other than he was. Vain is it also, we have said, to speculate on the chances of immortality, vainer still to predict it; and perhaps that part of a man's work for which his own age is most apt to predict immortality is soonest rejected. Yet if the quality of distinction is to hold in the future the place he has assigned to it, it should avail with Matthew Arnold. For it is this quality which marks all his best work, which singles him out from his contemporaries, and makes him not greater than them nor better, but something different from them. And for its sake he should keep the favour of those who can recognize and appreciate it, even should that day ever dawn when the mood he has so beautifully expressed has become in very truth 'a passed mode, an outworn theme.'

ART. VI.—*The Correspondence of Cicero during the years* 51 *and* 50 B.C.

2. *Cicero in seinen Briefen.* B. R. Abeken. Hanover, 1835. English Translation, London, 1854.
3. *Une Province romaine sous la République.* Par G. d'Hugues. Paris, 1876.
4. *Cicéron et ses amis.* Par Gaston Boissier. Paris, 1877.

THE period of Cicero's provincial government has not received much attention from historians or even editors; yet it suggests many curious and interesting reflections, and the letters written throughout its duration throw some very strange side lights on some leading personages who figured in the last years of the Republic.

It does not surprise us that history has so little to say about this epoch in Cicero's life, when we find Cicero himself regarding it as an irrelevant though unhappily inevitable parenthesis in the story of his career. Beside Cilicia proper, Cicero's province included Pisidia, Pamphylia, Cyprus, Isauria, Lycaonia, and three districts (dioceses as they were called) north of Taurus, of which the chief towns were Cibyra, Synnada and Apamea. He was absolute ruler of a country which (not including the isle of Cyprus) contained nearly 40,000 square miles. Including Cyprus, his government had an area about half as large again as that of Ireland; but to him it was not half as big as the Roman Forum. On the surface of his correspondence at once appears the fact, that he has never even contemplated making his government a source of personal profit. What we know of the character of Cicero quite prepares us for this. But it is astonishing to find that the author of the *De Republica*, the *De Legibus*, and the *De Officiis*, seems to feel no interest in the opportunity afforded him of putting some of his ethical and political theories to a practical test; and that the eager student of History and Geography finds nothing attractive in the unexplored mountain tracts or in the historic plains of Cilicia.

Yet this region of Asia Minor between Mount Taurus and the Mediterranean, stretching from Pamphylia on the west to Syria on the east, had much in it to quicken the interest and fire the imagination of a man so cultivated as Cicero. The wild fastnesses of Cilicia Trachea were the haunts of robber chieftains as brave, if not as romantic, as Rob Roy, Roderick Dhu, and Dirk Hatteraick. The very names of the towns frown at us like awful precipices and yawning chasms—Coracesium,

Charadrus,

Charadrus, Holmi, Melania, Rhegma.* The words themselves are forbidding, and tell us of pirates who disdained the arts of peace, and who, when subdued by the Romans, hardly waited for the departure of the licensed pirate, the Roman who had defeated them, before they again scoured the sea with their vessels and defied their conquerors. In Cilicia Campestris, on the other hand, the eye roams over smiling plains, shining rivers, and historic towns. One would have supposed that the learned Cicero would have found an interest in Anchiale and its associations with its founder, Sardanapalus; in Issus, the scene of the great Alexander's triumph; in Tarsus, the birthplace of Antipater; in the river Marsyas, the scene of an incident in which Cicero himself might have aspired to play the inferior part.

But no; his correspondence, copious and unreserved as it is, tells us about the history, the geography, the manners and customs of his province—nothing. Relentless routine demands that for a year he shall bury himself in the grave of provincial life. He puts the hateful subject as far as possible away from him, and his only concern is, by what means can he make it certain that a year shall be the limit of his misery. He conceives himself to be going out of the light into the darkness. 'Tell me,' he writes to Cælius on the eve of his departure, 'neither the past nor the present, but the future.'† He little thought that it was in the provinces that the future of Rome was really unfolding itself; for him the world lay between the Palatine and the Vatican. 'Cleave, Rufus, to the city, the city, and in that focus of light feel that you are alive! All foreign travel is darkness and disgrace, for those whose good gifts can bear the light of Rome:'‡ this is his advice to his friend Cælius, as the end of his year of proconsular government drew near. The same was the tone of his cry of *ennui*, before he had even set foot in his province: 'Words cannot express how I am consumed with longing for the city, how intolerable I find the insipidity of provincial life.'§ His year of government taught him nothing; nor does he seem to have observed how very differently Cæsar regarded his province. Cæsar was as anxious for a renewed tenure of his government of Gaul, as Cicero was eager to resist the lengthening of his term of office in Cilicia. Cæsar saw that he was preparing the way for the Empire in

* This is the remark of Professor d'Hugues, who has dealt admirably with the subject of the proconsulate of Cicero and the Roman province in general. The title of his work is prefixed to this article, the writer of which wishes heartily to acknowledge his obligations to an essay of sound learning and great brilliancy and suggestiveness.

† Fam. ii. 8. 1. ‡ Ibid. ii. 12. 2. § Att. v. 11. 1.

Gaul,

Gaul, while the Republic was unmaking itself in Rome; Cicero was tortured by the thought that, while he was wasting hateful hours in Cilicia, the *forum* and *basilicæ* of his beloved Rome knew no more the *scurra consularis.*

Let us now follow the journey of Cicero from Rome to his province.

He left Rome early in May, B.C. 51. His period of office began on July 1. He did not arrive in Laodicea till July 30. Thus he spent nearly three months on the way from Rome to his province. In about half that time he effected his return to Rome on the expiry of his year of office. His outward journey makes us think of Shakespeare's schoolboy, creeping like snail unwillingly to school; he returns to Rome in the spirits of a schoolboy on the first day of the vacation. One great cause of delay was the non-appearance of his legate Pomptinus. Pomptinus was a brave and experienced officer, and was no doubt selected by Cicero in view of an apprehended *tumultus* from Parthia; but one does not see why Cicero should have waited days for him at every place where he put up. Pomptinus appears to have been as unwilling as Cicero to leave Rome (where Cicero hints that he had an *affaire de cœur*); on the other hand, the despatch with which he betook himself back to Rome makes even Cicero's return journey seem slow by comparison. What with waiting for Pomptinus, and spending three days at Tarentum in conference with Pompeius on affairs of state, Cicero did not arrive at Brundisium till May 22. Then, again, where was Pomptinus? How could one leave Italy without Pomptinus? Moreover, the weather was not inviting, and Cicero was not very well. In short, June had begun before he set sail—without Pomptinus. The voyage to Actium, broken at Corcyra and Sybota, where Cicero and his *suite* 'feasted like aldermen' * with Areus and Eutychides, friends of Atticus, occupied about a fortnight. The next stage was to be Athens. The route by sea was much shorter, but it was tiresome, and 'it would not look well to arrive with so small a flotilla.' It was better to take the longer route by land. They did so, and arrived at Athens in ten days, June 24th. Again we are surprised at the intellectual apathy of Cicero. He had not seen Athens since he was little more than a boy, yet the city suggests to him nothing but the fact that his friend Atticus used to live there, and his thoughts fly back to Rome, Cæsar's debts, Milo's embarrassments, the *rumusculi* of the *forum* and the *basilicæ.* In fact, it does not appear that he would have

* Saliarem in modum, Att. v. 9. 1.

made

made any sojourn in Athens at all, except of course because one must wait for Pomptinus. Here, however, Cicero found himself obliged to renew an acquaintance with one who belonged to a class characteristic of society just before the fall of the Republic. The notorious Memmius, one of the parties to the infamous compact made with the outgoing consuls in the year 54,* was now living in Greece, an exile. He had become possessed of some premises, hallowed for the Epicureans by the fact, that they had once belonged to the Master himself. The disciples of Epicurus, Patro and others now living in Athens, besought the good offices of Cicero with Memmius, to secure for them these premises. Memmius at once parted with them. The poem which Lucretius dedicated to him does not seem to have awakened in him any interest in Epicurus or his house. Perhaps he had never read the poem. Cicero tells us † that Memmius was 'thoroughly versed in literature, but only in Greek literature; Latin he despised.' We are gratified (perhaps more than Cicero was) to find Pomptinus at last arriving, and with him Volusius and the quæstor Mescinius Rufus. Accompanied by these, Cicero left Athens on July 7th, and, touching at Ceos, Gyaros, Syros and Delos, landed at last at Ephesus on July 20th, '560 days after the battle of Bovillæ.' ‡ So completely do his thoughts run on Rome and her things, that he dates his landing in Asia from the scuffle on the Appian Way, in which Clodius lost his life. 'Now,' he writes to Atticus,§ 'now are put to the test the theories of conduct which I have so long paraded.' This reflection (which does not seem to have occurred to him again) was forced on him by the enthusiastic reception given him at Ephesus, which was the more gratifying because Ephesus formed no part of his province. It was not their governor whom they welcomed, but the man of far-famed learning, integrity and eloquence, the prosecutor of Verres, and the Father of his Country. But not even this tribute could make Cicero remember, for more than a few minutes at a time, that there was a world outside Rome. In the same letter he writes: 'Pray give me a full and most accurate account of everything that is happening at Rome, or is about to happen—and especially the news of the law courts.' However, the plaudits of Asia evoked from him in the same letter a promise which may be called the watchword of his administration. 'I shall carry out the principles of your *School for Governors*, and I shall be all things to all men.' ‖

* Att. iv. 17. 2. † Brut. 247. ‡ Att. v. 13, 1. § Ibid. 13. ‖ Ibid. 13. 2.

Here

Here we have the source of all the integrity and excellence of Cicero's official life, and beside it the reason of his actual failure to raise the standard of provincial government. From undue self-aggrandisement—not to mention the extortions and cruelties habitually practised by Roman governors—he was withheld, not only by the precepts of Atticus, but by his own gentle and elevated nature. These led him to consult the interests of the province in every way, so far as they could be influenced by his own conduct and the behaviour of his staff. But there was something more important still than the well-being of the provinces. This was the *ordinum concordia*, which is still his cabala and talisman. These two aims often did not coincide—indeed, they were often in direct conflict. And when they did conflict, this best of proconsuls showed himself only too ready to sacrifice the province. When he writes, 'I will be all things to all men,' he is thinking of the natives on the one hand, and the publicans on the other. That he succeeded in satisfying the latter, we have at all events his own testimony: 'To the publicans I am as the apple of the eye.' * To the natives his conduct, compared with that of his predecessors, made his term of office seem an angel's visit. But when the *ordinum concordia* and the natural rights of the province had to be weighed against each other, the latter kicked the beam. We observe this sad fact, at the very outset of his career in Cilicia, in his demeanour towards his predecessor. Appius was an almost perfect type of the rapacious, arrogant, unintelligent aristocrat of the decline of the Republic. All these qualities lie hid in the word 'Appiusness,' *Appietas*,† which Cicero coins to express the characteristic idiosyncrasies of the aristocracy. He writes to Atticus,‡ that 'the wounds which Appius has inflicted on the province are too palpable to be concealed;' and again,§ his conduct is described as 'monstrous—more like some wild beast than a human being.' Beside these utterances it is humiliating to place his letters to Appius himself in the third book *ad Familiares*, teeming as they are with expressions like, 'I want the world to know that never were there kindlier feelings between predecessor and successor than between you and me,' ‖ and 'my desire is that every one should see for himself what cordial friends we are.' ¶ We have just quoted the words of Cicero that the wounds of the province were too palpable to be concealed, yet this is just what he himself endeavours to do. It must not be admitted, except to an intimate and confidential friend like Atticus and under the seal of secrecy, that the

* Att. vi. 2. 5. † Fam. iii. 7. 5. ‡ Att. v. 15. 2.
§ Ibid. 16. 2. ‖ Fam. iii. 3. 1. ¶ Ibid. 5. 2.

coming

coming of Appius to Cilicia had been something like the appearance of a man-eating tiger in an Indian village. If this were admitted to be the character of governors sent out by the Senate, how could the *régime* of the Oligarchy be defended? Yet defended it must be. So we find the humane Cicero, whose 'heart of hearts bleeds'* even at the petty insolences and *brusqueries* from which he cannot restrain his staff, excusing himself to Appius for slight divergencies from the practice of his predecessor; congratulating the wild beast on the prospect of the triumph 'which he so well deserves;' finally, apologizing for the part which his son-in-law Dolabella took in prosecuting Appius, bearing his testimony in favour of the accused, and congratulating him on the righteous verdict which acquitted him. Surely never was a Delilah more cruel in the sacrifices exacted from her adorer than was the Republic which Cicero had made his idol.

It was his own natural refinement of spirit, and not any large and insistent sympathy with the subjects, which made his administration so gentle and pure. Though 'tortured' by the slightest indiscretion on the part of his staff, his concern for the provincials seems absolutely bounded by the limits of his own official responsibility. He did not hesitate to leave his province in the hands of a person whom he knew to be as unprincipled as Appius. The probable brutalities of a successor gave him no concern. Nay, might they not even heighten by contrast the *elegantia* of his own rule? This word, which recurs so often in the letters of this period, puts in a nutshell the character of Cicero's administration, its motive and its result, or rather its want of result. He did not look at his province from Cæsar's point of view, as portion and parcel of a great disorganized mass of communities linked for better or worse with the destinies of imperial Rome, and fated for better or worse to decide her future. He regarded it merely as a stage on which he might strut for an hour, and then dismiss it from his thoughts for ever. His administration held the same relation to a really enlightened rule as dandyism bears to cleanliness, and perhaps no better phrase than 'moral dandyism' could be found to express the meaning of that *elegantia* for which he so often claims credit.

It is amusing to observe, how the counsels of perfection with which he started begin to yield when confronted with the stern realities of practical experience. He had told Atticus that he meant to introduce into his edict a clause from the edict of

* 'Angor intimis sensibus,' Att. v. 10. 3.

Bibulus,

Bibulus, undertaking to maintain all agreements between the publicans and the provincials, 'provided no force or fraud had been used to procure the contract.' But we learn from another letter * that Atticus pointed out to him that the proviso was a slur on the *Equites*, who would resent this official allusion to the methods to which they too often had recourse. Cicero at once takes the hint; the *ordinum concordia* is a paramount consideration, and the proviso takes an amusingly covert form which cannot offend the *Equites*,—'save the transaction be of such a nature that it ought not to be upheld.' The same gradual change of front may be observed in his relations with his predecessor. The Cilicians, on the departure of their recent governor, felt bound, according to custom, to send a deputation to Rome to bear witness to the many virtues of the wild beast who had just ceased to ravage the province, and to thank the Senate for its paternal government of its dependencies. These deputations to Rome cost money, and this money was raised by imposts on the grateful towns, which, as the object of their gratitude had generally plucked them pretty clean, often found the burden very heavy. Such was the case in the present instance. The grateful towns seem to have complained to Cicero that they really had not been left money enough to send a deputation to Rome to express their admiration of their despoiler. At first Cicero, full of the good resolutions which characterize new governors, writes to Appius †:—

'Many of the towns sent to me at Apamea some of their leading citizens to urge that the tax imposed on them to defray the expenses of the envoys to Rome was excessive, and that they were unable to pay it. At once a number of considerations occurred to me. Appius, I said to myself, is a sensible man, and moreover a man of the world, and surely does not care for such deputations in his honour. I recalled how these sometimes failed even to get a hearing at Rome, and how little you stood in need of such testimony. In a word, I bethought me how utterly useless the whole thing was.'

Accordingly Cicero ordered that any one who really wanted to express his gratitude to Appius should go to Rome at his own expense, but that the towns should not be taxed for the purpose. In a subsequent letter to Appius, ‡ in which he shows much concern lest this close friend of Brutus should take offence, there is a decided change of attitude and tone:—

'I remember receiving a deputation complaining of the excessive sums raised for the envoys to Rome. I directed, or rather recommended (*non tam imperavi quam censui*), that the expenses should

* Att. vi. 1. 15. † Fam. iii. 8. ‡ Ibid. 10. 7.

as much as possible be kept within the limits prescribed by the Cornelian Law. And on this I did not even insist, as the accounts of the sums contributed to the deputations by the several towns will show.'

The Republic had come to such a pass, that when a Roman governor took an honest course, he was obliged to apologize to the ruling aristocrats, and to give his conduct so far as he could the complexion of the injustice which he knew they would approve, and even demand.

Sometimes, however, Cicero treated himself to the luxury of doing good; but in these cases he was bound to do good by stealth, and to take careful measures lest he should ever find it fame. Ariobarzanes, King of Cappadocia, was constantly threatened by the neighbouring potentates, Mithridates of Pontus and Nicomedes of Bithynia. He had frequently repaired to Rome to seek assistance, and there he had become the debtor of Pompeius and of Brutus. Hence the constant protection afforded him by Rome. An Asiatic Majesty more or less made very little difference to a people occupied with subjects of such enthralling interest as the debts of Milo, the last quotation of the prices offered for the next consulship, and the question who would be able to bribe highest for acquittal in the trials for provincial malversation. But even the stern republican Brutus was deeply concerned for the stability of the throne which held the man who owed him money. Then indeed *vive le Roi* and *à bas la République.* The throne of Ariobarzanes had its foundations, not in the hearts of his subjects, but in the pockets of his powerful Roman creditors. Nothing could be more to be deprecated than his deposition:

'Ploratur lacrimis amissa pecunia veris.'

These considerations no doubt stimulated the interest of Cicero in the royal *protégé*, whom the Senate had consigned to his care; but certainly his whole treatment of the King and management of his affairs reflect great credit on him, both as a man and as a diplomatist. Not only was Ariobarzanes overwhelmed by debt, but he was threatened by conspiracies even within his own household. Archelaus, the powerful high priest of the temple of Bellona at Comana, one of those spiritual princes whose appearance at this epoch of history leads Mommsen to compare the Roman State in Asia to the Holy Roman Empire of the German nation, had plotted with Athenais, the mistress of Ariobarzanes, to depose him and place his brother Ariarathes on the throne. Ariobarzanes came to Cicero at Cybistra, and detailed to him with tears the whole plot, which his brother

Ariarathes

Ariarathes had disclosed to him with a high-mindedness very rare, especially among Orientals. Cicero at once took on himself the sole conduct of the affair. He brought back the faithful ministers of the King, Metras and Athenæus, who had been dismissed through the machinations of Athenais and Archelaus; and persuaded the latter to abandon his ambitious projects.

'To me' he writes to Atticus, 'Ariobarzanes owes his throne, his very life.'* Yet his public despatches breathe a spirit of complete self-effacement. He has nothing to say about a transaction at least as creditable to him as the exploit of his consulship. Perhaps he did not wish to advertise too much his suppression of Archelaus, who was a creature of Magnus. More probably he knew that such was the state of public opinion in Rome, that a proconsul who sought to do good would not be wise to let his light shine before men. It was only to Atticus he could venture to confide a fact, which would have been received by an Appius with incredulity or indignation.

The whole history of Cicero's proconsulate is the history of a struggle between his conscience and his desire to meet the views of everybody, especially the publicans and the great men at Rome. Struggles often cause a displacement of convenient drapery, and so we find that the curtain, which hid the doings of the magnates of this period, is sometimes for a moment pushed aside, and affords a glimpse of what is going on behind it. A most amusing letter, when one reads between the lines, is one † in which Cicero begs his friend Thermus, pro-prætor of Bithynia, to interest himself in the business concerns of Cluvius of Puteoli. These concerns are on a very extensive scale. Whole communities are in his debt, and kings have well-nigh mortgaged their crowns to him. Who is this mammoth financier, of whom however history has so very little to say? The answer to this question slips out in the last words of the letter, 'Cluvius is acting for Pompeius.' Magnus it is who is so anxious to avail himself of the aid of Cicero to push his business in Asia. A certain nobleman of modern notoriety had his Joyce; Pompeius had his Cluvius.

But other great names too find their way into the letters of this period, and show to the readers of the correspondence a very different face from that which they usually present to history. Cato, it will be remembered, chiefly through the influence of Clodius, who wanted to get him out of the way, was entrusted with the commission of settling the affairs of Ptolemy

* Att. v. 20. 6. † Fam. xiii. 56.

the Cyprian. Egypt and the fair isle of Cyprus, the last of the conquests of the Lagidæ, had been bequeathed to Rome by the testament of Alexander II. But the Senate was not desirous of annexing Egypt, the position and financial organization of which would have invested a Roman Governor with powers which seemed formidable to the suspicious and feeble government of the oligarchy.* The two illegitimate sons of King Lathyrus, Ptolemy the Flute-player, and Ptolemy the Cyprian, were allowed to take possession respectively of Egypt and Cyprus. The Flute-player was permitted to buy off annexation for the sum of 6,000 talents (1,460,000*l.*). His brother was too penurious to part with such a very large ransom, or perhaps he doubted whether the Senate would keep faith with him after he had paid the money. At all events, the annexation of Cyprus was decreed by the people in the year 58, and M. Cato was deputed to settle the affairs of Ptolemy. This very weak-minded usurper, on hearing that the Roman people had resolved to take his affairs in hand, put an end to himself—perhaps, indeed, sensibly enough. The sale of his goods, which Cato entrusted to his nephew Brutus, realized nearly 7000 talents (1,700,000*l.*), a sum which would have more than sufficed to fill the maw of the Senate if the King could have persuaded himself to spend it in bribes. Brutus himself brought the money to Rome; but poor Cato, according to Plutarch,† was the victim of fortune's most cruel spite. He had made, as bound by law, two copies of the accounts of the whole transaction, which would have proved (thinks Plutarch) that not a sesterce or drachma of the ill-fated usurper's accumulations had stuck to the fingers of that model of rectitude. One of these copies Cato entrusted to his freedman Philargyrus (ill-omened name), who embarked at Cenchreæ, suffered shipwreck, and lost his copy. The other Cato kept in his own hands, and arrived with it safely at Corcyra. While they were there encamped under canvas, one night the sailors lit several large fires, the weather being very cold. Alas, the tents took fire, and the only remaining copy was burnt—ἠφανίσθη is the rather happy term which Plutarch employs. He is quite touched by the contemplation of the grief, which Cato must have felt, at being deprived of the documentary evidence of his matchless integrity. Cato was obliged to content himself with the applause of his conscience, and the evidence of Philargyrus and the rest of his staff, who perhaps had as good reason as Cato himself to regard with resignation the trick of fortune which seemed to Plutarch

* Mommsen, vol. iv. p. 49. Eng. trans.

† Cat. c. xxxviii.

so spiteful. Others, including Cæsar and Clodius, took a very different, and perhaps more reasonable, view of this disappearance of the documents.

Brutus perhaps stands highest of all, in common estimation, among the heroes of the declining Republic. Plutarch ascribes to him every virtue, and Dion and Velleius vie with Plutarch in eulogy. Shakspeare, who takes his view from Plutarch, calls him 'the noble Brutus,' 'the soul of Rome,' 'the noblest Roman of them all,' and we read that—

> 'Brutus is noble, wise, valiant and honest,'

and is one of

> 'The choice and master spirits of the age.'

Nor were his contemporaries less loud in his praise than those who fostered his posthumous renown. Not Plutarch nor Lucan, Dion nor Velleius, have transcended the tribute paid to him by Atticus and Cicero, when the former declared that 'if his friend should bring back from his province nothing but the gratitude of Brutus, he would still have good reason to be satisfied';* and the latter expressed his opinion, that his own son could have no better education than the contemplation of the many excellences which adorned the character of Brutus, whom he described as 'now the first among the rising generation, soon, I hope, to be the first man in the State.'† His connections were certainly favourable for the achievement of that position. Descended from one of the most illustrious families of Rome, nephew of Cato, brother-in-law of Lepidus and Cassius, he could hardly point to a great house with which he was not linked. The moral austerity and social purity which distinguished the young Brutus did not extend to his family circle. The passion of his mother Servilia for Cæsar was no secret at Rome, and has been held by some to add a new significance to the words ascribed to the dying Dictator, *καὶ σύ, τέκνον*. Servilia is even said to have essayed to maintain her influence over Cæsar by encouraging an intrigue between him and her daughter, the wife of Cassius. That her other daughter, the wife of Lepidus, 'scaped not calumnious strokes is revealed by an amusing incident related by Cicero.‡ Among the goods of one Vedius, which were by chance included among the assets of Pompeius Vindullus on the death of the latter, were found images or portrait models of certain Roman ladies, whose characters would naturally suffer from the discovery, as Vedius was a man of the worst character. Among

* Att. vi. 1. 7. † Fam. iii. 11. 3. ‡ Att. vi. 1. 25.

these

these portraits was one of Junia, sister of Brutus and wife of Lepidus. Lepidus took no notice of the matter, and Brutus did not feel called upon to break off his intimacy with Vedius. Cicero, with a characteristic play upon the two names, Brutus ('dull, insensate') and Lepidus ('gay, pleasant'), thus relates the incident:—

'Among the belongings of Vedius (accidentally included in the assets of Vindullus) were found five portraits of Roman ladies, among them one of the sister of your friend Brutus—a brute part in him to keep up the fellow's acquaintance—and wife of Lepidus—pleasant fellow indeed to take the matter so coolly.' *

Now let us see how Brutus appears in the letters of this period.

This paragon of virtue who exclaims in the play,

> 'Let the Gods so speed me, as I love
> The name of honour more than I fear death,'

had, as we have seen, accompanied his uncle Cato to Cyprus, and had himself brought back the money realized to Rome. But it appears from the letters of this time that the young incorruptible had not been idle, or intent solely on public business, while he sojourned at Cyprus. He had been looking out for a profitable investment, and had succeeded in securing customers. The people of Salamis in Cyprus, impoverished by constant imposts and exactions, sent a deputation to Rome in the year 56 to endeavour there to raise a loan to meet their liabilities. But the measure of Gabinius, passed in 67, forbade provincials to borrow money in Rome. The act was designed to benefit the *negotiatores* in the provinces, and was one of the many privileges which the influence of Pompeius secured for the Equites. Brutus, however, thought he saw his way to a pretty stroke of business. He offered the loan to his old friends; but as it was strictly illegal, and the money was not recoverable at law, he felt obliged to charge them interest at the rate of 48 per cent. Of course the great name of Brutus was not to be sullied by the transaction. Matinius and Scaptius

* 'In quibus una sororis amici tui hominis Bruti qui hoc utatur et uxoris illius Lepidi qui hæc tam neglegenter ferat.' Very noticeable in this sentence is the extremely delicate use of the subjunctive mood, which is the sole vehicle of the joke; the indicative would have merely stated as a fact that Brutus did not cut Vedius, and that Lepidus made light of the affair. Hamlet makes a similar play on the name Brutus:—

'*Polonius.*—I did enact Julius Cæsar. I was killed in the Capitol; Brutus killed me.

'*Hamlet.*—It was a brute part of him to kill so capital a calf there.'—*Hamlet iii.* 2.

appeared

appeared as the lenders in the bond. The rest of the transaction may be told nearly in the words of Cicero. Just after his return from his successful campaign on Mount Amanus, Cicero one day received a visit from a certain Scaptius, who came with a strong letter of recommendation from Brutus. The Salaminians, said Scaptius, owed him a large sum of money, and he was desirous that Cicero should appoint him Prefect of Salamis. He expected that by means of the powers which that post would confer on him, he would have no difficulty in coming to terms with his defaulting debtors. He had had some experience of the duties of a prefect. He had held the office under Appius, and, finding it difficult to collect certain sums owed to him by some of the leading men of the island, he had felt himself justified in confining the Senate of Salamis within the walls of the Senate House until five of their number perished by starvation. We may presume that the rest then gave in. It is shocking to find that even Cicero mentions this atrocious incident, not, indeed without reprobation, but certainly without those expressions of horror which it would seem naturally to evoke. It is needless to say that Cicero refused to invest this ancient Surajah Dowlah with the prefecture which he sought, and at once disbanded a troop of horse with which the ruffian used to carry out the business transactions of the noblest Roman of them all. We now read of a step taken by Brutus, which makes us think that Cassius was not altogether wrong when he said—

> 'Brutus, thou art most noble; yet I see
> Thy honourable metal may be wrought
> From that it is disposed';

and which imports a strange irony into his own boast:—

> 'For I can raise no money by vile means.
> By heavens, I had rather coin my heart
> And drop my blood for drachmas than to wring
> From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash
> By any indirections . . .
> I had rather be a dog and bay the moon
> Than such a Roman.'

The step was this. Brutus, who afterwards sealed with the blood of Cæsar his devotion to the constitution, who even now was protesting that Cæsar must come to Rome if he is to stand for the consulship, got a Senatusconsultum passed, exempting from the penalties of the Gabinian law the transaction between the Salaminians and Scaptius, which had begun and ended in defiance of the act of Gabinius; and afterwards had it fortified with

with another declaring the bond to be good at law. At this time, Cicero had no suspicion that the real usurer was Brutus. He thought that Scaptius was the real creditor, but was very unwilling to disoblige him on account of the strong recommendation which he brought from Brutus. Cicero accordingly summoned Scaptius and his debtors into his presence, and begged the Salaminians with even hinted menaces to come to terms with Scaptius. They professed themselves quite ready to pay the debt at once with the legal interest calculated at the rate prescribed by Cicero's own edict—no light rate either, namely, 12 per cent. But Scaptius held out for the 48 per cent. which was in the bond. Cicero peremptorily refused to take cognizance of such a bond, pointing out that the decree of the Senate at best only placed the contract between Scaptius and the Salaminians on the same footing as other contracts, but could not legalize a bond in which the rate of interest charged was distinctly illegal. Upon this Scaptius gave up all thoughts of coercing his debtors under Cicero's government, knowing perhaps that under his successor he would probably get whatever he demanded, or, possibly, struck with a sudden and short-lived compunction. Conscience is sometimes seen to take up her abode for a short sojourn in the most unexpected quarters. For the present he only asked that the matter should be allowed to drop, and that the Salaminians should not be permitted to deposit the money in a temple, which they were ready to do; for the effect of this would be that the interest would cease to accrue, and Scaptius did not wish to diminish the sum which he probably hoped to extort under Cicero's successor.

By this time Cicero had discovered that Brutus was the real creditor; indeed, the gentle Brutus had urged Cicero to confer on Scaptius the prefecture which he had refused him, and which Scaptius had made so effective in the blockade of the Senate House; and had written several letters offensive in tone complaining of his advocacy of the rights of the Salaminians. Even Atticus now begs his dear friend to let Scaptius have a troop of horse, only a little one, just fifty swords, which he felt sure would make the Salaminians see reason. It is pleasant to observe that Cicero is nearly as indignant as we feel ourselves at the audacity of such a request:

'What,' he writes,* 'you, Atticus, make such a request? You, the eulogist of my integrity and moral purism? *Are those the lips to dare*, as Ennius says, to ask me to give Scaptius a troop of horse to coerce his debtors? Only fifty, you say. Why, Spartacus had no more at first.'

* Att. vi. 2. 8.

However,

However, the issue of the whole matter was some concession to injustice on the part of Cicero. He prevailed on the Salaminians, as a favour to himself, to let the matter rest for the present, and not to deposit the money. He salved his conscience by appealing to Cato, who does not appear to have condemned Brutus. So Cato, we observe, in spite of the loss—perhaps by reason of the loss—of the accounts *in re* King Ptolemy, holds the position of moral censor and general referee in matters of moral and pecuniary rectitude.

We all know how strong was the republican spirit in the noble Brutus. We read that he

> 'Would have brook'd
> The eternal devil to keep state in Rome
> As easily as a king.'

But with an Asiatic Majesty he was not above doing a little business, if a few millions of sesterces were to be turned honestly—or otherwise. We find him incessantly plying Cicero with solicitations to squeeze out of the wretched Ariobarzanes moneys which the King owed him. Even Pompeius showed mercy. He accepted thirty-three Attic talents a month, and this 'did not make up the amount of the monthly interest.' But Pompeius is content with this instalment of the interest, and is satisfied to forego the capital. Not so the noble Brutus. His importunities are so wearying that Cicero thinks of giving up all attempts to protect the King or manage his affairs. Atticus, however, persuaded him to maintain his guardianship. Cicero succeeded at last in getting from the King 100 talents for Brutus, who 'has recovered more money than Pompeius, in proportion to the amount of his loan.' Yet Brutus does not cease to write discourteous letters clamouring for more. Verily,

> 'His life was gentle, and the elements
> So mix'd in him that nature might stand up
> And say to all the world, *This was a man!*'

Characters given by biographers have often to be read, like encomiums on tombstones, with considerable deductions; but tradition is rarely so perverted as actually to reverse the character of her favourites; Medea may be made too fierce, or Ino not sufficiently tearful, but rarely are the characters actually interchanged.

There is, however, one ancient testimony about the character of Brutus which is worth all the rest. Cæsar, that unerring judge of character, has pronounced upon him, and his verdict is, 'When he wants a thing, he wants it in earnest.' * This, be it

* 'Quidquid vult valde vult,' Att. xiv. 1, 2.

observed,

observed, is the only contemporary, or ancient, judgment on the character of Brutus which is consistent with the picture of him presented by the letters of Cicero. His untiring energy in coercing the Salaminians, and his pertinacity in clamouring for more remittances from Ariobarzanes, show that he was not disposed to give up an attempt in which he once embarked. The words of Cæsar would not be inapplicable to a Shylock. When we read that Brutus, on the point of death, bewailed in some verses from Euripides his late discovery, that virtue was but a name, while he had pursued it as a reality (*ἔργον*), we cannot but think of another meaning of the word *ἔργον*, the interest or profit on money, and reflect how well he would have deserved the panegyrics of his admirers, if he had followed virtue with half the energy which he devoted to the pursuit of pecuniary profit.*

When we see that Cato and Brutus, those heavy fathers in the drama of the decline of the Roman Republic, are so little alive to the duties of a civilized administration, we are not surprised to find a *jeune premier* like Cælius taking a light view of the position of a proconsul. No sooner has Cicero landed in his province, than Cælius writes to him begging him, as of course he has now nothing to do, to devote his leisure to the composition of some work to be dedicated to himself, so that the name of Cælius may be linked with the literary fame of his distinguished friend. The period of his proconsular government is just the time for this, as he has now nothing else to occupy his leisure. The sole governor of a province far larger than Ireland must feel grateful for any employment which will beguile the vacant hours of his proconsulate. We afterwards read how Cælius wanted Cicero to procure him some tigers from Cibyra, for the show which he was about to give as Ædile; and he seems offended because Cicero, while promising to engage the services of the regular professional shikarees if he can get them, thinks it would be undignified to insist on a general tiger hunt in Cibyra, to cater for the amusement of the Roman mob. It would be hard on the poor provincials to be obliged to give up their employments and risk their lives so that Cælius might put himself in the running for the consulship, on winning which he would again look to the province to reimburse himself for his expenditure on the Ædilic games.

'However,' writes Cicero,† 'I am doing my best through the shikarees, but tigers are very scarce, and,' he adds jestingly, 'those

* *ὦ τλῆμον ἀρετή, λόγος ἄρ' ἦσθ', ἐγὼ δέ σε ὡς ἔργον ἤσκουν.*—Dion. Cass. xlvii. 49.

† Fam. ii. 11. 2.

that

that are to the fore think it very hard that they should be the only creatures under my rule of whom an unfair advantage has been taken, and have resolved to leave my province and emigrate into Caria.'

But Cælius by no means contented himself with such moderate demands as these. He has the audacity to ask his friend to impose a tax on the province to defray the whole expenses of his entertainment in Rome. Of this *vectigal ædilicium*, Cicero had written to his brother Quintus * nine years before:—

'How much credit you deserve for delivering your province from that oppressive and iniquitous exaction, though it did cause heart-burnings against us in high quarters! If one magnate complains openly that your decree has taken 200,000 sesterces out of his pocket, what would be the sum paid by the provinces if they were taxed for every one who gave shows at Rome—and that was the practice which was rapidly becoming established.'

Perhaps it was a recollection of this letter which dictated the courteous sternness of his refusal: 'I could not raise this money in such a way, nor, if I were minded to do so, could you accept it.' † A similar dignity displays itself in his dismissal of the brutal Gavius. Cicero, it seems, in spite of his practice of refusing the office of prefect to men engaged in banking business and broking, had, however, at the request of the noble Brutus, conferred that appointment on this Gavius, and on one Scaptius, not apparently the hero of the Salaminian episode, but probably as great a ruffian. Cicero palliated to himself this concession by the reflection, that these men did not carry on their business in his own province, but in Cappadocia. However he had reason to regret his complaisance.

'One Gavius,' he writes to Atticus,‡ 'to whom I gave a prefecture at the request of Brutus, is habitually disrespectful to me in his words and demeanour. A sort of spaniel of Clodius he is. He did not attend me when I left Apamea; and when he did at last join us in camp, he never asked me on leaving, whether I had any commands, and in fact showed undisguised discourtesy to me. What would you think of me if I kept such a fellow on my staff? Was I, who never brooked insolence from the highest, to endure it from a hanger-on like this? Well, this Gavius, seeing me again when he was setting out for Rome, asked me in a tone which I should not have ventured to use to a Culleolus: "*To whom am I to look for my allowances?*" I replied, with less asperity than the circumstances justified in the opinion of the bystanders, "*I am not in the habit of making allowances to those whose services I do not require.*" He went away in a rage.' Cicero adds, 'If the complaints of the scoundrel have any effect on Brutus, I give him up. In your admiration for him you will have no rival in me.'

* Q. Fr. i. 1. 26. † Att. vi. 1. 21. ‡ Ibid. 3. 6.

But

But a certain inconsistency in the conduct of Cicero shows itself in these letters. He constantly expresses dissatisfaction with friends of his who send out to him needy adventurers and political or forensic failures to make a fortune in his province, yet this was the very thing which he himself did in the case of Trebatius. He strongly recommended him to Cæsar, and did not conceal that he hoped he would enrich himself in Gaul. Again, we have already seen him defending, so far as he could, the provincials from the rapacity of the publicans; yet we find him writing to Crassipes, quæstor of Bithynia,* recommending to him the interests of the Bithynian Company, and counselling all those acts of favouritism to the publicans which were habitual with Roman governors, but which were avoided and condemned by himself in his own person and his own province.

The military ability displayed by Cicero in his proconsulate was very considerable. Indeed, both as a poet and as a general, Cicero had far higher aptitudes than he is generally accredited with. Of course we meet in the letters describing his campaign that quality which he candidly ascribes to himself in a letter to Atticus,† 'that little strain of vanity and touch of *chauvinism* which is in my character,' adding, ''tis well not to shut one's eyes to one's own foibles.' He underrates the achievement of Cassius, who really averted the Parthian invasion which Cicero apprehended. Cassius had faced the Parthian before. He had taken part in the fatal day of Carrhæ—a disaster which might have been averted if Crassus had adopted the prudent counsel of his quæstor, not to assume the offensive, not to cross the Euphrates, but to take up his position in some strong place, and watch the movements of the enemy. Cassius, whose name is generally linked with Brutus as a kind of foil to his lustre, or at best as but a humble admirer of virtues quite unattainable by himself, seems to have been about the most respectable of those blustering impostors who strut across the stage in the last scene of Rome's Republic. Though Brutus taunts him with his 'itching palm,' he was a model of uprightness compared with his censor, and at this crisis, the threatened Parthian attack, he saved his country from the possible recurrence of the disaster of Carrhæ. Cicero bears witness to this, though he characteristically ascribes most of the credit to himself: 'When my approach got wind, Cassius took heart and the Parthians were panic-stricken. They fell back from the town (Antioch). Cassius followed them and achieved a success. In the flight Osaces, a leading Parthian chieftain, received a wound of which he died

* Fam. xiii. 9.

† Att. ii. 17, 2, 'quod est subinane in nobis et non ἀφιλόδοξον.'

a few

a few days after. My name carries great weight in Syria.'* He acknowledges, in a letter to Cassius himself,† that the latter had really gained an important victory. Yet, writing to Atticus,‡ he characterizes as impudent the letter in which Cassius claims to have foiled the Parthian attack. In the same humour Cicero ridicules the attempt of Bibulus to secure a triumph by rivalling his own exploit on Mount Amanus, and says that 'he is looking for his bays in a laurel-cake.'§ But he is well aware that his own achievements will hardly fill the trump of fame. When he announces to Atticus the fall of Pindenissus, he adds: ‖ 'Who the deuce, you will say, are the Pindenissitæ? I never heard of them before. That is not my fault. Could I transform Cilicia into an Ætolia or Macedonia?' For this success he was saluted Imperator by the soldiers on the field of battle, and afterwards the Senate voted a supplication in his honour. He would probably have gained a triumph but for the ungenerous opposition of Cato, who, however, supported the much inferior claims of his son-in-law Bibulus to a similar honour. Cicero undoubtedly showed considerable military ability. He found himself confronted, immediately on entering his province, with the threatened invasion from Parthia, and he had at the same time to watch, and if necessary check, any symptoms of revolt in Cilicia, and to keep the feudatory and allied sovereigns in tranquillity and good humour. All this he succeeded in doing with hardly any support from Rome, though he tried to gain it even by appealing to the cupidity of the ruling oligarchs. In a letter to the Senate,¶ he reminds them of the terrible consequences of losing provinces 'on which depend the revenues of Rome;' but even to their cupidity he appealed in vain. Yet in these difficult circumstances the measures which he took to resist the Parthian invasion were so well considered that, had not Cassius checked them at Antioch, he might have won the glory of repelling a Parthian attack, and avenging the *Manes* of Crassus and his legions.

Notwithstanding the purity of Cicero's rule, he found himself at the expiry of his year of office possessed of 2,200,000 sesterces (nearly 18,000*l.*). This sum he deposited in a bank at Ephesus, and it was afterwards appropriated by Pompeius, and applied to the expenses of the Civil War. In addition to this, he had a large balance of the sums voted to him by the Senate as supplies for the carrying on of his government. Of this he gave a part to his successor Cælius; the rest, amounting to about a million sesterces, he deposited in the public treasury, much to the

* Att. v. 20. 3. † Fam. xv. 14. ‡ Att. v. 21. 2.
§ Ibid. 20. 4. ‖ Ibid. 1. ¶ Fam. xv. 1. 5.

indignation

indignation of his staff, who thought this sum should have been divided among themselves. The sale of the booty taken at Pindenissus had realized some twelve millions of sesterces. About this he writes to Sallustius,* 'Of my prize-money no one has touched or will touch a penny, save the urban quæstors, that is, the Roman people.'

It is characteristic of the whole spirit of this epoch of Roman history that Cicero failed to secure a triumph, chiefly through the opposition of Cato, who, in a letter † of disgusting insincerity, assures Cicero that in his opinion 'far higher than the honour of a triumph was the fact, that the Senate held the province to have been saved rather by the gentle and upright rule of the governor than by the force of arms or the mercy of the gods.' Yet the same dealer in high sentiments procured a supplication of twenty days in honour of his son-in-law Bibulus, who, 'while there was a single enemy in Syria, no more put his foot outside his camp than he put it outside his door in Rome,' ‡ when he was the colleague of Cæsar in his consulship. It is amusing to contrast the tone of Cicero's most adroit and masterly letter § in reply to Cato, with one written to Atticus ‖ on the same subject: 'Cato has shown most discreditable spite against me. He has borne witness to the integrity, justice, and mildness of my rule —testimony which I did not want. What I did want he refused me. Cæsar is delighted at Cato's signal ingratitude to me.' Cæsar even then did not despair of winning over Cicero to his side. In the same letter in which he shows how glad he is that Cato has proved ungrateful, he congratulates Cicero on his achievements, and promises to leave nothing undone in his behalf. But Cicero is deaf to all his blandishments. We read ¶ that he has resolved to devote the sum, which he had reserved for the expenses of his expected triumph, to the payment of a debt due to Cæsar, 'for,' he observes, 'it looks ugly to be in debt to a political opponent.' He feels the charm of Cæsar's manner to him, but he resists its effect upon him. For Pompeius, he tries to force himself to feel an affection which is really accorded to his cause, but which the demeanour of Pompeius repels. Pompeius was on the side which for Cicero was uplifted by poetic aspirations and romantic memories. But Pompeius was himself neither romantic nor poetic. Like the horseman in the Vision of Sin—

> 'He rode a horse with wings, that would have flown,
> But that his heavy rider kept him down.'

* Fam. ii. 17. 4.
† Ibid. xv. 5.
‡ Att. vi. 8. 5.
§ Fam. xv. 6.
‖ Att. vii. 2. 7.
¶ Ibid. 8. 5.

The

The provincial government of Cicero must, on the whole, be pronounced by us a failure. We have seen how he failed to reconcile those irreconcileable things, the interests of the province and the interests of the publicans;* and it does not seem to have even occurred to him to make any attempt to develop the resources of the country which he ruled, or to improve its institutions permanently. But Cicero does not take so moderate a view of the success of his proconsular career. We have before quoted his boast, 'To the publicans I am as the apple of the eye;' and his whole correspondence of this date shows us, that his subjects warmly welcomed in him even the assumption of virtues which did not always make themselves felt in his acts; that they were ready to take from him thankfully even the smallest instalment of justice, and to abate somewhat of their plainest rights out of consideration for a governor who seemed to hold the original, almost singular, opinion that the provincials had any rights at all. Hence we are quite able to believe, that Cicero really could sincerely congratulate himself that he had succeeded as a proconsul, and had reconciled these irreconcileable interests. We believe that he could, without hypocrisy, have applied to his own government the phrase in which the historian afterwards described the reign of Nerva—'res olim dissociabiles miscuit;' but we feel that to us, who now read his actions by the light of his private correspondence, the poet has supplied words better fitted to characterize the real principle of his rule. We would put into the mouth of Cicero the oft-quoted confession:—

'video meliora proboque
'Deteriora sequor.'

* 'Ubi publicanus esset ibi aut ius publicum vanum aut libertatem sociis nullam esse.'—Liv. xlv. 18.

ART.

ART. VII.—1. *Second Report of the Royal Commissioners on Technical Instruction.* 5 vols. 8vo. London, 1884.
2. *Technical Instruction Bills.* (England) 1887, 1888. (Scotland) 1887.
3. *The Struggle for Existence.* By Professor Huxley, 'Nineteenth Century,' February 1888.
4. *Report to the Board of Trade on the Sweating System at the East End of London.* By the Labour Correspondent. London, 1887.
5. *Publications of the National Association for the Promotion of Technical Education.* London, 1887–88.
6. *Technical School and College Building.* By E. C. Robins, F.S.A. London, 1887.

OUR trade has slackened during the past ten years by comparison with the previous decade. Owing to the operation of numerous developments, incidental mainly to the rapid growth of machinery, the continuance of peace, and the increase in population, we have found ourselves more closely pressed than previously in the industrial race; and various exceptional causes have been assigned in explanation of a fact which is perfectly natural and inevitable. For many years workmen's strikes were popularly supposed to be the main causes of industrial depression, and the unions and their leaders, the 'professional agitators,' were abused all round. Then the supposed suicidal policy of shortening the hours of labour was discussed, and the Employers' Association proposed in 1879 to bring back the ten hours' day. Wages again were frequently said to be too high, rendering competition with lower-rated countries out of the question. And now when it has been proved that the energy of the English workman is proportionate to his higher wages, so that in the best classes of work he produces as cheaply as his foreign competitors, Technical Education is introduced as the latest remedy.

We have had so many Cassandra warnings, so many dismal Jeremiads on our retrogression as a nation of manufacturers, that we think it well to be outspoken in this matter—if only to reassure those timid souls who are wont to look at the darker side of things—and to place before our readers the actual conditions which govern the development of trade.

It has been stated, repeated, and re-echoed from the platform and the press, that the reason why our trade is periodically subject to stagnation is, that while we go working blindly on, by so-called methods of rule-of-thumb, the Germans, French,

Belgians,

Belgians, and Americans educate their youth in technical schools; thus fitting them directly for their specific occupations in life. It is extremely difficult, almost impossible in fact, to place before our readers a very clear or concise account of what is understood by 'technical education, since there is among its advocates nothing like a consensus of opinion as to its meaning. We have waded though shoals of reports, pamphlets, speeches, and articles bearing upon this question, and the only opinion on the subject which we find recurring with absolute uniformity is this, that something ought to be done for the furtherance of an educational training, having a more direct, more specific bearing on the pursuits of artizans and manufacturers than is the case at present, and that such training should be paid for or aided by borough rates, and by grants of national money, and should be under State supervision.

In consequence of representations made to Her Majesty's Government of the need of better technical training, a Royal Commission was appointed in 1881 'to enquire into the Instruction of the Industrial Classes of certain Foreign Countries in technical and other subjects, for the purpose of comparison with that of the corresponding classes in this Country, and into the influence of such Instruction on manufacturing and other Industries at home and abroad.' The Commissioners visited Belgium, France, Germany, Holland, Italy, most of the educational establishments in the United Kingdom, and obtained reports from the United States and Canada; and in 1884 they published the results of their labours in 5 vols. 8vo, containing more than 2500 pages. This Report, which is placed at the head of this article, is a monument of industry and painstaking research. It is impossible to give even the barest summary of the matter contained in these five closely-printed volumes. The attitude of the Commissioners, we may remark, appears to be that of indecision, for while pointing out some advantages which they consider the Continental methods possess over their own, they say distinctly, 'For the technical education of workmen, outside of the workshop, the resources of Continental countries have hitherto been, and are still, very much more limited than has been supposed in this country to be the case' (vol. i. p. 510); and, again, 'No organization like that of the Science and Art Department, or of the City and Guilds Institute exists in any Continental country, and the absence of such organizations has been lamented by many competent persons with whom we came in contact abroad' (*Ibid.*). And further, the Science and Art Department affords 'a system of instruction for the great body of our foremen and

workmen, susceptible certainly of improvement, but which, in its main outlines, it is not desirable to disturb' (p. 515).

In reference to our supposed industrial decadence, we commend the following passage to the notice of our readers:—

'But great as has been the progress of foreign countries, and keen as is their rivalry with us in many important branches, we have no hesitation in stating our conviction, which we believe to be shared by Continental manufacturers themselves, that, taking the state of the arts of construction and the staple manufactures as a whole, our people still maintain their position at the head of the industrial world. Not only has nearly every important machine and process employed in manufactures been either invented or perfected in this country in the past, but it is not too much to say, that most of the prominent new industrial departures of modern times are due to the inventive power and practical skill of our countrymen. Amongst these are the great invention of Bessemer for the production of steel in enormous quantities, by which alone, or with its modification by Thomas and Gilchrist, enabling the commonest description of iron to be used for the purpose, steel is now obtained at one-tenth the price of twenty years ago; the Weldon, Hargreaves, and Deacon processes, which have revolutionized the alkali trade; the manufacture of aniline colours by Perkin; the new processes in the production of silk fabrics by Lister; the numerous applications of water pressure by Armstrong; the Nasmyth steam-hammer; the compound steam-engine as a source of great economy of fuel; and the practical application of electricity to land and submarine telegraphy by Cooke, Wheatstone, Thomson, and others.

'Machinery made in this country is more extensively exported than at any former period; the best machines constructed abroad are, in the main, made with slight, if any, modifications, after English models. A large proportion of the power-looms exhibited and used in the Continental weaving schools has been imported from this country. In the manufacture of iron and steel, we stand preeminent; and we are practically the naval architects of the world. Our technical Journals, such as those of the Institutes of Civil and Mechanical Engineers, and of the Iron and Steel Institute, are industriously searched and their contents assimilated abroad.'—'Commissioners' Report,' vol. i. p. 506.

Numerous recommendations close this first volume of the Report, not one of which is, however, of a radical character. They relate to matters of minor detail, and are seemingly inadequate to the laborious researches of which they are the result.

Vol. II. relates entirely to Agricultural matters; Vol. III. reports on Technical Education in Russia, and on the silk industry of England, but consists mainly of the minutes of evidence of witnesses examined by the Commission. Vol. IV. relates

relates exclusively to Ireland; and Vol. V. gives, in the form of Appendices, details of courses of instruction.

We shall have occasion to refer to these reports again; in the meantime, we may remark that the Technical Instruction Bills of the two last Sessions, if not directly due to the Commission, are doubtless an indirect result of the attention which was concentrated on the subject by their labours.

In July 1887, the 'National Association for the Promotion of Technical Education' was formed, its purpose being the encouragement of Educational Reform by legislation, or otherwise. The prospectus of the intended work of the Association is too lengthy for quotation, but it embraces the promotion of technical training by the teaching of the elements of science, of drawing, the use of tools, and the reform of our system of primary instruction, in order to adapt it to the industrial work of the nation. The Association has organized meetings and lectures, and circulated a large number of tracts and leaflets in furtherance of this object. We have, we think, perused the whole of these, and find the burden of their utterances to be that English trade is going to the dogs for want of technical instruction. We meet with the same well-worn vague generalities; we are told of the marvels which technical instruction will accomplish on our behalf; but for argument, proof, and practical schemes, we search in vain.

We may say then, speaking broadly, that the efforts of our educational reformers are now being made in two directions: the one, to impart technical and technological education in the elementary schools, both in day and evening classes; the other, to introduce training more practical than that afforded by South Kensington and the City Guilds into the secondary and higher class schools. The first is in the supposed interests of the artizan; the second in that of the manager, employer, and commercial representative.

Expressed in general terms, the reasons assigned for the need of technical education are—that through its neglect we are being beaten in the markets of the world; that the apprenticeship system has broken down, and is practically a thing of the past; that technical schools alone can take its place; and that the condition of the workman himself will be improved in every way by such training. These are, concisely, the arguments, put in various forms, which we meet with in studying the literature of this subject.

We cannot, in the limits of this article, discuss every aspect of the question, nor answer every objection, but we shall deal rather with the broad features, the general aspects of the arguments

ments in favour of technical education. We feel compelled, however, to make special reference to the article of Professor Huxley in the 'Nineteenth Century' for February last:—

'We must,' he says, 'be a nation of shopkeepers under penalty of starvation; and as our customers will naturally seek to get the most and the best they can in exchange for their food products, our struggle for existence is found in the necessity to make the goods we have to offer better than those offered by our competitors. . . . The old apprenticeship system has broken down. Inventions are constantly changing the face of our industries. The instruction given by the master must therefore be more than replaced by the systematic teaching of the technical school.'

We are as deeply impressed as Professor Huxley with the character of a struggle, in which death is the penalty of defeat. But we are also convinced that the bitterness of this internecine war cannot be mitigated by school and college training. Much of our argument will, we think, afford a complete refutation of the Professor's statement; but two plain facts may be just now adduced, by way of showing how fallacious is the idea that in the great bulk, at least, of *artizan's* work, education can exercise any appreciably beneficial influence. We adduce these facts now because they are of the nature of independent testimony, and they afford a direct reply, as far as they extend, to the empirical remedies proposed for battling with the operation of a cruel law. We admit the struggle, but we deem the remedy altogether inadequate.

Our facts have reference first, to the great superiority of training which is gathered practically in the shops over that gained in technical schools; and secondly, to the fierceness of the competition arising from the pressure of population on the means of subsistence.

Referring to the Commissioners' Report, they say, speaking of alkali works, 'in no country does any real amount of scientific education reach the ordinary workmen in alkali works, who are rather labourers than artizans' . . . hence 'the foreigner has no advantage over us, nor have we any over the foreigner' (vol. i. p. 229). While admitting that managers of Continental alkali works are trained in science better than English managers, they say distinctly that the foreigner is not a 'better alkali maker than the Englishman' (p. 230), and they point out that all important improvement in this branch of industry has originated in England. Yet this is a trade which is wholly based on chemical knowledge.

Again, in connection with some machine and tool works near Zürich, it was represented to the Commissioners that a 'boy

'boy coming to the shop at fourteen, becomes, as a rule, a more skilled and valuable artizan than the highly educated youth coming at twenty' (p. 283). And, 'There are many workmen and foremen possessing practical skill and high scientific knowledge, who have not attended a Polytechnic School, and there are some who have enjoyed the fullest advantages of the Polytechnic School, who are not only much inferior in practice, but are very deficient in scientific knowledge also' (p. 284). Further: 'Employers in Switzerland stated that it was only by the greatest economy, and an attention to detail which English manufacturers would not trouble themselves with, that Switzerland could face the competition of England and other foreign countries' (p. 293).

Speaking of German cotton-spinning, the proprietor of a cotton factory in one of the Rhine Provinces admitted that he could buy English yarns cheaper than any spun in Germany. Yet his men worked seventy-two hours per week, and received lower wages than Lancashire operatives, while to the cost of the English yarns would be added that of carriage, packing, and import duty (p. 295).

Testimonies similar to these could be multiplied both from the Commissioners' Reports and from the weekly technical journals; and they more than outweigh a far larger number of vague generalities, too often repeated at second hand. But these will suffice just now to show, that it is not yet proven that technical training, in the sense in which its advocates understand it, will aid us in a struggle where labour is so divided and machinery so universal, that the artizan's duties are nearly as automatic as the operations of the mechanism that he superintends. Further evidence bearing on this we shall adduce as we proceed.

A fact, the full force of which Professor Huxley as a biologist will admit, is the multiplication of individuals beyond the means of subsistence. The influence on work and wages of this too rapid increase, coupled with pauper immigration, is fully apparent in Mr. Burnett's 'Report to the Board of Trade on the Sweating System at the East End of London.' The whole Report reads to us like a bitter mockery of the panacea of Technical Education—a running commentary on the 'severity of a competition, in which *those who can subsist on least are sure to be victorious.*' Mr. Burnett avers that 'the supply of cheap labour has of late years been enormous, and when there was the slightest difficulty in obtaining it at the prices offered, there was no difficulty in obtaining more people from abroad.' The men and women in the sweaters' dens work from

from fourteen to sixteen hours a day. 'The tea half-hour is in many cases not allowed at all. If a female worker were to insist upon a regular half-hour for tea, she would be sent about her business.'

This dreadful condition of things is by no means confined to the tailoring trades, but it is one into which all occupations, where little or no skill or special preparation are required, are rapidly drifting all the world over.

It will enable us to obtain a clearer idea of the scope of this question, if we endeavour, from a matter-of-fact point of view, to ascertain the true conditions of *paying* work. For this is really what the whole question resolves itself into—even according to the showing of the advocates of technical education—it is simply one of successful competition, that is, of paying trade, which of course puts on one side all considerations of a purely intellectual character, the higher training of the mind, and so forth. It is *technical*, not general, education which is in question—that training by virtue of which a man shall be qualified to do his work in the *best* manner, in the *shortest* possible space of time. Keeping this essential fact clearly in view, the matter is very much simplified.

Now it will be admitted that the education which is adapted for one craftsman is not suitable for another. An engineering draughtsman's training, for example, involves the study of the principles of mechanics, of mathematics, geometry, and the actual work of drawing. A knowledge of these things is absolutely necessary before a man can earn his living at all as a mechanical draughtsman, and he, by the special study of these subjects, qualifies himself for the special business of his life. The necessity becomes thus the incentive to the acquisition of the knowledge. Or, taking an engine-fitter:—his special training lies in this, that he must understand the drawings from which he has to work, that he shall be able to execute any piece of work submitted to him in a proper manner, and effect such a union of parts, according to the design and the materials provided, that a perfect machine is the result. Unless he can do these things, read a drawing, handle the chisel, file, scrape, screw-taps, &c., with celerity and accuracy, he cannot earn his living in that sphere; and here, again, necessity becomes the incentive to the development of aptitude. The founder has to understand the nature of his moulding sands, and the different qualities of metal, the venting of moulds, the conditions of pressure, pouring, and so forth. The pattern-maker, again, has to master the drawings, the manipulation of wood-working tools, and the principles of moulding. The metal-turner, or the machine-hand

hand must learn the best angles of his cutting tools, and their adaptation to the different metals which he has to shape. The boiler-maker or smith must know the nature and mode of treatment of the different qualities of iron and steel, which have to be welded, rolled, punched, or riveted. In each of these departments, therefore, the education required is different from that in any other department. Though each of these is comprised under the generic head of 'engineering,' each nevertheless demands knowledge of so very distinct and special a character, that the workmen are isolated from each other, they have to spend several years in acquiring the knowledge necessary to the exercise of their craft, and they never work in any department save their own; and without that special knowledge they cannot earn their living as workmen. Hence we conclude, that the only technical education which is of any value is that which is acquired *in the shops*. But then this is synonymous with the learning of the trade, or with *apprenticeship*. And therefore we hold, that no amount of theoretical education can compensate in the least degree for the lack of that special skill, which can be acquired by apprenticeship alone. Euclid will not enable a man to file a surface more true, or in less time than another who has not studied Euclid. Algebra will not aid a founder to prepare and pour his mould more efficiently than a fellow-workman alongside, who has not mastered the mysterious symbols. And that which does not aid, often tends to hinder, by introducing a distraction of mind, leading the thoughts away to subjects lying outside the range of daily toil. Not that we consider some intellectual distraction amidst the eternal dulness of the workshop an evil; but we are following strictly the lines of our argument, that intellectual knowledge, mental equipment, will in no case take the place of practical skill, nor aid a man to do his work *cheaper* or *better*. And this skill, we maintain, is to be gathered in the shops, and, if not acquired there, it can be obtained in no other way.

That man, then, is technically trained who has learned his trade thoroughly, even though he might be unable to obtain a certificate of merit in any scholastic or scientific examination. And if the practice of the complex branches of engineer's work can be better acquired in a workshop than in a technical school, certainly then the training of the latter will be of even less value in those numerous occupations in which little skill is wanted.

It may be objected that we have omitted all mention of certain subjects, some knowledge of which must inevitably be required in workshops, such as the principles of mechanics, geometry,

geometry, chemistry, hydrostatics, strength of materials, and others kindred thereto. But people who insist on this show considerable ignorance of the conditions, under which workshop practice is carried out at the present time. Men are 'hands,' skilled hands, if you like, but nothing more; and, being such, these subjects would, if acquired, be forgotten for want of use. One may be a good workman, and work during many years in a good shop, and not once during many years may he have occasion to put to practical use any single important fact in either of these branches of science, other than that which has come to him in a matter-of-fact way during the acquisition of his trade. A founder instinctively knows how to load his flasks, without going into estimates of liquid pressure. An erector knows what load a chain of a certain size should carry safely without calculation. A smith learns the qualities of his iron and steel, as affecting questions of suitable heat for forging and welding, without making analysis of its chemical composition. As much knowledge of these and kindred subjects as is necessary to the proper accomplishment of good work comes naturally in the course of practical training. A man of ordinary ability cannot spend several years in a shop in the earnest practice of one section of handicraft without acquiring, in a very matter-of-fact sort of way, a knowledge of as much scientific truth as is requisite for that practice, the penalty for not knowing being mistakes and disgrace. Moreover, a technically-educated man, meaning by that, one who has mastered the text-books only, would be immensely more at fault than an uncultured, but practical and observant workman, because, although the first might reason and calculate with strict precision as taught by text-books, he would in nine times out of ten perhaps fail to take account of those modifying practical conditions which would invalidate all his calculations. Without the least hesitation let us say, that we would far rather entrust the execution of a difficult piece of work to a man who scarcely ever opened a book, than to one who, though highly trained in theory, had not worked during many years in the shops. It is the latter man who would blunder.

But it is said that the establishment of workshops in conjunction with collegiate institutions will furnish the higher kind of technical training that is desirable. Assuming, for the sake of argument, that such training is desirable, how can more specialized knowledge be gathered in these than in the regular shops? There is about as much similarity between the workshops attached to these colleges, where pupils play at engineering, and the actual shops where the work of the world is done, as there

there is between an amateur mechanic's room and a factory. In the college workshop, time counts for nothing; in the factory, it is of the first importance. In the one, the work is of a uniform, straightforward, experimental, and *dilettante* character; in the other it is done under circumstances of haste and difficulty, frequently without precedent—under ever-varying conditions, and competition—the prime purpose being the making of a substantial profit. In the college, tasks of the most varied character are performed under the guidance of a single teacher or demonstrator, while in the factory each leader is a man who is skilled in one department only. Therefore the collegiate establishments do not conform to the conditions of actual work; and, such being the case, have so limited a value, that they can never have any influence in turning back the tide of foreign competition.

In the training of engineers' articled pupils in the factory, the conditions necessary for the acquisition of practical skill are much more favourable than in the technological school. These pupils spend six months, twelve months, two years continuously in a single department or workshop, the whole of each day being devoted entirely to the acquisition of that one branch. Moreover, the pupils are always youths who have had a good grounding in elementary and secondary schools, often also in collegiate institutions, almost invariably possessing such knowledge of classical and modern languages, mathematics, and the leading principles of science, as youths are able to master before the ages of sixteen or seventeen. They are invariably, too, lads whose physical development is good; so that, with a sound mind in a sound body, they are able to assimilate knowledge under more advantageous conditions than the children of the artizan classes. Now the most which can be said of the pupils who receive instruction under such favourable circumstances is, that with a very few bright exceptions, they would be quite unable to earn their living afterwards as second-rate craftsmen. Of course it must be understood that they do not come into the shops expecting or intending ever to live by manual labour, they want to gather a general knowledge only of the business throughout. But the fact remains, and this applies with equal or greater force to evening artizan classes, that it is impossible for any one of average ability to master the mysteries of an intricate craft in the course of two or three sessions, even under practical teachers fully qualified for their work. If pupils, who have enjoyed the best advantages of elementary and secondary education, who work in shops surrounded by skilled workmen, 'where iron sharpeneth iron,' and

and amidst machines and operations of the most multifarious character, cannot acquire a trade in less than four or five years, how can youths, who employ only two or three sessions in technical schools, hope to become more skilful than the men who, without preliminary training, have stuck doggedly to the bench, the forge, the vice, throughout the regulation term of apprenticeship? There is no royal road to the learning of handicraft.

This applies with even more force to the training of boys at an earlier age in Board Schools. It is but right to say, that the use of the simpler tools in Board Schools is generally advocated, not with any idea of teaching a trade, but with the view of developing 'dexterity, neatness, and intelligence.' But then these qualities are developed more rapidly in the shops; for, if a lad does not become dexterous and neat, he will not be efficient at his trade, and will starve. Moreover, manual skill in schools can only be acquired by a corresponding sacrifice of elementary literary and scientific knowledge, which cannot be so well acquired later in life. Teaching the use of tools to the schoolboy, and afterwards occupying the evenings of the apprentice with scholastic work, appear to us a reversal of the proper sequence of things.

Moreover, the children of the artizan classes leave school at so early an age, usually from thirteen to fourteen, that it seems to us little short of a crime to abstract even the smallest sections of the precious school hours for purposes of manual training. Two or three years more of school would exercise a vast influence for good, both on their mental and physical development. We know that the exigencies of artizan life forbid the extension of school days; but for this very reason, if for no other, we would not take away a single hour from the time legitimately devoted to purely elementary studies.

The abuse of a system of training children in handicrafts is seen in the 'Slöjd' or hand-work schools of Sweden, which many of the advocates of Educational Reform greatly admire. These schools now number about six hundred, and the children are trained largely in making articles for sale, embracing turned work, carpentry, basket-work, forging, shoemaking, tailoring, bookbinding, tinmen's work, much of which is now done far cheaper by machinery than by hand. In the Upsala school, the oldest in the country, dating from 1872, there are eighteen hours of lessons and twelve hours of 'slöjd' weekly. For an extended account of this system, we refer to the 'Commissioners' Report,' vol. v. pp. 7–31.

The point then at which we arrive is this, that the so-called technical

technical education, by which it is proposed to supplement shop training, can never have any appreciable effect on British trade. The broad difference between this aspect of the question and the one which it is intended to combat, is that the first regards the *workshop* as the true training school, and the second proposes a training *outside* of the shops, on the basis of a more or less technological education.

In a matter of such moment as this, it is well to have very clear ideas of the point at issue. We will now therefore say definitely that we look to apprenticeship as furnishing the true training of a skilful craftsman for his life work. It seems like giving utterance to a truism to say this, yet the value of apprenticeship is in danger of being lost sight of. We are plainly told the system has broken down. We admit this is the case in many trades, where, owing to the division of labour and the introduction of machinery, little or no training is required; but for the present we must be understood as speaking only of those occupations where the highest skill and most painstaking efforts are still essential. In these it is certain that no technical training of a pseudo-scholastic character can ever take the place of apprenticeship.

The system dates from the establishment of the craft guilds of the Middle Ages. No person was admitted a member of the guilds who had not served an apprenticeship, commonly lasting in England for seven years, but on the Continent for lesser periods. Ultimately the usage of centuries was codified by the Statute of Apprentices, 5 Elizabeth, c. 4. With the growth of the factory system, during the latter portion of the eighteenth and the commencement of the nineteenth centuries, the masters made strenuous efforts, first to evade the provisions of the Statute, and then to get it repealed. In 1814 they succeeded, by 54 George III. c. 96, in obtaining its abrogation for all trades, save those in London; and since that time, though the practice has been retained in many of the trades where high skill is essential, it is not compulsory, and the arrangement often takes the form of a verbal agreement only.

In a large number of shops, therefore, probably in the majority, no apprentices are now taken; for two reasons, one being that more boys can be passed through the shops in a given time, the term of non-indentured service being often less than the old-fashioned seven years, the other being that lads who are not indentured give less trouble to the employers than those who are regularly bound, because the first can be discharged for misbehaviour. There is, in consequence, a loosening of the bond which formerly subsisted between the employer

employer and those who come to his shops to learn their trade. And whereas in years past, under the old indenture system, the apprentices were taught directly by their 'master'—in every case a true craftsman, who had also gone through his period of apprenticeship; they are now placed under the charge of a foreman or of a leading hand, who has no personal interest or pride in their advancement, but whose interest is very often really identical with practice which becomes a deterrent to the lads' advancement; in other words, it often *pays* best to keep a youth at a certain *section* of work at which he has become proficient, rather than pass him on to learn another section in the same department. And as a matter of fact, the employer in one of our modern mammoth establishments barely knows his lads by sight, probably never speaks to one of them, except, perhaps, to send him to fetch the foreman or manager. This lamentable estrangement, which prevails in our big establishments, is a great evil, and is one cause of the lack of skill which we deplore in a section of our workmen. As lads they have never been trained, because it has been nobody's business to teach them, while in some cases the very narrowness of their occupation has been their master's gain. In a more thorough conscientious training of lads during the years of their apprenticeship, lies, as far as the higher crafts are concerned, the remedy for the foreign competition so much dreaded.

The marvel is that any one, at all conversant with the conditions under which work is done, should think that technical school training might be even partly substituted for the regular apprenticeship. If the present mode of training is found not to be efficient, that should warn employers to see that lads have the amplest opportunities to learn their trades, so that they shall, when their term is finished, be true craftsmen, and not narrow specialists. For we must ever remember, that it is the education of the fingers mainly which makes the mechanic, the doing the same thing over and over again, until facility comes almost as if by instinct, until every individual tool is known by its *touch*, and its mode of action is *felt*. If we now lightly abandon the older system of apprenticeship, we may rest assured that no other education, however pretentious, will be capable of producing the best workmen in those crafts where much skill is required.

A passage in Mr. Dyer's paper has so direct a bearing on this subject, that we cannot forbear to quote it. He says:—

'I have found, moreover, a very strong impression among merchants and engineers that, although young men now came to them with bundles

bundles of certificates, they were largely a-wanting in the power of applying their knowledge, and in originality. They thought and acted according to the rules of a Government department, or the text-books of their examiners or teachers. What men who really think for themselves complain of is, that a great deal of what is called scientific or technical education is often more formal than the old classical education, and it will neither make better individual men, nor improve society as a whole.'

We might quote numerous independent opinions to this effect, but must now pass on to notice how the question of technical education affects those who in these days of minute division of labour can scarcely be ranked as craftsmen, who are mere 'hands,' caretakers, little less automatic than their machines, or, if hand-workers, whose duties embrace some fractional portion only of the operations from which their trade formerly derived its name.

The fact is, though the advocates of technical education are often oblivious of it, that the conditions of manufacture and of trade have been revolutionized during the past half century. The movement really began about the middle of the eighteenth century, when Arkwright and Watt took out their earlier patents. Machinery has since then assumed an importance which it never possessed before, and the value of skill in handicrafts, except in some few sections, has proportionately declined. There are now hundreds of machines in our large factories, each of which is attended and controlled by a lad, a man, or a woman, who can, in the course of a few days, readily acquire the slight amount of skill necessary for their supervision —machines so automatic in action, that little else is required of the attendant, nay in many cases literally nothing else, beyond the pulling of a lever, and the fixing and removal of the work. Hundreds of pieces, all precisely alike, are shaped in these machines, which, though in themselves marvels of ingenuity and inventive skill, reduce the attendant to a mere automaton. It is by these that Waltham watches, Singer sewing-machines, small arms and ammunition, boots and shoes, nails, screws, engineers' tools, cloth, cotton goods, and scores of other articles are produced. How can technical education, we ask, aid the attendants, or expedite the automatic work?

And in many trades, where hand-work is mostly done, subdivision goes on to an extent little dreamed of by outsiders. Mr. Burnett's statement as to the tailors will also apply to many other occupations:—

'Instead of the complete tailor, we have now men who only make coats or waistcoats or trousers. Nor does subdivision stop here. We

We have cutters, basters, machinists, pressers, fellers, buttonhole-workers, and general workers, all brought to bear upon the construction of a coat. The learning of any one of these branches is naturally so much easier than the acquisition of the whole trade, that immense numbers of people of both sexes, and of all ages, have rushed into the cheap tailoring trade as the readiest means of finding employment.'

Such facts as these justify the cynical remark of Mr. Ruskin, that 'all the little piece of intelligence that is left in a man is not enough to make a pin or a nail, but exhausts itself in making the point of a pin or the head of a nail.'

On the one side, then, we have the highly-skilled craftsman, and on the other these mere 'hands,' and these classes merge one into the other by imperceptible gradations, but the tendency is always towards the increase of the latter. This specialization, taken even in its mildest forms, must be accepted, whether for good or ill, as one of the most essential and unavoidable factors in the trade competition of the present day. It inevitably narrows the training of the apprentice where apprenticeship is still in vogue, and also the sphere of the workman. Even if a foreman were so disposed, he could not, in many cases, even in trades which are still considered fairly good, give an all-round training to the lads under his charge, since the firm itself may do only one special class of work, while this work also, in the larger firms, is again subdivided into departments. Moreover, the acquisition of a knowledge of more than one branch is usually discountenanced by employers. Of what use then, we ask, is a high technical training to a man whose duties are so restricted that he cannot possibly find scope for its exercise? It is like putting tools into one's hand without giving materials upon which to operate. The skilful craftsmen, who make our lever watches, chronometers, and clocks, the best in the world, do not require a better technical training to teach them to construct Waterbury and Waltham watches, and seven-and-sixpenny alarum-clocks. Nor will the hands, who each turn out some fractional portions of the latter, produce them better or with greater rapidity by virtue of a more profound acquaintance with the principles of horological construction. Does the poor girl who minds a power-loom, and whose eternal task consists in taking up broken threads, need technical aids? Or the French-polisher who can learn his business in a few months, must he too go to evening school? Or the jerry cabinet-maker who works in garret or cellar for a sweater, can education aid his weary efforts? And we might still go on asking the same question of compositors, pressmen,

masons,

masons, shoemakers, and pause in vain for a reply. The minute, we might say infinitesimal, division of labour, and the fierce competition for employment at starvation wages, have long been to us matters of grave import. So little skill required, so many applicants for occupation, technical training for these is a mockery!

We have several times met with the remark, that such education will enable men to turn their hands to different occupations, taking up new industries when others fail. We make one such quotation only from No. 2 of the 'Popular Series' issued by the National Association. It is said that a workman who is technically trained 'will be able to turn his hand readily to different kinds of skilled labour,' and so enable himself 'to tide over periods of enforced idleness by engaging in other industries and handicrafts in the meantime.' No workman or person competent to judge could pen such a ridiculous statement as this. It cannot hold good in the higher crafts, and *all* the unskilled industries are over-crowded.

Another argument, which we have met with several times, is that since apprentices now only learn a section of a trade instead of its entirety, as formerly, the technical school should supplement the shops and teach him the entire art and craft. Now supposing the schools were really competent to do this, of what use would the general knowledge gained thereby be to a man who could never have opportunity of putting it into actual practice? And as work becomes more specialized and competition more fierce year by year, the need of general training will diminish accordingly.

The lot of the lowest is utterly hopeless, and education cannot train their fingers to more lissom movement; while the truly artistic crafts, whose acquisition costs long years of labour, require training which the teachers in technical schools are *not* qualified to impart.

But, taking the skilled trades, will not school training usefully supplement and render more valuable that of the shops? This, in substance, is one way in which the argument for technical education is often put. In some few individual cases undoubtedly it would. But, in general, the unfavourable conditions under which this training would have to be acquired, and the difficulty of giving it practical application with hope of real and ultimate success, must not be lost sight of. None but the very few born lovers of study who learn for the sake of the delight, and the mental range which it brings, would willingly consent to go through a severe curriculum without expecting to gain corresponding advantage in return. The apprentice and workman

man are most unfavourably situated as regards opportunities for study. Students in our universities and colleges give their freshest hours to learning, and recruit their energies with considerable spells of recreation. But the workman is compelled by the exigencies of his lot to engage in exhausting physical toil throughout the day, and is asked afterwards to give his wearied evenings to studies too often distasteful. He must leave his bed by half-past five in the morning in order to be within the shop at six. He is not free until five at night, nor until seven or later when he works overtime, and he should be in bed by ten. Yet that scanty scrap of evening rest is to be given up, not to recreations or studies of an altogether different character from the occupations of the day, but to studies, often difficult, requiring close application, and having a direct bearing on the day's work. Recreation of mind, *variety* of occupation, must be sacrificed to speciality, and life must be trained only to run on in one narrow, very narrow, groove. Who would have the strength of mind to undertake such monotonous tasks, unless with the fairest hopes that such application would find its ultimate reward in a good position? An educated man is usually an ambitious man; and the ambition of a self-educated workman is to *leave* the ranks of the drudges, to cease to be a mere 'hand.' He scorns delights, and lives laborious days, and burns the midnight oil, to get a step or two higher, to become foreman, or manager, or employer in a small way. Such men as these have no intention of staying at the bench, the lathe, the forge; their aim is to make for themselves a more free and independent, even though more responsible position; and the energy by which they have been enabled to overcome the initial difficulties of their early career, usually enables them to quit the ranks for ever.

An educated man in any rank expects a recompense—a reasonable compensation for the labour of years spent in study. We have already too many scholars for whom no work can be found. Why add to the number cultured machine chargemen, iron-founders, smiths, and boiler-makers, to whom no adequate recompense, if indeed any, would come by reason of their knowledge studiously acquired? For let workmen be ever so cultured, those who could do the best *manual* work in the least space of time would retain their situations; while the men brimful of science, without physical energy and skilful fingers, would swell the ranks of the unemployed.

There is a vast difference between self-education, pursued in the teeth of obstacles and with a determined purpose, and that which would be provided in evening classes for wearied workers, lacking

lacking in buoyant enthusiasm, and who probably are compulsory attendants. In the first, there is 'the rapture of pursuing;' in the second, there is the depressing sense of task work with which the heart is not in tune. And supposing all were educated thus, all working in the self-same groove, all imbued with the idea of improving their position by virtue of their education, all striving to become skilful in science, in mechanics, in mathematics, how would this state of things conduce to *mechanical skill*, to the cunning of the hands which comes of repetitive work? There would result a large class of men, half workers, half students, without the singleness of purpose or strength of mind to make their mark in either capacity, and the condition of these would be pitiable. Men of average culture would remain workers all their lives, the ambitious hopes fostered by training and acquired tastes remaining unrealized, and only the exceptionally gifted would be selected to take the lead.

Some good folks appeal to the workman's ambition, advocating technical education as a means of getting on in the world, a lever for advancement. Well, that is quite a different thing from the advocacy of education with a view to the retention of commercial supremacy. Men do get on by sturdy self-culture *superadded* to practical skill, the latter being of primary importance, but in getting on, they cease to be workmen. To say that a workman will better himself *as a workman* by culture is hardly capable of proof. As such, his reward can at most be only that of a few shillings a week over and above the average hand, and perhaps the better chance of work; and this supposes that his culture has not distracted his attention from his tasks, but intensified his interest, and *aided his practice* therein.

There is far too much of this appealing to the ambition of the artizan classes, which is so common with the advocates of technical education. The tendency to discontent consequent thereon is well illustrated in the words of Mr. Dyer:—

'Our system of elementary education tends to make the scholars become clerks and starve on a miserable pittance, rather than soil their hands by manual work; and if we do not take care, our technical education will turn out by the score men who think themselves qualified to be managers, and by the hundred those who are willing to be draughtsmen or to follow any genteel occupation, but who would never dream of working with the hammer and chisel. In short, we want a different ideal as to the object of education from what is usually kept in view—not merely to get on, or make money, or follow a genteel occupation, but to dignify our work, whatever it may be, and in addition, worthily to act our part as citizens, should be our aim.'

 Are

Are the technical schools then, it may be asked, of no value? Will they have no ultimate influence for good? Well, we think in the first place they will turn out a vast number of young men who will have just a smattering of science and of trades, mere 'improvers,' unfit to take good positions; unused to hard, dirty, rough work; possessed of that little knowledge which, in the higher mechanical occupations, as in the pursuit of pure truth, is vastly dangerous; men who, led to expect great things as the outcome of their training, and in consequence despising the craftsman of the shops, will by-and-by grumble with Fate for her harsh treatment; men who will increase the swelling tide of popular discontent. There will be another class, embracing those who have hitherto had to acquire a knowledge of fundamental principles by a laborious course of self-culture, to whom the technical schools will probably be a boon and assistance; helping them through the wearisome bitterness of their learning, and giving them a start in a successful career. But then these are the men who, under any circumstances, through innate force of character quickly leave the ranks to fill positions of profit to themselves and advantage to their fellows. For let a man possess talent, application, and honesty, he is certain to escape from occupations which involve constant drudgery.

Further, technical, in the sense of purely *scientific* education, pursued, like the classics, for *mental development*, should tend to a general elevation of character and interest among our artizan classes, and would thus be a benefit. But training in manual labour, transferred from the workshop, its proper sphere, to the college laboratories, and the Board Schools, will not be productive of good. All the benefit, therefore, resulting from these institutions would be due to the facilities which they afford for pure culture, and for grounding in scientific facts, hence they would be valuable so far as they are schools of training in science, and in spite of their inferior character as schools of handicraft.

Even the college workshop may perhaps have a certain and limited value for those who intend to be teachers, professors, patent experts, civil and military engineers, and draughtsmen; or for those who, while following other callings, desire some elementary acquaintance with the use of tools, and of mechanical operations. Even as a quiet studious kind of introduction to the factory, as a preliminary school where theory and elementary practice may be conveniently blended, it may have a slight value, always, however, less than that of the workshop itself; but as a substitute for apprenticeship it is worse than useless. And the middle classes alone could avail themselves of the advantages that

that may be supposed to be derived from such institutions; the industrial classes could not. Even supposing that at a vast national expense such training were made gratuitous, even then the children of the poor could not avail themselves of it, simply because they must begin wage-earning at thirteen or fourteen years of age; and compulsory evening tuition would not only be cruel, but impolitic, as tending to produce a stunted ill-developed race.

In all that we have said there is no opposition to education, whether literary, scientific, or technical, but the point of view is this:—Let the value of such training be placed in its true aspect, not as a supposed means of increasing productive power, and making work *pay* better, but as a source of intellectual gratification for all.

It is *desirable* that workmen should know the fundamental facts and deductions of science, and stray into the glorious fields and byways of literature; should avail themselves of the avenues of mental culture and delight, just as their 'betters' are able to do. But we maintain that they will not work longer hours, or harder, or produce more in a given time, or be more profitable to their employers in consequence of such culture. They will better understand the scientific reasons for the processes and results with which they have grown familiar; but they will not handle the chisel, the plane, the file, the hammer, any more deftly for such knowledge. A workman, who has acquired such manual skill as enables him to do his daily tasks satisfactorily, will not perform them any *better* because he is able to trace the reasons of things to their scientific basis. His mental grasp will be broader, but he will not produce better results in pounds, shillings, and pence. He will be better as a *man*, but not as a 'hand.' Nay, with the awakening of another portion of his being, he will assuredly wish that his labour were less severe, less prolonged—he will yearn for more leisure, more ample means to pursue those studies which beckon so alluringly before him.

We must further remark on the confusion of ideas prevalent in the minds, and in the utterances, of the advocates of technical instruction respecting the proper subjects of this instruction. These people are perpetually confounding the training of the workmen with that of their *leaders*. Technical training properly concerns the *leaders* of industry, the employers, designers, managers, foremen. One cannot draw the line at any limit to the special knowledge which it is desirable these should possess. When we consider the immense range of subjects embraced, for instance, by modern engineering practice, the relation of such

 studies

studies as mathematics, heat, statics, dynamics, hydraulics, chemistry, electricity, geology, and others beside, to the work of the leaders and initiators of engineering work and enterprize, we should say that no man can now keep abreast of the times, or hold his own in the work of design, invention, and improvement, without constant accessions of new knowledge which can only be acquired by most untiring study. But it is the *leaders* alone who can profit by such studies, for these only is this wealth of knowledge of *practical service*, these alone are in a position to apply it to the furtherance of their undertakings and consequent pecuniary profit. We think this statement scarcely needs argument, or corroboration, with those who know anything about the conduct of work in large factories, where the thinking, scheming, and ordering, are done by a very few, while the hundreds and thousands of toilers work on lines, and under conditions, which are most rigidly defined, and from which they dare not move a hair's breadth.

In an address delivered December 22nd, 1877, by Professor Ramsay, on the occasion of the distribution of the prizes of the Science and Art Department to the pupils of Allen Glen's School, Glasgow, the following facts, bearing on this aspect of the subject, were given as the result of a personal enquiry of two of the largest establishments in the Glasgow district:—Taking the total amount of weekly pay—1390*l.*—in a shipbuilding yard, labcur, whether skilled or unskilled, earns 91*l.* 3*s.* 5¾*d.* out of 100*l.*; 5*l.* 13*s.* 0½*d.* is the total earned in those departments for which teaching in science and in drawing form a necessary preparation. Of the total number employed, just 4·7 per cent. need some higher knowledge of science and drawing. No less than 92·76 per cent. are labourers or artizans.

The other was 'a large print-work, in which chemical knowledge, mechanical ingenuity, and proficiency in design are of the very highest value.' Of the total wages—60,000*l.* a year divided among 1200 hands—'just 4*l.* 17*s.* per cent. is paid for work performed by men who have, or who require to have, some knowledge of chemistry, engineering, or mechanics. If we count heads, the proportion is smaller still. Only two per cent. of the total number employed are engaged in work of this character, and this two per cent. gets paid on the average twice as much as the remainder.'

And we must remember, that these leaders are men who have either won their positions by dint of hard and determined effort, or they have in many cases been trained from early youth with a view to the positions which they afterwards hold, and hence afford no argument in favour of a *general* scheme of technical education.

education. They may well be left to take care of their own interests.

Do the employers themselves heartily believe the assertions put forth by others on their behalf? Every week the technical journals contain advertisements for managers and foremen of shops. Out of the hundreds of such which we have read, we cannot call to mind any in which education was made a *sine quâ non.* The advertisers invariably want 'a thoroughly practical man,' or 'a man well up in' a certain class of work, a man 'accustomed to the charge of workmen,' and so on. Again and again it is the *practical man* who is invited to apply for the highest rewards of his craft, the man whose 'unexceptional references' relate to ability, steadiness, and skill, not to education.

We commend the Appendix G. in the third volume of the Commissioners' Report to our readers. It contains numerous replies from manufacturers to a circular addressed to them by the Commission, soliciting their opinions as to the value of technical education. There are fifty-nine replies, representing nearly all the staple trades of the country. We note that the majority of these are of a very general, and of a rather guarded character. Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 23, 26, are examples of this kind. A few, however, speak in positively favourable terms of the result of technical training. Of this character is No. 9, of the Elswick works, where there is a school in connection with the factory, and Nos. 13, 17, 28, 37. Others, as letters No. 10, 16, 23, 27, 32, 36, 42, express little or no faith in the schools. A large number say that their experience is too limited to enable them to form an opinion. Several think the teaching of the schools is not sufficiently practical to be of much value. A linen firm in Belfast point out (p. 663) that the school would have to 'obtain the most part of its information from the manufacturers in the neighbourhood.' Again (p. 668): 'We find that our best workmen are those who have worked in our shops from young lads.' A London firm of printers (p. 679) say, 'we do not consider any technical instruction given outside our office would be of any value, or in any way obviate the necessity of the apprenticeship which is now the custom in our trade.' Messrs. Sharp, Stewart & Co., of the Atlas Works, say (p. 652): 'we have been unable to trace any appreciable influence on our mechanics or foremen, as a class, from the efforts made in Manchester in the Science and Art Classes, at the Mechanics' Institution and elsewhere, to promote technical instruction.' . . . 'We are not of opinion that the quality either of our work or of our workmen would be improved by the introduction of a system of technical instruction,

such

such, for instance, as that in vogue in France; and we base our views upon the fact that, in our own particular business of locomotive manufacture, the French engineers have arrived at machines heavier, more expensive, and more complicated than our English engines, doing practically the same work.'

'Goths! Philistines!' we can imagine we hear some people exclaim. But the fact remains that, amid all this hubbub about technical training, the manufacturers as a body go on, minding their business, doing paying work, making fortunes which are the envy and despair of scholars, and allowing the politicians, professors and teaching bodies, to deplore their apathy, and show them what they ought to do.

It is a significant, and to us a very reassuring fact, that the leading technical journals are, on the whole, quite opposed to such schemes of technical education as have been hitherto proposed. Passages of this character in 'Engineering,' 'The Engineer,' 'Industries,' and the 'English Mechanic,' must be omitted for want of space.

Is there then any tangible reason for this demand, so commonly heard in our midst, for a higher, in the sense of a more specialized, more technical, and so-called more practical training for our workmen? Apparently none. It seems to have its origin in that general desire for popular culture which is a development of the present century, and it is accentuated, and intensified, by the uneasy feeling which comes of the consciousness, that we no longer monopolize the markets of the world as we formerly did. That this loss of monopoly arises from causes which might have been foreseen, and which will always continue to operate, admits of no doubt; and no scheme of technical education for workmen will ever enable us to become reinstated in that commercial *supremacy*, which in the natural march of events has gone from us for ever. We have played the noble part of teachers and leaders to the race, and now our pupils have grown to manhood and set up in business on their own accounts, as indeed they might have been expected to do. Did we think to hold the world's trade for ever, with the crowded continental nations, our brethren in race, at peace, —with America developing into a mighty nation, and Greater Britain beyond the seas! Preposterous. The actual result was inevitable; and our foreign trade must be shared with these, our competitors, and whilom pupils.

We are not sure whether there is not an element of self-interest, or at least a strong bias with many of the advocates of technical education. Without imputing motives of conscious self-interest, we are inclined to think, that the training of a simple

simple teacher must needs tend to warp his judgment in matters relating to tuition, and that the ideas begotten of school and college are unconsciously perhaps, but none the less actually, transplanted into the arena of more practical life. As a matter of fact, neither the workmen nor their employers, taken as a body, ask for such education, neither do the purely technical journals themselves. The proposals emanate from authors, journalists, professors, leading public men in and out of Parliament, men who, we respectfully submit, are not, in spite of their very estimable qualities, in a position to solve the intricate problem of industrial competition and commercial success. The public in general naturally follow such leading; hence the extent of the movement in favour of technical education.

If it is to the advantage of the employers of labour as well as to that of the workmen that such education should be provided, they, as the leaders of industry, should bestir themselves to provide it, instead of waiting for the State to do so. No considerations of first expense, which, however, need not be heavy, should deter them from making such an excellent investment as this, an investment which ought to retain and increase trade, and pay well in the end, if what the advocates of technical schools say is true. The workman has not the means, even if he saw the necessity, for acquiring special knowledge. But nearly all the elements of technical education are possessed by our large firms, in the tools, machines, processes, and so forth. The cost of fitting up a lecture room in connection with each factory would not be large, and the men of light and leading in the firms could undertake the instruction of the students. Elementary text-books would have to be provided by the young men themselves; and since also these books are usually compilations merely, and contain much that is antiquated, unpractical, and useless, the factory teachers could help the students to distinguish at once between the purely theoretical, and the practical sections, between that which is fundamental and of first importance, and that which never has any application in daily work. This is a very important, very valuable, and time-saving element in scientific training, as every self-taught student knows by experience. The attendance of all employees below a certain age could be rendered compulsory, by making their engagements with the firm dependent on such attendance. The smaller firms employing few hands, and having limited accommodation and means, could join together in groups, or affiliate themselves to the larger firms for the furtherance of this work, having a common lecture room and library. In any case the cost of such

such an establishment provided with a few simple models, to illustrate elementary *principles*,—the actual, modern embodiments of mechanism, representing the best, and latest *practice* being in the works themselves—together with a well-selected, not necessarily large library—of books on technical subjects, need not exceed that of a single machine of moderate value, and such machines are numbered by scores and hundreds in our factories. One advantage of such institutions as these is that there would be no risk of their degenerating into mere *dilettanti* gatherings, concert, and smoking parties, curates' entertainments, conversaziones, and circulating libraries for light, or goody literature, or even courses of popular lectures. They would be founded and carried on for the attainment of special knowledge bearing towards a special end, affiliated to, and dependent on, the workshops, not severed therefrom.

Messrs. Mather and Platt, the electrical engineers of Salford, have a school organized pretty much on these lines, in connection with their works, for their own apprentices only, the teachers being persons employed in the works in practical duties. The Elswick Science School at Newcastle-on-Tyne is of the same character, and the results in each case are highly satisfactory to the principals. These are the only schools of the kind in the kingdom of which we have any knowledge.

We are truly tired of the unhealthy craving for State-aided education, with which we are bored, *ad nauseam*. Is there no spirit of self-help left in us? Must our industrial interests be made to depend upon grants, instead of upon personal enterprize and energy? This craving for State coddling is not a healthy sign, unless indeed we are disposed to regard the Socialistic programme with favour, sacrificing thereto that sturdy sense of individualism which has caused British enterprize to girdle the world. The State has given us primary education, a grounding in elementary knowledge—the means to acquire the symbols of learning. After that, let each pursue his life work, according to his natural bent, and needs, and means. The school teacher cannot do more than ground his pupils in the elements of things, he cannot follow him into the workshops, and instruct him in his trade; the ability to handle tools in a successful manner, as demanded by the exigencies of competition, can only come of long practice.

Granting now, for the sake of argument, that some more specially directed scheme of education than exists at present becomes an accomplished fact, let us suppose on the broad lines which we have laid down, will the ultimate issue prove that which its advocates expect and wish? Certainly some sacrifices will

will have to be made. If, for instance, the education of apprentices is to be carried on simultaneously with their shop training, the employers must sacrifice some portion of the apprentices' time. The adoption of the Continental systems is quite out of the question, if we would retain that dominant physical superiority which is at present ours, and which is essential to our national success.

In No. 4 Tract on Primary Education, issued by the National Association, is the significant statement, that 'while hundreds of thousands of children leave school every year, in 1886 only 26,000 of all ages were retained in evening schools.' Those who are so anxious to see these evening schools crowded should remember the old adage about 'all work and no play.' Yet the writer of this tract proposes to 'awaken the dormant intelligence' by introducing into the evening schools 'Manual training, and drawing, wood-carving, or a knowledge of the use of the simpler tools for the boys, and sewing and cookery for the girls.' And again, 'Oral, and black-board teaching, where possible, aided by the magic lantern, is found invaluable in stimulating and keeping alive the flagging interest of boys and girls tired with work in the day-time.'

Not long since we heard a great deal about over-pressure of the poor ill-nourished children in elementary schools. And now the poor lads and girls, pent up in close stuffy factories all day, must have their 'flagging interest' stimulated and kept alive by 'oral and black-board teaching, aided by the magic lantern.' What a trenchant weapon with which to meet our ubiquitous rivals!

Again, reading the Commissioners' Reports, we are continually coming across the startling fact, that Sunday schools are technical schools also. Thus (vol. i. p. 32) at Lyons, the Commissioners attended a lecture on weaving, being one of a course delivered on Sunday mornings. In Germany (p. 40), instruction 'is given on week-day evenings, and on Sundays.' Connected with the *Handwerker Schule* of Berlin (p. 42) 'are sixteen Sunday classes.' We are not surprized to read (p. 132) that evening classes for weaving in Germany had been abandoned, 'the workmen alleging that after the day's work at the factory (11 hours) they had neither strength nor disposition for new work at a school.' And this, in spite of the fact, that the possession of a certain number of certificates exempts from two years' military service.

Without being strict Sabbatarians, we should protest most strongly against the establishment of Sunday classes in England, as suggested, and advocated by Professor Huxley, when under examination

examination by the Commissioners. It is not humane, or politic either, to ask growing lads who work from 6 A.M. to 5 P.M., to study at night besides, and with Sunday classes looming in the distance. They want cricket, boating, gymnastics, exercise, and pure air to develop their physique. But since study to be really profitable should be continuous throughout the year, some of their working hours should, properly, be set apart for their studies, entailing thus some little loss to the firms employing them. But since in the scheme we just now sketched there is no severance of theory and practice, but a harmonious interdependence and blending of both—and a union also of classes, and of interests—the best results which this education may be supposed capable of producing ought to be expected ultimately to follow.

But we repeat our previous statement, that the workman who is thoroughly trained in science will not remain content as a workman, having been taught by his leaders to look for better things. He will certainly expect substantial reward in return for the sacrifices which he will have to make, hence the keenness of competition will be intensified, and inevitable disappointment consequent on failure will be more wide-spread and bitter. Increased reward cannot come when our markets are overstocked, as they nearly always are, owing to the immense productive power of the machines, spite of the frequent resort to the working of short time. We can produce more than we can sell; the difficulty is to get rid of our goods. Is it then desirable or prudent to raise false hopes in the breasts of the rank and file of the workmen, and in the nation at large, which can only result in ultimate disappointment? The leaders alone can derive *pecuniary* benefit from a high technical training, and these may perhaps average one individual in fifty. There will never be a lack of men sufficiently energetic to attain the front ranks, and these as a rule are developed, not specially trained, —what then for the hosts of disappointed ones, but discontent? There is enough discontent abroad without adding to its sum. Because Josiah Bounderby, Esq., of Coketown, makes 60,000*l.* out of 6*d.*, can all his hands go and do likewise? Dear simple Robert Dick, the Thurso baker, relieving the monotony of his toil with love of flowers and insects, was a more loveable, more worthy character than Josiah Bounderby, Esq., with all his success, his money bags, and insane lust of gold. We have had enough of this gospel of getting on, this 'Profit-and-loss philosophy,' which is too surely withering our best ideals, intensifying hatred between classes, degrading the toiling millions into long-enduring machines, instead of preserving a healthy,

healthy, strong, vigorous and perennial national life, from which alone can be developed that which is permanent and good. 'The world is too much with us'; we want more, not less of nature's freedom, more of the sunshine and inspiration of literature and art, more of converse with that which tends to inspire and ennoble, more of pure culture, and less of the 'Hell of not making money.' Give us less of the factory, and more of the skies and the fields, so that our artizans may preserve some of the freshness of life in the midst of their monotonous toils. We might do well sometimes to call to mind those rugged sentences of Carlyle, which, though uttered years ago, are perennially true:—'The saddest news is that we should find our national existence, as I sometimes hear it said, depend on selling manufactured cotton at a farthing an ell cheaper than any other people. A most narrow stand for a great nation to base itself on.' 'Farthing cheaper per yard? No great nation can stand on the apex of such a pyramid; screwing itself higher and higher; balancing itself on its great toe! If England work better than all people it shall be well. England, like an honest worker, will work as well as she can; and hope the gods may allow her to live on that basis.' ('Past and Present.')

This must conclude the subject of technical education proper; as to commercial work, the holding our own in the industrial race depends mainly on our retention of existing markets, and the opening out of new ones. And as this clearly belongs to the *commercial* branch of business, not to the manufacturing, it is to the labours of the merchant, the traveller, the agent, not the artizan, to which we must look for the vitality of our trade.

An article, entitled 'New Markets for British Industry,' published in this 'Review' in July, 1886, dealt very fully, in connection with kindred matters, with the subject of German enterprize. We can only remark that the statements then made, to the effect that 'The study of local dialects and the keen cultivation of local markets has been in Asia, as in Europe, the keystone of the commercial success of Germany' (p. 163), have been more fully emphasized and confirmed by subsequent facts.

It is not pretended that German and other foreign goods are superior to English; in many, if not in most cases, they are inferior. A forgery is a direct and tacit acknowledgment of the superiority of the article which is imitated, and the Germans are unblushing forgers of English goods, one instance of which may be cited, the very clever imitations of the labels of Messrs. Curtis and Harvey's gunpowder, which attracted considerable attention two years since. But the reason for their success is

that German agents push more, acquaint themselves with the wants of different nationalities, learn their languages colloquially, ascertain geographical characteristics, local wants, prejudices of peoples, accommodating their goods and extending their credit to suit local wants, and stand by one another better than the English. Spite of occasional shoddy and dishonest work, the general consensus of opinion is, that the English goods are superior to those of foreign manufacture, and as cheap as those of *equal quality* can be made abroad, and therefore the problem to be solved is not one of cheapening in manufacture, but of obtaining a market. While we are fussing about our technical schools at home, playing at trades, listening to lectures, poring over text-books, the shrewd Germans are on the alert and quick to make and seize opportunity. While we are talking, they are working; we bewail our failing trade and yield to panic, they stick doggedly to business. All our training,—technical, scientific, commercial,—will be utterly fruitless without push, pluck, energy, enterprize, enthusiasm, self-denial, and abundance of hard work. It rests mainly with our capitalists and our commercial men, whether we shall yet reap our fair share of the world's trade, or whether our wealth shall produce that inglorious ease which is an unmitigated curse to nations as to individuals.

To sum up, then, our argument is as follows:—The check which the rapid growth of British trade has received is due entirely to the operation of the natural laws of competition, which might have been foreseen, and which not only will never cease to operate, but will become intensified as population increases and as the blessings of international peace become more assured. 'The gods never give all things to men at the same time,' and the struggle for existence presses heavily on all the arts of peace. That, owing to the minute division of labour and the rapid development of machinery, the work of production has for the most part become so extremely automatic, that technical training beyond that of the shops is, for the majority of workmen, not a necessity, except in so far as it will aid a select few to rise superior to their lot and become leaders of industry. That, moreover, for such educational training as is necessary for these, there is ample scope provided in the much-abused South Kensington department, and in the City and Guilds of London Institute, and in the numerous secondary schools and colleges, institutions which are also capable of indefinite expansion should the desirability of such be recognized. That, the State having provided primary education for all, ought not to be burdened with the special training of artizans, any more than with the training of doctors and lawyers. But that

that if employers of labour think it conducive to their interests that their apprentices should be trained in scientific matters, then they should undertake the task themselves in right earnest. That, our manufactured goods are yet on the whole of superior quality to those of our rivals, and that more energy in pushing trade, a certain pliancy in designing goods to suit customers in civilized and in semi-civilized countries, in a word, greater commercial *tact*, will enable us to hold our own as much as we can expect to do with Germans, French, and Americans for our rivals.

We know that the position which we have taken up, and the line of argument which we have adopted, will be unpopular in many quarters. But we feel convinced, nevertheless, that if the country, under the scare of foreign competition should commit itself to the maintenance of an imperial scheme of technical education, it will not only distract attention from the real conditions of supremacy in trade, but will land us in ultimate discontent and disappointment. The technical education of Germans, French, and Belgians has not increased their wages or diminished their hours of labour, neither would it with us. As many of 'our daughters' prefer idleness at home to taking what they regard as menial positions, similar effects would probably follow the misdirected training of our sons. But the possession of a healthy ideal life, both individual and national, will conserve that fibre and energy, which is the ultimate source of prestige and success, and concerning us as a nation the Laureate's couplet will prove a perennial prophecy :—

> 'Men, my brothers, men the workers, ever reaping something new,
> That which they have done but earnest of the things that they shall do.'

ART.

ART. VIII.—1. *The Criminal Law and Procedure (Ireland) Act*, 1887, 50 & 51 *Vict. cap.* 20.
2. *The Land Law (Ireland) Act*, 1887, 50 & 51 *Vict. cap.* 33.
3. *The Report of the Royal Commission on the Land Law (Ireland) Act*, 1881, *and the Purchase of Land (Ireland) Act*, 1885.
4. *First and Second Report of the Royal Commission on Irish Public Works.*

THE time has come for a brief survey of Ireland at the present crisis, and of the Irish policy of Lord Salisbury's Government. The contest in which the forces of order and of anarchy have been for months engaged is still continuing; but the result is no longer doubtful, and evidences of the auspicious change are visible in all parts of the country. Through a firm administration of the law, authority is again paramount; and the confederacy of crime, of rebellion, and of fraud, which held wide districts in bondage, is sinking into contempt and impotency. Prosperity and social freedom are making themselves apparent everywhere; and with the passing away of a Reign of Terror, which caused ruin and misery wherever it spread, the influence of the law-abiding classes, of industry, and of commerce, is asserting itself with the most hopeful results. The reform accomplished by the recent Land Act has removed nearly every grievance of the Irish peasantry; the condemnation of the evil deeds of the League by an authority supreme in Catholic Ireland has had a marked and far-reaching effect; and the complete failure of the Parnellite leaders to carry out their pledges has shaken the confidence of their dupes. The immoral forces, which upheld this dangerous conspiracy, are losing their strength; and if England is only true to herself, and Parliament steadily supports the Government, the rule of order in Ireland will soon be absolute; and spite of treasonable scheming and unpatriotic faction, the unity of these kingdoms will be preserved. But as the structure of Irish society emerges from the spent flood of lawlessness, and the ground again becomes consolidated, we must endeavour so to improve the edifice as to render it increasingly secure.

When Parliament met in the beginning of 1887, the state of part of Ireland bore a marked resemblance to that of a part of France in 1790–91. The Plan of Campaign had not been general; but in several districts of Munster and Connaught, estates had been wrested from their lawful owners, by a process akin to the Jacobin conquest. The National League, having its chief seat in Dublin, with its organization in countless parishes, its fanatical

fanatical lay and priestly agents, its emissaries of vengeance, and its police of crime, was a counterpart of the Jacobin Club in Paris, with its affiliated societies, its ubiquitous instruments—village curés, savage 'tappedures' and 'mains-forts,' and the drilled 'canaille' of communes and towns; and it exercised genuine Jacobin tyranny, visiting want of 'civism' with the severest penalties, and subjecting 'unpatriotic' and 'suspected' persons to a social ostracism universal and terrible.* The League, in fact, where it had gained ascendency, had become an 'imperium in imperio' of the most threatening kind; and in certain parts of Ireland it had practically annihilated the law of the land. Its programme had thus been in part successful; and the Government was compelled to put an end to a state of things, which Mr. Goschen frankly declared was 'unbearable.'

A Bill was introduced in the last days of March; and this, though denounced in endless harangues by the Parnellite and Gladstonian allies, was among the least harsh of the repressive measures against disorder in Ireland. The main objects of the Bill were to put down the organized violence, and the Plan of Campaign, the 'boycotting,' and the defiance of the law which unhappily prevailed in parts of the country; and, at the same time, to strike decisive blows at the National League, and its dependent branches, the real sources of these manifold misdeeds, and so to break down the power of a widespread conspiracy. These ends, however, were to be attained not, as in the case of other coercive measures, by enlarging the scope of the existing law, but by a change in its machinery only; for the supremacy gained by anarchic disorder was not to be ascribed to defect of law, but only to defective administration of the law, which failed to touch conspiracies. 'Criminal Conspiracies,' therefore, of different kinds, that of the Plan of Campaign being plainly aimed at; intimidation in manifold forms; participation in various modes of outrage and of opposition to legal process; and wilful inciting to these offences, were made subject to the penalties of the Bill. And it must be borne in mind that all these misdeeds are crimes punishable by the common law of England. The cognizance, however, of these offences was withdrawn from the tribunals commonly employed, and taken out of the hands of juries which in many districts had set justice at nought. It was entrusted to special

* The resemblance between the proceedings of the National League and of the Jacobin Society is probably not accidental. Some at least of the Parnellite leaders are in close relation with the extreme revolutionary party in Paris, the genuine descendants of Robespierre and Danton.

Courts

Courts of magistrates; and this was the main change effected by the measure. As regards the National League and its branches, provisions of another kind were proposed; and power was given to the Lord Lieutenant in Council to proclaim and ultimately to suppress societies committing or promoting crime or violence, or interfering with law and order. This act of the Executive was, however, subjected to the direct control of Parliament; and was guarded by such precautions as had never before been applied to a like exercise of power. The chief and remaining parts of the Bill, borrowed from preceding measures of the kind, secured means for the discovery of crime, and in the case of crimes of the higher order, for the change of the place of trial, and for special juries. And though most properly not limited in point of time, the Bill was strictly limited in point of space; for as a rule it was to extend only to such districts as it might be necessary to proclaim in Ireland.

We can only glance at the debates on the Bill, but they deserve the attention of thoughtful Englishmen. The Government properly took its stand on the principle, that the National League, a lawless confederacy that menaced the State, must be put down, whatever the cost; but it had an irresistible case even as regards mere crime. Mr. Goschen, Mr. Matthews, and the Attorney-General, distinguished themselves in different ways; but Mr. Balfour, who had the measure in charge, was pre-eminent among his colleagues, and first gave proof of the remarkable powers he has exhibited in debate, and as Irish Minister. The staple of the speeches of the Opposition leaders consisted in perversions of law and of fact, which were beneath the intelligence of the House of Commons, but were intended to catch the lower Electorate; and their apologies for a reign of disorder in Ireland gave fresh proof of the evil alliance between the degraded Liberal party and the enemies of the Commonwealth. Mr. Gladstone misrepresented the Bill with an audacity, or an ignorance of law,* that provoked surprize

* It would take a volume to expose Mr. Gladstone's misstatements of fact—historical, political, and social—respecting Irish affairs. We here select, out of very many, three instances of mistakes of law made recently by him, in addition to those we have noticed above. (1) In the debates on the 'Coercion' Bill of 1887, he seems to have been unaware of the distinction between criminal and other conspiracies, and boldly called it 'nonsense.' (2) He completely misinterpreted sub-section 1 of section 2 of the Bill; and not perceiving that every offence within it was and must be a 'criminal conspiracy,' contended that mere encouragement to 'boycotting' was proscribed by it. (3) He insisted that the Government Land Bill of 1887 was analogous to that of Mr. Parnell rejected in 1886, whereas it had scarcely a single point of resemblance to it. On the whole, we may fairly say of the great rhetorical sophist of our time,

'Verba devolvit numerisque fertur,
Lege solutis.'

and

and even compassion; and against the expressed opinion of Lord Selborne—his honoured Chancellor in two Ministries—he insisted that it created all kinds of new crimes, that it was directed against Trades Union principles, and that mere peaceable combinations were endangered by it. Sir William Harcourt, fresh from a plunge in Parnellite juice, announced that its object was to exact 'impossible rents' for Irish landlords; Mr. Morley, in sympathy with the Jacobinism of 1793, denied that crime largely existed in Ireland; and Sir George Trevelyan * denounced the measure as the worst kind of tyranny, because political criminals might be within its scope, as if politics give a sanction to crime, a false notion that had had a pernicious influence on his own career in Ireland. The Opposition, too, for the most part concurred in representing the National League as the innocent champion of Irish rights, and the only protection of a downtrodden peasantry; it denied its complicity with crime and fraud, and either openly approved the Plan of Campaign, or called it the necessity of an evil time; and Mr. Gladstone went all lengths in this dangerous and immoral sophistry. The insincerity, however, of attacks of this kind was too apparent to have any effect; it was rather too much when Sir William Harcourt, who had described the League as a 'vile conspiracy,' and its 'doctrines' as those of 'murder' and 'treason,' bestowed on it the praise of a renegade; and when, having condemned 'boycotting' as possessing the worst of crime as 'its sanction,' Mr. Gladstone discovered that it was a weapon used naturally against wrong-doers by the weak. In fact, the legislation of the last few years exposed the hollowness of those unpatriotic pretexts. Under a measure enacted in 1881, Mr. Gladstone had thrown the chiefs and the agents of the League into prison, without trial; he had in 1882 passed a Crimes Act, compared to which the Bill of 1887 was an insignificant and mild measure; and it was in vain that the author of 'coercion' like this, now ventured to apologize for the same lawlessness and crime and wickedness, which he had himself visited with severe punishment. Robespierre was choked by the blood of Danton; Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues were made powerless, and utterly condemned by their own conduct; and in truth the Parnellite opposition to the Bill was far more honest and less to be blamed, than that of the apostate Gladstonians.

Mr. Gladstone, since his conversion to Home Rule, has

* Sir George Trevelyan did not enter or address the House of Commons until after the passing of the Bill; but he denounced it retrospectively when the National League was proclaimed.

characteristically sneered at the policy of steadily enforcing the law in Ireland, and, at the same time, of redressing grievances, although it was the policy he endeavoured to carry out for years, and it has always been the policy of successful statesmen. We cannot here enquire whether the peculiar principles embodied in his Land Act of 1881 were iniquitous, or in accord with justice; but, if they were to be applied at all, they obviously should be applied fairly, without harsh and unwise distinctions. One of the chief defects in the Act of 1881, from the point of view of the Irish peasant, and due to Mr. Gladstone's obstinate temper, was that leaseholders were deprived of the benefit of the law; and another was that, owing to the slow proceedings of Courts overwhelmed by a stress of work, the time at which tenants in Ireland would obtain the boon of a probable reduction of rent, was, in thousands of instances, indefinitely delayed. Ireland, too, had certainly had her share in the agricultural depression of the time; and, apart from the knavery of the Plan of Campaign, there had been, on many estates, an accumulation of arrears which often weighed down the honest farmer. The Government sought to remedy these ills; and while the Crimes Bill was passing through the House of Commons, a Bill supplementary to the Act of 1881 was introduced and carried in the House of Lords. Besides enactments of less importance, the chief provisions of this measure were that it gave the great body of leasehold tenants in Ireland a right to have their rents judicially settled, and that it made the dates of the rents fixed by the Courts run not from the time when the decision was pronounced, but from that when the application was made. It thus removed exemptions of the most unjust kind, created by the Act of 1881, and affecting a large class of the occupiers of the soil, and it extended the advantage of the law at once to every farmer who entered the Courts. Provision, too, was made for relief from arrears, by a process resembling that of bankruptcy; and the Courts were empowered to grant time for the payment of rent, in addition to their powers to delay evictions. The reception given to the Bill when it reached the Lower House was characteristic of an Opposition composed of the Parnellite and Gladstonian League. On the one hand, it was said that the Bill—a reform of the Act of 1881—was a plagiarism from that of Mr. Parnell, a covert attempt to subvert that measure;—the two Bills, in truth, were completely different, save as to a section respecting leaseholders; and, on the other, the Bill was described as a mockery and a sham by the Parnellite chiefs, and the tenants of Ireland were advised to reject it. The Bankruptcy Clauses were ultimately

ultimately dropped, though in principle they were excellent; but a new mode of affording relief on the pressing question of arrears was devised; and the occurrences that followed should not be forgotten. Acting on the advice of their Liberal allies, the Government proposed that tenants in Ireland should be entitled to compound for arrears, if all their debts were placed on an equal footing; but this 'magnificent' offer, as it was justly called, was spurned by Mr. Dillon and his 'advanced' followers, in the interest of the local usurers, and petty shopkeepers, who are largely creditors of the Irish peasant, and who crowd the staff of the National League. The Bill passed, and contained provisions dealing with arrears to a certain extent, though it was impossible, as was gravely proposed, to make a clean sweep of the landlords' claims, and yet to leave all others intact; but if this question of arrears, and it is a serious question, remains open to the heavy loss of thousands of struggling Irish farmers, let them blame those who, for their own selfish ends, have been the unprincipled foes of landlords, but have never been the tenants' honest friends.

The combined opposition in the House of Commons was, meanwhile, leaving nothing undone to accomplish part of the Parnellite scheme, and to make the government of Ireland 'impossible.' Obstruction to the Crimes Bill was carried to lengths never before witnessed in the contests of faction; the very existence, it was remarked, of the greatest of our institutions was at stake, and even the opinion of the 'civilized world,' to which Mr. Gladstone so fondly appeals, decisively pronounced against reckless efforts to paralyse and degrade Parliament. History will not easily forget the scene of April 1, 1887, when Mr. Gladstone walked out of the House, amidst the frantic applause of his Irish satellites, reviling the Speaker and the Tory Government; and in fact, from first to last, the Gladstonian leaders encouraged, or connived at this shameless conduct. A hopeless amendment of Mr. Morley to limit the operation of the Bill to three years was interposed to create delay, and it was the second week of July before the third reading passed; a measure declared by a powerful government, with an irresistible majority at its back, to be necessary to secure order in Ireland, having been thwarted for nearly four months by a mere factious and mendacious Opposition. The Land Bill had only just become law, when the Ministry proceeded to employ the powers it had received to check Irish lawlessness; and the National League was proclaimed with a view to its suppression wherever it might be deemed requisite. Mr. Gladstone instantly and passionately interfered; and the speech he made was the most

 extravagant

extravagant he had yet uttered on the Irish Question. The proclamation was a simple act of tyranny; the control given by the new law to Parliament was turned into an 'imposture,' for 'information' respecting the League had been artfully withheld, and a bad law had been made infinitely worse by the arbitrary conduct of an unjust Government. The most ominous part of this speech, however, consisted of expressions of a different kind. Mr. Gladstone denounced our rule in Ireland with a vehemence worthy of the most reckless Parnellite; and the statesman, who had lifted up his voice against the 'anarchical oppression' of the League, the author of the Land Act who had protested that the Irish peasant had had complete justice, described the League as the only refuge of an injured people from cruel wrong, and exclaimed that the rights of Ireland were being trampled under foot. Mr. Balfour had little difficulty in replying to this stuff; and his masterly exposition of the tactics of the League, and his stern reproof of the countenance given to a rebellious Irish faction by one who had ruled England, was one of his best and most successful efforts.

Owing to the exasperation caused by obstruction, the spirit of party has never run higher than in the Session of 1887. The Parnellites and their allies were greatly elated by the issue of the Spalding and other bye-elections, due, it should be noted, either to local causes, or to solemn assurances that the Home Rule Bills of 1886 were 'dead'; and Mr. Gladstone had persuaded himself that the mind of England was turning toward him again, owing to separatist speeches of mischievous import delivered in Wales and in other places. The blood of both parties had become thoroughly up; and the suppression of a seditious meeting at Ennis enabled Sir William Harcourt to pronounce an elaborate and ponderous philippic against the Government, which laid him open to a crushing retort, and to the admirable satire of Mr. Balfour. The discussion was envenomed by the affair at Mitchelstown; and this has conspicuously brought out the character of the Parnellite and Gladstonian allies. Mr. William O'Brien, M.P., perhaps the chief instigator of the Plan of Campaign, having led the tenantry, on a great estate in Cork, to join the conspiracy, and having been summoned under the newly-made Crimes Act, the National League stirred up the adjoining country, and called on the 'People' to meet, and to defend their champion. An immense assemblage, largely composed of horsemen, gathered at Mitchelstown, close to the precincts of the Court where the trial was to have been held; and the demonstration, was beyond dispute illegal, for it was intended to interfere with judicial proceedings,

proceedings, which only fell through because Mr. O'Brien did not condescend to make an appearance. As has always happened on like occasions, a Government reporter was on the spot, to take notes of the speeches to be made; but the escort of police which in this, as in other cases, was to accompany him into the interior of the crowd, having proved too small to effect an entrance, a large body of police was sent for. Orders were given, upon this, to to the horsemen to 'close up'; the reporter and the advancing police were driven back; the multitude joined in a savage onslaught; and to protect their barracks, and to save their comrades, several of whom were severely wounded or hurt, the police were compelled to fire, and three lives were lost, the firing, however, having been proved a 'necessity,' even by hostile witnesses.

The dispersion of this wholly unlawful assembly was made the occasion by Mr. Gladstone for a bitter and determined attack on the Government, and his conduct was certainly worthy of his want of principle. Under his own administration the police in Ireland * had been specially armed to prevent riots; scores of meetings of the kind had been summarily repressed, one, at Belmullet, with a heavy loss of life; and yet he did not scruple, amidst the applause of his Irish confederates, to denounce the police, their officers, and the 'Castle' alike; and his cry 'Remember Mitchelstown!' has been the watchword of incendiary harangues made on other occasions. The attack of Mr. Gladstone, it is unnecessary to say, proved a complete failure in the House of Commons; but Mitchelstown was followed by Trafalgar Square; and the encouragement he gave to Irish lawlessness bore its natural and evil fruits in the capital. The citizens of London have not forgotten, that the utterances of one who has directed the State provoked passions which revived scenes like the Gordon riots of 1780.

A sharp conflict ere long took place between the forces of law and disorder. A swarm of Gladstonian orators flew off to Ireland and, buzzing about sedition wherever they spread, sought to darken and poison, with their noxious influence, the atmosphere of opinion in England. The scurrilous nonsense talked by these men, their pestilent meddling with Irish affairs, and their impudent foolishness, have been thoroughly exposed and laughed at. They made no mark in Ireland, though Mr. Blunt became the martyr of an hour for defying the law, and openly siding with its avowed foes; and Mr. Shaw Lefevre,

* This precaution, of which Mr. Gladstone must have been aware, caused the name of 'Buckshot' to be applied by the Parnellites to the late lamented Mr. Forster.

who

who has undertaken the task of attacking Irish landlords behind their backs, unconsciously amused his hearers by the courageous offer that, if the Crimes Act were waived in his favour, he would be as daring in tongue as the best Irish patriot. Mr. Gladstone devoted a large part of the recess, to the encouragement of disorder in Ireland, by sneering at judges, magistrates, and officers of the law; and his utterances at Nottingham were so extravagant, and so characteristic of the reckless demagogue, that even Lord Hartington could not refrain from censuring them in indignant language. His calumnies of the police in Ireland, on this occasion, were, indeed, so grave, that Mr. Balfour went out of his way to expose their untruth in a damning speech;* but their value was perhaps even more clearly shown in the apology extorted by Colonel Dopping, whose attorney's goose-quill arrested the flight of the great Liberal eagle through the domain of fancy.

All this, however, was merely skirmishing; and Unionist speakers of both sections, notably those who were chiefs of the historic Liberals, overmatched their opponents in every respect, and threw a powerful weight on the side of order, especially by directing the public mind to the ruinous effects of Irish lawlessness. The real battle was fought out in Ireland; and for some weeks the National League made frantic efforts to defeat the Crimes Act, and to maintain the ascendency it had largely won. The conviction and imprisonment of Mr. Wm. O'Brien, M.P., was the first blow struck at the powers of disorder, and it was attended by great and far-reaching consequences. The incendiary Editor of 'United Ireland'—a Journal worthy of Marat and of the Père Duchêne, and owned, we believe, by Mr. Parnell—had not only travelled through Ireland, and hurried off to Canada, as a champion of the Plan of Campaign, but had impudently and publicly broken the law; and, after a well-contrived attempt to escape punishment, he was summarily and justly sent to jail; and his tortures in bondage, and the rape of his breeches, have been deemed worthy of Nationalist epics. This was soon followed by other sentences on minor chiefs of the conspiracy; and as the strokes of the law fell sharp and swift, the prominent men of the League began to think discretion the better part of valour. A considerable flitting of patriotic M.P.'s and Nationalists of the same kind, was witnessed; Mr.

* Mr. Gladstone, taking, no doubt, his cue from his Parnellite allies, insinuated at Nottingham, that the murder of a 'boycotted landgrabber,' in League language, of the name of Sexton, was really due to a 'conspiracy' got up between the police and an informer; and he hinted that the police deserved Lynch law. The charge was absolutely unfounded; but an unfortunate constable, called Whelehan, was murdered.

Parnell,

Parnell, withdrawn in mysterious seclusion, maintained an obstinate silence, and made no sign; and Mr. Healy, the legal brains carrier of the League, and Mr. Harrington, 'its chief secretary,' betook themselves to their briefs and their law books. It was deemed convenient, in fact, to transfer the scene of Irish agitation to the 'free' soil of England; and Parnellites found a safe field for their energies, in explaining the wrongs of Ireland to audiences here,* and in masking their real designs in Gladstonian phrases. Even Mr. Dillon kept aloof, and only returned † to Ireland, to stir up a single estate to fresh rebellion. He met the fate of his colleague, and was a prisoner in the jail of Dundalk; but he has promptly been released by Mr. Balfour's somewhat contemptuous generosity and kindness.

This sudden retreat of the Parnellite leaders shows what an imposture the movement is, which has driven Mr. Gladstone from the paths of statesmen. We shall not speak of the men of old time, who have made Irish rebellion famous; but even Wolfe Tone and poor Smith O'Brien—though blushing glory hides the day of the cabbages—would not have run away from a mild Crimes Act, and never thought that 'Ireland could be made a nation' by a policy of terrorism and tricky rapine. With the resources placed in his hands by Parliament, Mr. Balfour addressed himself to counteract the League; and he has

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* The contrast between the language held by Parnellites in England and in Ireland is a remarkable specimen of dexterous hypocrisy. Here they descant sentimentally on the 'wrongs' of their country; exclaim, in Mr. Gladstone's idyllic note in politics, that Ireland must be 'ruled by love;' and split the ears of the groundlings with fine talk about 'the union of hearts,' 'liberty,' the 'allied democracies,' and so forth. At home they delight in frantic exhibitions of their hatred of England and of Englishmen, and denounce the Irish Government and their loyalist fellow-countrymen in savage diatribes. Volumes could be filled with illustrations of this double dealing; but it may not generally be known that it is done to order. 'A true revolutionary movement in Ireland,' Mr. Parnell is reported to have said, 'should, in my opinion, partake of both a Constitutional and an illegal character.'

† Mr. Dillon is, in a special manner, a Gladstonian hero; and, indeed, Mr. Morley seems to think it a terrible thing that the sentence of the law should reach so 'popular' a martyr. Mr. Dillon, no doubt, did the Gladstonian cause good service here, by the ambidextrous policy adverted to above; but what has been the nature of his language in Ireland? We quote two or three passages from scores. 'If there be a man in Ireland base enough,' exclaimed the orator at the Rotunda in Dublin, in August 1887, 'to turn and back out now that the Coercion Act was passed' . . . 'his life *would not be a happy one in Ireland or across the seas.*' Again, in a speech made in Clare in September, 'The hour is close at hand when we shall be masters in Ireland, and in that time *I know the reward we shall mete out to the men who have oppressed us.*' And again: 'I never concealed from the people of Ireland that I believed in the Plan of Campaign; because it is a policy that would make *the fate of a traitor an unhappy fate.*' Well might Mr. Goschen exclaim, 'we know the methods by which this policy is worked and the sanctions by which it is worked!' But these are Mr. Gladstone's friends and fellow-advocates.

been

been successful. It has been remarked by an acute American observer, that the chief defect of the English Government is the weakness of the Executive power. This is true in England as well as in Ireland; but in the latter country Mr. Balfour has shown that the power of the Executive is not weak, and he has thereby won the confidence of all lovers of order and good government. Mr. Balfour may be charged by his opponents with cynicism, a term which is easily applied to those who keep their tempers and their heads when subjected to continual and exasperating insult; he may be charged by them with cruelty when he applies the same punishment to a rebel in broadcloth that he does to a rebel in frieze, when he makes no distinction in regard to criminality between the man who fights the battle of disorder and the man who holds the sponge; but he is not and will not readily be charged with the faults of some of his predecessors, indecision and temporizing, and above all, making victims and scapegoats of the officials who serve him with the best judgment they can under the most trying difficulties. One of the chiefs of the Constabulary has told us, that every man in the service is worth three since Mr. Balfour took office; while he added, that three months more of the government of Morley and Hamilton would have ruined the *moral* of the first *gendarmerie* in the world. The consesequence is, that Irish Justices and the Irish Constabulary have acquired fresh confidence, and although mistakes may happen and will happen when you have to man the Executive from an excitable and nervous race, which is the very fuel upon which Irish disaffection is kept alight, yet in the main there is an immensely increased hopefulness and rigour in combating a most difficult disorder. The Crimes Act has been carried out with a steadiness and thoroughness worthy of the highest praise; and the results have been of the most gratifying kind. Through enquiries held under the provisions of the law, though the National League has left nothing undone to stifle such enquiries, several atrocious misdeeds, in some instances directly due to agencies of the League, have been brought under the hand of justice; and their perpetrators have swung on the gallows they deserved. The change in the place of trial has had excellent effects; and criminals who, in Kerry, in Clare, or in Limerick, would have walked out of the dock scot-free, have been convicted and severely dealt with, through the verdicts of Wicklow and Queen's County juries. The triumph of the law, however, has been shown most clearly in the operation of the summary powers entrusted to special Courts of magistrates; and the success of these summary powers has been marked

marked and decisive. The Plan of Campaign and kindred conspiracies, intimidation in its multiplied forms, disorder and lawlessness of many kinds, and especially the odious crime of 'boycotting,' have, with other descriptions of more open outrage, been boldly grappled with, and sternly repressed; and many of the promoters of these acts of wickedness have received their due in condign punishment. Under Mr. Balfour's administration, spouters of the League have found it a dangerous thing to urge bodies of tenants to rob their landlords, and violently to resist the sheriff and his men. The cowardly 'police' of the League have been made cautious in denouncing and threatening obnoxious persons, in maiming cattle, and in setting fire to buildings; and obedience to the nefarious 'rules' of the League—the unwritten law of anarchic tyranny—is found to be attended by unpleasant consequences. The result is that the Reign of Terror is passing away; and though much remains to be done, the organization which held whole districts in bondage is gradually breaking up. The figures on this subject cannot be gainsaid: agrarian crime in Ireland has been reduced one-half; crimes of violence have fallen off a third; and the number of 'boycotted' persons which, in July 1887, had reached the frightful total of 5000, was, in July 1888, scarcely more than 1300!

We do not undervalue what may be called the secondary causes of this auspicious change. After a prolonged enquiry conducted on the spot, Leo XIII. has condemned, *ex cathedrâ*, the chief and worst practices of the National League; and the Catholic Bishops of Ireland—though two at least had given their sanction to these outrages on law—have been instructed to pronounce against 'boycotting,' and the 'Plan of Campaign.' The censures of the Pope have been the subject of a great deal of Parnellite abuse and scoffing, and probably will have little effect on 'advanced' Nationalists and the rabble of the towns—deeply infected with the revolutionary taint—but they have detached the mass of the Irish priesthood from open alliance with the agents of the League, and they will have great influence on the peasantry. Unquestionably, too, the immense benefits, conferred by the Land Act of 1887, have enlisted many tenants on the side of the law; and if, as we shall point out afterwards, the Act shall be enlarged in one respect, this tendency will, we believe, increase. 'Coercion,' however, that is, the punishment of crime and fraud by a sure process of law, has, indisputably, been the paramount cause of the improvement which has taken place in Ireland; and it is idle to question plain facts in this matter. Lord Wellesley declared in 1834, that

that Ireland was under * a Reign of Terror; but the Whiteboy Confederacy was completely broken up, within two years, by an efficient Crimes Act. Exactly the same results were obtained, in 1848 and 1870; the celebrated Crimes Act of 1882, though not administered with unflinching energy, reduced agrarian crime and Land League disorder, nearly three-fourths, within eighteen months; and Mr. Balfour has truly remarked, that a 'Coercion Bill' has 'always' led to a marked 'diminution' of Irish crime. Our present policy in Ireland, therefore, should be carried out with no faltering purpose; for great as the progress is that has been already made, order and peaceable submission to the law have as yet been by no means restored. The National League, though scotched, is very far from killed; the temper of the people in some districts is still sullen and defiant. The Plan of Campaign is not a thing of the past; and though the number of farms under the ban of the League, and made derelict, has been largely diminished—Mr. Morley's cynical challenge deserves an answer—still the infamous practice of † 'boycotting' land, and keeping it out of commerce, to the ruin of landlords, is still prevalent in several counties. Yet despite these traces of an evil time—about to pass away, let us hope, for ever—the prospects of Ireland, at this moment, are favourable and comparatively bright; and long before a period of twenty years of 'resolute government' shall have elapsed, the island, we believe, will enjoy order and peace. For this we are indebted almost entirely to the firmness of Mr. Balfour. As the power of the National League has declined, the authority of the law has revived; the Government of the Queen has become a fact, and the course of justice has been made certain; the classes loyal to our rule in Ireland, who, whatever traitors or fools may say to the contrary, are the chief sources of civilization in the land, breathe freely again,

* Lord Wellesley's expressions, quoted by Sir George Lewis in his book on Irish disturbances, deserve special notice. The Whiteboy, like the Land and National Leagues, had created 'a complete system of legislation, with the most prompt, vigorous and severe executive power, sworn, equipped, and armed for all purposes of savage punishment, and established in almost every district.' But the Whiteboy League was not, like its successors in these days, supported and paid by a foreign conspiracy; it had not a number of representatives in Parliament; above all, it was not defended by renegade politicians for the purposes of faction.

† Nothing, perhaps, more strongly illustrates the cruel and selfish policy of the National League than this barbarous interdict. The Parnellites aim at destroying 'Landlordism,' in order to obtain separation; and with this end in view, they forbid Irish tenants to dispose of their holdings to purchasers, and compel them to leave them in the hands of the owners. The tenant-right of thousands of farms has been forfeited in this way; and the lands are left waste and uncultivated. Even within the last few weeks frightful crimes have been committed in order to maintain this 'law' of the League.

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and can once more betake themselves to the paths of industry. As lawlessness subsides, trade, credit, and confidence increase; and there are already symptoms of growing prosperity. Ireland is passing through a phase not unlike the reaction of Thermidor after the Jacobin Terror.

Mr. Balfour's success has been so decisive that, as might have been expected, the administration of the Crimes Act has been vehemently denounced by the Opposition of both kinds; for it falsifies their predictions, and defeats their policy. Scores of platforms have rung since the beginning of the year with Parnellite and Gladstonian invectives against 'the infamous' decisions of the special Courts of magistrates, the 'iniquitous straining' of a bad law, and the cruelty and ruthlessness of the 'vile' Tory Government. As usual, Mr. Gladstone has stood proudly eminent: he has held up the Irish Executive and judicial functionaries to the scorn and hatred of thousands of hearers; and his flagrant misstatements have not been silenced by refutation however complete.* These masses of charges, it is needless to say, have shrunk into very small proportions when brought forward in the House of Commons; but, even in this shape, the Gladstonian 'curses,' like those of Margaret, have 'breathed against himself.' The attacks on the administration of the Act, when subjected to the test of debate, have, indeed, been proved to be of the flimsiest kind. Mr. Gladstone thinks it a terrible thing, and the Opposition has joined in the cry, that 'cumulative' sentences should be pronounced in Ireland in prosecutions under the Crimes Act; and he has broken out into furious language because, in a few instances, Irish County Court Judges have, on appeal, increased sentences of the Courts of magistrates. Unhappily, however, for the indignant orator, 'cumulative' sentences are of common occurrence here—the great Tichborne case is a well-known example—and Mr. Balfour has shown that,† in Ireland at least, the increase of sentences by County Court Judges is a frequent practice that was often illustrated under Lord Spencer's *régime.* Nor has the last of these miserable attempts to thwart the course of justice had greater success. The Irish Court of Exchequer,

* See especially the indignant letter of Colonel Turner—one of the most honourable of soldiers—with respect to Mr. Gladstone's comments on the proceedings at Ennis. No retractation, however, has been made: an attorney's letter, it appears, is the only means of extracting an apology from Mr. Gladstone, and it is then instantly given.

† This is not the case in England, probably because appeals at Quarter Sessions are conversant only with trifling offences, and run from one body of magistrates to another. In Ireland the Court of Quarter Sessions has cognizance, both primarily, and on appeal, of very grave crimes; and the County Court Judge can alone adjudicate in appeals under the Crimes Act.

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in a notorious case, the subject of several hours of debate, quashed the decision of a Court of special magistrates, on the ground that there was 'no evidence to support the charge;' and thereupon Mr. Gladstone compared the conduct of the magistrates to that of 'Jeffreys,' and angrily demanded that they should be dismissed from office. Yet when he used this language, Mr. Gladstone knew that the Exchequer Judges* had pointedly remarked that, though the charge made under the Crimes Act could not be sustained, there was ample evidence of a crime at Common Law, that crime being a conspiracy to starve the police!

The administration of the Crimes Act, in truth, is not open to objection; it has been discriminating, judicious, and merciful. The decisions of the special Courts of magistrates that have been reversed are extremely few; and this is the more remarkable because these Magisterial Courts have been the peculiar objects of Parnellite slander, and because one, at least, of the superior Courts in Ireland has watched their proceedings with the most suspicious care. As a general rule, Mr. Balfour has caused prosecutions to be instituted under the simplest and plainest clauses of the Act; the special Courts of magistrates trying the specific and distinct charges of 'boycotting,' or other acts of lawlessness, in which the proceedings are scarcely ever difficult. Criminal conspiracies of various kinds have also been subjects of enquiry; but these investigations are in most instances easy in the extreme. The conspiracy is proved by conclusive evidence; for, however it may be denied here, it would never do to deny it in Ireland. It is made a matter of open boasting; and the declamation of Mr. Morley and of Sir William Harcourt on this topic is ludicrously out of place when confronted with the facts. But though the necessary prosecutions under the Act have been numerous, the sentences of the Courts have been very moderate, and the punishments inflicted have not been excessive. Crimes committed in England, of the same type as those within the scope of the Irish Crimes Act, would be visited with more severe penalties; imprisonment under the summary powers of the Act is limited to a period of six months, compared to the two years of the ordinary law; and † spouters against

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* It should be added that this judgment of the Court of Exchequer in Ireland has not been generally approved.

† One of Mr. Gladstone's latest utterances on this subject has been an insult to England. He has contrasted King Bomba favourably with Mr. Balfour, and has asserted, that the treatment of 'political prisoners' in the jails of Naples was infinitely better than at Tullamore. We shall only say to our Cleon with the Athenian Demos,

παῦ παῦ οὗτος, καὶ μὴ σκέρβολλε πονηρά.

'coercion'

'coercion' in Ireland, who rave about 'O'Brien's and Dillon's agonies,' and the terrible fate of 'the murdered Mandeville,' might recollect this unquestionable truth. Mr. Balfour has indeed been over-cautious in applying the law; he has suppressed the National League in a few Counties only; and has never prosecuted, under the Crimes Act, except on clear evidence.

Mr. Balfour's administration of the Crimes Act, however, has been less a mark for the Opposition's wrath than the Act itself, and its general policy; and charges of this kind are, no doubt, telling, when appeals are made to the unthinking populace. 'Ireland,' it is thundered out in passionate language, 'groans under a code of newly-made crimes;' but, speaking broadly, this is false; the most severe and minute scrutiny has only hinted that the recent Act * has extended the criminal law in Ireland in two doubtful and not important instances. The real fact is that in England and Scotland crime of the same nature as that so rife in Ireland scarcely exists; and it is simply because the Crimes Act reaches this class of offences by an effective process, that 'new crimes' are said to be created by it. Were an organization, upheld by a junta of traitors and knaves, to grow up in England; were it to aim at overthrowing the Government of the Queen, and at establishing a reign of barbarous tyranny, it would be at once crushed by the strong arm of our law; and it would be found that 'boycotting,' 'moonlighting,' 'pitch-capping girls,' and other pleasant devices of the League would be thoroughly dealt with by British justice. The Crimes Act, again, it is vehemently urged, strikes at 'politicians' and 'combinations' 'mainly'; but this is one of those mischievous half truths more dangerous than unmixed falsehood. Of course if a 'politician' commits a crime, he is as criminal as any other rogue. 'Combinations' also are to be repressed, if crime is made the means to attain their ends; and thus, because of their crimes and not because of their politics, 'politicians' and 'combinations' in Ireland are brought within the scope of the Crimes Act. Then the National League, Mr. Gladstone exclaims, represents

* In a careful analysis of the Crimes Bill, before it became law, Lord Bramwell expressed an opinion that 'intimidation,' as defined by the Bill, might not be a 'punishable offence in England,' though it would be one 'for which the person guilty might be held to bail' and imprisoned for default. The Irish Court of Exchequer, too, has expressed an opinion, that the proclamation and suppression of a 'dangerous association,' *i.e.* of the National League, on the ground that it 'interfered with the administration of the law or disturbed the maintenance of law and order,' might create a new offence. This dictum, however, was extra-judicial, and is not approved by high authorities.

'Ireland

'Ireland and Irish opinion'; the Crimes Act seeks to destroy the League; and, like Burke, 'I cannot indict a nation.' This sounds well; but it involves untruth, and it is, besides, a most perilous saying in the mouth of the great Home Rule champion. Two millions at least of loyal men in Ireland have not bowed the knee to this Baal of crime; a million of dupes perhaps have yielded to its influence, through mere greed or terror; and this million represents not the Irish 'nation,' but all that is basest and worst in the Irish community. If the statement, however, were even nearly true, and the League, in any sense, represented 'Ireland,' a 'nation' which had identified itself, for a series of years, with the atrocities of a confederacy of anarchy, of cowardly intimidation, and of fraud, would hardly have exalted character, or any claim to absolute self-government.

If the Parnellite and Gladstonian allies have thus 'forced' the Government to act with perfectly legitimate 'coercion,' they have completely failed in their main purpose; 'the government of Ireland has not been made impossible.' Nor has Mr. Gladstone's sinister boast, that Parliament could do nothing for England or Scotland, until Ireland had obtained Home Rule, been, even in the smallest degree, fulfilled; the legislation of the Session speaks for itself, and falsifies the sinister prediction. The great 'political meteorologist' is also in a state of pitiful perplexity; he dares not propound his Home Rule nostrum. The philosopher speaks from a mere 'cloud cuckoo-town,' when he says that 'the country' is in his favour. Now that Ireland is comparatively in repose, and that the Government retains unbroken strength, the time evidently is at hand when it will become right to survey the state of the island as a whole, and to carry out, in accordance with the real needs of Ireland, and with the just demands of its people, an enlightened and generous Irish policy. Nothing is more untrue, indeed, than the wild assertion, that Lord Salisbury and his colleagues have no remedies, except 'coercion,' to apply to Ireland. The Government are pledged to large measures of Irish reform. And these Lord Salisbury has declared must be far-reaching.

If we look back on the last sixty years, we perceive that, while political changes of extraordinary importance have occurred in Ireland, the material improvement of the country has been a secondary object of British statesmanship. A whole system of Government has been swept away; Protestant ascendency has become a thing of the past; and the people, of whom three-fourths had been for centuries in a state of subjection, have been invested with the fullest rights of citizens, and with the greatest democratic power. Yet, throughout this period,

period, though no doubt considerable sums have been spent for the purpose, the development of the vast resources of Ireland has not been a main object of the State; and it has been the rule to hold fast to the principle, which in England and Scotland has worked so well, that we should rely exclusively, or nearly so, on individual energy for social progress. This policy has not been attended with success: the discontent which prevails in Ireland is in a great degree caused by the fact, that a people possessing enormous power, in the sphere of politics, is still, in the mass, poor. Time has been wanting; the system of *laissez faire* has not made the country as promptly prosperous as we in England, in our great comparative advancement, hoped it would become. And though, since the Union, and in spite of certain elements in the Irish character that are far from favourable to national progress, Ireland has made an immense advance in all that relates to social welfare, still the material state of the island, as a whole, is not such as Englishmen desire or approve. For many years several Irish industries, of no little importance, have been declining; and it has long been apparent, to thoughtful minds, that the State ought to interfere more actively, than has been the case hitherto, in this whole class of subjects. For these reasons we cordially approve of the considerable step in this direction already taken by Lord Salisbury's Ministry. In 1886 it appointed a Royal Commission to enquire into the arterial drainage, the fisheries, and the railway system, or want of system, of Ireland, and to report upon the means of improvement; and it has recognized, to the fullest extent, the supreme importance of these questions. The Commission has made two valuable reports; and Bills * to regulate three of the main streams of Ireland, and to relieve their valleys from the effects of floods—many thousands of square miles are affected—have been part of the programme of the Session. Mr. Morley and others of the Gladstonian following have scoffed at these most useful measures; but it is easy enough to perceive the reason. The improvement of Ireland, under the Constitution as it stands, is gall and wormwood to Home Rule fanatics; and that Imperial aid should be given to Ireland, if she is to be supplied with requirements which she cannot supply herself, proves the necessity of maintaining the Union.

Though the Irish Land question is one of extreme im-

* The conduct of the Parnellites in this matter has been characteristic. They were afraid to oppose the Bills themselves, and put up personages like Mr. Conybeare to do so. The Government has most properly thrown the responsibility on the 'Irish members.'

portance,

portance, it is not, as has sometimes been assumed, the only, or perhaps the chief problem requiring solution in Ireland. The first great difficulty, which confronts us here, is the fact, that in the part of the island which lies to the west of a line drawn from Lough Foyle to Cape Clear, and to some extent in the eastern part, the land in certain places is held by petty cottagers, who can scarcely exist even though their holdings were rent free. There are nearly 200,000 families of this kind, comprising perhaps 1,000,000 of souls; and this population forms a most dangerous and disturbing element in the land system, supplying the League with its instruments of crime, and forcing up the rate of rent over whole counties. The relief of these 'congested districts,' which no Land Law can directly improve, is a difficulty requiring grave attention. Here the State might intervene; and Ireland should be freed from this destructive burden, either by emigration carefully carried out, or possibly by a system of well-devised public works, the charge being laid on defined areas. Unquestionably, too, the ownership of the soil in Ireland belongs to too few persons; and it is highly expedient from every point of view—political and social—that facilities should be given to tenant-farmers of the better classes, to acquire the fee simple and to become proprietors. The process, however, ought to be tentative, not violent, or subjecting the State to risk; and Lord Ashbourne's Act, which seeks to create a peasant proprietary in Ireland by degrees, through arrangements made between landlords and tenants, and by Treasury advances, from time to time, is a wise and safe precedent in this matter. This important law has worked extremely well; it has cost the general taxpayer nothing;* and notwithstanding Mr. Gladstone's factious threats, it will no doubt be gradually extended.

Beyond this, however, the State ought not to interfere with Irish Land, but should repudiate the nostrum, propounded by doctrinaires and sciolists, that the gentry of Ireland should be expropriated as a class, and their tenants suddenly made owners of their lands, through an heroic operation, conducted by the State, by means of either British or Irish credit. A project like this—an iniquitous confiscation and a colossal bribe, disguise it in whatever colours you will—which would annihilate a class, the mainstay in a special manner of our power in

* Mr. Gladstone in 1886 was ready to pledge the credit of the State, practically to the extent of £200,000,000 at least, in order to buy out Irish landlords and make their tenants owners. He now objects to pledge the same credit, for a trifling sum, to effect the same end. He draws distinctions, it is true, but they are one and all against him; and he supported Lord Ashbourne's Act in 1885!

Ireland,

Ireland, and the heads of the loyal Irish community; which, without the least necessity, would violently break up a land system now all but freed from the wrongs and grievances of another time; which would place the ownership of the soil in Ireland—as a concession extorted from fear or weakness—in the hands of an ignorant and disaffected peasantry, the dupes of our avowed enemies; and which finally would expose the taxpayers, of either Great Britain or Ireland, to an enormous charge, would be an insane policy. Let us not forget that a scheme of this kind is part of the programme of the National League; and if 'landlordism' in Ireland is, no doubt, a difficulty, let us not fly from a trouble of which the end is, beyond question, we believe, at hand, to troubles infinitely worse, and more perilous. As to the main question of the Irish Land we say unequivocally, 'let well alone,' except that the operation of the existing Land Laws ought to be made speedier and less costly. But reform is needed in two particulars. Something ought to be done to relieve tenants of the deserving classes from arrears of rent; this is a real and even a pressing grievance, though we know the difficulties that surround the subject. On the other hand, the whole system of adjusting rents, under the Irish Land Commission, ought to be remodelled, and extended to tribunals that command respect. In many instances Irish landlords have not, especially of late, had fair play in this matter.

We turn to a subject which, at the present crisis, requires the most careful attention of statesmen. Apart from the Home Rule movement, there has been a demand, for a considerable time, for a complete change in Local Government, as it now exists in Ireland; even Lord Hartington has, to some extent, committed himself to a policy of this kind; and Mr. Chamberlain has sketched a plan of County and Provincial Irish Councils, elected by a democratic vote, which would not only manage local affairs, but, subject to the control of the Imperial Parliament, would have a right to legislate on certain defined subjects. A reform in this direction must, we believe, take place, but we strongly deprecate haste in this matter. Local Government in Ireland is, even now, partly in the power of popular bodies; these for some years have, in many districts, been wholly composed of the Parnellite following; and they are centres of disaffection and veiled rebellion, diffusing hatred of the law and of government, and abusing their rights to attack property. The maladministration, the waste, and the jobbery, of these 'Nationalist' conclaves, though not surprising, for a strong middle class does not exist in Ireland, are most scandalous and yet often most amusing;

amusing; and such characteristics belong to them all from the Corporation of Dublin to the Poor Law Boards of Connaught. The student of the Revolution, who knows what were the results of sudden decentralisation in France, from 1789 to 1791, must regard the prospect of a like change in Ireland, in existing circumstances, with no slight misgivings. At all events, we trust that no attempt to reform Irish Local Government will be made, until the authority of the law shall have been completely restored, and the whole country has been reduced to obedience. Moreover, when the experiment shall be tried, we ought not slavishly to follow the latest precedent: if anything resembling County Councils shall be established in Ireland, there should be a separate representation of landed property, to check the nominees of the votes of peasants; there should be a strong Central Board of Control; and, Imperial assistance having been withdrawn, the whole charge should be laid on local areas, in order to put some restraints on corruption. For the rest, no change can for years be made with safety in 'the rule of the Castle;' and though we should welcome any measure by which Private Bill Legislation can be made more cheap in Ireland, or in any part of Great Britain, we cannot agree * with Mr. Chamberlain's scheme in this, as in many other particulars, for it would strengthen, we believe, the agitation for Home Rule.

Reform in Ireland should respect popular needs and sympathies, so far as is just. The system of education which exists in the island, is in certain particulars singularly negligent of this important principle; and scarcely any provision is made by the State for the higher education of Catholic Ireland. Trinity College, though open to all Irishmen, is still, and apparently will always be, a Protestant institution in its essential character; and the Catholic University remains unendowed. Though Lord Cairns gave a real impulse to the intermediate education of the Irish Catholics, the system is still imperfect and faulty; and the necessary funds are wanting. It is in Primary Education in Ireland, however, that our faults and shortcomings are most evident. The system of National Education, as it is called, founded on principles of indifference to religion, as the rule of life, has not satisfied the wants, or won the approval, of a people which, in its various communions, is emphatically, and in a peculiar sense, religious; it would certainly be condemned under any scheme

* According to the remarkable letter of Mr. O'Shea (see 'Times' of August 2, 1888) Mr. Parnell is the real originator of Mr. Chamberlain's scheme, which, however, is more democratic than Mr. Parnell at first intended it to be. We shall not comment on the extraordinary statements in that letter as to Mr. Parnell's consent, 'with a show of opposition,' to a renewal of a Crimes Act in 1885.

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of local self-government worthy of the name; and though it has cost the Exchequer enormous sums, its results have been both bad, and inadequate. There is need, and room, for immense improvement in this great department of Irish affairs, on which interests of the gravest movement depend; and we sincerely hope that Lord Salisbury's Government will successfully carry out a notable task, in which Mr. Gladstone has conspicuously failed, and will place Irish education, in all its parts, on a sound, a permanent, and a popular footing. The time is propitious for making the attempt; we owe, in this matter, beyond dispute, a real and heavy debt to Catholic Ireland; and an enlightened policy in this direction would do much more than is commonly supposed to detach the heads of the Irish Catholic Church from an alliance with Mr. Parnell and his crew, unnatural in itself, and now plainly weakened. In two other points of no little importance, we think with Mr. Goldwin Smith, that we should do well to consider Irish ideas and feelings. The attachments of every Celtic race tend towards persons and visible things, not to impersonal institutions and laws; and Ireland has always shown enthusiastic loyalty on the very few occasions when she has beheld her Sovereigns. It is our earnest hope that some members at least of the Royal Family will live in Ireland, in order to promote this powerful instinct; and, for the same reason, we would favour a change, seriously contemplated by leading statesmen during the Repeal troubles of 1843, that the Imperial Parliament should now and then hold a Session in College Green, in Dublin. The spectacle of a real and all-powerful Legislature, engaged in ministering to the wants of Ireland, would do much to efface the memory of that mischievous phantom the old Irish Parliament; and it is desirable that English and Scotch members should become thoroughly acquainted with Ireland on the spot.

Reforms such as these would probably be ridiculed by the combined parties which, on the pretence of granting Home Rule to Ireland, would break up the Empire. But they would give Irishmen a full measure of justice; they fall in with Irish ideas and wants; above all, they extend as far as is compatible with the complete security of the Union, and all that depends upon it. This question, of the Union, is the most important that has arisen since the Revolution of 1688. It is not a fact that the Union has failed, with reference even to Irish interests, though, owing chiefly to the character of the Irish representation, considerable ignorance still prevails in England and Scotland respecting Ireland, and her affairs have too often been made the subject of mere party struggles in the Imperial Parliament.

 But

But the prophecy of Adam Smith has been fulfilled; and during the period which has followed the Union every one of the frightful and manifold evils, which afflicted Ireland a century ago, has been wholly removed or greatly diminished; and the country has made immense progress in all that relates to national welfare. The Imperial Parliament has put down the unjust ascendency of a class and a sect; it has been a moderating force between Irish factions; under its direction, and by its aid, the prosperity of Ireland has rapidly increased, and the condition of the people has wonderfully improved; and if Catholic Ireland, to a considerable extent, remains disloyal, and seethes with discontent, Presbyterian Ireland, the head and front of the rebellious movements in 1793–8, is now heart and soul devoted to England; a precious, and, perhaps, an incalculable gain. It is untrue that 'Ireland,' and the 'Irish People,' have 'constantly' and sincerely opposed the Union. As regards Protestant and Teutonic Ireland, and the whole body of the Catholic Irish loyalists, comprising two-fifths at least of the Irish community and enormously preponderating in wealth, in culture, and in all that constitutes worth in a State, but studiously ignored by Mr. Gladstone—this statement of his is absurd and monstrous; and even as regards the Celtic and Catholic Irish masses it contains only a grain of truth. From 1800 to 1843 there was no real movement against the Union; the agitation of 1843, though apparently formidable, quickly collapsed, and made no sign for more than thirty years; and if it has been revived, at the present time, this has been mainly the work of a foreign conspiracy, backed by an organization of crime in Ireland, and appealing to socialist passion and greed.

The Union is, however, an Imperial as well as an Irish question. The immense majority of educated men—the 'classes' marked off by Mr. Gladstone, like a true demagogue, from the 'masses' he flatters—have made up their minds to uphold a settlement essential to the preservation of the State; it would be superfluous therefore to appeal to them. They know that Home Rule for Ireland would involve the Commonwealth in the gravest dangers; and they feel that the Rump of the Liberal party is a faction which has betrayed its trust, and allied itself to the foes of these realms. They also know that Mr. Parnell and the band he leads, are the successors of those who, for three centuries, from the days of Philip II. to those of Napoleon, have been animated by deadly hatred of England, and have laboured to stir up rebellion in Ireland, and to make her a separate and a hostile State; and they are aware that Ireland contains two sections still divided by bitter memories of the past—

past—the one devotedly loyal to our rule, the other basely alienated and stupidly opposed to it. These being the conditions, they see that Home Rule—the creation of an Irish Parliament, with an Irish Executive named by it, whatever formal limitations may be made, or whatever may be the type of this polity—means the abandonment of our friends in Ireland to a common enemy eager for revenge; the letting loose the animosities of ages, with the certain result of civil war and of widespread anarchy; the destruction at once of our Imperial Unity, and the establishment on our borders of a half independent State, a perpetual menace and source of trouble, and probably always conspiring against us, until it shall have become completely 'free;' and for these, and other reasons, they have condemned this policy. Nor are discerning men deceived by the false analogies by which it is sought to pervert the national judgment. Our Colonies and the United States, the German Empire and the Swiss Cantons—audacious sophistry has ransacked the world for inapposite examples of every kind—can afford no precedents in this matter; on the contrary, history, they know, teaches that the consolidation and the fusion of States is an evident law of European progress, and especially that woe awaits an Empire which surrenders power and renown to buy off its enemies. Above all, they perceive that the so-called 'concessions' proposed by Mr. Gladstone, with reference to the new Irish policy, are worse than useless, and are dangerous in the extreme. It was justly argued, in 1886, that if we remove the Irish members from Westminster, we do Ireland a wrong of the most palpable and grievous kind, and that practical separation is sure to follow. But if it is proposed to establish in Ireland a separate Parliament, and to retain representatives from Ireland here, a new set of mischiefs would at once arise. The double representation created in this way would be essentially and grossly unjust; it would promote separatist movements in Scotland and Wales, and besides would be intolerable to England; and the formation of four half-independent States, connected by a mere Federal Union, would, ere long, be the inevitable result. This revolution, however, we need not point out, would utterly subvert the constitution of these realms, would fatally endanger the power of England, and would annihilate our Imperial greatness; and, in its not distant consequences, it would probably lead either to the decrepitude and the ruin of the State, or to a rule, like that of Cromwell, assured by the sword.

Mr. Gladstone and his followers have left nothing undone that can deceive 'the masses' as regards Ireland; whatever appeals cunning

cunning can make to selfishness, plausibility to confiding ignorance, and sophistry to generous and even noble instincts, have been recklessly made in this matter; and strong incitements have been unscrupulously applied to arouse popular passions and sympathies. The Democracy have been told that until Ireland shall have obtained 'Home Rule' and 'freedom,' the Imperial Parliament can do nothing for them; and they have been shamelessly offered a series of bribes—impossible concessions of a revolutionary kind—if they will pronounce for the new Gladstonian policy. 'All that Ireland demands,' it has, again, been said, 'is a right to manage her own affairs,' a right 'enjoyed for ages in England and Scotland;' and is the whole machinery of the State to be stopped, and reform to be indefinitely delayed, 'because you refuse Irishmen what you possess yourselves?' 'Ireland,' it is clamoured, 'is under a yoke of tyranny;' the 'leaders of the people have been cruelly struck down;' a 'Tory Government has made a dead set against 'political adversaries whom it dreads and hates; and it will be ill for Englishmen, if they forget, 'that "oppression" is contagious,' and their own liberties 'must be imperilled if those of Ireland are 'betrayed.' These unprincipled assertions, can be easily and conclusively answered. Ireland has obtained neither 'Home Rule' nor 'freedom;' and yet has Parliament accomplished nothing, in the popular interest, in 1888; and—setting impracticable schemes aside—is not the legislative programme of Lord Salisbury's Cabinet more liberal than that which Mr. Gladstone propounded only three years ago, and, unlike Mr. Gladstone's, has it not been successful? The 'right' claimed by 'Ireland,' moreover, to 'manage her own affairs,' has nothing in common with self-government here; it is a right to oppress loyal Irish subjects connected with us by the closest ties; a 'right' which a populace swayed by the National League and its rebellious leaders seek to enforce; and if, as is certain, the concession of that 'right' would involve Ireland in civil war and ruin, would establish a hostile State hard by our coasts, and would destroy the Empire as it now exists, is the democracy of Great Britain prepared to grant it? Nor let it be supposed that we could wash our hands of Ireland if she obtained Home Rule, and go quietly on with our own affairs; England could not look on with stolid indifference at the troubles and dangers that would surely arise—at the sufferings of those of her own race and faith placed by her in the power of relentless foes—at the efforts of a 'Nationalist Parliament,' to 'break the last link,' and to make partial separation complete—at everything, in a word, that would necessarily attend her ignominious surrender of a solemn trust.

trust. In fact, the only way to maintain the efficiency of Parliament, and to expedite reforms, is manfully and steadfastly to uphold the Union. As for silly rhetoric about the 'tyranny' that is falsely said to exist in Ireland, and the imaginary succession of resulting ills, this is mere clap-trap. The criminal law in Ireland and in Great Britain is practically the same; Irish leaders of 'the people' and foes of 'the Tories' have been punished simply for breaking the law, and committing acts adjudged to be crimes; and Englishmen and Scotchmen, aye and honest Irishmen, may laugh at the notion that their ancient liberties are, in any sense, in the slightest danger.

We would appeal, however, to thoughts higher than these, beyond, it would appear, the sympathies of Mr. Gladstone and his recreant faction. This world-wide Empire is a grand possession. It has been slowly formed, in the course of ages, by the processes which have made other Empires; by force, by conquest, and by the gradual fusion of reluctant elements into one majestic whole. It has been the creation of British energy, of British tenacity, and of earnest British statecraft. The Kings, the Nobles, and the People of these realms have each had their share in this mighty work; but the power of the Monarchy has passed away; that of the Aristocracy is visibly on the wane; and to the Democracy will henceforward belong the chief control of this noble heritage. May that Democracy, in its great task of government, hold to the traditions of experience; and, learning wisdom from the lessons of the past, persist in maintaining our Imperial Unity, and in repressing tendencies which, under specious names, weaken the one supreme and undivided State. And, like their predecessors, may they steadfastly persevere in consolidating the Empire, in increasing its strength, and in removing every obstacle to its complete development. If this be their purpose, and we believe it is, let them in this matter of the Irish Union decisively reject the demand for 'Home Rule,' grapple Ireland to England 'with hooks of steel,' and put a stop to a movement which would not only bring deep dishonour on the British name, but would perhaps fatally injure the State, and expose the Empire to all kinds of perils. The choice is before them, for their wise, deliberate discussion and resolve; and, guided by sound judgment and experienced benevolence, they will eventually, in this great contest, give support and confidence to those who seek to maintain the power and dignity of England. They will turn a deaf ear to the insidious appeals of a faction which has betrayed its country, and of enemies who mask their real purpose by a pretended zeal for national liberty.

ART.

ART. IX.—*Early Life of Samuel Rogers.* By P. W. Clayden. London, 1887.

THE biography of the late Mr. Rogers by Mr. Clayden, of which the first volume only has appeared, while renewing the respect and interest attached to his name, tends to confirm the idea that his powers, however consistent in themselves, were not of the loftiest order; that his Muse was distinguished in the highest degree by grace, purity, and finish, but lacked passion and power, and what is felt to be inspiration; and that the place assigned to him is justly among the second-rate men of our time. Still, it is with second-rate men as with some of the works of second-rate painters; the best of each are among the most interesting individuals as well as pictures existing. Among such best men, who, with some of the attractions of genius, have none of its penalties, Mr. Rogers stands pre-eminent. He filled not one but several niches of human interest, and filled them all with dignity. Chiefly known to the public as a poet and man of letters, he was also a philanthropist, a leading member of society, and a man of exquisite taste. As a philanthropist, he was too genuinely so to be much talked about; while as regards his taste and social attractions, the few survivors of those who were admitted to his hospitable and fascinating house can alone do him justice. It must be borne in mind, however, that Mr. Rogers was born in 1763, and that all reminiscences therefore are only of his old age, and those more than a generation ago. And it is the more desirable to record those recollections from the fact, that exaggerated ideas as to the asperity of his tongue, and vulgar ones even as to his personal appearance, have obtained a credence which can only be refuted by personal testimony. The tongue was, we admit, an incisive organ, never allowed to grow blunt or rusty, but kept bright and well pointed for needful occasions—moreover, always polite, and always distinct, which immensely increased its effect; but, what has been forgotten by his detractors, it was strictly used for defence, never for provocation, and for defence of others, quite as much of himself. Although therefore within these limits no one could better say a bitterer thing, yet all will admit that he never said a vulgar or a rude one; or that that small and distinct voice ever failed to be lifted up in praise of merit, or defence of the injured. He might be compared to Voltaire in that corporeal feebleness which, even in Mr. Rogers's time, and still more in Voltaire's, exposed a man to cowardly attacks —obsolete, it is to be hoped, now—which in neither case could be resented and chastised by the old methods. It was therefore

both

both natural and just that each should take refuge in a weapon which generally put the assailant in the wrong. Of this kind was an answer by our countryman to an obviously improper question—namely, why he was so sarcastic?—the questioner being a lady. On this Mr. Rogers gently and very distinctly explained that Nature had gifted him with a very small voice, and that as long as he spoke only well of his neighbours he observed that nobody could manage to hear him; he had accordingly been compelled to take the opposite course, '*then, everybody listened.*' Occasionally the prejudice with which, on account of this ready weapon of defence, he was viewed, was painfully felt by him. A lady of some fame at the time, anxious to obtain a favour, and that not the first, at his hands, wrote thus: 'Dear Mr. Rogers,—I know that you can sometimes say very unkind things, but also sometimes do kind ones.' And then followed the request for a by no means trifling act of service. He laid down the letter with evident distress. 'What right has she to accuse me thus? what right?' and for a while could not shake off the sense of the ungrateful impertinence. But for all that, he did what she asked.

At the same time Mr. Rogers was human; in other words, he had little patience with those he considered upstarts in literature or society, and none at all with the self-assured and cavalier manners of the younger generation. And doubtless he was rather sharp upon people who talked loudly and familiarly to him, called him 'Rogers,' and took good stories out of his mouth. Of one gentleman, who must be nameless, he observed, 'For the amount of talent he possesses, he occupies a larger place in the public mind than any one I know.' As this gentleman was generally popular, the guests present took up the cudgels for him, long and eagerly, while Mr. Rogers—for it was at his own table—sat silent, and smiling ironically. At last he said, 'Well, I think I have proved my words. Here are six as clever people as ever met together, and you've all been talking for forty minutes of ——.'

But he liked unassuming young people, especially girls, and was playful with them, both in his compliments and his rebukes. One lady of great social fame, whose friendship with him began when she was sixteen, was thus included by him in an invitation with an older friend to breakfast: '"And bring this thing with you" (flicking his glove at me), and most kindly did he entertain me. One evening at the Dowager Lady R.'s,' this lady continues, 'some one had stroked him the wrong way and he was very cross, when Miss T. came up smiling and said: "Mr. Rogers, this is my birthday. Won't you give me your good

good wishes?" He was immediately pacified. He took her hand, and said with tender earnestness, "My dear, I hope you will have many and many a happy year when I am no longer here to wish them to you."'

Mrs. Norton said, more smartly than justly, of his alleged kindness to young authors, 'He gave what he valued least—money; not what he valued most—praise.' The truth being, as many a young author could have testified, that he gave both.

On one occasion, the writer was present when an instance occurred of that rudeness of attack, which we just now hoped was obsolete. A small party were at table, Mr. Rogers and others present, including a gentleman well known for an inexcusable coarseness and freedom of speech, which eventually caused him to be shunned in society. It was in the middle of dinner when a tremendous knock at the front door was heard. 'What's that?' said the host, starting. The gentleman in question looked straight at Mr. Rogers. 'It's the devil come to carry off *you*.' Every one was silent, the host looked all consternation, one lady half rose from her seat; when the small distinct voice was heard, and in the blandest tones: 'Perhaps he may have the discrimin*a*tion' (the word of five syllables being pronounced with especial clearness, and with a slightly nasal pause on the fourth syllable) 'to prefer another member of the company.' In a moment of such embarrassment it was difficult to know what to do or say without adding to the embarrassment of the host. But the attack could not be left unnoticed; Mr. Rogers said the right thing and yet kept his place as a gentleman. The retort, unlike the attack, was not personal; but it satisfied the guests, it was understood by all, the lady subsided, the host raised a slight laugh, and the thing passed off.

Like Voltaire again, humanity ever found in Mr. Rogers an ardent advocate. Had England been ever cursed with an *ancien régime*, and the crimes which that engendered, he would have been the man to take up the cause of the Calas and Sévin families at any cost. As it was, he lent the weight of his voice, in prose, poetry, and in conversation, in pleas for negro emancipation; and equally as urgently in deprecation of those inhuman laws which were not finally abolished from our statute book till 1827. It is told in his Life that he remembered seeing a cartload of young girls in coloured dresses pass through the streets on their way to execution. Nor can the suppressed pathos ever be forgotten with which he described having been present at the trial and condemnation to death of several boys for

for some comparatively slight offence, then still included in the penal laws of the realm—adding with a deep sigh, 'Lord, how the poor things did cry!'

As to his acts of kindness, they extended through all degrees of the scale—from the thoughtful consideration which led him for years, on every 'Ancient concert' night, to fetch a gentle lady diminished in means and take her to enjoy the feast of music doubly at his side—to deeds of genuine charity and self-denial equally to art and literature—to worth and to misfortune—to members of his own family—(loans forgiven, debts condoned, the key probably to his declaration that 'God sends children, but the devil sends nephews') to generosity, even magnanimity, in all forms, whether to friend or to foe. One feature of Mr. Rogers's kindliness of character was his feeling for servants. He deeply felt the essential part they play in the comfort of our homes and the tranquillity of our minds. He felt also that the odds between master and man are too unequal to justify harsh measures even towards an unrighteous steward; that what injured the one comparatively little, was irrecoverable ruin to the other. And he would enjoin his friends in their domestic rule to keep this distinction ever before them. He would also advise them to show their servants, when circumstances so warranted, not only trust but personal respect and regard. We have heard him tell the story of an excellent man-servant, who, having long served a cold and laconic master, at length gave him warning; at this the master expressed himself as greatly distressed, and asked the man how he could think of leaving one who needed and prized him so much. 'But how could I tell, sir, that you cared for me? You never told me so.'

As regards Mr. Rogers's appearance, the statement that he was 'as repellent in countenance as he was shrivelled in heart and contracted in mind,' that he was like a death's head, and that he frightened people by his ugliness, which has appeared in a recent work * —scurrilous trash, which one is almost ashamed to repeat—is simply as false in the first charge as notoriously so in the other two. Mr. Rogers had no pretension to good looks; he was very pale and very bald; but, as may be seen in the engraving from Sir Thomas Lawrence's life-size drawing, which forms the frontispiece to his poems (edition 1845), he was gentle and intelligent-looking. He looked in short what he was: a benevolent man and a thorough gentleman. In these respects he was not unlike Mr. Wilberforce, whose actual plainness was far greater, and increased by con-

* 'All the Year Round,' vol. xl. p. 273.

siderable

siderable deformity of person, but whose social and mental rank could never be mistaken.

We have said that Mr. Rogers was a man of exquisite taste. Taste indeed might be said to be the motto of his life and the presiding deity of his house. And that not only in externals and superficials; though if these be accepted, as they ought to be, as indications of deeper things within, this gentleman's surroundings gave the worthiest testimony to his high standard of culture and life. Every object in his house bore the impress of fine art or of some interesting association. The value of his gallery was further heightened to the amateur by its historical pedigree—one, it is true, not of an immaculate kind. But pictures, fortunately for their owners, may keep the worst company in the world without being perceptibly the worse for it. Mr. Rogers had joined some of the leading noblemen in England in the purchase of the celebrated Orleans Gallery, which reached our shores in 1800, and which more than any other importation has contributed to develop the English taste for the old masters. It had been collected by a not particularly respectable trio—partly by the bad and mad Christina, Queen of Sweden; partly by the notorious Regent Orleans; and partly by Philippe Egalité. No pictures could have told the world more of what was curious, interesting, and scandalous, from their earliest to their latest times. In the atmosphere of St. James's Place they may safely be said to have been worshipped with a purer incense than they ever received before. We may be pardoned for recalling a few of them. Foremost was a Raphael, 'Madonna and Child,' one of the master's sweetest compositions; the child standing with one foot on his mother's hand. It had been reduced by ruthless rubbings to a mere shadow, but the beauty was ineffaceable: hanging—how well remembered!—in the best light on the left-hand wall in the drawing-room. Then two glorious Titians, one of them 'Christ appearing to the Magdalene.' The impetuosity with which she has thrown herself on her knees is shown by the fluttering drapery of her sleeve, which is still buoyed up by the air: thus with a true painter's art telling the action of the previous moment. Nor was it the rank of the painters more than the perfect taste which had limited the collection to the most trustworthy or most characteristic specimen of each. A genuine work, for example, the little 'St. George,' by Giorgione, the rarest of all masters. The most *simpatico* specimen by Bassano, 'The Good Samaritan.' A curious cross, unique in art, between two magnificent masters as different as Padua is from Antwerp; being a subject from one of

of Mantegna's 'Triumphs' (in Hampton Court Palace) Rubenized by the great Flemish master. This nicety of specimen extended even to the 'Strawberry Girl,' by our own Sir Joshua. Then there were portfolios of drawings by the old masters, early miniatures, etchings by Marc Antonio, Greek vases, antique gold ornaments, a chimney-piece by Flaxman, a cabinet decorated by Stothard, another carved by Chantrey, an antique female hand as a letter weight on the table, an antique female foot as a weight to the drawing-room door; and lastly, Milton's receipt to the publisher for the five pounds he received for his 'Paradise Lost,' framed and glazed, and hanging on the door into the next room. Truly was Mr. Rogers known *a sociis* even in this mute company.

It may be worth adding that these pictorial treasures, the best of which have found permanent refuge in the National Gallery, were surrounded by the colour that set them off to best advantage. Mr. Rogers knew the axiom, that whatever suits the gilt frame will suit the picture within it. The drawing-room accordingly was hung with a harmoniously toned red silk, and the furniture encased in the same.

Mr. Rogers had not only the true eye of the connoïsseur, but he was well versed in the philosophy of art. He knew that art has a language of its own, addressed only to the organ of the eye, as music is to that of the ear. A person who wanted him to see some pictures proceeded to urge his wish by an elaborate description of the work in question. Mr. Rogers listened patiently, and then said, 'I am vastly obliged to you, sir, but as you have described the picture so graphically, there can be no occasion for me to see it. Good morning.'

Like most collectors this gentleman had a weakness for keepsakes. Various little objects lay about, to all of which some tale was attached. Even his father's old Bible, in which his birth was entered, had an extra association; for kind Lady Becher (Miss O'Neill), thinking perhaps that he was not sufficiently acquainted with the sacred volume, would occasionally come and read it to him in her deep, solemn tones. He had also a portfolio of autographs on the table addressed to himself; and a glass case on the chimney-piece full of wedding cards; in both instances comprising in fame, rank, and beauty, some of the first names in the land.

All was of a piece, both in house and master. His handwriting, small and distinct like his voice, was in keeping with the concise, laconic lines it conveyed. His notes, whether invitations or answers to such, had not a superfluous word. The longest we remember was in reply to an invitation to come and hear

hear that lamented lady, Mrs. Murray Gartshore, who appeared in London in 1850-51: 'To hear that lady I would cross a stormy sea,—Samuel Rogers.' No common compliment, by the way, from one who professed to have always avoided a rough passage, and that simply by the precaution he recommended to all his friends of having the patience to wait for a smooth one. And as he prided himself on epigrammatic forms of expression, he equally admired them in others. He would relate that he had received many a pithy answer to his invitations, but none so short and pithy as one from the late Lady Gifford (Dufferin): 'Won't I!'

As may be inferred from these few remarks, Mr. Rogers attached great importance to the little things of life. He knew that no great things, and especially no household virtues, work smoothly without them. By nature prudent, reserved, perhaps even timid, he was epicurean in his study to extract the largest amount of satisfaction from this world; and that principally by the double process of avoiding failure by caution and of ensuring success by pains. This was the key to the anxious polish he bestowed on his works—in the case of his 'Italy' for fifteen years before it appeared; the key also to the care with which he required everything around him to be as perfect as circumstances permitted—every word he uttered to be as concise as possible. This aspect of his character it was which provoked the ill-nature of some who were incapable of perceiving, that the superficial and slightly artificial side, which turned itself to the world, was well ballasted by the nobler one which lay deep within.

After the remarks we have quoted on Mr. Rogers's character and personal appearance, it will surprise no one to hear that he was accused of being a tuft-hunter and a fawner on the great—an accusation which may pass unnoticed; the fact being that, from his earliest youth, it was his ambition—and that the most praiseworthy that a young man can entertain—so to train himself as to be fitted to associate with the great and good of the land. He was born and bred, as we know, in the middle class of English life; that elastic class, unique in the world, which, when duly qualified morally and intellectually, is sure to have access to all that is best in society. But that he did so associate from an early period was brought about by no sacrifice of self-respect or independence—for no bearer of the most aristocratic title could be prouder than he—but by the natural law of good manners, high culture, and a pure life. The *entrée* to his house thus came to be regarded as a certificate of good society, and no one perhaps ever united a larger number of social grades within

within the circle of his friendship than this refined old man. The fact of his remaining unmarried contributed no doubt to this result. Innocent liberties on the part of the fair sex may be taken with a bachelor's house, for which the fortified castle of the married man offers neither the same facility nor attraction. Ladies of rank indeed were among his most assiduous votaries. They liked to be able to say, that they had breakfasted that morning in St. James's Place; having probably asked for the invitation. It was perpetually, 'And pray, Mr. Rogers,' with a smile of extremest blandishment, 'when are you going to invite me again to breakfast with you?' 'To-morrow morning, madam, if you will do me the honour.' He would have been more or less than man to have repulsed the gay, pretty butterflies who fluttered about him, but whom he was far too proud to have pursued a step. Driving once with him in his brougham—a *tête-à-tête* in which he generally dropped the man of the world—he said, 'You don't suppose I seek these fine ladies; they seek me.'

He had even a certain disdain for the very society he had obtained; true to his own lines in his 'Italy'—

> 'What men most covet—wealth, distinction, power,
> Are baubles nothing worth, that only serve
> To rouse us up, as children in the schools
> Are roused up to exertion. *The reward*
> *Is in the race we run, not in the prize.*'

Mr. Rogers had a great affection, as well as admiration, for Mr. Wordsworth, though that, of course, did not prevent his seeing the foibles of the great poet and good man. Having come to town for a short visit, Mr. Wordsworth was made ill by the smell of paint in the house where he lodged. Mr. Rogers forthwith fetched him to No. 22. Being asked by a mutual acquaintance how Mr. Wordsworth was: 'Well, when I left him this morning he was but so-so; but I administered a dose and advised him to keep his bed. On my return I found that after a good sleep and repeating' (here one expected to hear 'the dose') 'some of his own sonnets, he felt considerably better.' Mr. Lockhart, by the way, had an anecdote against the poet to the same purport.

The pause before the point of his sentence was one of his small rhetorical tricks, and was very telling. He used it in another anecdote of Mr. Wordsworth. 'Do you happen to know whether Mr. Wordsworth went to the levee or not?' 'Well—I ought to know, for he (pause) went in my clothes and in my carriage.'

No

No one indeed was, as we have said, more entirely consistent in his various characters than 'the hermit of St. James's Place,' as he ironically called himself. Always fastidious as a man of taste, sensitive as a poet, liberal as a gentleman, responsive as a Christian, and shrewd as a banker, he maintained his high place in society by an unique combination of all these parts. In the perfect adjustment of means to ends which pervaded all he touched, no one ever managed to live so liberally to others and so economically to himself. The fact being that, far from having the wealth generally attributed to him, his intimate friends believed that his income did not amount to more than 2000*l.* a year. The breakfasts and dinners at which he entertained the *élite* of every class, including many an American and foreigner who brought letters of introduction, were of a *recherché* kind; but the truth was that the permanent establishment consisted only of a man and a maid; the last being an excellent cook. As he advanced in life he did what all aged people do more or less—he repeated himself, and his visitors occasionally heard the same story more than once. There was one in particular. He would say, 'Did you ever read Cowley's will?' Of course no one answered in the affirmative. Accordingly Edmund Paine, the faithful man-servant, was carefully instructed where to find a particular volume. Edmund knew well what was coming, and was off to the library before the punctilious directions had well terminated, and in a moment the book was laid before his master, open at the right page. The will was after Mr. Rogers's own heart in brevity: 'I give my body to the earth, and my soul to my Maker.' This rather well-worn anecdote proved on one occasion too much for one of the party, and in an incautious moment a flippant young lady exclaimed, 'But, Mr. Rogers, what of Cowley's *property?*' An ominous silence ensued, only broken by a *sotto voce* from the late Mrs. Proctor: 'Well, my dear, you have put your foot in it; no more invitations for you in a hurry.' But she did the kind old man, then above ninety, wrong. The culprit continued to receive the same invitations and the same welcome.

The latter days of Mr. Rogers's life—he died in 1855—were disabled by an accident which proved the genuine philosophy with which he bore trial. It was his habit to walk home from dinner or evening party—sometimes on some friend's arm—so as to secure a little exercise. On one slippery night, being alone, he fell and broke that small member of the human body, alike incapable of repair and indispensable for locomotion, the neck of the thigh bone. From that time he lived in his drawing-room, by day in a wheel-chair and by night in a small bed,

bed, surrounded by the great painters of his worship. Visited also, and at first even upstairs in his bed, by friends he valued: to one of them he said cheerily, 'I am as gay as a lark, though my wing is broken.' Kinder and gentler than ever in this condition, without the suffering he most dreaded, and till almost the last with the converse he most enjoyed, it might be said of him what Lord Jeffrey said of himself, 'It is poor wine that grows sour with age.'

One serious recollection may be added. On the last visit of a friend, he talked of his approaching end, and the question of *the after.* He summed it up thus: 'We shall *judge ourselves.* All our past lives—all we have done or said, with the motives and consequences thereof, will be shown us plainly. Could there be a more fearful punishment!'

We have thus essayed to give a slight picture of this distinguished gentleman, as it is imprinted on the memories of those privileged to remember him—a generation which is fast fading away. But no summary can be so perfect as that written by himself in eight beautiful lines nearly at the end of his 'Italy':—

> 'Nature denied him much,
> But gave him at his birth what most he valued;
> A passionate love for music, sculpture, painting,
> For poetry—the language of the gods;
> For all things here, or grand, or beautiful;
> A setting sun—a lake among the mountains,
> The light of an ingenuous countenance;
> And, what transcends them all—a noble action.'

Art. X.—*Parliamentary Debates.* February to August, 1888.

IN reviewing the work of the Session, it is useless to repeat discussions upon Bills and general policy, which have wearied public attention during many months. Any endeavour to put fresh life into such dead bones would be a dull, if it were not a hopeless, task. Such being the case, it is clear that, if we are to secure a permanent value and interest for our criticism, it must be on two conditions. We must be careful to keep the horizon wide, and to view public questions from the more distant and more neutral point of view of the historian rather than the nearer one of the political partizan; and we must be prepared to speak plainly, when we are satisfied that the particular tack, which seems so attractive and clever to the temporary pilot, is not making for the general success of the voyage, but possibly inviting no distant disaster. To serve the exigencies of parliamentary tacticians may be pardonable in the organs of daily opinion; it is more profitable, both to party and to greater interests than are involved in party, to utilize the more careful judgment which a careful study of the problem has led us to form for a more philosophical survey of the position.

Especially is this the case, when the old lines of party are temporarily or permanently effaced by the introduction of new and confusing issues; when the policy which is pursued, and the measures which are passed, are the result of compromise, and involve some departure from the strict lines of party consistency; and moreover when this very fact makes it difficult for those in power always, and in all cases, to reflect in their measures the matured opinions of their supporters in the country. Coalitions, however laudable may be the ends, necessarily involve compromise; and it is always dangerous to maintain for a prolonged period a public policy which is based on continued compromise, however excellent that remedy may be for temporary difficulties and inconveniences. It is in such times more especially useful to take a survey of the motives and the results of public policy, which shall be critical rather than a simple defence of whatever the Government may have done.

In reviewing the Session as a whole, perhaps the most remarkable feature, which marks it and which will mark it in history, is that, although we are living in times of comparative quietude, when there is no great and pressing danger to the community, and when there has been a lull in the more heated polemics in the House of Commons, it has been deemed opportune to hold an Autumn Session, and thus to create a precedent which may have very serious consequences. There is no disguising

disguising the fact, that this proceeding was received with great distrust by some of the most thoughtful and experienced men in the House of Commons. The reasons are perhaps too obvious. In the first place, the burden of parliamentary life is becoming a very serious one, when Members are summoned in January, and dismissed in the middle of August, to meet again in November. It means under present conditions, where a continuous attendance is insisted upon both by the party whips and the constituencies, a very genuine sacrifice of time and of labour. It must be remembered that the best work done is not in the evenings, when there is a certain dramatic flavour in the proceedings, but in the dull prosaic and exacting sittings of Committees which meet at noon, and thus involve an attendance at the House four days a week, of from twelve to fourteen hours. It is said, and said with justice, that seven months' work of this kind needs a prolonged period of holiday, if men are to come back fresh and energetic; and, if this holiday is to be seriously curtailed, it will not only affect the character of the work done, but will inevitably cause the withdrawal from the House of some of its best elements; of men who have tastes and opportunities which make it indifferent to them whether they are in Parliament or not, and who will refuse, very much to our loss, to sacrifice all the sunshine of life, to serve a Commonwealth which no longer demands mere service, but servitude. If country gentlemen with large estates, and others with similar tastes, are to be summoned, and to be expected to sit amidst the fogs of London, during the season when the sports of the field are in full swing, they will in many cases fail to realize the necessity or the duty of representing their counties in the House of Commons. We shall have more and more of the machine politicians, to whom life has no attractions which do not involve speech-making, and who form the staple out of which parliamentary bores are built up. We do not wish to have more, but fewer, professional politicians, and fewer men who make politics a ladder for advancement in life. They take up a good deal of room in the parliamentary reports, but they are not the men who do the best work done by Parliament, nor those who take the broadest views of the national welfare.

It is not only on this ground that an Autumn Session, except as a last resort on occasions of national danger or difficulty, is to be deprecated. It is not often we have found ourselves in agreement with Mr. Gladstone in these later years of his political development, but we do not see what answer can be made to his complaint that, unless the Government have a fallow and leisure time to prepare the measures of the next

 Session,

Session, undisturbed by the daily struggles of Parliament, nothing but ill-considered legislation will ensue. Parliamentary struggles not only distract and embarrass Ministers, but have a similar effect upon those permanent officials, whose silent and patient work is forgotten when we applaud some Right Honourable and rhetorical conduit pipe who merely ventilates and expounds it in the House. They need a close time no less than Ministers. These are general grounds, upon which to base an opinion which will be echoed by many men irrespective of party; but there are peculiar and party grounds at this time which make it more than usually inconvenient to hold an Autumn Session, namely, the effect it must have upon the condition of Ireland. It must be remembered, that the immediate mandate of the constituencies at the last election was not to press on heroic measures of legislation, and to rival the energy and morbid anxiety for change which is characteristic of 'the other side,' but to maintain the Union and to restore the supremacy of the Law in Ireland. It is for this that the alliance between Liberal and Conservative Unionists was constituted and is maintained. It is for this that many men not over-anxious for the growing exactions of Parliamentary life went to Westminster, and anything, which interferes with this end and makes it more difficult to accomplish it, needs very serious justification.

We are more than usually fortunate in having secured an Irish Secretary who combines qualities that the Irish members feel it most difficult to circumvent. Imperturbable *sang-froid* and composure, which Gladstonian critics call cynicism; a ready power of retort, which does not seem to flag or fail, however long badgering and baiting are kept up; and a careful and painstaking attention to details, which enable him to dissipate the thousand fables continually propagated by an imaginative press and a volatile people. This strength and these endowments disguise a fact, which must be obvious to those who think, namely, that the trouble and difficulty of maintaining the law and of supporting the officials are immensely increased, when the Executive is continually kept on the gridiron. If for nine months in the year Irish officials are to be subjected to perpetual harass and persecution, not only by Nationalist members, whose very existence depends upon these methods, but by their more solemn and more rancorous allies, the Gladstonians; if the Executive is not during a portion of the year to have a respite from malignant and continuous attack, and if Mr. Balfour is not to have a season, when he can be away from Westminster, and directly supervise and encourage the local administrative officers in Ireland, the problem of restoring

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respect for the law there will become nearly insoluble. This seems to us, as it has seemed to many responsible politicians, to be a conclusive reason for not holding an Autumn Session, except under the uncontrollable pressure of circumstances.

Has there been such pressure, or any more pressure than will recur again next year and the year following, and thus constitute a precedent hard to gainsay, when the hungry politicians, who clamour for revolutionary change, come to the front and insist upon an Autumn Session as an ordinary feature in Parliamentary life, and as the best weapon available for their purpose? We confess to feeling some doubts about it. What excuse, in fact, was forthcoming for a November sitting? It was said by the oracles, who profess to gauge the bent of the constituencies, but who have very little direct knowledge of their aims, that it was quite necessary for the Tory party to show that, besides governing Ireland, it could also have as the record of its year's work a bulky volume of Statutes. That we must justify ourselves by some showy legislation, if we are to supply our local orators with adequate materials for their speeches, and that at all hazards therefore we must pass as many Bills as possible. We doubt altogether the wisdom of this contention. Nothing but imbecility or a suicidal mania, it seems to us, can precipitate an appeal to the country for at least four years. This being so, it is not necessary to apply artificial heat to our harvest, in order to force an exceptional crop of fruit. There is ample time during the next four years for enough deliberate and sensible legislation, to satisfy the most ambitious of new Ministers. Nor is there any sign that the constituencies are languishing, because they are not supplied with sufficient new Acts of Parliament. The anxiety to rival the record of our opponents in this sphere is a morbid sentiment, and not a product of Conservative traditions; and, if it can only be done by initiating the practice of holding Autumn Sessions, it may be bought at too high a price.

If the Government considered that, in future, we ought to be as active in legislating as we have been in the immediate past, we ought not to have passed our Parliamentary Early Closing Bill. It is physically impossible to make the Parliamentary machine perform the same work with a rule forbidding the discussion of opposed Bills after midnight, which it formerly did when there was no such rule. Formerly, obstruction, open or covert, could always be met by a prolonged sitting. Lassitude and weariness eventually overcame the most persistent of bores, and such folk were constrained to allow Bills to be discussed and passed in the late hours of the morning. Now this is no longer possible,

possible, and the blocking rule, which has been ridiculously abused on both sides of the House, makes any reliance on such a remedy futile, for directly the clock strikes twelve there is an end to opposed business. The closure is no doubt a valuable remedy, but it can only be applied in a guarded and careful way; and it would be indecent to use it to force Bills through the House which have not been adequately discussed. Under no conditions can the closure mitigate, to any great extent, the curtailment of the working hours of Parliament caused by the twelve o'clock rule. We are not arguing against that rule. It had become a necessity, and has been a great relief to over-worked men; but we do contend, that the very reform which we approve has had the effect of greatly curtailing the working powers of Parliament, and that it is quite futile to expect as much work to be done now as formerly. Some people, no doubt, are more hopeful. They see in the Grand Committees, and in the system of devolution, a means of relieving the congestion of which complaints are so generally made. No doubt, within certain limits, this will be so; and in addition to having Bills threshed out by adequate criticism, and to inducing men to talk business instead of merely to the gallery, there will be an economizing of public time, but this will not be to the extent sometimes expected. The House itself will never forego the pleasurable interludes to its monotonous life involved in the discussion of dramatic incidents and questions of sentiment, and it is these which monopolize most of its time; nor can any system of devolution prevent Bills, which arouse opposition and contain elements involving party differences, from being sifted in detail in the House itself. The Grand Committees will give us better legislation, and more satisfactory Acts of Parliament, but they will not very materially economize the actual time of the House. If the fact of their existence, however, is to excuse the introduction of an inordinate number of measures in one Session, and we are then to be told that, when the Grand Committees have spent weeks in sifting Bills, we must pass them for fear of reducing these same Committees to an absurdity, by sacrificing the result of their deliberations, we shall indeed have escaped from the Scylla of Late Sittings into the Charybdis of Continuous Sessions.

No doubt there was another remedy for this congestion, a remedy which has often been urged by men of experience, and which was urged during the recent Session with a good deal of persistence, namely, that instead of holding an Autumn Session, the Bills which had been discussed by the Grand Committees should be suspended at the Committee stage and be taken up at the

the ensuing Session at the same stage. The suspensory principle has been partially adopted already in the case of Private Bills; but in regard to Public Bills there seem to be some mysterious objections which we cannot understand, much less measure, and it seems quite impossible to modify the immoveable traditions of the House of Commons in regard to them. Annually for a long time past that assembly has witnessed what is technically called a Massacre of the Innocents, rather than face the alternative which recommends itself to prudent men of all parties, nor could even the prospect of an Autumn Session mollify official objections to such a course. The recourse to an Autumn Sitting might, on the other hand, have been perhaps avoided, if a little more economy of time had been observed in the earlier and more ductile part of the Session, and if the so-called 'time of private members,' the most useless of all time, had been appropriated at an earlier stage. This might have irritated some grumblers, but would have met with very general concurrence. Lastly, we might have secured the same end, if so many nights had not been wasted in a futile and vain attempt to pass a Bill for conferring a salary on the Irish Under-Secretary, a Bill very distasteful to men of many views, which was pressed regardless of the very outspoken protests of some of the best friends of the Government. This last was a particularly unpleasant incident, since it involved some indignity to a chivalrous, high-minded, and popular Irishman, who many people thought ought not to have been placed in such an ambiguous position.

We have discussed the question of an Autumn Session at some length, because we believe that it involves a mischievous innovation for which no good reason has been shown, and which was very distasteful to a large number of the Government supporters in the House, and because we are anxious that it may not be made a precedent for the future.

If we turn to the actual work done during the prolonged sittings of the Session already finished, we shall find that two questions dominated and monopolized it. The Session was virtually given up to the consideration of Ireland and of English local government.

The ever-present Irish difficulty will naturally occupy us first, for during the later months of the Session it took a somewhat new turn, pregnant perhaps with serious consequences. Having discussed at some length in another article Mr. Balfour's administration of Ireland, we shall confine ourselves more particularly to the Parliamentary view of the question. As we have

have said, the mandate of the last election was to maintain the Union and to restore a respect for the law. In regard to the first of these questions there is not much to say. So far as we can gather, there has been no alteration of view among any responsible members of the Unionist Party on the subject. The men who fought the battle in 1886 remain as firmly, perhaps more firmly, planted than ever upon the platform which they defended before the constituencies; and, with the single exception perhaps of Sir Edward Watkin, who subordinates all other matters to the exigencies of Railway management, and is willing to sell even the integrity of an empire to secure another long tunnel for the South-Eastern Railway Company, there has been no flinching of any kind on the part of those who championed the Union in 1886. With the constituencies the question seems, if not dead, intolerably torpid, and there are not materials, if there were the will, to repeat on behalf of too familiar Ireland the crusade so dexterously preached for distant and unknown Bulgaria. If it were not occasionally enlivened by certain dramatic circumstances connected with evictions and other agrarian difficulties, with which it has been cunningly wedded by Liberal orators, Home Rule would probably be tabooed at public meetings altogether.

Meanwhile a cold and indifferent attitude on the part of the electors, and a firm attitude on the part of the Unionists, have been met by certain interesting tactical changes on the part of the champions of Home Rule. From the beginning, most of these champions have found it difficult to define their position. While they proclaim themselves with singular fervour devoted to Home Rule in the abstract, they are most shy about its concrete definition. One thing only they seem to be agreed about, and that is that the particular plan introduced by Mr. Gladstone is no longer maintained or maintainable. That, they tell us, is dead and buried, and all that they are pledged to support is some generous scheme of Local Government. This is surely a very startling result of the continued firmness of their opponents, for, be it remembered, it was not on behalf of *the abstraction* 'Home Rule,' but of the Bill itself which Mr. Gladstone was so determined to carry through, that he and his followers poured out their eloquence. It was for the Bill, or rather for the two Bills as they stood (which we were told were irrevocably wedded together), that he risked a quarrel with all his oldest and most responsible supporters, and not only risked, but completed, the most tremendous party disintegration which England has seen since Peel's famous change on the Corn Laws. Mr. Gladstone adopted these tactics doubtless with a perfectly rational

rational calculation of the position. He had made up his mind that the Irish vote must be secured, and the Bill was the smallest price which the Irish party was willing to pay for its alliance. It was therefore necessary to maintain it as a *minimum*, if his objects were to be secured. He knew this much better than Sir George Trevelyan and others who, while strongly opposed to the Bill, were willing to believe, and have proved themselves wise in their forecast, that the conditions of the position would eventually necessitate the surrender of the citadel for which the Gladstonians fought, and which is alone logically defensible. Sir George Trevelyan, and his by no means small following, have invariably taken the line that the Bill is dead. The more rigid and more logical Home Rulers, who have not adopted Home Rule as a metaphysical creed, but as politicians, namely those who follow Mr. Morley, have as invariably, when pressed, retained their old view that it is by no means dead, and remains still the only possible Bill. Meanwhile Mr. Gladstone, having to conciliate both wings of his supporters, has fallen back upon his armoury of ambiguous phrases, leaning perhaps recently rather more towards Sir George Trevelyan, to whom he has at last conceded the cardinal point upon which there was so much heart-burning, namely, that the Irish members should continue to sit at Westminster.

All this internal manœuvring and scheming to hold together even the Home Rule party itself, a motley party of many colours, whose common creed immediately dissolves when translated from abstractions into realities, is evidence of how far away from practical politics Home Rule has shrunk. And this is especially noteworthy, when we remember what the Irish party is, or rather what the Irish parties are committed to, and what has been their recent development. The ordinary Gladstonian Liberal naively talks and writes as if the Irish party was a mere wing in Mr. Gladstone's army,—a useful wing, commanding nearly a hundred votes, which can be kept docile and obedient by soft words and adhesion to high-sounding phrases, in order that its votes may always be depended upon both in the constituencies and in the House to support such good philanthropic earnest men as sit behind Mr. Gladstone. This widely held view is assuredly a very innocent one. In the first place, to talk of an Irish party is a misnomer. There are two Irish parties even in the House of Commons. There is a party led by a skilful Parliamentary tactician, who understands and values the policy of dexterously playing his cards so as to secure his real and ultimate ends without frightening his allies. This is the party led by Mr. Parnell. When the audience has been suitable, and the occasion apparently

apparently safe, he has not failed to say quite openly, that his aims go far beyond that of letting Irishmen manage their own administration, and that he contemplates as the goal of his efforts nothing short of independence and separation from England. In Parliament, and wherever the atmosphere has been less sympathetic for such views, he has as carefully concealed them, and, without repudiating anything, has professed himself to be well content, as he may well be, with the huge instalment of his programme which the Gladstonians are willing to concede to him. From that vantage, if he once gains it, he knows how easy it will be for Ireland, in times of trouble and danger, to press home for all he has asked. Meanwhile he has secured the docile alliance of men who not long ago imprisoned himself and his friends as criminals, and who now make amends by speaking of the very same people in language generally applied to saints; and he has also secured as allies the *machine-men* and wire-pullers of the Liberal party who manage it out of doors, and of a large number of voters who always think as the machine directs them. All this is very clever and very telling, and if Irishmen were like other men, calculating and persevering, void of excitable moods, and willing to trust one another, it would, no doubt, pay exceedingly well. By no other process can the Home Rule campaign be prosecuted in Parliament itself with any promise, and it must be admitted that it has been prosecuted there with singular acuteness and ability by Mr. Parnell and those of his lieutenants who are at one with him.

But the qualities described are exactly the qualities which Irishmen do not possess. Solomon must have been in a Hibernian humour when he invented the aphorism, that 'Hope deferred maketh the heart sick.' The consequence is, that the strategy of Mr. Parnell is by no means acquiesced in by everybody. There is a second Irish party, sometimes described as the party of action, controlling the American subscriptions which do so much to supply the funds of the National campaigns, controlling also the more truculent press, and led by more impulsive and perhaps more fanatical men than Mr. Parnell; men who have nursed their rancour by more than one imprisonment, and who possess the dramatic arts of exciting large masses of people, not only by impassioned and vigorous rhetoric, but by perhaps an equally useful gift, that of nursing a poetical and sentimental appearance. These men cannot wait. Their ardour burns too brightly, and they have for some time been very restive. They are beginning to be more than restive, and to demand more active methods of dealing with the problem. They repudiate the notion,

notion, that they are mere tools of the Liberal party. They repudiate the burning of continual incense before an old Parliamentary hand, whose love for them is so young, and they measure its sincerity by calculating a career which has always made conscience subservient to the exigencies of success as a politician. They are weary, they tell us, of chanting *Gloria in excelsis* Gladstone. They still believe in the Plan of Campaign and of Boycotting, which have never been sanctioned openly by Mr. Parnell, and which are not loved by Gladstonians. They know how factitious a great deal of the Home Rule cry is, and how much its vitality depends upon an agrarian difficulty being kept open. They see plainly, that the tide is on the ebb in these agrarian struggles, and that, unless a more turbulent attitude is maintained, unless something more startling is done than is possible in the House of Commons to fan into vigour the dying flames, the great cause of Home Rule, as they understand it, will be wrecked. These more active spirits see, with by no means friendly eyes, the continual whittling down of Mr. Gladstone's original scheme, which was much too small for them, nor do they understand why they should subordinate their hopes to the needs of an English party which they despise. All this they state as openly as it is prudent to do so at present. Hence the depressing outlook as it appears to many Gladstonians, who, in addition to other difficulties, realize the supreme one, that their only possible leader, the only man who commands the attention of the House of Commons, and can dazzle the crowd, is naturally nearing the verge of his career, and that when he withdraws from the arena they will be utterly disintegrated.

A survey of the position, such as we have ventured to make, is very reassuring to those who have fought so hard for the Union, and makes it plain that the decision upon one issue, and that the main issue which was fought at the last election, has only been modified by being strengthened and more firmly established.

We have no occasion to dwell here at any length upon the second question, namely the restoration of the authority of the law in Ireland, as we have discussed it fully in the article already referred to. It is only necessary to say at present, that here again the Unionist party must view the retrospect of the last Session with equanimity and satisfaction. No one who knew the facts ever dreamt that law and order could be restored in Ireland by leaps and bounds. A chronic and long-lived complaint can only be eradicated by slow and methodical remedies, and not by surgical operations. Patience, temper, equity, and a stern

a stern determination to make the law felt, whenever the law is broken, not only by petty offenders, but by those who have half persuaded the crowd that the law cannot reach them, and that it cannot enclose them in its meshes,—the Parliamentary orator and the priest. These are the only remedies that can hopefully be applied to a community which has been demoralized by a long course of unequal treatment, by alternate bribes and imprisonments, until it has lost all sense of loyalty to every authority. These are the remedies, which, as we have pointed out, Mr. Balfour has persistently applied.

The Irish Nationalists, in their desperation, have had recourse to two methods of warfare which have been denounced by the Unionist party as not only contrary to human law, but also as an infringement of the higher code which governs morals. The Gladstonian allies of the Nationalists have been driven, by the stress of their position, to give their sanction to these methods. They would urge that the Plan of Campaign and Boycotting are not illegal, while their morality must be tested, it is said, by the ultimate test of being the only weapons left to the weak in fighting the strong and unscrupulous. The Plan of Campaign, we have been told on many occasions, has been justified by the fact, that the reduced rents it has endeavoured to secure have been subsequently conceded by the Landlords. Boycotting has been compared with the ordinary weapon of the Trades Union, namely, a joint resolve not to accept employment except upon certain terms. These excuses are even grotesque in their audacity. The former is the justification always forthcoming from the starving highwayman when he secures a loaf by pointing a pistol at the baker; while the latter involves a travesty of Trades Unionism, for it compares a free agreement to work on certain terms only, with a conspiracy to compel unwilling men to a certain course at the risk of being plundered or wounded or even shot, and this not merely to retain possession of land for the peasants in their fight with the landlords, but to satisfy private revenge or private greed.

These are more or less obvious answers, but they formerly had the demerit in some eyes of being the arguments of interested people incapable, we are assured, of a judicial attitude. Most fortunately during the very Session they have been emphasized by the decision of the most weighty and impartial tribunal to which the Irish peasants pay deference; and it is convenient to recal and to emphasize this decision, since it forms in every way the most complete and lasting justification of the Unionist party in its struggle with the Irish difficulty. The highest Court of Justice in Ireland, the Court of Appeal, when manned by

by the picked Judges of Ireland, had already decided that the Plan of Campaign is a fraudulent transaction at Law. It was reserved for the Papal authorities, after making very careful and diligent inquiries, to proclaim it and Boycotting as contrary to morals. In regard therefore to the restoration of a respect for law and order in Ireland, we have no reason to feel uneasy with the retrospect of the last Session; and the fact becomes plainer every day that this Irish movement, in so far as it finds English support, continues to live only because of the influence exercised upon the ignorant, the impulsive, and the sentimental by Mr. Gladstone. It has been his ambition in his later days to encourage all disaffected people to press their claims, and thus to marshal a considerable army who have little cohesion of common principle to unite them. He has formed a party with this in common only, namely, a well-founded hope and belief, that he is the only champion who may be depended upon to sanction and press their cause, however extravagant, so long as they furnish him with much-needed votes and supply him with ever-welcome applause. When he ceases to lead the motley army, it will disperse and break asunder. It is because we feel this to be the inevitable course of things, because there is no leader to take his place, and if there were, there is no party which has anything more definite in view about Home Rule than accepting whatever Mr. Gladstone may present, that we feel how wise the Liberal Unionist leaders have been in not sinking their individuality in that of the Conservative party. Without waiting too long, there is the prospect before them of once more leading the Liberal party along lines which have been well tested. For this heritage it is surely worth while to preserve for a time longer the patient self-restraint, loyalty, and devotion, which have won them so much credit. Since this was written, and while these lines are passing through the press, we are glad to find that Mr. Balfour has expressed the same opinion in the speech he recently delivered at Haddington. As the subject has given rise to much controversy on either side, we avail ourselves of this opportunity to place upon record his views on the question.

'Some there are who desire that the union of the Unionist party should become of an even closer and more intimate character, and who regret that the Liberal Unionists and the Conservative Unionists should keep up for a common purpose separate and different organizations. I do not agree with that view. I entirely admit—I have long felt, long before this Irish controversy reached its present acute stage—I have always felt that the differences of opinion which separated the moderate men of both parties were so small—almost, I may

may say, so infinitesimal—that if you regarded merely the broad principles of policy, and not merely the everyday conduct of affairs, it would be difficult to find any adequate ground of separation between them. But before we desire, even in our hearts, that the Liberal Unionists should become an integral portion of one party with us, I ask you to recollect, I ask you to bear in mind, two or three considerations. In the first place, I am proud to think that the Liberal Unionist party does not consist only of that section of the Liberal party whom I have described as the central or moderate portion. It includes many of the most distinguished Radical members of that party, men who entirely differ from anything that may be described as Conservatism in many of its important and fundamental points. That is one reason. I think each man of us owes something to his past. I think if we have drawn political nourishment and political inspiration from one or other of the great parties—and surely no critic who hears me will be so foolish or so intolerant as to deny, that in both of those great parties will be found men of public spirit, men who will be found devoted to the public welfare—I say those of us who have drawn our inspiration and our strength from the traditions of one or other of the great parties in the State cannot and ought not to be expected to change their political nomenclature because his old political allies have changed their principles. There is yet a third and even stronger reason why I should never think of urging any Liberal Unionist friend of mine that he should for a moment drop a name of which he may well be proud; and the reason I find is this—that we are fighting not a party but a national battle. Both parties in the State may surely amalgamate for preservation of the Empire without losing any of the identity, any of the connexion with their historic past which might be involved in a change of name; and therefore it is that I hail with satisfaction the policy that has been pursued by the Liberal Unionists, and I believe it has been dictated, not only by a wise reverence for their own past, but by a sound knowledge of the exigencies of the present.'

The Irish work of the Session has not been limited, however, to the points already mentioned. We have had in addition, in the latter part of it, a new departure, not quite so unexceptionable, and pregnant perhaps with serious consequences, about the policy of which there has been anything but unanimity, namely, the appointment of a Royal Commission to try certain charges preferred by 'The Times' newspaper against the Leaders of the Nationalist movement. It is only necessary to recapitulate most briefly what is so familiar in everybody's memory, namely, that 'The Times' has formulated a very serious indictment against these leaders, and has included in its charges the further one, that Mr. Parnell wrote certain letters, which he declares to be forged, and which seem to compromise him with some of the more active spirits of the party of

of outrage. These charges have been made in the plainest terms, and with great wealth of details, and involve such serious imputations that, in addition to the temptation to refute them, and thus to obtain a resuscitation of character, there is also a very certain prospect of imposing a serious pecuniary penalty upon 'The Times,' if it fails to maintain them. Libels they are of the most serious kind. Libels though they be, Mr. Parnell and his friends have shrunk from trying them in a Court of Law. This is perhaps not unnatural. Whether the Leaders of the Irish movement have been cognizant of and privy to crime or not, it is quite clear that it would be a hazardous and dangerous ordeal to be cross-examined in a drastic manner about a revolutionary movement, extending over many years, and having necessarily many sinister turns and many doubtful characters among its friends. There are secrets of finance, secrets of political manœuvres and negociations, secrets of domestic differences, within the party itself, upon which a prudent leader would hardly like to focus the electric light of an examination in open Court. It is not unnatural, therefore, that he should prefer the odium of having such charges hanging over him unanswered, to being made to disclose all he knows of his movement and of his followers in open Court. It is not an obvious, perhaps it is an Irish, way out of the difficulty to urge, that an English jury is too prejudiced to decide fairly upon such an issue, an English jury, be it remarked, which must find a unanimous verdict, if it finds one at all, and which is recruited largely from the very classes which we are continually told are at one with Mr. Parnell and his party. It seems like having recourse to an equally Irish method that, having postponed for many months, until such a remedy is futile, an appeal should now be made to a Scotch jury, which need not be unanimous, whose verdict is that of the majority only, and which, therefore, seems to offer much greater dangers to a litigant afraid of publicity. To revert, however; Mr. Parnell refused to appeal to a Court of Law.* Thereupon his Gladstonian allies, who felt that something should be done to pacify and perhaps conciliate public opinion, press on his behalf for another tribunal. An English jury, they say, is a biassed court, since it comprizes men whose minds have been warped on this subject by political prejudice; and they accordingly asked for a Committee of the House of Commons. This absurd proposal was actually made, with the gravest face, by members of Mr. Gladstone's late Cabinet. If there be a difficulty that an English

* The Scotch appeal is merely a ruse to turn the flank of the Royal Commission.

jury may be biassed, because some of its members have already taken sides in the controversy, what is to be said of a jury selected from a body of men all of whom are party men, all of whom, therefore, are where they are, because they have such a bias,—a tribunal which would be divided in the keenest and sharpest manner from the very outset by violent prejudice on either side, a tribunal every man of which has made up his mind strongly as to *the aims* of Mr. Parnell, and is therefore incapable of treating his *methods* judicially? Such a tribunal, we have no hesitation in saying, would be the most unfit that could be devised for the purpose.

Mr. Parnell's demand for a Special Committee of the House of Commons was in reality an evasion of the demand made by public opinion, that he should test his continued protestations of innocence by an appeal to a Court of Law. The Government were most right in refusing it, and in bidding him appeal, as any other private individual is constrained to appeal in such cases, to everybody's remedy. The question was and is one entirely between him and 'The Times' newspaper, one in which the House of Commons has no other special interest beyond the sentiment attaching to the respectability of its members, and in which there is no reason of any kind, why the Government should interfere to provide a special court or a special procedure; and so long as it maintained this position its case was secure and logical. Unfortunately, as many of its best friends think, this impregnable position was abandoned in deference either to some weak sentiment or to the pressure of its allies; and a twofold difficulty was created, against the possible results of which it is our duty to guard as early as possible.

The first of these was involved in the offering by the Government of a Special Commission (whose procedure is to be dictated by certain limitations) in order to try an issue between two private litigants, and thus to some extent, perhaps to a great extent, involving itself and the party behind it in the result. Secondly, in the most hazardous experiment of permitting one of its own members, one too enjoying an exceptional reputation and status, to undertake the duty of defending 'The Times' before this artificial tribunal. We would strongly urge upon the Government, if it be not too late, that the Attorney-General should withdraw altogether from the case. Plead as we may that the Attorney-General has always been allowed to conduct private litigation as well as that of the Government, we shall never discharge from the public mind the notion, that the senior Law Officer of the Crown in such a case,

case, a case involving so many political consequences, represents by the force of his position not merely one party to the suit, but also the Government.

If this be a just description of the position, it is clear that a very serious stake is at issue beyond the mere fortunes of war in a private libel suit between 'The Times' and the Nationalists, and that the struggle may prove one of serious moment to us all. The question, people are chiefly asking now, is not whether these charges are true or false, but how far it was wise and prudent for the Government to intervene between a political party and a responsible newspaper, in order to bring them to an issue.

What we are chiefly interested in as politicians is not the character of the Irish representatives, but the maintenance of the Union; and the prudence or imprudence of the decision arrived at is to be measured by its effect upon the cause of maintaining the Union, and not by any party advantages which may possibly accrue from the discrediting of Mr. Parnell. If the cause of the Union will largely benefit by the result of such an enquiry, which is confessedly an exceptional one, and before an exceptional tribunal, then its justification may be forthcoming; but if, instead of aiding in this struggle, it will have a tendency to weaken the hands of those who are fighting the fight, then it seems to follow that a very hazardous experiment was tried. We had too strong and safe a position, and too much was at stake that is of grave importance, to justify a change of front involving any hazardous throw of Fortune. What then is the actual outlook?

In the first place, it does not seem probable that any decision of any Court will largely affect the judgment of the great mass of thoughtful people. Their minds are largely made up already, so is it also with party politicians. With them the question has in some measure ceased to be a merely political one; and when this is the case, there is not much efficacy in evidence or logic. Men will continue to believe, in spite of evidence and logic, what their prejudices dictate. Suppose that the charges are substantiated to the letter, will very much after all have been proved that is not generally conceded already? Mr. Parnell may be shown to be more untruthful, and some of his colleagues to be more closely united with the party of outrage than was generally supposed, but this will not carry us very far. Mr. Parnell's truthfulness is not the issue at stake, but the wisdom of Home Rule.

Mr. Parnell and his friends may say, and not without some show of reason, that they are leaders of a revolutionary move-

 ment,

ment, and that such movements, whatever party initiate them, inevitably attract a large number of reckless and desperate men, whose actions may compromise a cause, however excellent in itself, and that it would be as unfair to charge him with the crimes of those who are aiming at his ends, as it would be to make Mazzini responsible for the crimes of the Carbonari. He might have gone further, if he had so pleased, and declared, that he was not prepared to say that he had not held intercourse with men who had committed crimes, and appeared on platforms with them, and that he holds himself as free from blame as any politician who has questionable allies. He has chosen, however, to adopt the more brave and perhaps imprudent course of a general denial. Still the fact remains that, in the eyes of the great mass of men, whose opinion it is hoped may be modified by enquiry, it will be necessary to prove something more than this; and to show, that he and his lieutenants have directly incited to violence, and been privy to contemplated outrage. If this can be shown, then no doubt his prestige and that of his followers will be destroyed, and with their destruction will come, if not the collapse of Home Rule, a very serious blow to it. If there are materials to prove this available, and the only need was a competent tribunal which should be admitted by both parties, then it seems to us that the justification for invoking an exceptional tribunal and an exceptional procedure may be made out. If otherwise, then we consider that it was not only imprudent, but most hazardous, for what was previously a quarrel between a newspaper and a number of Irish members has become by the granting of the Commission an issue between Parliament and a Parliamentary party; and argue as we may, the emotional crowd will judge awry of the merits of Home Rule, if it be shown that its champions have been better men than was supposed, or rather have not been so bad as they have been painted. It is for this reason that the granting of a Commission seems to those who are not in the possession of any special secrets, namely to the majority of members of Parliament who voted on the question, more like political gambling than political prudence. We do not in any way question the strength and conclusiveness of the case for 'The Times,' nor the experience and skill of its advisers, but we do question the prudence of committing the decision on a great cause, involving the interests of the Empire, to the uncertain fortunes of litigation. The charges had been made in solemn fashion, and with such tremendous emphasis, that they involved a corresponding penalty, if not sustained, whenever the question should be raised. For the trial of this issue the Courts of Law in

in England, Scotland, and Ireland, were equally open; and so long as an appeal to them was evaded or avoided, so long was it competent for the world to draw its own conclusions—conclusions most adverse to Mr. Parnell and his followers. There was no need to supplement either the tribunals or the procedure already in existence, and whatever the result, no one except the parties to the case could have been compromised. If Mr. Parnell failed to sustain his position in a Court of Law, he would be precisely where he will be now in case he fail before the Commission; while if he succeeded, even partially, in removing the load of obloquy which these charges have brought upon him, then 'The Times' would have to pay a large fine and would lose a very considerable reputation; but neither the Government, nor the Unionist party, nor the cause of the Union, which is far more important than the other two, could be put in jeopardy. For this reason it is most incumbent upon all men, who have a serious interest in the great question which was raised at the last election, to urge from the very first that, whatever the result of the trial, the question of Home Rule has not been and cannot be prejudiced either way. It remains as it was, a question to be decided on its merits, and not on the character and reputation of the individuals who have taken part in discussing it.

Whether they maintain their reputation as honest men or not, it ought to make no difference to the great issue. It is imperative that this should be made clear, for, as has been well said, in politics it is not what is true but what is believed and acted upon that is important; and it can hardly be doubted that a large body of opinion, nerveless, half-formed and wavering, will be decided by the results of these trials, unless they are previously discounted. If they should prove abortive, and if beforehand their real meaning is not plainly explained, it may most injuriously affect the much more important question of Home Rule. It must be plainly shown, that the form of trial conceded by the Government was conceded in answer to a demand for a tribunal of an exceptional kind, and only to satisfy Mr. Parnell's claims to fair treatment, not because the Government or the great mass of their supporters approved of divesting the ordinary Courts of Justice of their jurisdiction in such cases, and that the issue remains where it was originally placed—namely, an issue of libel between 'The Times' and the Nationalists, and not a question between the Unionists and the party of Disunion as to the merits of Home Rule.

The dramatic interest of the late Session was virtually confined to two subjects. One of these, the Irish question, we

have

have discussed, and we will now turn to the other, namely, the Local Government Bill. This Bill, which proposed such a great and fundamental change in the administration of rural England, was interesting not merely on its own account, but perhaps more from the fact, that it was the work of a Conservative Government.

In the discussion upon it one thing was admitted on all sides, namely, that the administration of the counties has been efficient and has been economical. Another fact, of which history will perhaps take greater note than contemporary politicians, is, that the old system, now to be displaced, trained and secured the services of a very large number of men of position, of business habits, and of high character, who have devoted to the dull prosaic work of governing the counties a great deal of leisure and energy, without any corresponding advantage in the shape either of honour or of profit. This was an immeasurable gain to the community. Nothing is perhaps so hard to nurse as local patriotism of this kind among men who have many temptations to run away from it. Nothing is better for a community, containing a large number of wealthy and leisured men, than that a taste for such occupations should be developed among them. This is why in England the country has been largely governed by its natural rulers, its gentry—the men who combine wealth, independence, leisure, and influence, and who only need such training as local life affords to complete their political fitness.

When we have said that the counties have been efficiently and economically governed, and have also been governed by their best men, it is clear that a change of a revolutionary character needs justification when made by a Conservative Government. The essence of the Conservative position is not, as its enemies say, a continual resistance to all change under all circumstances, but a continual resistance to change institutions which justify themselves by working well and profitably to the community. Politics, we maintain, constitute an empirical art, and cannot be studied profitably *à priori*. Strict logic has a much smaller place in its rules than common sense. We are not therefore given, like some Continental communities, to altering our Constitution continually in order to make it more logically perfect. We have not a blank sheet of foolscap paper upon which to draw well-balanced and methodical schemes of governing men. Men have been governing themselves in their own way for generations, and have empirically found out at least workable methods; and the paper is therefore a good deal blurred with ventures, some successful and some failures, but

all

all leaving their mark there. Under these circumstances we contend that the safest and most profitable way of progress is, not to take a sponge and wipe away indiscriminately all that has been written on the scroll, but to alter what is obsolete and time-worn, only retaining what works well and has been mellowed by long usage as incomparably safer than imaginative Utopias. This being the tradition of our party,—the *raison d'être* of its mode of looking at great questions,—it is not a surprise that the Local Government Bill was viewed by a large number of the country gentry, and by a large number of Members of Parliament also, as a most hazardous experiment. As the Bill was originally framed it entirely altered the basis of local government, and made completely representative and elective what was previously the result of Government nomination, and put in immediate jeopardy the influence of the local magnates which had hitherto been supreme.

There was another reason which weighed with many thoughtful people who could not welcome Mr. Ritchie's Bill with any enthusiasm. Whatever the immediate difficulties in Ireland may be, there can be small doubt that equity and prudence will presently demand, that any system of Local Government, which is adopted in England, shall be extended to Ireland also. This involves a prospective outlook, which those who were responsible for the Bill perhaps hardly weighed. It seems to us most unquestionable, that to hand over the entire government of the counties in Ireland to the same electorate, which now controls its Boards of Guardians, will involve some serious consequences, economical, social, and political; and we can well believe, that the chorus of welcome and flattery, with which the Bill was received from the Opposition benches, and which contrasted with its frigid reception by the supporters of the Government, was largely inspired by the notion, that behind this measure was concealed an Irish Bill, which would in some measure meet the aspirations of the champions of Home Rule.

These form the chief elements of doubt and dissatisfaction with which the Local Government Bill was received. On the other hand, it was said that the leaders of the Conservative party, and many of their followers, were pledged to introduce such a Bill. No doubt there were many pledges to introduce *a Bill of some kind*. No doubt the embarrassing heckling, which Members of Parliament have been subjected to by the publicans and their opponents, have tempted many candidates to promise a solution of the thorny question by a Local Government Bill. No doubt also a few years ago, when the farmers were prosperous and aggressive, it tickled their vanity to tell them that

that they should have some control of the expenditure of the rates. All this was emphasized by Lord Salisbury's famous Newport speech, when pledges were given which it was impossible to evade without damaging criticism.

Whether, however, the pledges referred to went so far as the complete displacement of the magistracy in the administration of the counties, and the substitution of entirely elective bodies, may be doubted, or rather may be gauged by the surprise and delight with which the Bill was received on the Radical benches as a quite unexpected concession to their wishes.

Again, it was said that the conferring of the Parliamentary Franchise upon the county householders necessitated, as a corollary, their having the municipal franchise also, and the control of their local affairs. This argument is one borrowed from the Liberal creed, which is based upon supposed logical consequences, and not upon experience. As a matter of fact, the two franchises were always kept distinct in our public life until the passage of the Municipal Corporations Act. The right to control local affairs was never in our older days coincident with the enjoyment of political power. While the House of Commons was elective, the counties were always governed by other than elective bodies. The change, therefore, is not an example of evolution, but of revolution, of revolution which may possibly be justifiable, but which needs justification. Nor can we concede that it is any justification in the politics which we favour, and which are based on experience, to quote aphorisms about natural rights or logical sequences, upon which a French Revolution was based, and may be based again. With us change, in order to justify itself, must produce credentials that it will involve a real reform and improvement, and not merely satisfy a sentiment for symmetry.

There was a third and, to our mind, a more rational justification for the introduction of a Local Government Bill involving some concessions to the elective principle, in the fact that, concurrently with the passage of the Bill, and as a part of its financial machinery, the Government proposed to redeem an old Parliamentary pledge to relieve the burden of local rates by a large vote from the Imperial Exchequer. Mr. Goschen, in fact, proposed and carried through in his Budget speech a measure for relieving local rates to the extent of 3,000,000*l.* It seems clear that no measure like this could have been carried through the House of Commons, if it had involved giving the magistrates the absolute control of such an increased income. The choice had therefore to be made between accepting the boon for which, on three occasions, a majority of the House

had voted, or conceding some degree of representation in the counties.

Another sound reason for a change was the necessity conceded on all hands for relieving Parliament, and also the controlling authorities in London, of a greal deal of the merely administrative work which at present presses upon them. This congestion, no doubt, can best be met by remitting purely local affairs to local bodies, and making them as strong and as efficient as possible. This is the very essence of our best traditions, which have always tended to create local patriotism and local public spirit in similar fashion; and it is very wise and very prudent to make as many people as possible take a keen and direct interest in the management of their own affairs, by giving them a voice in the selection of their rulers.

On these grounds a change, and a considerable change, was no doubt necessary; and there was, in fact, no hesitation on the part of any one about taking such a step. The opposition was rather to the revolutionary character of the measure actually introduced, than to the introduction of a measure of some kind which was felt to be inevitable.

To justify the character of the Bill, it was urged that it was no use introducing anything but a thorough measure, since any measure drawn on moderate lines and with careful limitations must inevitably give rise to immediate agitation. This reasoning we cannot endorse at all. It supposes that concession will stop agitation; or rather, that statesmanship consists in monopolizing the clothes of our opponents, so that they may be constrained to be quiet. This involves an elementary fallacy. So long as party exists, so long will agitation continue. To concede a whole programme is only to drive agitation on to more fundamental and dangerous lines. One of the main features of Conservatism consists in delaying the passage of measures until public opinion is ripe for them. It is sometimes made the subject-matter of comment, that Conservatives are found belauding measures which they formerly denounced. Assuredly their position in such a case is both logical and sound. What is unwise to-day may be wise to-morrow; and it is our duty to prevent the passage of Bills for which the ground is not ready and has not been properly prepared. Our remedies are consequently gradual; and it is by the accumulating experience of their working, and by continual criticism and attack of opponents that in our view they mellow into wisdom. Hence to introduce what are called thorough-going measures, in order to conciliate and satisfy opponents, is neither wise nor according to our traditions. Our opponents do not care for continuity; they

they welcome violent breaks in the traditions of government. To translate this abstraction into a concrete form, we hold that it would have been exceedingly wise to bridge over the interval between the old *régime* of magisterial control and the new one of elective councils, by some method by which the continuity of traditions might be preserved, and this especially since the universal concession that the counties have been well-governed. If there be such a continuity now, it will be in spite of the Bill, which in itself breaks the links between the old men and the new. We hold, further, that our experience of Municipal Government is not so happy as to make it desirable to limit entirely County Government in future to the same elements as compose Borough Councils.

These views did not prevail, however; and it was determined to introduce a Bill which should not be chargeable with being a compromise, but should be thorough-going; and, as a matter of fact, its terms and clauses, as introduced, were so sweeping, that nothing like the change seems forthcoming in history, save the example of France at the end of the last century, when the whole provincial nomenclature and administration of the country was completely altered, and the elective principle was carried out in a most logical fashion. The result was both curious and entertaining; for what was supposed to be a great decentralizing measure, has proved to be one of very great centralization—so great, that the Communard Revolution was directed to destroying it, and probably no community is more bureaucratic in its administration than France is now.

The Government Bill provided that both Counties and smaller districts should have Councils modelled on those of the Boroughs, and that these should be entirely elective. No *ex officio* members were to be admitted, but all who became members of them were to be directly chosen by the popular voice; and to them was to be remitted a good deal of work, and a good deal of consequent expenditure, which the magistrates had not hitherto controlled. It was also urged with considerable iteration that the grand and supreme doctrine, upon which English public life is based, is the theory that taxation and representation must go together. Hence that it is indefensible to allow a non-elected body like the magistrates to control local funds. If the aphorism be sound and old, and thoroughly English in its application to the counties, it is strange that so many centuries have elapsed before it has been reduced to practice. But even if sound, it is surely inapplicable to the condition of things we are discussing. When we are giving the dominant and controlling vote over the expenditure of large sums

sums to peasants who virtually pay no rates at all, the case then becomes one of representation without taxation, which is both novel and dangerous. Especially does it become so, when it is proposed eventually to make these elective bodies control the Poor Law, and thus involve us in the risk of undoing the sound but not very attractive teaching on the subject of thrift, which has been the result of our Poor Law system. There can be small doubt, that in rural England, in so many parts of which 'the House' has been looked upon as the natural resting-place at the end of life, there will be a great temptation to make the Poor-Law expenditure more elastic and more generous, and that, for this reason alone, it would have been prudent to qualify the tendencies of popular election by the restraining influence of a certain proportion of men representing property and prudence, and not responsible to those who are directly interested in extravagance.

It is said that the country gentry and the magistrates will only have themselves to blame, if they fail to secure the same power and influence under the new *régime* as under the old; that if they will only face the ordeal of election, they will be quite sure to be selected. Upon this subject a good deal may be said. In the first place, the men who are especially devoted to County business are in the main men who would shrink from the penalties attaching to election — penalties involving the making of speeches, and the employment of various arts which are needed to win popularity. These are not attractive to elderly people, who have had no apprenticeship on the platform, and who do not care for and have never cultivated the showy qualities of volubility and self-confidence, but who are apt at business and excellent administrators, and who at Quarter Sessions form the elements out of which the acting committees are composed. Granting, however, that they would be willing to face election, which, perhaps, in the earlier stages of the development of the County Government Bill will be a formal rather than a real ordeal, is it probable, or even possible, to hope that they will do so when the questions to be debated and decided are, not the relative merits of different schemes of local administration, but political and other issues, whose importation into such contests will be inevitable?

Are party managers and local caucuses likely to overlook the enormous leverage which will be obtained by securing the power and patronage involved in the Local Councils? And if politics stood aside, will the unwearied temperance advocates and publicans, the champions of vaccination and their opponents, the friends of voluntary and secular education, &c., agree to sink

sink their differences in contests so materially affecting their creeds? These, and such as these, are the questions which must inevitably become the battlegrounds of municipal contests in both counties and boroughs, since it is proposed to remit to them eventually the decision upon them. When these are the issues, what kind of attractions will remain to the classes who now control the counties to become candidates?

We hold it to be inevitable, that these and similar discussions will presently sophisticate local elections; but we even go further, and say that they will be necessary, if jobbery of every kind is to be avoided. Nothing is so fatal to representative institutions as a lethargic and torpid public opinion, and how is it possible to create an active and vigilant public opinion in local matters, except by means of party organization, by keeping alive a continual strife of opinion upon more exciting topics than merely paving and sewering and building bridges, and making roads, so that those who are engaged in such work shall be continuously and sharply criticised? This makes it highly desirable that party struggles shall not, as some seem to hope, be excluded from these elections. This means, however, that the class of candidates will deteriorate. No doubt similar issues have to be faced by Parliamentary candidates, and it is said that, notwithstanding, men of ability and position are found willing to stand. As a matter of fact, the class of desirable candidates for Parliament is by no means a large one; but the cases are not the same. There is still a great prestige attaching to a Parliamentary candidate; a sense of power and of influence and of social status, which will make men undergo considerable inconveniences to attain it. All these are absent from the prosaic work of Local Government, and men, such as we should like to see there—such men as those who have made our local administration in the counties what it is—will feel it exceedingly irksome to be heckled and badgered by fanatics, who have only one clause in their creeds, and press that in season and out of season. This is not mere conjecture. It has already been the history of Municipal Government in the boroughs, save in one or two favoured instances. The *personnel* of these municipalities has been and is being gradually deteriorated, and a more undesirable class of men is gradually but surely ousting those who no longer find the position attractive.

Those who have had little or no experience of local life in the towns, and approach the problem with the exuberant hopes that are born of inexperience, may see visions of wonderful attractiveness in the future of County Government under the elective principle. It is possible that the young men of family

family and wealth, who are increasingly devoted to sport and recreation, will develop such a taste for the work now done by Highway Boards, Boards of Guardians, and County Committees, that we shall have quite a revival under the elective conditions of the old zeal of their grandfathers, in the days when every squire was an active magistrate, and that this will react upon the towns and give us a much higher standard, both of men and of aims, than now prevails. Those who have lived amongst, and known, the actual facts, can see no such prospect; but, on the contrary, they find that where Municipal Government has long thrived, an increasing number of men who have personal aims to serve are entering the lists, until the position threatens to become what it is in America, a profession out of which gain and profit is to be made, or a social advantage secured. Presently, when the novelty has worn off, and Local Government is worked here, as over the Atlantic, by caucuses and wire-pullers for distinctly party ends, we may possibly secure purity and efficiency by continuous vigilance; but we can hardly hope that these results will be what they have been in the past, the outcome of the devotion, sacrifice, and high character of the English Squires, who will no longer be at the helm.

An effort, a well-meant and creditable effort, has been made to start the new era well by selecting some of the larger county magnates as candidates for the new County Councils. A similar plan was adopted in the first School Board, and did not prove very reassuring. It is not mere grandees who will offer their names and prestige only, that are needed, but men of proved capacity. It is only a very small proportion of the magistrates who are active at Quarter Sessions, namely, those who have the requisite knowledge and taste. A County Committee, composed of the greatest county magnates, would probably introduce chaos in six months. We may thus prejudice the whole position by electing men who have great incomes and great social influence, but who have no knowledge of, and no taste for, local administration, and who, having lent their names, will leave the work to be done by others without supervision. The outlook we have presented is not very hopeful; a few years will test its reasonableness. It is at all events based upon experience, and not upon mere fancy and imagination. It will clearly be the duty of us all to postpone as long as may be the deterioration which seems inevitable. In this behalf one excellent alteration was made by the House of Commons in the Bill as introduced, namely, the excision of the Licensing Clauses. Apart altogether from the heated polemic they aroused on the subject of the scale of compensation to be paid to the publicans,

publicans, there was the tremendous difficulty that, by remitting the judicial decision upon the licensing question to the County Councils, the drink-war, which makes every political contest so exhilarating, would be carried into every hamlet and village in England; and, in view of the engrossing interest of the issue, every other qualification of a candidate would have had to be subordinated to the great question of whether he was sound on the question of licensing. The problem of how to deal with licences is no doubt a very serious one; but because it is serious, and because it involves great principles, it ought to be decided by the House of Commons itself, where the platform is broad and where public opinion is vigorously reflected, and not be evaded by being remitted to local bodies, each of which may have a different theory about drink, and a different basis for compensation.

It would have been well if the decision to exclude the Licensing Clauses had been extended to the Police Clauses. The Bill professes to separate the administrative from the judicial functions of the magistracy, and to remit the former only to the new Councils, leaving the magistrates responsible for keeping the peace of the counties. This function ought clearly to include the control of the police. Those who have to maintain the peace and to carry out the law, ought certainly to have charge of the police; nor is it safe, if the law is to be carried out in its integrity, to make the officers who are to carry it out dependent upon the very people who are to be controlled. In ordinary times there will be little or no difficulty, for popular sentiment in England has almost invariably been with the police; but the case is different where some local or sectional public opinion is at issue with the law, as in the campaign against vaccination or against tithes. Whatever the merits of these controversies, they ought to be settled by Parliament, and they ought not to be remitted for solution to local bodies, nor ought the officers, who are to carry out the law, be the servants and dependents of the law-breakers. Much less ought they to be subjected to a double jurisdiction, as provided by the Bill, a joint committee composed in all probability of irreconcilable elements, and having therefore no continuous and consistent policy.

Another part of the Bill, as passed, has given rise to a great deal of heart-burning and anxiety, and it is necessary that something should be said about it. This is the application of the County Government clauses to London.

London is hardly a city, it is a kingdom—a kingdom comprising a heterogeneous mass of communities, bound together by

by no tie, save a common name. The fact that they are in contact with one another does not give any corporate unity to the body, the life of which is as disintegrated as that of a coral reef on which every individual polyp has its own separate existence. To give corporate unity to such a body by means of elective municipal institutions only, is, it seems to us, to ignore the conditions upon which such institution can flourish.

The first condition is, that the members composing the electorate shall know each other, and have some common basis for their choice, and some common means of supervision. In London, except by accident, no one knows his neighbour, or anything about him, or has the smallest interest in what may happen to him. There is no corporate feeling of any kind, no interest of any kind in local matters, no prestige therefore attaching to local officials, and no public opinion which can be brought to bear upon local affairs. Even in the warmest contests, the proportion of the electorate which votes is very small indeed. The consequence is, that all the conditions for making a local authority flourish under the vigilant care of the electorate are absent. There are no temptations to induce men of high character and standing to take part in its local affairs. Hence the reason why the Vestries and the Metropolitan Board of Works have been failures. Hence the reason why a body, which will control an immense income, and therefore attract all the harpies who thrive under such conditions, must reproduce the Metropolitan Board of Works in another shape, and, be it said, with even smaller hopes, since it will be entirely elective, and entirely at the mercy of the local wire-pullers, whose ruling principle is self-interest.

We have had several instances lately of the corruption which has flourished in some of the larger towns in the North, where municipal life is very thriving. These are mere instances which have been found out, and samples of what remains undisclosed. If such results follow, where the community still has a very active corporate life, where citizens know each other and know their representatives, and where some prestige attaches to the position of a Town Councillor and Alderman—what must be expected, what, indeed, is inevitable in London, but a repetition on a much larger scale, and on methodical lines, of the ill-doings just referred to?

The application of the Bill to London was nothing more nor less than a concession to those demands for symmetry which are the foundations of Radical, but not of Conservative policy. To make the machinery of Government uniform may be a *theoretical* solution, but unless there is a corresponding uniformity

formity in the conditions, it involves a *practical* failure. The conditions are wanting in London which make municipal institutions possible elsewhere. To make an exception of London under such circumstances, and to devise a scheme more consonant with its conditions, would be no more derogatory to London than the similar remedy applied by the Americans to the district of Columbia, in which Washington is situated, which is so admirably managed, and which is treated entirely differently from every other part of the United States; nor than the special and peculiar treatment which Paris and other large Continental cities receive. We have no doubt that presently some modifications will also have to be introduced into the Local Government of London. As it is, we have most assuredly created a machine which the Radical clubs will be able to work to their advantage, while it gives us no prospective probability of improving what we have already secured, namely, a city admirably paved and lighted, and, notwithstanding recent criticism, admirably policed also.

We have thought it right to state plainly the objections entertained by many Conservatives to some of the provisions of the Local Government Bill. We hope that our fears may turn out to be groundless. We fully admit, for the reasons already stated, that some change in the administration of the Counties had become a political necessity, and that the Government were bound to yield, to some extent, to the views of their Liberal Unionist allies. The preservation of the Unity of the Empire is the first duty of the Government, and to this every other consideration must be subordinate. For this reason we offered no opposition to the Local Government Bill in the last number of the 'Review,' for we knew that the credit, and perhaps even the existence, of the Government depended, after all that had taken place, upon its being carried. But now, that all danger to the Government has passed away, we have been more free to criticize the details of the Bill, and we have had the less hesitation in doing so, because the position of the Unionist party is exceptionally strong. It is because that position is at present impregnable, and cannot therefore be in any way injured by candour, that we deem it right to set out what a large number of Conservatives are saying, and to direct our criticism, not to what they are agreed upon, but to what they do not altogether approve.

It would be unfair, however, if we were to limit ourselves entirely to this survey. We cannot forget, for instance, that in the hands of Lord Salisbury, by the admission of both parties, the Foreign

Foreign policy of the Empire has been steered with exceptional skill and prudence. It is a long time since England was so free from embarrassing controversies with Continental powers as now; and the present happens to be an exceptionally critical time, for not only have all Continental powers enormously inflated armies, but there is an uneasy tension which is always dangerous. We need only use Egypt as a touchstone to test the improvement which has taken place in our Foreign affairs since Mr. Gladstone was at the helm. If we turn to the Colonies, we shall find everywhere a happy growth of a longing for closer union with the mother country and each other. The centripetal forces of the Empire always acquire an impetus when Conservatism is dominant, for Conservatism is based upon Imperial, as distinguished from sectional, interests and aspirations; but it is a long time since there has been such a convergence of forces everywhere in one direction, namely, towards constituting a great and united Empire out of England's manifold children.

If we turn elsewhere, we shall not easily forget one triumph of the Session, due to the skill and prudence and knowledge of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, which must be considered as more especially remarkable when contrasted with previous efforts which have been failures. We refer to the scheme for the conversion of the National Debt, by which so large a saving has been effected in the amount of interest payable by the tax-payers. It was not only a success in itself, but became a success very largely because it was especially well timed. It would have been impossible to carry it through later on, as the price of the New Stock then went down. We can hardly measure the financial qualities required, and the financial confidence needed, for such an operation as re-borrowing a large part of the National Debt at a lower rate of interest, without any sacrifice such as the issue of the New Stock at a discount would have involved.

Equally bold and successful was the scheme by which a large sum was provided for meeting the demand for increased National Defences out of the profits of the Suez Canal Scheme, which in itself remains a monument of the foresight, prudence, and courage of Lord Beaconsfield.

These successes were secured by Mr. Goschen concurrently with his arrangement for financing the new County Boards. Meanwhile, he was always ready and quick in debate, and prepared at all times to break a lance for the Union in whose behalf he has fought so well.

The year's harvest of beneficent measures, a harvest of a homelier

homelier but more useful kind than the heroic legislation of recent years, has still to be largely reaped in the Autumn Session. One Bill, however, was passed, which must not be overlooked, and which removes by rational and prudent enactments a grievance of long standing. This was the Railway Rates Bill, a measure dealing with a difficult economical question, in which very opposite interests had to be reconciled, and the equities of the position distributed. The merits of measures like this, however, are no monopoly of one party, or of the Government, but of the common sense of the House of Commons.

There are many questions ripe for solution, which Conservatives are best fitted to face—questions which involve no revolutionary changes, and which have had to give way during years of highly-seasoned political excitement, when the demand for something heroic always found a ready prophet in Mr. Gladstone. The Consolidation and Codification of our Laws, especially of the Criminal Law; the strengthening of the Administration of the Church; and the solution of some of those questions which we must shortly discuss, if we are not to be overwhelmed in social difficulties,—questions created by the terrible growth of a population largely dependent on weekly wages, the markets for whose industry are meanwhile rapidly shrinking or being closed. We trust that these, and such subjects as these, will be the fields where the fruits of the next four years of legislation will be chiefly gathered.

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